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KIDD'S
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FOR

INTER-COMMUNICATIONS ON NATURAL HISTORY,
POPULAR SCIENCE, AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

CONDUCTED BY

WILLIAM KIDD, OF HAMMERSMITH.

VOLUME V.

A DEEP mysterious SYMPATHY doth bind
The human heart to NATURE'S beauties all;
We know not, guess not, of its force or kind,
But this full well we know,—When ill doth fall
Upon us, when our hearts are sear'd and riven,
'Tis *then* we seek the shade, and raise our eyes to HEAVEN.

R. NICOL.

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LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR WILLIAM KIDD, BY
GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS, 5, PATERNOSTER ROW;

AND PROCURABLE, BY ORDER, OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

AGENT FOR DUBLIN, JOHN WISEHEART; EDINBURGH, J. MENZIES;
GLASGOW, JOHN M'LEOD, 66, ARGYLE STREET.

THE HISTORY OF THE
ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

FROM THE FOUNDATION OF THE SOCIETY
IN THE YEAR 1660 TO THE PRESENT
TIME

LONDON:

M. S. MYERS, 22, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED BY
W. CLAY AND COMPANY,
BUNGAY, SUFFOLK.

867/
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TO THE READER.

ANOTHER HALF-YEAR has very quickly passed away. AGAIN are we called upon to offer a few brief observations whilst issuing this our FIFTH VOLUME.

Since our last Preface was penned, the whole aspect of affairs has undergone a change. Magic itself could not have worked a greater change. War has usurped the place of Peace. The world is universally disturbed. Very many of our excellent friends have been called away by "duty" to a Foreign land. The inhabitants of the earth are running hither and thither in a state of restlessness.

Literature, too, has quite altered its healthy tone. The better class of our Cheap Periodicals is, we are told, fast dwindling down in sale to zero. Two of them, in self-defence, have actually been compelled to commence a NEW NOVEL in their columns. These, "written to order," are doled out in weekly installments!

There is no denying the fact, that public taste now inclines towards the vilest and cheapest trash. Countless Shilling Volumes, tricked out in grotesque green covers to attract the eye, are the order of the day,—their contents, for the most part, injurious in the highest degree. These are devoured by young and old; master and mistress, man-servant and maid-servant. ALL swallow greedily the mental poison prepared for them. Wholesome food for "the mind" is not wanted. It is out of fashion.

At this peculiar crisis, prudence bids us (for the present) back out of the field. The race is too "fast" a one for our breath to keep up with. The "odds" being against us, we regard our mission as ended. We retire from the course with an empty pocket. *That* might be expected (for we have fought bravely to the

very last) ; but as an equivalent, we preserve, intact, a tender heart and an honest conscience. We have labored hard to do good ; and we scarcely need remark that philanthropic pursuits are *not* “ remunerative.”

What our labors have been for the last few years (and our heavy loss by the venture), stand recorded in our FIVE VOLUMES. But such a phalanx of honorable men and women have we had as supporters, as have rarely fallen to the lot of any one public man. We acknowledge it with thankfulness, and speak of it with pardonable pride.

KIDD'S JOURNAL owes little indeed of its popularity to the Editor. It is to the Contributors that ALL praise is justly due. By their noble sentiments—as nobly and honestly expressed, they have given birth to a standard work,—imperishable in interest, and one which has done good to an incalculable extent both at home and abroad. Better than all,—it has “won,” not forced its way to the hearts of the people.

May OUR JOURNAL long continue to extend its genial influences (for we sincerely believe it will *never* die) ; and may ages yet unborn “take a leaf out of Our Book,”—for which, in after time, they may feel inclined to grant us their blessing ! It is “something” to live for posterity.

WILLIAM KIDD.

NEW ROAD, HAMMERSMITH,
July 1st, 1854.

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KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL

FEBRUARY, 1854.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

As a man must of necessity oftentimes keep HIS OWN COMPANY, it behoves him to take care that his "company" be as good as possible.

ADDISON.

Retired thoughts enjoy their own delights,
As beauty doth, in self-beholding eye.
Man's mind a mirror is of Heavenly sights,—
On which, reflected, distant things draw nigh."

SOUTHWELL.



HO WOULD BEGIN A NEW YEAR, — AND THE NEW VOLUME OF A FAVORITE PERIODICAL, without a happy thought? Not one of OUR readers, we feel sure; for they are a "happy family," of whom we feel

proud indeed! Much do we delight to honor them. Long may they live to share our delights and pleasures. Long may WE live to enjoy their countenance, and to divide our heart with them—it is freely theirs. People cry out "What a wicked world this is!" Who are they that *make* it wicked? The world is bright as ever. It is its inhabitants who defile it.

Leaving the world, however, and its own, to pursue Fashion and Folly as they will, and to yawn away the time they know not how to improve or enjoy, we will to-day luxuriate in the feelings peculiar to those only who love nature and the God of nature; turning all they see into profitable meditation, and viewing everything that is done under the sun in its brightest and fairest aspect. "The cloud with a silver lining," for us. We flee with disgust from all who would dwell on the dark side of nature. It savors of an evil spirit,—a morbid love for the dismal,—breathing an unwholesome, a pestilential atmosphere that poisons all within the range of its baneful influence. No! Smiles and tears shall sweetly alternate; and sympathy shall make life one round of perpetual sunshine. Let us herald in the New Year with these sentiments.

Well; our subject is to be—Happy Thoughts. Now, to be happy, one must be cheerful. No grudging, close-fisted, narrow-minded man or woman can be happy. No cold-blooded, avaricious man of the world can be happy. No envious, cross-grained,

jealous individual can be happy. The happy face must be the reflex of a happy heart; fond of doing good, and living only for the benefit and welfare of society. If the tree be *thus* good, the fruit will be choice indeed!

With these feelings ever dwelling in our breast, we often wander forth, even at this season, for a long walk. Fond of company we are, truly; but we could not reasonably expect any one of Eve's fair daughters to brave the elements of January with us, and therefore we go alone. We love to be alone, unless we have a kindred companion; and as among our own sex we are fairly puzzled whom to choose, we prefer to keep *our own* company. This brings us at once *in medias res*,—to the very marrow of this Paper.

No sooner are we equipped for a walk, and fairly out of the house, than our mind immediately wanders into Fairy-land,—the very region of happy thoughts. This not once, but always. The moment our back is turned upon the "Great City of the Plague" (as we call London), we are in the enjoyment of perfect freedom. We are moving in another world, and conversing mentally with genial spirits.

It is quite refreshing to note the healthy tone of a contemplative man's mind, when he is beyond the contaminating influences of a cold, calculating, money-loving, purse-proud world. It is this which makes us such an advocate for a country life. Regardless of the trammels of fashion, we seek the fields whenever inclination leads us there; and visit many a pretty little village snug in its rural retirement. Not a single object that we pass on the road but affords some cause for wonderment, and leads to a pleasing train of thought. The air of Heaven—so pure and so fresh—cheers both soul and body. We look up, and worship. We gaze around us on every side, and admire. All we behold tends to our mental improvement; and creates in us feelings of benevolence.

A true philanthropist is your lover of Nature. He loves God, and wants all the world to love Him too. His delight is—

To go about rejoicing in the joy
Of beautiful and well created things;
To see, and hear, and breathe the evidence
Of God's deep wisdom in the natural world.

And it is at these times, if ever, that he may be called truly happy; seeing that virtue, innocence, and good-will to man, are the sole objects that occupy his thoughts. His benevolence is mirrored in his "happy" countenance; and as he trudges merrily onwards, he feels that he has no wish unsatisfied. He covets no more than he has. We do not say how long these Elysian dreams last. Too well do we all know that, in this lower world, clouds and sunshine must hold alternate sway. It is well that it should be so—nor would we wish it otherwise.

"Happy thoughts" are our special delight. We revel in them without end, as we stroll abroad and think of the past, present, and future. They crowd one upon the other in the most rapid succession; each "dissolving view" introducing some long-cherished remembrance, and adding one other to our already countless "happy thoughts."

And have we not millions of "little things"—those graceful amiabilities of which we have held recent profitable converse—to make us happy? Oh, yes! Was there ever proprietor of *any* periodical more favored than we? In two short years—we call them "short," because of the pleasure they have brought us—we have not only become a public character, but we have won so many hearts that we really stand amazed at our position. We speak not of common acquaintanceship; but of the sweetest ties, of the purest friendship. A mighty magician is our grey-goose quill!

Some men feel flattered by being at the head of a popular Journal; and boast of their talent and success. Without wishing to boast, let us say we have achieved this—and how much more? From one end of the country to the other—among the very best society, are open doors and open hearts set before us; with a sincerity of welcome, too, that makes us love the world better than ever. Of *this* distinction—so unusual—we ARE proud. It lightens all our cares, draws forth the finest feelings of the human heart, hallows all our disappointments, buoys up all our hopes,—and makes us a philanthropist in the broadest and most significant sense of the word.

How very many there are, who, though we have never seen them, yet write to us freely as to an old and much-cherished friend! Papas, mammas, sons, and daughters,—all recognise us, all do us pleasing homage. Can we walk abroad and ruminat on such things, without running riot in the happiest of thoughts?

And what of those many dear, loving souls whom we *have* seen—and with whom we have conversed? Can we think of them and their multitude of "little kindnesses," without delight? How many choice flowers,

—commencing with those of early spring, and ending with the "last rose of summer"—has the postman brought us during the past year,—dispersing their fragrance through the folds of an envelope, and telling "in the language of flowers" the amiable feelings of the senders? These—and what beside?

Were we to expatiate (as our pen and our heart would gladly do,) on the subject we have chosen, we should exceed all bounds. Our drift, however, will be readily seen; and our object appreciated. We want to create a better feeling among society; and to work upon the kindly feelings of the human heart; to drive out the superficial, and to make way for the natural. Life is very short. Why then should we not be truly happy whilst we live?

We did purpose, when we first nibbed our pen, to enumerate some few of our "very" happy thoughts,—showing how by "sympathy" we could walk, and actually behold as well as converse with certain of our dear friends at a remote distance; but as this is a delicate subject to discuss on paper, we will only hint at it. There are those who will perfectly understand us; and enter into the depth of our sentiments. Suffice it, if we say that on all such occasions we are "never *less* alone than when alone." Our heart is full of guests.

Among some of our happiest thoughts, have been the many additions made to our goodly company of subscribers by certain of our earliest companions, and the associates of by-gone days. They have, one by one, heard of OUR JOURNAL; wondered if their "old friend" was the "veritable Simon Pure;" and finding he was so, given him the heartiest of hearty welcomes. What pleasure this! It makes our old heart rejoice. Odd is it, however, that some few of our quondam friends, whom WE loved most dearly, yet stand at an unapproachable distance from us. There is no sympathy. Our love for mankind, and our plain-speaking, comport not with their views of life. Fashion, the world's follies, "dignity," and exclusiveness, bar all the avenues to their hearts. Has this caused us a sigh? Oh, how many! Well; we love *them* still—and they know it.

We have said nothing about the varied objects which lend an additional interest to our walks and rambles,—such as the happy birds, animals of all kinds, rejoicing in their liberty and freedom, and many other things which tend to the happiest of happy thoughts. These may, at a future time, be profitably and pleasantly alluded to. We never go abroad without turning everything we see to *some* account, and return home with a heart happy as it well can be. Early Spring, too, is coming. What a lovely prospect!

We have already begun the New Year

after this same *old* fashion of ours. And we still declare our old sentiments to be unchanged. We study to love—and *be loved*; and we verily believe that we shall die in this "faith." If it makes our thoughts so happy whilst we live, our death may be anticipated without a sigh or misgiving.

"Little children, love one another," is the gentle command which encircles our heart. It will be found there long after we shall have been gathered to our fathers.

FIRE-SIDE JOYS.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

How PURE is the joy in the Husbandman's breast,
As he hies from his toil to the home he loves best!
Though wearied with labor, he does not repine;
For his dear little cot, with its blessings, combine
To chase away sorrow, and cheerfully hide
E'en a semblance of grief from his bright fire-side.

He knows gentle hearts are awaiting him there,
His slippers are placed by the old easy-chair;
And his children are waiting with anxious delight
To have but his blessing, and wish him "good
night."

And see,—from the lattice, his wife has espied
His presence who gladdens her bright fire-side.

A kind note of welcome now falls on his ear;
The way has been long, and the path dull and drear.

Their looks reveal more than their lips can express,
As each one in turn shares a gentle caress;
All care is forgotten, his heart beats with pride
As he joyfully rests by his bright fire-side.

No riches could cause him the thrill of delight
That cheers his kind heart as he pictures the sight;
Nor could music create a sensation so sweet
As the dear voice that welcomes him. Happy to
meet,

In the breast of each other they fondly confide
The heart's dearest wish by a bright fire-side.

His children now gather around him, to share
Some proof of his kindness, affection, and care;
And each has a tale of amusement to tell,
Or some childish grief that his smile can dispel.
He prays God to bless them, and still to provide
The comforts they share round a bright fire-side.

Now supper awaits him. Though homely the
fare,

The pure air of comfort is felt everywhere;
In a tankard of ale, with its white tempting foam,
He pledges his love by the dear name of "home,"
And shuns those temptations that seek to divide
The Englishman's heart from his bright fire-side.

There yet is another, whose welcome reveals
But a tithe of the faithful attachment he feels;
He has listen'd for him since the close of the day,
And with what joy he welcomes him!—honest old
Tray!

A kind, grateful heart, beats beneath that rough
hide,—

There's a warm place for THEE at the bright fire-
side!

ROME AND NAPLES.

A GRAPHIC SKETCH.

BY G. S. HILLARD.

ROME and NAPLES, though only about a hundred and thirty miles apart, and inhabited by a population of the same faith, the same language, and of kindred blood, are singularly unlike.

Rome is situated in the midst of a sombre plain, is without foreign commerce, is the capital of an ecclesiastical state, and overshadowed by the solemn memories of a great past. From these, and other external influences, and, perhaps, from some of those primitive and inexplicable peculiarities in the organisation of the inhabitants themselves, there is a general air of gravity and silence in the streets, and in the countenances of those who frequent them. The light from the sky seems absorbed by the gloomy walls of the new passages upon which it falls; and at night the dim lamps are mere guiding points to the eye, with but faint illuminating power. The absence of loud noises of any kind is remarkable. There are no heavily-laden carts or drays thundering over the pavements; no huge omnibuses lumbering along. The carts, which come in from the country, are either lightly constructed, or move at a slow pace. The sound of the human voice does not gather and swell in streams. Ecclesiastics glide along without speaking; foreigners and artists do their talking in the cafés; the peasants from the country do not seem to be a very chatty race; and even the beggars are not clamorous in their approaches.

Naples, on the contrary, situated in a region of varied and smiling beauty, is full of life, movement, and gaiety. To the swarm of unthinking ephemera that hum and dart in the sunshine, the present is everything; and the past history of Naples, as compared with its present state, throws a shadow on the brow of the most sensitive patriot. There is no ghost of departed power and glory to rise up and frown upon the giddy gaiety of a thoughtless race.

In Naples, the outward aspect of the earth, sea, and sky, have passed into the spirit of man, and kindled it to a genial emulation with nature. The better classes are fond of showy colors in their dress. Soldiers in gay uniforms take the place of ecclesiastics in Rome. That taste for rich and gorgeous splendor, which we notice as characteristic of the African race, sheds its influence over the city upon which the wind from Africa so often blows. In Naples, too, the silence of Rome is displaced by a roar of voices. Everybody talks in a loud tone, and enforces his words with the most animated gestures. This universal and fundamental

sound is varied by the rattling of rapid carriages and the shouts of the open-air dealers in eatables and other articles, stationary or itinerant, till the whole air overflows with the uproar.

In Rome, the influence of external nature being less powerful and attractive, men have turned their thoughts inward; and have created or collected forms of beauty in architecture, sculpture, and painting. In Naples, the world in the open air has taken such hold upon the senses, and woven such a net of fascination around the facile nature of the people, that it has prevented the discipline and devotion of mind which make the artist. Art is a reproduction, and not an imitation of Nature. The forms of the world must be turned into shape in the artist's mind, before they can appear as creations. Naples and its neighborhood are so lovely, that there is no room for the ideal. There is so much to be enjoyed, that there is no time for study.

It is a curious fact, that Naples has produced but one great landscape-painter, Salvatore Rosa; and that his inspiration was drawn, not from the characteristic scenery of Naples, but from the wooded mountains of La Cava and Nocera. No Neapolitan painter has ever warmed his canvass with the pearly lights of Cuyp, or spread over it the aerial gold of Claude Lorraine. In this, as in so many other things, successful work is the result of a due proportion between the task and the instrument. Southey, whose literary industry was so remarkable within the range of his own library, said, that he should never have accomplished anything, if his energies had been buried under the vast stores of the British Museum.

The Dutch painter, who, when he looked out of the window, saw a meadow, a wind-mill, a willow-tree hanging over a brook, or a rainy sunset behind a row of trees, felt himself competent to grapple with such themes, and set himself to work accordingly; but what artist would not fold his hands in despair before the glories of a sunset in the Bay of Naples? In personal appearance, so far as my own observation went, the advantage is decidedly with the Romans. There are more fine faces in the latter city, and generally a higher expression and loftier carriage. I noticed a great many countenances in Naples, especially among women, which were repulsive from their strong stamp of animal coarseness. Sensual mouths, large and impudent noses, and rough, vinous complexions were common; and the effect of these personal disadvantages was generally enhanced by a filthy and slatternly attire.

In Rome, there is much of quiet dignity observable in the manner of the common people met with in the streets. In Naples, the

general characteristic is excessive mobility both of body and face. The play of countenance is rapid and incessant. Two ragged idlers talk on the Chiaja with gestures so animated and glowing, that an orator might study them with profit. We feel, as we walk along the streets, that multitudes of first-rate comic actors are here running to waste.

In Rome, in spite of all the changes of time and the blows of fate, there is still an indefinable something which recalls the old Roman aspect and spirit; but in Naples, everything indicates a corrupted Greek mind and character: vivacity that has passed into buffoonery; a love of beauty that has degenerated into sensuality and voluptuousness; quickness that has become restlessness; and susceptibility that has declined into impatience. Naples is to Greece what the farces of the San Carlino are to the comedies of Aristophanes.

HOPE.

HOPE,—calm, delusive Hope! Of all deceivers, thou deceivest most. Strange and perverse as it may seem, 'tis better so than otherwise; for man, proud man, with all his candid, equitable, just professions, lives by deception,—deceiving others, and in turn deceived himself!

From prince to peasant, from the Minister of State to the poor tramping juggler who displays his knowledge of "Ye Mysterie" to the astonished eyes of gaping multitudes of boorish clowns,—all flock to thee. At thy standard they crave high-sounding titles, power, wealth, and fame. All seek some goal, supported and sustained by thee,—and thou deceivest them!

Weak, struggling mortals, who from day to day toil on with anxious care in search of gold, lean heavily on thee; and when they fancy they have gained the point, then comes the chilling blast. HOPE has deserted them; and in the silent grave they sleep, uncared for and unknown!

The parted wife lives, once again to clasp her husband to her breast. The mother, whose whole soul is centred in her absent child, trusts that they may meet again. Oh! with what fond delight they trust in thee, whilst thou dost picture scenes not to be realised; joys brilliant, but joys that ne'er can be fulfilled! Yet are there traits in thee, that will redeem the heart's severest censure of thy fallacy. Thou art the rock on which the Christian builds his faith, by which he is sustained in adverse storms; and by whose aid he struggles, with the spirit of a giant, against impending evils (through this vale of sorrow, misery and tears), to gain a haven of joy. This, this is thy redeeming quality!

If such be HOPE, though Hope be called

deceitful, well content am I to be deceived
in things relating to this mundane sphere;
and let my motto be

"HOPE ON, HOPE EVER!"

H. H. HETHERINGTON.

AMUSEMENTS IN SCANDINAVIA.

We observe in an interesting work, entitled *Sixteen Months in the Danish Isles*, that the inhabitants of Scandinavia have much delight in practising our game of *La Grace*. The author describes it so pleasantly, that we think our readers can hardly fail to be gratified with the particulars as he has jotted them down. This game used to be very popular with us; and we have often felt delighted to see our young ladies enter into it with spirit. It was conducive to health. Alas! it has been put down by "Fashion." Young people of the present day are forbidden to be "natural." Health is quite a secondary consideration.

I will here (says the author) describe this game, called in Scandinavia, "the Ring." We formed a wide circle of young folks on the lawn, each individual holding in his hand a wand. A few light wooden rings, in circumference as large as a soup-plate, were produced. These were to be thrown from one person to the other by means of the wands. If the thrower did his or her business awkwardly the receiver might have to run a long way to catch the ring, and miss it after all, and then have to run back to his former position to pitch it in turn to the next. Much agility and adroitness were called for, involving a good deal of exercise. It was particularly necessary to turn about with no loss of time, after flinging one's ring to the next in the circle, in order to be ready to receive that which might otherwise be whizzing through the air from one's opponent on the other side. This was the most difficult rule to observe; inasmuch as it was very tempting, on casting the ring aloft, to watch how it came down and whether it was caught; but if on any occasion you were unlucky enough to stand gazing after it, you were sure to feel a ring from the opposite quarter come dangling about your head or shoulders. People are always on the outlook to take their neighbor at unawares, just as he is busy casting to his neighbor.

As there are no forfeits or punishments connected with the game, it is a very agreeable one where there is sufficient scope, *producing an equally powerful but more healthful glow on the cheeks of youth and beauty than the exercise of a heated ball-room*. The accompaniments are also more beautiful than the decorations of any dancing saloon,—the grass as a carpet; the beds of real flowers as its pattern; the blue Heaven as a ceiling, or (if it be clouded) with clouds gilded by the upward rays of the setting sun; the atmosphere in the purity, and mildness, and balminess of a summer evening, instead of the usual heated air; and the heavy foliage of the neighboring forests as natural walls, seemingly denser than walls of stone and lime.

Although myself busy with the game, and more taken up than the others because I was new to it, and had to be taught, I still had time enough to admire the effect of it upon my fellow-players, particularly on the fair ones of the party, who entered into the thing with the completest surrender of all stiffness, resembling children for the time being; and young ladies are in general fearful of looking like children, *yet it becomes them well—as what doth not become them?* There is beauty even in wind-blown locks, and tangled curls, and shoes that have gone down in the heel,—when one has been witness to the merry process by which these disorders have been brought about.

At the crystal doors of the "garden-room" lay two dogs, which snapped at the flies; now and then they got up and gambolled about the lawn, as it were in imitation of their superiors. On a seat by the window sat some older ladies working and chatting, as grave as if no diversions were going on before their eyes. Inside were a few more; the lady of the house taking an occasional glance through the window to see how we got on; looking not exactly happy when any of our thoughtless troop ran their feet upon one of the flower-beds, which happened now and then. Flowers were cultivated here to great perfection.

POOR VERONIQUE!

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

SHE SPOKE NOT; but her mournful eye

Fell sadly on his vacant chair;
And though she tried to check the sigh,
Her looks betray'd her wild despair.
Where could she hope or comfort seek,
But in his breast? poor Veronique!

She wander'd to a little spot

Where they had pass'd some happy hours;
Paused o'er the sweet "forget me not,"
And sought with tears his favorite flowers.
Bright gems! but now, alas, too weak
To cheer her heart,—poor Veronique!

She heeded not the twice-told tale

That men are faithless, insincere.
She thought *his* promise could not fail,
His parting words she seemed to hear,
When tears stood trembling on her cheek,—
"I'll ne'er forget thee, Veronique!"

Their fav'rite walks again she traced;

But when the songs he loved were sung,
O'er her pale cheek the warm tears chased,
And bitter sighs her bosom wrung.
That plaintive look, too, seemed to speak
Of blighted hope,—poor Veronique!

Weep on; for thou canst ne'er forget

The agony those tears express;
A canker in the bud has set,
And fills thy heart with bitterness.
That gentle heart, so calm, so meek,
Is almost broken,—Veronique!

Weep on, poor girl; thy tears perchance

May yield thy bosom some relief.
Before thee lies a wide expanse
Of sorrow, bitterness, and grief.
The world is desolate and bleak,—
But Heaven is kind! poor Veronique!

DEVONSHIRE, AND ITS ATTRACTIVE BEAUTIES.

SALCOMBE AND ITS ESTUARY.

MIDWAY BETWEEN THE TOWNS OF TORQUAY AND PLYMOUTH is situated the large and beautiful Estuary of Salcombe. At the entrance on the east, is the almost perpendicular promontory, called the Prawle Head; and on the west, rising to a height of nearly six hundred feet, is the Bolt Head. These two projections form the most southern extremity of the county of Devon.

At the mouth of the harbour, which is about half a mile in width, is a bar of sand, on which, at low ebb of spring tides, there is never less than six feet of water. About a furlong inside the entrance, and rather on the east side, is a large knot of rocks, called the Blackstone, barely covered at high water spring tide. These, with a small rock, called the Wolf, only uncovered at the lowest tides, and situated a little farther seaward, form a natural breakwater, and protect the harbour (which is very commodious and safe) from the tremendous seas that, during a south-west gale, are hurled with overwhelming force on this part of the coast.

Upon the two rocks above-mentioned, the bar—and also on some other rocks nearer the Moul, beacons and buoys have been placed. These make the harbour easily accessible to strangers. On a small promontory to the left of the entrance of the harbour, and about half a mile within it, is situated the Moul, the beautiful residence of Lord Courtenay. This is a neat, commodious edifice, in a style partaking mainly of the Gothic. The grounds are beautifully wooded; and the gardens, which are tastefully laid out, contain many thriving plants of the *Agave Americana*, two of which have flowered in the grounds. (See KIDD'S JOURNAL for Jan.) The walls are covered with fine orange, citron, and lemon trees, and many other exotic plants, too numerous to mention; all of which are perfectly acclimated.

A short distance above the Moul, on a rock nearly level with the water at high tide, stand the ruins of an ancient castle, which defended the entrance of the port, and was dismantled by the Parliamentary troops during the civil war in the reign of Charles the First. This castle was garrisoned for the King, by Sir Edmund Fortescue, Knt., of Fallapit, in this county. It was of an irregular form; circular on the south-west, and partly so towards the north-west; but the end to the north-east, nearest Salcombe, is narrowed almost to a point. Here the circular form terminates; while a straight wall, extending half the length of the fort, faces the high land behind it. The north-west section, which is principally in the direction

of the land, is now standing, nearly entire. It is built of hewn stone, about forty feet in height, and seven feet in thickness. On the inside are to be seen the holes in which the beams of the upper floor were placed. In the walls of this chamber are two port-holes, and seven loop-holes for musketry; which, as the land in the rear has an abrupt elevation, seem to be all that could be of any service in that quarter.

From original papers in the possession of the Fortescue family, it appears that it was thought necessary to repair this castle during the civil wars, and Sir Edmund Fortescue, of Fallapit, Knt., received an order for that purpose from Prince Maurice, the King's nephew, by whom he was also appointed governor. Sir Edmund immediately set about repairing this fortress, which by the 15th January, 1645-6, he had completely provisioned and fortified with great guns and muskets; the expense of which, as appears by the Knight's daily account, amounted to the sum of £3,196 14s. 6d. On the said 15th of January, this castle (then called Fort Charles) was besieged by the Parliamentary forces under Sir Thomas Fairfax. In what manner the siege was carried on does not appear. Tradition says, the Parliamentary forces attacked it from Rickham Common, in the parish of Portlemouth, on the opposite side of the harbour; and a half-moon trench, with a mound and three places for three guns, may be seen on the south-east shore, exactly facing the castle, where they erected their battery.

On the 7th of May, 1646, a little less than four months after the commencement of the siege, the garrison was obliged to capitulate. From some observations made by Sir Edmund Fortescue, in his book of accounts, it seems that this castle sustained two investments, before the one last mentioned; but no particulars are given, further than what may be gathered from these words—"Item, for great shot and musket shot, when Fort Charles was formerly twice besieged, £15 17s." Sir Edmund Fortescue afterwards sought safety in Holland, and in his exile compounded for his estate at upwards of £600. He lies buried at Delft, where a monument is erected to his memory. His portrait is still to be seen at Fallapit; where a large key, said to belong to the above-mentioned fort, is preserved. It is 1 foot 4 inches long, and 2 inches wide at the part that enters the lock. In the small bay between the old castle and the Moul, which is about a furlong in depth, and contains a beautiful beach of the same length, called North Sands, may be seen at low water spring tides, an immense quantity of trunks of trees, imbedded in the sand. These are supposed to be the remains of a wood, overwhelmed in former times by the sea;

but there are no records or traditions in the neighborhood which can throw any light on the subject.

On digging about a couple of feet below the surface, the ground appears to be a mass of decomposed vegetable matter; amongst which are found the small sprays of trees, nuts, acorns, and leaves—sufficiently solid to be preserved, if moderate care be used in taking them up. Some years since, I saw several persons engaged in taking out the trunk of a large oak which they had found about four feet below the surface. It was three feet in diameter and six in length; and when taken up—a task which it required several men and horses to perform—the heart was found to be as black as ebony, and intensely hard, also capable of taking a fine polish. The outer part was in a soft pulpy state, to a depth of about six inches. I had some of the heart sawn into thin slices, out of which I made several trifles as presents for some of my friends. There is still a large piece of this wood in the grounds of the Moul (to which property the sands belong), the exterior of which has become moderately solid by exposure to the air.

Other parts of this wood, nearer low-water-mark, are perforated by innumerable quantities of the *Pholas Dactylus*, or Prickly Piercer; which are frequently used by the fishermen as bait, under the local name of “sculpins.” I have taken them from the wood, considerably exceeding four inches in length, and in a very perfect condition; which, as the wood near the surface is about the consistence of soft clay, may be easily done. I have no doubt, however, that at a depth of several feet, the wood will be found in good preservation; and, when dry, capable of being used in cabinet work. From this beach, and from the shores generally, the various species of the marine plants *Fucus*, *Salsola*, and *Salicornia* (commonly called ore weed), of which every tide casts up great quantities,—are taken at will by the occupiers of the different farms in the neighborhood, who use it as a manure. The right is founded upon an unvarying custom, from time immemorial,—undenied, uninterrupted, so that it cannot now be shaken.

The *Crithmum Maritimum*, the true sea or rock samphire, which is used for pickling, grows abundantly in the crevices of the cliffs around this part of the coast. On the sands eastward and westward of the entrance of Salcombe Harbour, is found the *Crambe Maritima*, or sea kale, which is indigenous to these sands. As a delicious vegetable, it has been long known in this part of Devonshire, and transplanted into the gardens, where it was usual to blanch it with sea sand. It was first introduced to the

London markets in 1795, by the celebrated botanist Curtis, the author of “*Flora Londinensis*,” and the *Botanical Magazine*, and who published a separate treatise upon the culture of it. About a quarter of a mile above the old castle just spoken of, stands Woodville, formerly the seat of James Yates, Esq., but now used as a lodging-house. It is a neat house, encompassed with a colonnade; and in the gardens may be seen quantities of lemon, citron, and orange trees, an olive tree (entirely unprotected), and some splendid masses of the *Phormium Tenax*, or New Zealand Flax, which grows most luxuriantly, and flourishes as vigorously as in its native country.

Three fine aloes have flowered here; and there are still some fine plants in the grounds. It commands a splendid view of the British Channel and the harbour; and as the Start Point, a few miles to the eastward, is generally the first land made by homeward-bound ships, there is scarcely any want of interest in the view from the Moul, Woodville, Ringrone, or Cliff House; while the spectacle presented by the sea-view during a strong south-west gale is majestic in the highest degree. A few hundred yards nearer Salcombe, and a short distance above the water's edge, stands Ringrone, the seat of Lord Kingsale. This is a handsome edifice, erected a few years since by the late Lord, in place of a rather incommodious building that occupied the same position. His Lordship also constructed a large esplanade several hundred feet in length, which is tastefully laid out.

Adjoining Ringrone, but farther up the hill, stands Cliff House, the residence of Mrs. Walter Prideaux. This is a large and comfortable mansion, surrounded by productive gardens and ornamental grounds, and furnishing all in the way of comfort that one could desire. Below the house, and in a line with the esplanade of Lord Kingsale, Mrs. Prideaux has constructed one of about the same length, which, with that of Lord Kingsale (closely adjoining), forms a great ornament to the harbour. At the end of the esplanade nearest Salcombe, is the Preventive Station, and a ferry to the opposite parish of Portlemouth; the harbour, from its entrance to this place, preserves a nearly uniform width of half a mile.

At the back of this esplanade is a splendid stone wall, about thirty feet in height, and extending nearly the whole of its length, which is to be planted with orange, citron, lemon, and lime trees; and in the course of a few years, this wall will present a remarkable object among the curiosities of the neighborhood. In the garden, in front of the drawing-room windows, is the spot where the

first *Agave Americana* that flowered in Great Britain stood; it blossomed in the year 1774.

C. F. T. Y.

*Stockleigh Pomeroy,
Crediton, Devon.*

(To be concluded in our next.)

MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS, &c.

I tell the TRUTH, but without bitterness.
Deem not my zeal factious, nor mistimed;
For never can true courage dwell with them,
Who, playing tricks with conscience, dare not look
At their own failings. We have been too long
Dupes of a DEEP DELUSION.

COLERIDGE.

Make Temperance thy companion; so shall HEALTH
s't on thy brow, and HAPPINESS reign in thy heart.—
DODSLEY.

WE ARE MAKING STRENUOUS exertions to obtain entrance for OUR JOURNAL into Mechanics' Institutions and Public Reading Rooms in all parts of the country. There is something about our Periodical, we are told, that is likely to excite more than common attention among a class of men whose interests we have much at heart. Any aid in this matter will be as thankfully acknowledged as it is earnestly asked for.

Mechanics, like many others, must have their hearts touched, and their better feelings worked upon, ere they can make any progress in mental pursuits. The grand point is, *how* to reach the heart.

Knowledge that does not lead to some excitement, observes a contemporary, or point to some struggle between weakness and power, is so very unpopular, that Mechanics' Institutions are evidently not keeping pace with the growing prosperity of the country; nor are they regarded by the people at large as profitable schools for mental cultivation. The Mayor of Chester, at the late meeting at the Lord Mayor of London's conversazione, complained of the general decline of mechanics' institutions throughout the country; and the Rev. F. O. Morris, Vicar of Nafferton, Yorkshire, expresses himself to the following effect, in a pamphlet just published on *National Adult Education*:—

For many years I have been a warm supporter of these institutions. At Doncaster, in the years 1836-37, a lyceum was projected and established. I gave it my hearty support, as the curate of one of the churches in the town, and its records will abundantly show how largely I contributed to its museum; but its friends—and it had many sincere ones—had, ere long, the mortification of perceiving it degraded into a mere news-room, and made a baneful vehicle for the dissemination of common party opinions. This ended, as might be foreseen in a clashing of parties, and all was confusion and discord. To throw oil on the troubled waters, and as a means of resuscitation, I was strongly urged and invited to give a lecture,

with a view to a reconciliation between the opposing factions. This I did to one of the most crowded audiences that ever filled the large room at the Mansion House. The good effect, however, was but very brief and temporary. Soon the evil spirit again showed itself, party feeling became rife, things went on worse than before; and the end was that the whole museum, and all the other furniture of the place, were sold, and all was for the time brought to an end.

Too soon, however, these (lectures) also ceased to be frequented, the library of the Driffield Institution, to which our union gave us access, was almost, if not altogether, neglected to be made use of; and lectures duly advertised have been obliged to be postponed or given up. The too numerous public-houses—the bane of the country—presented a greater attraction than the charms of learning or science; and the “thievish corners of the streets” a more agreeable recreation than mental culture, even when conveyed in the easiest and most winning way.

This is a true and a faithful picture of what is taking place all over the country, and ever will take place with all such institutions; for science is rather a trade, or profession, than a subject of popular interest adapted for public education. Scientific lectures and scientific books are, therefore, suitable only for the select few, who are either professionally interested in them, or so superior to the average mass of the people as not only to feel the desire, but the power also to master the difficulties of a high education. The bulk of mankind, even the rich and respectable included, can do little more with the art of reading than peruse newspaper paragraphs, police reports, novels, romances, and other story-books. Comparatively few have either desire or capacity to read and understand the leading articles of a newspaper; and amongst all the schoolbred ladies and gentlemen (not to speak of men and women, whom the country contains), how few have even mental activity or education sufficient to take an interest in the history of their own country, or of any other country in the world! There are numbers of both sexes who have been reading almost daily—for ten, twenty, or fifty years, and yet are as ignorant of all that is usually denominated knowledge, as if they had never been at school at all!

With the schoolbred ladies and gentlemen we have nothing to do. The atmosphere they move in is antagonistic to anything we could say for their benefit; but we really do feel interested for the class known as “Mechanics.” Not radically bad, yet are many of them ruined by coming into contact with evil companions; and their minds not being well cultivated, they are led away,—easy victims to intemperance, partisanship, extreme opinions, and licentiousness. Hence is the public-house preferred to the Institution.

Another great cause of disaffection to the pursuits of knowledge, and a love for the social arts, is traceable to the combination of workmen against their employers. This combination is a serious offence both against God and man; and as it is spreading widely throughout the land, and the men *must* "hold together," we feel justified in hinting at it. The aiders and abettors of this movement are, of course, men *utterly* destitute of principle. All they can do is—to talk, and by means of sophistry to poison the minds of their weak dupes,—thus holding them captive at will, and destroying in them all that sense of moral propriety, and proper self-esteem, which alone could make them feel independent, upright, and worthy members of the community. Fiends are the leaders; and the "consequences" are daily visible.

There may be yet another reason for the decline of Mechanics' Institutions. We strongly suspect that many of the individuals of whom we are speaking know little about a comfortable "home." Now, if a man be ill at ease among his "household gods," his mind necessarily becomes cankered; and he seeks abroad that refuge from trouble which should be afforded him in the bosom of his own family. All these evils it will be our pleasing duty to try and ameliorate. We have already accomplished so much, that now nothing appears to be impossible. *Nous verrons.*

All our weapons of warfare against offenders will be,—gentle reasoning and quiet argument. We will show that men may be merry *and* wise, cheerful *and* good, companionable *and* happy. These recognised principles of OUR JOURNAL are not for the few,—but for the many.

DREAMS.

Dreams are the poet's birthright,
 Dreams are the poet's hope;
 Dreams are the poet's spirit-light,
 By which he steers Life's boat.

Dreams are his fount of knowledge,
 Dreams are his guide to truth;
 Dreams are the learned college,
 In which he passed his youth.

Dreams were his childhood's dwelling,
 Dream-land his dearest home;
 In dreams his heart is swelling,
 With joys that never come.

All dreamy is his spirit-bride,
 Bright dreams his children are;
 Entranc'd he's waded o'er life's tide
 To rise in worlds more fair,—

And find the glory of his dreams
 Surpass'd on those blest shores,
 Where radiance from the Godhead streams,
 And, waking, he adores.

D.

DIGNITY AND DUTY.

TRUE DIGNITY is hers, whose tranquil mind
 Virtue has raised above the things below;
 Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resigned,
 Shrinks not though Fortune aim her deadliest blow.
 BEATTIE.

THERE CAN BE NO PAPER so well adapted for the discussion of the position held by Dignity and Duty, as OUR JOURNAL. I therefore ask a small corner for expressing my thoughts thereupon.

Few will deny the fact,—that where dignity and duty are in question, the latter almost invariably goes to the wall. This perverseness and short-sightedness, so inherent in human nature, is perfectly unaccountable as well as indefensible. Nor can we be blind to the consequences of people's folly, in so leaning towards the wrong side.

Let us imagine a delicate female entering, à la chrysalis, into a matrimonial "engagement." It is at this period that every friend and every acquaintance feels herself licensed to tender "advice," as to the future bearing of the *affiancée* towards the object of her choice. Now the greatest misfortune, if she permit herself to listen to her advisers, is—that, in the present artificial state of society, mere acquaintances will most probably preponderate, both in numbers and volubility of language. A true friend, possessing a warm and unselfish regard for the object of her solicitude, would rest satisfied in knowing that a sincere reciprocity of affection existed between the "contracting parties;" and would simply endeavor to cultivate that perfect confidence between them that is so essential to the real happiness of the married life. This effected, the parties may be well left to the exercise of their own good feelings as well as good sense.

But alas! how different is the result attending the great majority of brides *in futuro*, who listen to the evil counsels so elaborately poured into their ears by their silly female acquaintance!

That sweet sympathy of the affections,—that entire reliance upon each other,—the delights of an unrestrained community of sentiment and thought which exist between parties who really love—are entirely unknown to those who tender the pernicious advice peculiar to such a season. "Do not give way too much," says one. "Do not give way at all," says another. "Oh, insist upon this thing," or "insist upon having or doing another," says a third. Just as if men were a set of tyrants; devoid of all consideration, or of confiding or affectionate sympathy for a woman! That there are some such I will not deny; but they are, let us hope, the "exceptions" to manhood; for no *man* could be induced to take advantage of the sincere confidence of an affectionate wife, whilst it is

but too certain that the carrying out of such lessons as those we have condemned, too frequently produce the results they are ostensibly intended to avoid.

Instances best illustrate this miserable error; and two that have occurred within my own experience may be fairly taken as samples of hundreds of others.

DIGNITY.

On a fine evening in the month of June, a gentleman of rather prepossessing appearance (accompanied by a lady aged twenty-five, and of elegant though rather stately manners), sauntered up and down the well-rolled gravel walk of one of the numerous suburban villas in the environs of London. There were, however, an uneasiness and anxiety discernible in the features of Charles Morrison (for that was our hero's name), which contrasted rather painfully with the easy, self-satisfied deportment of his companion. His manners were gentlemanly and natural; his language mild and respectful, without being servile or cringing. She, however, evinced an irritability when opposed, and a restlessness of disposition when any matter that required thought or consideration crossed her path. This proved her to have been educated in a school where caprice and self-will were uppermost. At times, however, the better part of her nature would (like a bright gleam of sunshine) penetrate the cloud of ills that enveloped it, and induce to the belief that her style was an assumed one, although habit had almost made it a part of herself.

The couple presently stopped at the garden gate; and their looks and words at parting left no doubt upon an observer's mind of their relative position towards each other.

"What can I think?" mused Morrison, as he bent his steps homewards; "can it really be her natural disposition to indulge in the pomp and extravagance she expects me to provide for her in our future home? Or is it only that she has been listening to the erroneous notions of some silly adviser? I could not dare to encounter the first; and the other is little less dangerous to our future happiness. Could I but be sure that she would rest content with my lot, until my practice enabled me to indulge her expectations, I should then marry without having any cloud to damp my hopes of happiness; but if—pshaw! I am only traducing her love to doubt it; so I will try to think no more about it."

This train of thought had been forced upon Morrison more than once, by requests made by Ellen Mantle for some household arrangement or another, connected with their intended marriage, which he felt his means did not warrant. He had often told her so; but failed to convince her of the

goodness of his reasoning. Morrison had not been called to the bar many years; and as something more than an amiable disposition was necessary to qualify him for following his profession with success, he had not made that progress which his friends had expected. Still, as his talents became better known, his practice increased; and his industry being untiring, he not unwisely turned his thoughts to matrimony as the one thing needful to his future happiness. His affection for Ellen Mantle was sincere and honorable; and in spite of the drawbacks to which I have alluded, the day for their marriage was fixed.

The arrangement for the grand event was quite in accordance with the character of the lady's mother, who too frequently lost sight of every other consideration save "effect." But as Morrison felt that this part of the affair was beyond his control, although he disliked the questionable taste that could make such an event an excuse for idle display, instead of rendering it a serious and sacred ceremony;—yet as any interference of his would unquestionably be offensive, he bore the infliction as best he could; being unwilling to disturb the kindly feeling which he thought it wise to cultivate on that particular occasion. Everthing was said to have "passed off delightfully;" although there was more than one present who smiled with a slight tinge of contempt at the overstrained attempt at ostentation and display.

And now the time for "going off" approached. Ellen had retired to change her dress; and after the usual "fashionable" accompaniment of tears, mamma bade her child adieu,—not without sundry injunctions as to a married woman's "rights," and conjuring her "*never to forget her dignity.*" This lesson Ellen had before got by heart; and in promising her mother to observe it strictly, she sacrificed the happiness of her future life.

Neither the reasonings prompted by a husband's love, nor the regard and advice of those who were really her friends, availed aught. Her "dignity" *must* be kept up; and thus was she of course led deeper and deeper into a gulf of misery. Her husband, after repeated attempts, gave up in despair all hope of opening her eyes to her folly. Dinner and evening parties, dress, visiting, balls, concerts, and routs, (from many of which Morrison purposely absented himself,) followed each other in rapid succession,—all being needful for the support of my lady's "dignity." She was now about to become a mother; her husband fondly hoped that the coming stranger would effect a change in her pursuits. But, alas! she found a mother's care for her offspring to be incompatible with habits essential to the

support of her position in society. This led to the ever-fashionable but unnatural and cruel resort to nurses and other expedients. Debts soon became contracted which it was impossible to pay. This taught deception first, and then falsehood. In order to blind Morrison to the expedients adopted to supply her wants, she had recourse to the most wicked artifice. His absence from home enabled her for some time to practise with success; but eventually she was discovered, and lost the last prop which might otherwise have saved her "a husband's confidence." Poor fellow! all now was a blank; and being very sensitive on points of truth and honor, and finding himself deeply involved, his mind tottered. Of course, too, his professional pursuits were interrupted; and thus his spirits, after many vain struggles, gradually sank—until, no longer able to sustain his declining credit, a prison became his temporary home. From thence he passed into a madhouse. What became of the wretched object who was the immediate cause of this, it is unnecessary to relate. Yet is it most true, that those who instilled the poison which led to her destruction were by far the loudest in her condemnation.

Now for a few words upon the more wholesome subject of

DUTY.

Ralph Barnett was the owner of a small estate (Briar Hall), that had come into his possession on the death of his wife's brother. He resided upon it; adding to it the management of a small farm adjoining; and the profits of both enabled him to enjoy many of the luxuries of life. He was considered (indeed he was in heart and mind) a gentleman of the true "Talfordian type." His wife was in every way most deserving of the warm affection he entertained for her. Kind, hospitable, generous, and "natural," she made their home a perfect Paradise of delights. Nor were there any earthly sorrows to cloud their happiness, beyond those which He, to whom their daily thanks were offered, sent to them as lessons or warnings. Both are now gone to that "last bourne from whence no traveller returns;" but the tribute which Barnett was permitted to pay to his wife's memory still exists in the churchyard of a beautiful village in Surrey. It runs thus:—

"She was——"

But words are wanting to express what!
Think, what a wife and mother *should be*.
AND SHE WAS THAT!"

Towards those who shared their hospitality, which was ever proffered by true "friendship," there was always the same frankness and generous warmth shown. They did not allow the falsehood of "not at home," to be

uttered at their door; nor was there any mystery in the countenance of either host or hostess, to induce a moment's doubt as to your hearty welcome. How closely soever the mind of either might be studied, no trace would there be of any difference of wish, or feeling, existing between them. Each gave way to the other, without knowing it; for, loving each other sincerely, they had learnt to anticipate the wishes and tastes of each other. This so perfectly, that neither of the twain could be reconciled to any act which might by possibility be unpleasant to the other.

There was a secret spring from whence all this happiness originated, which this happy couple cared not to inquire into. Still, it *did* exist; and bore its precious fruit with ever-renewing vigor. Can I be blamed for entertaining a wish to trace its origin, whilst admiring the firmness of mind and honesty of purpose with which they persevered in its practice until it had become an inseparable part of themselves? I confess to having studied the human heart somewhat deeply in my time; but I was most agreeably surprised to find my studies in this case almost unnecessary, for the simplicity of *truth* speaks for itself. This spring and its origin were revealed to me upon the occasion of one of many happy visits paid to Briar Hall, when the subject under consideration was the topic. The mother (as may be surmised) warmly condemned the officiousness of miscalled friends upon such occasions; and with some self-pride added,—
"When I married, I never would listen to one word of 'advice,' save from my own dear mother; and *she* gave me none until I was on the very point of leaving home on the day of our marriage,—when, just as I parted from her at our dear old cottage door, she summed up all she ever gave me in so short a sentence that I never could forget it."

"What was it?" we all anxiously exclaimed—feeling convinced it had operated most powerfully in forming her character. Nor were we disappointed with her conclusion. "It was, Remember, dear, never to neglect your duty!"

And who will say, my dear sir, that in this pithy sentence is not condensed the spring of our happiness here and hereafter?

BENEDICTUS.

[The real fact is, we moderns want a new dictionary. Dignity, as recognised by the old poets, was a virtue; not a vice. It rendered its possessor amiable:—

Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye;
In every gesture, DIGNITY and LOVE.

MILTON.

Now, Modern Dignity—the world's idol is an imaginary good. It is a mere phantom,

which never fails to haunt its victims until it has finally destroyed them. Duty is a word involving a world of meaning; and we quite agree with our correspondent, that it stands high among the Virtues. When allied to Affection, and the pair "travel in sweet company together," then is Duty still more amiable. Affection is the ocean; Duty a river.]

THE FIRST VIOLETS.

BY SIR BULWER LYTTON.

Who that has loved knows not the tender tale
Which flowers reveal when lips are coy to tell?
Whose youth has passed not, dreaming in the vale,
Where the rath violets dwell?

Lo, when they shrink along the lonely brake,
Under the leafless, melancholy tree;
Not yet the cuckoo sings, nor glides the snake,
Nor wild thyme lures the bee!

Yet, at their sight and scent entranced and thrill'd,
All June seems golden in the April skies;
How sweet the days we yearn for, till fulfill'd!
O distant Paradise,—

Dear land, to which desire for ever flees,
Time doth no *present* to the grasp allow;
Say, in the fix'd eternal shall we seize
At last the fleeting now?

Dream not of days to come, of that unknown
Whither hope wanders (maze without a clue):
Give their true witchery to the flowers—their own
Youth in their youth renew.

Avarice! remember when the cowslip's gold
Lured and yet lost its glitter in thy grasp;
Do thy hoards glad thee more than those of old?—
Those wither'd in thy clasp.

From these thy clasp falls palsied!—It was *then*
That thou wert rich;—thy coffers are a lie!
Alas, poor fool! joy is the wealth of men,
And care their poverty!

Come, foil'd ambition! what hast thou desired?
Empire and power?—O wanderer, tempest-tost:
These once *were* thine, when life's gay spring in-
spired
Thy soul with glories lost!

Let the flowers charm thee to the jocund prime,
When o'er the stars rapt fancy traced the chart;
Thou hadst an angel's power in that blest time,
Thy realm a human heart!

Hark! hark! again the tread of bashful feet!
Hark! the boughs rustling round the trysting
place!

Let air again with one dear breath be sweet,
Each fair with one dear face!

Brief-lived first flowers, first love! the hours steal
on,
To prank the world in summer's pomp of hue;
But what shall flaunt beneath a fiercer sun
Worth what we lose in you?

Oft, by a flower, a leaf, in some loved book
We mark the lines that charm us most. Retrace
Thy life, recall its loveliest passage;—look,
Dead violets keep the place!

RECOLLECTIONS OF CEYLON.

BY W. KNIGHTON.

THE EVENING WAS DRAWING NEAR. We stopped for the night at a bungalow, half-way between Colombo and Kandy, beautifully situated in a valley, formed by a semi-circular group of hills, amongst which the road wound on to the east in its uninterrupted course. As the sun sank, large, clear, and unclouded in the west, the full moon rose with a splendor peculiarly her own in the clear air of the Tropics, upon the east. I know not how to give an idea of the loveliness of that night, as we enjoyed it; walking in the verandah of the bungalow, and bathing as it were in the flood of silver glory poured down so profusely by the pale queen of night upon the earth! Not even upon the ocean have I witnessed a splendor equal to that! The stars twinkled dimly here and there, obscured by the more powerful beams of the moon; whilst the whole earth seemed lighted up with intensely burnished silver mirrors, reflecting floods of light in every direction. The dark shadows on the hill sides were rendered still darker by the soft glow which diffused itself upon all the salient points of the landscape.

If one could choose, where all was loveliness, perhaps the palm trees presented the most strikingly new and bewitching aspect. Their long graceful leaves, wet with dew, shone with a mild radiance as the flood of light was poured down upon them; whilst between their ever moving branches, the rays of the moon made their way timidly as it were to the earth, where an exact impression of the graceful tracery above was pictured out upon the grass in black and silver, never at rest, but always lovely.

All nature seemed to enjoy the glorious spectacle. "Most glorious night," I involuntarily exclaimed, with the poet, "thou wert not sent for slumber." From the minutest insects in the air to the hugest denizens of the forest, all seemed equally impressed with the same idea, that it were treason to the majesty of nature not to enjoy such a scene. The air was filled at intervals with the various noises that a luxuriant Tropical fauna alone can produce. There was bellowing from the woods, the wild shriek or shrill cry of the monkeys mingling there with the trumpeting of the elephant; croakings from the river and marshes; loud buzzings from the trees and air; whilst birds called to and answered each other with incessant rapidity, all intermingled and alternated with each other at intervals; between which a silence as of universal awe or death, crept over the landscape. The nearer and sharper sounds ceased, the silent circle widened, and gradually the more distant reverberations ended;

then there was a perfect calm for a time, holy, pure, and exciting in its peacefulness, so different from the tumult which preceded and succeeded it. The scene is stamped upon my mind still, and will probably never be effaced.

But I have not yet mentioned the most exquisite of all the scenes of that bright evening. It was *love* that lent its charm to the whole! I was the witness of the happiness of two noble specimens of our race. I had never seen the lady otherwise than with her husband; and therefore I looked upon their love and relationship as a natural thing, which did not interfere with *me*; and which, if wise, I too could (afar off) participate in, or at all events sympathise with. When I saw her face shining in the pale moonbeams, her sparkling eyes and black hair (contrasting vividly with the pure whiteness of her brow, and of her neck), and whilst I felt her warm hand resting on my thinly covered arm, I looked upon her as I looked upon the landscape. She was an object of loveliness, on which my eyes might feast, and which memory might treasure in my heart, but which nearer approach would probably only sully or disturb. As I saw her gaze directed towards the stars, and heard her sigh, saying that she was sorry she had not studied astrology (yes, sigh in the very wantonness of happiness); and as I saw the clear intelligent eye and brow of her husband turned towards her, whilst a good-humored smile played around his lips, I felt that we require but a sensitive heart to enjoy the happiness of others; and he must have a bad one who cannot see *that* happiness without envy.

I will now record the death of a wild elephant. A more formidable thing than a charge from one of these enraged animals can scarcely be imagined. His trunk elevated in the air, whilst he trumpets forth loudly his rage or hatred, he shuffles his huge carcase along at a pace more rapid than any one would conceive possible when regarding the unwieldy bulk of the animal alone. The bushes bend before him as he advances—the branches of the trees snap off with sharp, rapid reports—the animals in the neighboring jungle, alarmed at the danger, hoot, whoop, scream, cry, bellow, and roar to the utmost, in alarm or in anger; and the whole welkin rings with the commotion. Our baggage was of course flung down in all directions by the coolies, as they made for the nearest trees. The elephant paused for a moment over the articles strewed in his way, but only for a moment; and hurling a portmanteau high in the air, advanced as before, bellowing madly. The natives are of course expert climbers, so that when he approached all the coolies had made their way into the

trees, and appeared to be perfectly safe—all but one, who had still a leg within reach of the monster's trunk when he reached the tree in which the unfortunate man, paralysed by fear, no doubt, was climbing. To the others who surrounded him, and to us from the brow of the neighboring hill, it appeared that the man was sufficiently high in the tree to prevent his being caught and dragged down by the infuriated animal. Whether he was so caught, however, or was only struck and fell through excessive fear, certain it is we saw him fall backwards on the uplifted head of the elephant! In a moment the body of the unfortunate man was whirling high in the air, and at length descended with a frightful thump upon the ground, only to be trampled immediately afterwards into a shapeless mass! His success in this instance, which was all the work of a moment or two, appeared but to increase the savage fury of the monster. He rushed at the tree nearest to him, into which two of the little band had climbed, his broad forehead coming with thundering force upon the trunk, and shaking it in every twig,—he struck and dug at it with his tusks—he grasped it with his trunk—retreated to a little distance, and made another assault with his broad, heavy forehead, butting as a ram would do against an antagonist.

Again was the tree shaken, every leaf quivering violently; but no sign of tumbling about it. A slight list to one side was the only perceptible result,—its occupants holding on for life all the time, and shouting violently in the extremity of their fear, or in the vain hope of frightening the animal away. Whilst all this was proceeding, we were reloading the discharged barrels of our rifles; and, having mounted, drew off the attention of the elephant from the coolies by shouting, as we awaited him on our vantage ground, on the brow of the hill. No sooner did the enemy perceive us than he turned away from the tree, which he seemed intent on bringing down, and made directly for the spot on which we were drawn up ready to receive him. Our grooms had climbed high into the largest tree in our vicinity. We were aware that firing at random, or at any great distance was useless, and that our only chance of bringing him down lay in the accuracy of our aim, and his proximity when we fired. We therefore awaited his approach with what calmness we could.

Before the elephant had come within range, however, "Uncle Toby," my excellent steed, took fright at the dreadful picture before him, and, starting off, bore me with frightful rapidity down the steepest part of the hill's side. What became of Hofer I did not then know, although I heard the clear ring of his rifle behind me as I was borne

triumphantly down the bank. His horse, as I subsequently learned, had behaved admirably well; never swerving in the least until he had fired. His ball, we afterwards discovered, had entered the left eye, and must have given excruciating pain, but was not fatal. Hofer then wheeled round his horse, and followed me down the declivity; aware that the elephant, from the great weight of its head, is unable to go down a steep hill with any rapidity. There was this difference, however, between us, that whilst Uncle Toby had the bit clinched in his teeth and was perfectly unmanageable from excessive fear, Hofer's horse was completely in hand, and he could do with him what he pleased. The elephant labored after us, blood streaming from his eye; and his whole appearance indicated excessive fury and intense pain.

When I had now nearly reached the base of the hill—our enemy having been left very far behind—my horse, in his wild gallop, threw his fore-legs into a little swamp, where they sank deeply. I was thrown far away over his head, whilst he rolled helplessly on his side. I was not hurt; but the loss of a moment might have been the loss of my life, so jumping up, I grasped my rifle more firmly than ever, and stood upon the defensive. A moment of intense interest to both of us succeeded. Life or death hung upon the issue; for the elephant, having witnessed the accident, left the pursuit of Hofer, and directed his steps towards me. There might have been time to climb into a tree, but I did not make the attempt. My whole mind was on fire with the earnest desire to bring down the monster. Hofer, seeing what had happened, drew up his horse on the hill's side—the elephant, still advancing, soon came in a line with him, his left, and now blind side, being turned towards him. Seeing that he was not observed, Hofer dismounted, and proceeded to take aim immediately behind the shoulder-blade, as the animal labored heavily along. Precisely at the moment when I discharged both barrels full into the broad forehead, Hofer's ball penetrated his side.

A momentary check to the animal's progress seemed the only result of this double fire at the instant. He advanced twenty paces or so further, and then fell headlong to the earth; turning over gradually on his right side, and beating the ground ineffectually with his trunk.

GRATITUDE,—A DIVINE INCENSE.

AMONG the very loveliest of the Virtues is Gratitude. How it purifies the heart,—and hallows the affections! To *feel* grateful for favors received (we speak experimentally), is to enjoy a sweet foretaste of Heaven upon earth.

THOUGHTS ON VEGETABLE LIFE.

Though called His "lowest works," yet these declare God's GOODNESS beyond thought,—His power DIVINE.
MILTON.

THE PHENOMENA WHICH EXCITE OUR WONDER, and engage our attention in connection with inert matter, are truly surprising; and they impress the mind with admiration of the stupendous scale on which many of them are displayed, and the vast periods of time over which the full process of their development extends.

But *far* more wonderful is the principle of life, even when exhibited in its very lowest forms of organised existence. The poet has been accused of a sentimental exaggeration, when, in his indignant protest against cruelty to the lower creation, he exclaims—

The very beetle that we tread upon,
In mortal suffering feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

There are, however, both truth and wisdom in these lines. That wondrous mechanism of limbs, muscles, and feelers, wings and eyes, feathery down, or glancing plates of mail, which reveal ever new wonders and beauties under the microscope, and put to shame all the mechanical ingenuity of our steam-engines and machinery—that wondrous mechanism is God's handywork, and the life which we thoughtlessly extinguish is His gift, and its enjoyment one of the ends for which He created it.

The butterfly, which flits from flower to flower, the house-fly finding verge enough in the sunbeam that enters through some unguarded chink, or even the unsightly grub, or ear-wig, that seem to the careless eye as blots on the garden, and intruders among pleasant fruits and flowers; all are capable of an enjoyment *as amply suited to the capacities of their nature*, as we are of pleasure, and also of pain. How harsh an act is it, needlessly, and without provocation, to tread out that mysterious and wonderful gift of life, which not all the wisdom or ingenuity of man could restore! This mysterious principle of life is the greatest and most incomprehensible wonder that excites our curious interest, and proves the limits of our human knowledge. The body animated with life, while wrapt in the restorative repose of sleep, and the same body in the destroying grasp of death, seem at the first glance so nearly similar, that they are not always to be discriminated. Yet how mighty is the difference between

Death and his brother Sleep!

The contrast puts all the boasted wisdom of man to shame.

The points of resemblance, as well as of contrast, between animal and vegetable life, present subjects of interesting study. The

mode of subsistence of the vegetable, and almost the first property necessary for its life, is the power of absorbing the needful constituents of its being from the surrounding elements. It is, accordingly, provided with a root by which it takes hold of the soil, and by the direct agency of which it is fed.

A distinguished botanist has indeed aptly defined a plant as "a living body deprived of sensation or power of moving from place to place, and fed by means of external roots." With these it imbibes from the soil in which it is placed, the needful fluid or sap by which it is sustained; and by this apparently simple apparatus the whole important and complicated chemical processes are carried on, and the crude soil converted into the needful constituents of vegetable matter. The elementary bodies which form the essential constituents of sap are—carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen. These combine and form various secondary bodies, in which state they are most frequently absorbed by the plants. For this purpose, the root possesses certain structural characteristics, adapting it to its peculiar functions. The ramifications are irregular, differing in this respect from the symmetrical arrangement of the branches. The smaller divisions, or *fibrils*, as they are called, consist of little bundles of ducts, or spiral vessels, surrounded by woody fibres, lying in a mass of cellular tissue. Towards the point of these fibrils the tissue is loose, and the outer covering wanting; so that they rapidly absorb the fluid with which they are surrounded and brought in contact.

Roots are divisible into various classes, according to their form, mode of development, duration, &c.; but the purpose of all is the same. They receive and re-adapt the food necessary for the sustenance of the plant: digesting it, and converting it, with the needful aid of light and heat, into the healthy sap or vegetable blood which circulates through the veins of the living plant. Adapted as they are also for attaching the plant to the soil, they exhibit all the diversity which pertains to lowly shrubs or plants, and tall umbrageous trees; the one having only its tender rooty fibres, terminating with the *spongioles* or special organs for reception of nutritious moisture, while the other are provided with ingeniously-adapted and widely-branching roots, capable of taking firm hold of the ground, and resisting the tremendous force with which the tempest assails the trees of the forest. This latter character peculiarly pertains to plants, as living bodies destitute of the power of moving from place to place.

In other respects, however, the roots supply the same functions in the plant as the absorbent vessels do in the animal. The organs of absorption are, indeed, very dif-

ferently situated in the two; the animal deriving its nutriment from the stomach—an internal reservoir, into which it has previously introduced the needful and most select elements of nourishment; while the vegetable organs of absorption act exclusively on the external soil. They do not, however, receive all with which they are brought in contact; but select and reject, with a discrimination not less wisely adapted to their requirements than the instincts of the ower animals.

The power of absorption by the roots of plants has been explained to be due to the capillarity of the cellular tissues of which they are composed. Such an explanation, however, is so far as it seems to indicate a mere mechanical process, cannot satisfy the mind; for the process goes on healthily during the life of the plant, but no sooner does vitality cease, from whatever cause, than these fine capillary tubes, which had acted with such seeming mechanical regularity before, altogether fail—and the dead plant retains its wonderful contrivances of tissues, fibrils, spongelets, cells, pores, and sap vessels, to as little purpose as the human body is possessed of all its wondrous anatomy, when the spirit has fled away.

The living principle thus present in the plant, and quickened into activity with the returning warmth of spring, exhibits a vital activity closely allied in some respects to that of animals, though in others altogether different: and especially in that retention of the vital principle under certain conditions, as when grain is laid by, or seeds are buried in the ground so deep as to be beyond the reach of light and air. In this way, also, the winter frosts serve to keep the seeds of the previous autumn in a dormant state until the returning warmth of spring sets them free, and, under the genial influence of the warm moisture and porous soil, they germinate, and shoot up into stem and leaf. Here, however, we see one distinct line of argument presenting itself to our mind, the force of which it is impossible to gainsay or resist. The gardener or husbandman, by soils and manures, by draining or forcing,—or, again, by grafting, transplanting, and training, can work many marvellous changes on plants, flowers, and fruit; but the original mystery of vegetable life—the *vital principle without which all else is vain*—remains as mysterious and inexplicable as ever.

Reason as philosophy may—by means of all the lights of science, and all the wonderful and mysterious laws which modern discoveries have revealed—we are still brought back to the simple argument of a child, which intuitively discerns the necessity of a first cause, and finds ample satisfaction in the assurance that God made all these things—that He said, "*Let it be!*" AND IT WAS SO.

PROSPECT AND RETROSPECT.

Good sense and learning may esteem obtain ;
Humor and wit a laugh,—if rightly ta'en :
Fair virtue admiration may impart,
But 'tis GOOD-NATURE *only* wins the HEART.

STILLINGFLEET.

The drying-up a single tear has more
Of honest FAME than shedding seas of gore.

BYRON.

A PLEASING RUMOR HAS REACHED US, that we may anticipate a large influx of new subscribers to our Fifth Volume,—this present number affording an excellent opportunity for their joining our standard. We bid all and each of these new-comers a hearty welcome ; and as it is only natural that they should wish to know something of us and of our objects, we will here offer a few brief observations.

OUR JOURNAL was established with a view to make people "think." To accomplish this, we have presented everything in its own proper color and shape ; invariably declaring the truth, and leaving people to draw their own inferences. It is only by calm and dispassionate reasoning that we could ever hope to make converts. Abuse is a feeble weapon ; nor is assertion much better. We love to "prove" all we advance ; and herein has been our success. The amount of good we have effected during the past two years, is almost incalculable. In that period of time Four Volumes have seen the light. We will leave them to speak for themselves, and for us. They are "bound" to do so.

Here we would observe, that the one great object of our life is to make people natural. It is the hardest task we could have undertaken ! The world we live in is made up of deception. Habit sanctions it ; and Use has become a second nature. Whilst breaking a lance at the follies of the world, we incur the most deadly resentment of some, the anger of others, the contempt of a few,—*but* the praise of all good men. These last hold up our hands, and keep us brave in the battle.

Our Retrospect then is a delightful one. We have won a great victory, and planted our standard high upon the necks of our enemies. The immense efforts made to annihilate us, by certain parties, have been a great failure. They feel it, and now slink away abashed. Perseverance has triumphed over spleen and malice ; and the Public now recognise this JOURNAL as—their "OWN."

Now for our Prospect. This is so entirely in the hands of those who wish us well,—whose dear families have derived lasting benefit from a perusal of our pages, that we cannot see cause for anything *but* rejoicing. Our sentiments stand recorded. And as for our plain-speaking, it is so thoroughly estimated,—our honesty of purpose so apparent, that nothing more remains to be added.

As regards the features of the JOURNAL,

they will remain unchanged. Natural History will, of course, have its usual place. Popular Science, too, and the Domestic Arts and Virtues, will be introduced as usual. In addition, *all* that can tend to make Society good, amiable, natural, and happy, will be most sedulously cared for.

We have often said, and we now repeat it—that all time which is not properly occupied is time thrown away. Nor can we consider anything worth living for, unless it be the pleasure experienced from being made useful to our fellow-men. For this do *we* live. In this do *we* delight.

"HOW DO I LIVE?"—LISTEN!

Living friendly, feeling friendly,
Acting fairly to all men,
Seeking to do that to others
They may do to me again ;
Hating no man, scorning no man,
Wronging none by word or deed ;
But forbearing, soothing, serving,
Thus I live,—and this my creed.

Harsh condemning, fierce contemning,
Is of little Christian use ;
One soft word of kindly peace
Is worth a torrent of abuse.
Calling things bad, calling men bad,
Adds but darkness to their night ;
If thou would'st improve thy brother,
Let thy goodness be his light.

I have felt, and known how bitter
Human coldness makes the world ;
Ev'ry bosom round me frozen,
Not an eye with pity pearly.
Still my heart with kindness teeming,
Glad when other hearts are glad ;
And my eye a tear-drop findeth
At the sight of others sad.

Ah ! be kind—life hath no secret
For our happiness like this ;
Kindly hearts are seldom sad ones—
Blessing ever bringeth bliss ;
Lend a helping hand to others,
Smile though all the world should frown ;
Man is man—we all are brothers,
Black and white ; yes, red and brown.

Man is man, through all gradations ;
Little recks it where he stands,
Or what his creed, through all the nations
Scattered over many lands.
Man is man by form and feature,
Man by vice and virtue too ;
Man in all one common nature
Speaks and binds us brothers true.

J. HOBBS.

THE IMPORTANCE OF A WORD.

THE Chinese have a saying,—that an unlucky word dropped from the tongue, cannot be brought back again by a coach and six horses.

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

There is not any benefit so glorious in itself, but it may yet be exceedingly sweetened and improved by the *manner* of conferring it. The virtue, I know, rests in the *intent*; the profit in the judicious application of the *matter*. But the beauty and ornament of an obligation are seen in the *manner* of it.—SENECA.



THE ADVENT OF A NEW YEAR, AND THE DYING EMBERS OF AN OLD YEAR, to us have charms that are indescribable. It is at such times that we are able to form our estimate of human nature, and, by comparison, to rejoice exceedingly at what has

fallen to our share.

We observe at these seasons strange contrarities. Hearts hard as adamant,—closely hugging what they call “their own.” People with narrow souls,—rich in worldly possessions, but grudging the merest trifle from their store to make a poor fellow-creature’s heart glad. Purse-proud Pharisees—(wanting for nothing but a tender heart);—warmly and sumptuously clad, looking down with supreme contempt upon the shivering wretches that everywhere cross their path. In a word, Mammon riding rough-shod over all the better feelings of our common nature. We never fail to recognise much of this, during the festive seasons of social rejoicings. If the iron-hearted performers in this drama of life could only hear expressed the stifled maledictions that rapidly course through the arteries of our heart, we imagine they would feel startled. These men, who vaunt so much about the “dignity of human nature,”—how they cumber the earth!

Well; let us change the scene. Happy are we to say, that we do *not* boast of having buttoned up our pockets,* nor of having hardened our better feelings against the wants, necessities, and even pleasures of those with whom we have been (however distantly) associated. Oh—no! We are not rich,—far from it. Our purse is consumptive,—very, but our heart lies at the bottom of it; and thus, somehow or other, do we always contrive to find something to go on with. Odd, too, is it, but religiously true,—that in proportion to the little good it has been in our power to dispense to others, in an increasing

* These people, who boast so of having kept their purse-strings undrawn during the late inclement season—and who glory in their having “done” all applicants out of their Christmas gratuities, are of kin to those wretches who, having travelled in an omnibus from the City nearly to the end of their journey, yet *refuse to pay*, because the poor horses cannot stand upon the brow of a slippery hill, or safely proceed beyond a certain distance! We have seen many of these liberal-minded worthies; and have not failed to “open” upon them as they deserved.—ED. K. J.

ratio have we been ourself benefited! And how soundly we have slept! How pleasantly the days and evenings have passed! What delight have we found in those little interchanges of love and affection which make this world such a perfect Paradise!

The readers of OUR JOURNAL are so select, and their minds so refined, that we feel quite sure they understand what we are speaking of; and not only understand it, but enjoy it. “Little things,” as we have recently remarked, are the very lungs of our existence. They make up, collectively, all we know—or can know, of human happiness.

This brings us to the real object of the present Paper, which is to record, with feelings of gratitude, the large share of “Little Kindnesses” that has again been showered upon our head;—as an “annual custom.” May that custom never be discontinued!

It would be idle,—nay hardly possible, for us to go into detail about the many offerings of love and friendship that have reached us from all parts of the country,—both from those who have seen us and love us, and from those who, not having yet seen us, nevertheless love us dearly. Day after day, hour after hour,—as the old year waned and whilst its successor was preparing to greet us with all due honor—did the Post, Rail, or private Messenger bring *some* tribute of affectionate remembrance for “Our Editor.” To note, too, the taste of the selections,—so varied; so useful; so ornamental; and some, so savory—so provoking to the appetite!

Then the packing! *What* a number of dear, delicate fingers,* and ambling little feet must have been at work for us! And with what extreme care and precision was every separate article laid side by side with its fellow companion! How readily can we enter into the feelings of each one of our guardian angels, as they first set them out,—then arranged them; and finally completed the nailing and fastening of *those* pretty, attractive, and well-stored boxes, destined to rejoice our old but ever tender heart! We see the crowd of smiling faces now. Oh—yes!

We can imagine nothing on earth more delightful than the reciprocating of “Little Kindnesses.” Never mind the estimated value in £, s. d. The *idea* of such a thing is monstrous. What the heart bestows lovingly, is priceless. Some people are most pleased when they *receive* presents; and care little about sending them. Such are not in our

* There was not wanting, among the rest, the well-known, beautiful direction, by the fair little hand of which we took special notice in our Third Volume, page 7. Time has since revealed the owner of that fair hand; and we accept her annual tribute of kindness with the most sincere pleasure.—ED. K. J.

secret, and cannot share our happiness. We quite agree with the Wise Man, who said:—"I had rather never receive a kindness, than never bestow one. Not to return a benefit is the greater sin; but not to confer it is the earlier." We grant that these feelings are poetical; but what is life *without* poetry? The common jog-trot way of the world is sickening; nor can we help marvelling that the lower creation should in these matters be so infinitely in advance of Man.

We have ever said, and we cling to the opinion still—that selfishness is at the bottom of every action of our lives. If we do an act of kindness, we do it for self-gratification. It gives us pleasure to do it. This is a pretty way of paying a compliment; and as it is the simple truth, let each one of us make the most of it.

Above all things, let us remember,—that the time for rendering "Little Kindnesses" is,—not once a year only, but always. Society is so constituted, that, if we would continue happy, we must for ever be engaged in labors of love and works of benevolence.

Such are our thoughts; such is our "Belief." And may all to whom we are so pleasingly indebted, accept these few remarks as the offering of a grateful, loving heart.

SONG.

Say, have you in the morning
Beheld the dewy gem,
So beautiful, adorning
The rose's diadem?
Or have you in the wildwood,
Where clear the streamlet flows
Beheld in summer's childhood
The blushing, bright primrose?

Have you beheld the lily
Bloom on the water's breast;
Or, in the dewy valley,
The gowan's modest crest?
Then ye have seen sweet Nature
Her loveliest charms display,
As they beamed in every feature
Of her I've lost for aye.

Her eye was lit with beauty,
Her coral lip with love;
Her bosom, true to duty,
Was guileless as the dove.
How tenderly, how kindly,
Love's accents from her fell!
And, oh, how warmly, fondly
I loved my Isabel!

In vain for me the flowers
Of spring or summer blow,
And from the rosy bowers,
In vain doth music flow;
The song-birds by the river
Remind me all too well—
That stilled, and stilled for ever,
Is the voice of Isabel!

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

Yes; thou art ever near me! When the Spring,
Dress'd in a robe of joyous innocence,
Tells me of happiness, I hear thy voice,—
Its soothing cadence falling on mine ear,
Like the soft music of a seraph's lyre;
And, when the Summer's sun beams on the face
Of Nature, with ineffable delight
I listen to the voice of melody,—
Feast on the happiness that Hope bestows;
And in the brilliant scene of loveliness
That faithfully recalls the joys we prize,
The flowers we love,—I recognise thy smile,
Then in my breast a Paradise exists,
And thou art its creator!

Autumn's breeze,
Laden with odors from a richer shore,
Bears me thy sigh. Again I hear thee speak
Of brighter days: and softly whispering
Kind words of pity, bid me weep no more!
Thus have I braved cold Winter's bitter storm,
And heeded not the wild,—the fearful blast,
That revell'd in destruction. For thy love
Beam'd on the rugged path of life, and bless'd
The heart that claims its happiness from thee.
Still will I cherish in affection's dream
Each look of kindness that doth picture thee;
And when my fancy paints it faithfully
I will impress it on my memory,—
For thou indeed art precious!

THE JOYS OF EARLY SPRING.

WE CALLED ATTENTION, in a late number, to the various popular Almanacs of the season; and, amongst others, we glanced at the "Lady's Almanac." We are anxious to do ample justice to the merits of this last; and therefore give as a fair specimen of its claim to popularity, an interesting article on the present month, by Thomas Miller. His remarks about "Winter feeling that his end is drawing nigh," are sweetly poetical. So also are his remarks about "Ladies, Love, and Flowers,"—the three inseparables. But let us hear him sing his own love-song:—

FEBRUARY is the childhood of the year. Like streams loosened from their icy fetters, that rush with a singing sound down the hills and through the meadows,—so does it now break loose and make a pleasant prattling in those places where silence has so long reigned. In the early notes of the speckled thrush and golden-billed blackbird, we hear its voice; for in calling to and imitating them, it finds utterance for the joyous feelings which now stir within its young heart. At every new burst of sun-colored crocuses, it raises a shout of wonder—at every opening of the sky-stained hyacinths, a cry of delight. Hither and thither it runs to peep at the silver buds on the willow, the spots of green on the gooseberry bushes, and the early leaves on the elder tree; sometimes shading

its eyes with its hand, while looking at the sun, or smiling to see that pale primrose color which now and then spreads over the sky. Every day it discovers some new object of pleasure, some new source of delight, in the putting forth of a fresh flower, or the low note of an additional bird. It has shaken the snow of Winter from its flowing hair, and melted the hoary frost-work with its warm breath; and there is a look of love in its clear blue eye, while watching the birds pair on St. Valentine's Day.

Sometimes through the sunny flashes that fall upon the landscape in the course of this month, the lark will suddenly spring up; and beating against the wind, send out a few shivering notes, which are only answered by the ploughman's whistle; for, with a few exceptions, the great band of birds are silent, and many of them far away over the sea. So the messenger of Spring will again descend, and hide himself somewhere a little longer; it may be, grieving all the while for the absence of the flowers. If the season is mild, the starry celandine will show its yellow flowers under the sheltering hedge-rows; and on mossy banks that face the sunny south, those foremost heralds of Spring's pale primroses, which Milton says "die unmarried," will be found in bloom. A bud will be perceived here, and a bell there, where last month all was brown and bare, and desolate; for there is a stir of life about the earth and in the air, though Nature hath not yet thoroughly awoke; many a little flower is sitting up and rubbing its eyes, which, by-and-by, will be wide open.

Winter seems to feel that his end is drawing nigh—that the branches which he struck numb and lifeless, and left for dead, again feel the sap stirring within their veins. Even the little round daisy-buds begin to rise under him, and break his rest; and he knows that the time of his departure is at hand. The low humming in the air, and the increased twittering in the copse, proclaim that Spring is on her way; and that unless he makes haste to retire, he will be buried beneath the approaching flowers. He knows by the melting snow-flakes as they fall, that the air is already impregnated by her warm breath; and that he must hurry back to the regions of icy sleet and howling storm. For this is the old month of Valentines and love-making, began at first by the birds; but tradition has not even preserved the date of this ancient wooing, which commenced so long, long ago. It is only the British birds who remain with us all the year, that are said to choose their mates on Valentine Day, and remain true to them until death. Those which go over the sea and return again, are not so constant. The English birds only have true, faithful, loving, and constant hearts.

It is said that until St. Valentine came amongst them, there was squabbling in the shrubs and battling amid the branches, and quarrelling noises around the nests,—that this bird was ever wishing to change, and that bird was never happy. Whilst a third was envious and jealous, and ever pecking at his partner, because her plumage was not so bright and rich as hers in the neighboring nest. Some turned up their bills at the insects their husbands brought them; and said that, when single, they had not been used to such food. Others complained that the hips and haws were coarse and hard; and wished that they had gone over the sea, when they had the offer, with that fine foreign bird, that came and sang so sweetly in May, and went away in June (he, like Leander, was drowned while crossing the Hellespont). Even the doves at times murmured at one another, instead of cooing; until good Bishop Valentine came and touched them; and then their purple beaks breathed only vows of love, and cooed promises of faithful endearment and everlasting affection. And then he at last touched the tender heart of Woman; and when she saw the young buds opening, and the first flowers blooming, there was a milder and softer light in her eye, and a sweeter and more heart-tender tone in her voice; and she too began to confess the power of good St. Valentine. And from that time the whole air around her has ever since breathed of love.

Ladies, Love, and Flowers are inseparable. They were linked together when the first golden mornings broke over the garden of Eden, and while "the stars sang together for joy." Flowers are God's messengers,—they have descended to us pure as when they were first planted in Paradise, before Eve was tempted and fell. The early dew that then hung upon them is undimmed; the rounded pearls which now tremble on their bells in the morning breeze, showed not brighter to her eyes than they now appear to her fair daughters. Fair are they as she herself was, when our first father startled her—gazing at her own sweet shadow in the fountain.

A SONG TO MY LOVE.

When the gentle morn is breaking,
And the misty shadows flee,
From a dream of bliss awaking,—
Then, my love, I sigh for thee.

When the noon-day sun shines o'er me,
Shaded by thy fav'rite tree,
Fancy brings thy form before me;
Then, my love, I sigh for thee.

When the ev'ning dews are falling,
And the moonbeams smile on me,
Memory thy sweet smile recalling—
Then, love, falls the tear for thee!

MY VILLAGE MAID.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

I MET her in the flowery month
 Of blossom-laden Spring ;
 When trees put forth their tender leaves,
 And larks soared high to sing.
 We wandered where the primrose grew,
 Deep in the forest glade ;
 There vowing naught save death should part
 Me and my village maid.

When Summer came, with sunny days,
 And soft blue-hanging skies,
 Throwing a gladness all around,
 Just like her gentle eyes ;
 Again we sought the twilight woods,
 Where hazels formed a shade,
 And sweeter than the speckled thrush
 Sang my fair village maid.

When Autumn came in solemn gold,
 And yellow leaves were strown,
 I saw that Death had marked my love,
 Too soon ! to be his own.
 I tended her by night and day ;
 But when the gleaners strayed
 Across the stubby harvest-fields,
 Death stole my village maid.

Then Winter came with hollow voice ;—
 I heard the howling wind
 Ring through the savage naked woods,
 Now gloomy like my mind :
 Yet still I lived,—although I prayed
 Beside her to be laid ;
 But Death would lend no ear to me,
 HE HAD MY VILLAGE MAID.

REVIEW.

PICTORIAL CALENDAR OF THE SEASONS.
 Edited by MARY HOWITT. Henry G.
 Bohn.

The name of Henry G. Bohn will *never* die. His innate love for Natural History from boyhood, has led him to spend a large fortune in trying to make others as fond of it as himself ; and the books he has issued are so numerous, so choice, so "winning," and withal so exceedingly "cheap," that we do sincerely hope he has not labored in vain. We are proud of him as an ally ; and glory in giving an extended publicity to his exertions in the public service. We have said this many times before ; but we gladly repeat it. "May his shadow never grow less !"

The book to which we would now direct special attention, professes (and performs even more than it promises) to exhibit the pleasures, pursuits, and characteristics of country life, for every month in the year. Moreover, it embodies *the whole* of that imperishable work—"Aikin's Calendar of Nature." Is this *all*? No! There are, in addition, more than one hundred beautiful illustrative engravings on wood.

Mary Howitt—everybody loves Mary

Howitt—being the Editor, it would be superfluous to comment on the provision she has made for our enjoyment. We may "cut, and come again ;" and must ever feel a still growing appetite for—more !

And how sweetly natural are the pictorial embellishments of the Calendar ! They are lovely to behold. But so indeed are all the illustrations. Their savor of *Ver æternum*,—a perpetual Spring.

To give a specimen of so extensively-varied a Bill of Fare is puzzling ; but as it must be done, let us pounce upon a "seasonable" article,—not original, but acknowledged to be borrowed from (*another* of our sweet-hearts) MISS MITFORD :—

FROST.

At noon to-day, January 23rd, says Miss Mitford, one of our pleasantest writers on the country, I and my white greyhound, Mayflower, set out for a walk into a very beautiful world—a sort of silent fairy-land—a creation of that matchless magician the hoar-frost. There had been just snow enough to cover the earth and all its colors with one sheet of pure and uniform white, and just time enough since the snow had fallen to allow the hedges to be freed of their fleecy load, and clothed with a delicate coating of rime. The atmosphere was deliciously calm ; soft, even mild, in spite of the thermometer ; no perceptible air, but a stillness that might almost be felt ; the sky rather grey than blue, throwing out in bold relief the snow-covered roofs of our village, and the rimy trees that rise above them ; and the sun shining dimly as through a veil, giving a pale, fair light, like the moon, only brighter. There was a silence, too, that might become the moon, as we stood at our gate looking up the quiet street ; a Sabbath-like pause of work and play, rare on a work day ; nothing was audible but the pleasant hum of frost,—that low, monotonous sound which is perhaps the nearest approach that life and nature can make to absolute silence. The very wagons as they came down the hill along the beaten track of crisp yellowish frost-dust, glide along like shadows ; even May's bounding footsteps, at her height of glee and of speed, fall like snow upon snow. * * *

These murmuring cogitations have brought us up the hill, and halfway across the light and airy common, with its bright expanse of snow and its clusters of cottages, whose turf-fires send such wreaths of smoke sailing up the air, and diffuse such aromatic fragrance around. And now comes the delightful sound of childish voices, ringing with glee and merriment almost from beneath our feet. There is a shouting from the deep, irregular pool, all glass now, where, on two long, smooth slides, half a-dozen ragged urchins are slipping along in tottering triumph. Half-a-dozen steps bring us to the bank just above them. May can hardly resist the temptation of joining her friends, for most of the varlets are her acquaintance. But "come, May !" and up she springs as light as a bird. The road is gay now ; carts and post-chaises, and girls in red cloaks, and afar off, looking almost like a toy, the coach. It meets us fast and soon. How much happier the walkers

look than the riders; especially the frost-bitten gentleman, and the shivering lady with the invisible face, sole passengers of that commodious machine! Hooded, veiled, and bonneted as she is, one sees from her attitude how miserable she would look uncovered.

Now we have reached the trees,—the beautiful trees! never so beautiful as to-day. Imagine the effect of a straight and regular double avenue of oaks, nearly a mile long, arching over head, and closing into perspective, like the roofs and columns of a cathedral, every tree and branch encrusted with the bright and delicate congelation of hoar-frost, white and pure as snow, delicate and defined as carved ivory. How beautiful it is, how uniform, how various, how filling, how satiating to the mind—above all, how melancholy! There is a thrilling awfulness, an intense feeling of simple power in that naked and colorless beauty, which falls on the earth like the thoughts of death—death, pure and glorious and smiling—but still death. Sculpture has always the same effect on my imagination, and painting never. Color is life.

We are now at the top of this magnificent avenue, and at the top of a steep eminence commanding a wide view over four counties—a landscape of snow. A deep lane leads abruptly down the hill; a mere narrow cart-track, sinking between high banks clothed with fern and furze, and broom, crowned with luxuriant hedgerows, and famous for their summer smell of thyme. How lovely these banks are now—the tall weeds and the gorse fixed and stiffened in the hoar-frost, which fringes round the bright prickly holly, the pendant foliage of the bramble, and the deep orange-leaves of the pollard oak. Oh, this rime in its loveliest form! And there is still a berry here and there on the holly, “blushing in its natural coral” through the delicate tracery; still a stray hip or haw for the birds, who abound always here. The poor birds, how tame they are, how sadly tame! There is the beautiful and rare crested wren, that shadow of a bird, as White of Selborne calls it, perched in the middle of the hedge, nestling as it were amongst the cold bare boughs, seeking, poor pretty thing, for the warmth it will not find. And there, further on, just under the bank by the slender rivulet, which still trickles between its transparent fantastic margin of thin ice, as if it were a thing of life,—there, with a swift, scudding motion, flits, in short low flights, the gorgeous king-fisher, its magnificent plumage of scarlet and blue flashing in the sun like the glories of some tropical bird. He is come for water to this little spring by the hill side,—water which even his long bill and slender head can hardly reach, so nearly do the fantastic forms of those garland-like icy margins meet over the tiny stream beneath. It is rarely that one sees the shy beauty so close or so long; and it is pleasant to see him in the grace and beauty of his natural liberty, the only way to look at a bird. We used, before we lived in a street, to fix a little board outside the parlor-window, and cover it with bread crumbs in the hard weather. It was quite delightful to see the pretty things come and feed—to conquer their shyness, and do away their mistrust. First came the more social tribes, the robin-redbreast and the wren, cautiously and

suspiciously picking up a crumb on the wing, with the little keen bright eye fixed on the window: then they would stop for two pecks; then stay till they were satisfied. The shyer birds, tamed by their example, came next; and at last one saucy fellow of a blackbird—a sad glutton, he would clear the board in two minutes—used to tap his yellow bill against the window for more. How we loved the fearless confidence of that fine, frank-hearted creature! And surely he loved us. I wonder the practice is not more general.

THAW.

January 28th.—We have had rain, and snow, and frost, and rain again: four days of absolute confinement. Now it is a thaw and a flood; but our light gravelly soil and country boots, and country hardihood, will carry us through. What a dripping, comfortless day it is! just like the last days of November; no sun, no sky, grey or blue; one low, over-hanging, dark, dismal cloud, like London smoke. Mayflower is out coursing, too. Never mind. Up the hill again! Walk we must. Oh, what a watery world to look back upon! Thames, Kennet, Loddon—all overflowed; our famous town, inland once, turned into a sort of Venice. C. Park converted into an island; and a long range of meadows, from B. to W., one huge, unnatural lake, with trees growing out of it. Oh, what a watery world!—I will look at it no longer I will walk on.

The road is alive again. Noise is re-born. Wagons creak, horses splash, carts rattle, and pattens paddle through the dirt with more than their usual clink. The common has its fine old tints of green and brown; and its old variety of inhabitants—horses, cows, sheep, pigs, and donkeys. The ponds are unfrozen, except when some melancholy piece of melting ice floats sullenly on the water; and cackling geese and gabbling ducks have replaced the sliders and skaters. The avenue is chill and dark, the hedges are dripping, the lanes knee-deep, and all nature is in a state of dissolution and thaw.

WE know “something” about thaw, *this* year; but we would much prefer not to go into particulars. The recollection of it sticks to us!

LITTLE FERNS FOR FANNY'S LITTLE FRIENDS. WITH ILLUSTRATIONS by BIRKET FOSTER. Nathaniel Cooke.

That “Fanny Fern” is our sweetheart, is well known to all the world. Our pages are kept wholesome by the outpourings of her gentle spirit, and the minds of our readers are refreshed and purified by her gems of thought.

This little book, shining in its scarlet coat, inlaid with gold, is an inexhaustible treasury of good things,—profitable to young and old. In the simplest of forms, it brings under our notice everything that can tend to make us good, thoughtful, kind, and benevolent. It is divided into short chapters,—each on a distinct topic; and is illustrated throughout with very beautiful engravings.

But why linger we thus on the threshold? Let us prove what we say by giving examples.

On the present occasion, we select three subjects for extract. The first, "Little Benny," reminds us strongly of an article from our own pen, on "Kensall-Green Cemetery" (see Vol. II., p. 154). We called attention, we remember, to a poetical tombstone, whereon appeared these simple words—

"The Grave of
ANNIE;"

and we commented at some length upon the general want of taste in these matters.

Our second excerpt will be "A Little Boy with a Big Heart;" and the third, "Rosalie and Hetty." Whoever reads these, and appreciates the feelings of the writer, will assist in circulating her work to the ends of the earth.

"LITTLE BENNY."

So the simple head-stone said. Why did my eyes fill? I never saw the little creature. I never looked in his laughing eye, or heard his merry shout, or listened for his tripping tread; I never pillowed his little head, or bore his little form, or smoothed his silky locks, or laved his dimpled limbs, or fed his cherry lips with dainty bits, or kissed his rosy cheek as he lay sleeping.

I did not see his eye grow dim; or his little hand droop powerless; or the dew of agony gather on his pale forehead. I stood not with clasped hands, and suspended breath, nor watched the look that comes but once, flit over his cherub face. And yet, "Little Benny," my tears are falling; for *somewhere*, I know, there's an empty crib, a vacant chair, useless robes and toys, a desolate hearth-stone, and a weeping mother.

"Little Benny!"

It was all her full heart could utter; and it was enough. It tells the whole story.

A LITTLE BOY WITH A BIG HEART.

A rich man was little Georgy's father! So many houses, and shops, and farms as he owned; so many horses and carriages; such a big house as he lived in, by the Park, and so many servants as he had in it,—but he loved little Georgy better than any of them, and bought him toys enough to fill a shop, live animals enough to stock a menagerie, and jackets and trousers enough to clothe half the boys in New York.

Georgy was a pretty boy; he had a broad, noble forehead, large, dark, loving eyes, and a form as straight and lithe as a little Indian's. His mother was very proud of him,—not because he was good, but because he was pretty. She was a very foolish woman, and talked to him a great deal about his fine clothes, and his curling hair; but for all that, she didn't manage to spoil Georgy. *He* didn't care an old marble, not he, for all the fine clothes in Christendom; and would have been glad to have had every curl on his merry little head clipped off.

Georgy had no brothers nor sisters. He was so sorry for that—he would rather have had such a playmate than all the toys his father bought him. His little heart was brimfull of love, and his birds,

and rabbits, and ponies were well enough, but they couldn't say, "Georgey, I love you." Neither could he make them understand what he was thinking about; so he wearied of them, and would often linger in the street, and look after the little groups of children so wistfully, that I quite pitied him. I used to think that, with all his money, he wasn't half as happy as little Pat and Neil Connor, two little Irish brothers, who played hop-scotch every day under my window.

It was a very cold day in January. Jack Frost had been out all day on a frolic, and was still busily at work. He had drawn all sorts of pictures on the window panes, such as beautiful trees and flowers, and great towering castles, and tall-masted ships, and church spires, and little cottages (so oddly shaped); beside birds that "Audubon" never dreamed of, and animals that Noah never huddled into the ark. Then he festooned all the eaves, and fences, and trees, and bushes with crystal drops, which sparkled and glittered in the sunbeams like royal diamonds. Then he hung icicles on the poor old horses' noses, and tripped up the heels of precise old bachelors, and sent the old maids spinning round on the sidewalks, till they were perfectly ashamed of themselves; and then he got into the houses, and burst and cracked all the water pitchers, and choked up the steady old pump, so that it might as well have been without a nose as with one; and pinched the cheeks of the little girls till they were as red as a pulpit cushion, blew right through the key-hole on grand-pa's poor, rheumatic old back, and ran round the street corner, tearing open folks' cloaks, and shawls, and furred wrappers, till they shook as if they had an ague fit. I verily believe he'd just as quick trip up our minister's heels as yours or mine! Oh, he is a graceless rogue—that Jack Frost! and many's the time he's tipped Aunt Fanny's venerable nose with indigo.

Georgy didn't care a penny whistle for the fellow, all muffled up to the chin in his little wadded velvet sack, with a rich cashmere scarf of his mother's wound about his neck, and a velvet cap crushed down over his bright, curly head.

How the sleighs did fly past! with their gaily-fringed buffaloes, and prancing horses necklaced with little tinkling bells. How merrily the pretty ladies peeped from out their gay worsted hoods! Oh! it was a pretty sight,—Georgy liked it,—everybody moved so briskly, and seemed so happy!

What ails Georgy now? He has crossed the street, stopped short, and the bright color flushes his cheeks, till he looks quite beautiful. Ah! he has spied a little apple-girl, seated upon the icy pavement. The wind is making merry with her thin rags,—her little toes peep, blue and benumbed, from out her half-worn shoes,—and she is blowing on her stiffened fingers, vainly trying to keep them warm.

Georgy looked down at his nice warm coat, and then at Kate's thin cotton gown. Georgy was never cold in his life, never hungry. His eyes fill—his little breast heaves. Then quickly untwisting the thick, warm scarf from his little throat, he throws it round her shivering form and says, with a glad smile, *That will warm you!*—and bounds out of sight before she can thank him. Old Mr. Prince stands by, wiping his eyes, and

says, "God bless the boy!—that's worth a dozen sermons! I'll send a load of wood to little Kate's mother."

ROSALIE AND HETTY.

Everybody called Rosalie a beauty. Everybody was right. Her cheeks looked like a ripe peach; her hair waved over as fair a forehead as ever a zephyr kissed; her eyes and mouth were as perfect as eyes and mouth could be: no violet was softer or bluer than the one, no rose-bud sweeter than the other. All colors became Rosalie, and whatever she did was gracefully done.

Yes; everybody thought Rosalie was "a beauty." Rosalie thought so herself. So she took no pains to be good, or amiable, or obliging. She never cared about learning anything; for, she said to herself, I can afford to have my own way; I can afford to be a dunce if I like; I shall be always sought and admired for my pretty face.

So Rosalie dressed as tastefully as she and the dressmaker knew how; and looked up to show her fine eyes, and down to show her long eye-lashes; and held up her dress, and hopped over little imaginary puddles, to show her pretty feet; and smiled, to show her white teeth; and danced, to show her fine form;—and was as brilliant and as brainless as a butterfly.

Now, I suppose you think that Rosalie was very happy. Not at all! She was in a perfect fidget lest she should not get all the admiration she wanted. She was torturing herself all the while, for fear some prettier face would come along and eclipse hers. If she went to a party, and every person in the room but one admired her, she would fret herself sick, because that one didn't bow down and worship her.

Never having studied or read anything, Rosalie could talk nothing but nonsense; so everybody who conversed with her talked nonsense too, and paid her silly compliments; and made her believe that all she needed to make her quite an angel, was a pair of wings; and then she would hold her pretty head on one side, and simper; and they would go away laughing in their sleeves, and saying—"What a vain little fool Rosalie is!"

Now, Rosalie's cousin Hetty was as plain as a chesnut-bur. She had not a single pretty feature in her face. Nobody ever thought of calling Hetty a beauty, and she knew it! She was used to be overlooked; but she didn't go about whining and making herself unhappy about it,—not she. She just put her mind on something else. She studied and read books, and learned a great many useful things. So she had a great deal in her mind to think of; and went singing about, as happy as could be, without minding whether anybody noticed her or not.

So she grew up sweet-tempered, amiable, generous, and happy. When she went into company, strangers would say, "What a plain little body Hetty is!" If they could not find anybody else to talk to, they'd go speak to her. Then Hetty would look up at them with one of her quiet smiles, and commence talking. She would say a great many very sensible things, and some queer ones; and they would listen—and listen—and listen—and by-and-by look at their watch, and wonder what had made time fly so; and then go home, wondering to themselves

how they could ever call such an agreeable girl as Hetty "homely."

So, you see, everybody learned to love her, when they found out what a beautiful soul she had. And while Rosalie was pining and fretting herself sick, because her beauty was fading, and her admirers were dropping off, one by one, to flatter prettier faces, Hetty went quietly on her way, winning hearts, and—keeping them, too.

All hail to Aunt Fanny and her little friends; and may Fanny's pen never slumber! We want more such writers; and in their absence we must do double duty. Fanny and ourself were born under one and the same planet. God bless her!

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR. Nelson.

This is a nice book for youth; drawing their attention to things useful, and leading their minds up to the contemplation of what is daily going forward in our world.

Let us select, as being appropriate to the season, an article bearing upon

THE REPOSE OF NATURE.

The season of Winter is at once the close and the commencement of the year. Like the natural sleep of man, and the night which succeeds to the day, it includes the closing period of rest after labor, and the awakening dawn of refreshment after repose. It is the termination of the past, and the precursor of the future; and is therefore happily regarded as a transition time for maturing strength, and planning fresh aggressions on the legitimate fields of human toil. It seems, indeed, to the heedless observer, as a lost time; in which the rigorous season shuts up the husbandman from all the scenes of useful exertion, and compels the laborer to forego his industry.

But it is not so. We have designated it the repose of nature, and like the natural repose of man, it is the invigorating season on which the successful results of all the other portions of the year depend for the fruits of active and wisely-employed labor. "He casteth forth his ice like morsels; who can stand before his cold? He sealeth up the hand of every man, that all men may know his work." The evidences of the power and goodness of the Creator are not, however, the less apparent during the dreary and sterile reign of this, the closing season of the year. "The waters are hid as with a stone, and the face of the deep is frozen;" but in this, the most remarkable chemical phenomenon of winter, some of the most important and beneficial laws of nature are manifested; and on its influences depend, to a considerable extent, the successful labors of the husbandman in the Spring.

Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, is not altogether a passive agent in the restoration of the worn-out laborer. While the body reposes, and the mind is chained in healthful inactivity, or dallies with some pleasing fancy in its dreams, the restorative physical operations are busily at work: the blood is circulating through the frame, the lungs are fulfilling their important vital functions, the digestive organs are busy in their appointed task, and the slumberer arises in the morning a new man.

So, too, with nature, after its winter's sleep. The expansive power of water, when passing into the solid state of ice, is well known. Scarcely any limits can be set to its force. It has been found capable of bursting a cannon filled with water, and plugged up so as to leave it no other means of expansion. It rends and splits huge masses of rock, bringing down the giant fragments of the lofty mountain cliffs into the valley below; and, in Arctic regions, frequently splitting ice-bound rocks with a noise like thunder. Precisely the same effect is produced on the smaller fragments of disintegrated rock and organic matter, which unite to form the soil from whence vegetable life draws its nourishment. The soil being saturated with moisture late in the autumn, is heaved up, and pulverised by the alternate expansion and contraction of frost and thaw, so as admirably to fit and prepare it for the reanimation of the whole vegetable kingdom in the spring. This, indeed, may be styled nature's ploughing. It is the process by which, over hill and valley, in wood, and glen, and copse, where no instrument of man is applied to aid or accelerate her operations, the soil is pulverised around the roots of the grass and herbage; and of the countless thousands of plants and trees which clothe the uncultivated face of nature, and provide the needful stores for the flocks and herds, as well as for the multitudes of animal and insect life. But for this annual operation of the frosts of winter, some of our best soils would remain nearly unproductive.

Stiff loams especially, composed for the most part of an unctuous clay, present in their natural state great obstacles to the labors of the agriculturist, and would appear, indeed, to be totally incapable of being turned to any useful account. Their extreme tenacity impedes alike the absorption and removal of excessive moisture during the continuance of rainy weather; while the effect of a protracted drought is to make it so tough and indurated, that a plant might almost as soon force its tender roots into the pores of a sandstone rock, as into the bed of hardened clay. With such a soil, however, the husbandman has only to enlist the keen winter's frosts into his service, to render it a valuable recipient of the tender seeds of spring. The plough is applied in the autumn, with a direct view to the peculiarities of the soil. It is ploughed up into furrows, so as to expose the largest surface both to moisture and frost; and being then left to the operations of nature, the water is received into the soil, and as it is expanded in the process of freezing, it forces asunder the adhering particles of the clay—loosening, crumbling, and pulverising the whole, and rendering it peculiarly fitted to receive the seed in spring. Nature may therefore be truly spoken of as refreshing herself with sleep during the apparently inactive winter months. She is not dead. Vital functions of the most essential character are at work, producing results on which all the future depends, when the re-awakened vitality of the animal and vegetable kingdoms shall be again in operation.

The wisdom and power of the Creator are no less remarkably apparent in the beneficial properties with which frost and snow are endowed, for the protection of the soil and its included plants against excessive cold. Few operations of

nature are more remarkable than this. The ice binds up the soil in its iron grasp; and, being a slow conductor of heat, the frost is thereby prevented from extending far beneath the surface, so as to injure the tender fibres and roots of plants. Even when it does reach and envelop them, this counteracting influence still predominates, and holds the winter's frosts in check, preventing the temperature of the soil from falling below the freezing point.

But still further beneficial contrivances become apparent in other operations of the winter's frost. Its influence extends to the air, as well as to the earth and water, and affects the exhaled moisture floating in clouds above the earth. The rain drops are accordingly frozen, and precipitated to the ground in the form of snow. The woolly flakes of snow, when examined under the microscope, are crystallised in minute forms of extreme beauty, and wrought with the utmost regularity. The hail also assumes a regular crystallised form, but of a totally different kind from the down-like snow which falls noiselessly on the earth. The latter is manifestly designed to drop without injury on the naked boughs and tender plants exposed to the storms of winter; and to cover the grass and herbs, and the young winter wheat, with its winged flakes, without hurting their most fragile shoots, or disturbing the exposed soil in its fall. The sudden hail of spring or summer dashes down occasionally in destructive masses, which injure, break, and destroy plants, and extensively damage the works of man; but the snow-flake is twenty-four times lighter than water, and so drops on the face of nature like the downy coverlet spread by its mother over the cradle of the sleeping babe. This also operates still more beneficially in preventing the injurious influences of the frost on the soil, and on its enclosed plants and seeds; so that one of the first operations of the frost is thus to provide a defence against its own excess.

The snow being a very imperfect conductor of heat, it does not readily descend below the freezing point; and thus the soil beneath is under the softest guardianship when its white covering is spread abroad to protect the tender seeds and bulbs, and the fresh roots of the lately germinated autumn seeds. The simplest experiment suffices to prove this; for if a portion of a field is swept bare of snow during a protracted frost, and after this is exposed for a time to the full influence of the cold,—it will be found that the frost has penetrated to a considerable depth, binding the whole in its iron grasp; while another portion of the same field, which has remained covered by the snow, will remain totally unaffected by the frost an inch or two below the surface. The practical value of this will be still more apparent, if the experiment is tried during very rigorous cold on a field of autumn-sown wheat. The plants in the part exposed will be found blighted, and sometimes completely killed by the frost; while the remainder of the field has escaped the same noxious influence by means of its snowy covering.

By means of the same remarkable non-conducting property of snow, the natives of the Arctic regions are able to employ it as the material with which they construct their winter dwellings; and thus enroofed only with the embedded masses of frozen moisture, and with their windows glazed

with blocks of ice, they survive the inclement season, amid all the horrors of a Polar winter, and sleep comfortably, wrapped in their furs, on a bed constructed of the same material. Inured as he is to his icy climate, the Esquimaux enjoys a comfortable warmth beneath his dome of snow, and feels no envy of those who enjoy our temperate climates, or bask beneath the perpetual sunshine of southern latitudes.

Thus do we find the balance of nature harmoniously preserved amid the utmost diversity of changes, and no single law operating without its use. The long winter of the Polar regions is followed by a brief but most vigorous spring and summer. Within a week after the melting of the snows of Iceland, the fields are green; and in less than a month most of the plants are at maturity; so that where the sleep of nature is most prolonged, she is seen to awaken with a proportionate vigor, and to hasten the accomplishment of the processes of vegetation during the brief season of activity that remains. The same is frequently seen, though in a less degree, in our own milder climate. Occasionally a cold, protracted spring, threatens to mar all the labors of the husbandman. The trees refrain from shooting forth their leaves, the cereal plants are arrested in their progress, and the season seems passing away without the development on which the realising of all its hopes depend.

But on a change of weather, and the supervening of a very few days of warmth, the compensating powers of nature becoming immediately apparent, a sudden burst of vegetation takes place, as if nature, by one great effort, sought to make up for lost time, and a very brief period suffices to restore the hopes of the most despondent. In this, also, we cannot fail to recognise a remarkable provision of the Creator; for meeting the peculiarities of a variable climate, and securing the fulfilment of the Harvest Covenant:

He marks the bounds which winter may not pass,
And blunts his pointed fury; in its case,
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ
Uninjured, with inimitable art;
And, ere one flowery season fades and dies,
Designs the blooming wonders of the next.

Are we not all longing for this sudden burst of vegetation? And oh, how we will enjoy its unfolding beauties!

A BRAGE-BEAKER WITH THE SWEDES. By
W. BLANCHARD JERROLD. Nathaniel
Cooke.

The author of this book has been to Sweden and back; and he has recorded *pro bono* the result of his journey, which forms a neat volume of some 250 pages.

The second title of the book is "Notes from the North, in 1852." This gives a better idea of it than the first. Those who are fond of lively gossip, and to hear pleasant travelling companions tell of their remarkable adventures, &c., will be amused by a perusal of Mr. Jerrold's pages; nor will they fail to laugh heartily at some of his illustrative sketches—for instance, the one at page 52,

representing the author "packed up," ready for travelling. It reminds us of old Martha Gunn, who, some forty years ago, used to bob our juvenile head and little body under the waves at Brighton,—herself waiting for us, open-mouthed (we shall never forget her hug), behind the wooden wheel of *that* huge bathing-machine.

To give an idea of the author's style, we subjoin his description of the "packing up" ceremony,—also a hint or two as to the delights of travelling in Sweden:—

When travelling in Sweden, I found the packing of luggage a secondary matter to the packing of myself. The weather was not cold on the night we left Helsingborg, and I felt a kind of vague disappointment, having screwed up my courage to endure a frightful number of degrees below freezing-point. Yet the Captain warned me not to forsake my furs, and to pack myself up for regular Swedish weather. I began and ended thus. First, I gave myself a substantial breast-work of flannel; secondly, I hugged myself in a thick pilot waistcoat, which I buttoned up to my throat; thirdly, I drew on a thick pilot coat; fourthly, I turned about my neck a woollen scarf; fifthly, I drew on a second coat, as thick as any double blanket; sixthly, I pulled on close over my head a thick cap; seventhly, I sat down while a sympathising bystander hauled on a pair of snow-boots lined with fur; eighthly, my huge fur frock, which reached to my heels, was thrown over me, and my arms drawn into the sleeves. Thus bandaged, I made my way by slow degrees into the carriage waiting at the hotel doors, that dark and stormy night, to take us on our way north.

My companions followed me in a similar description of packing. How we wedged ourselves into that carriage, with two or three carpet-bags, and other luggage that could not be stowed outside; how Poppyhead's india-rubber leggings turned up every ten minutes, to the discomfort of one of us; how we requested one another to move a leg, or remove that arm from those ribs; how we deplored our fate as the carriage rolled and tumbled over horrible roads on that dark night,—are matters of detail which I will pass over lightly, though they did not pass lightly over me. But one grievance I must insist upon inflicting on the reader. When we had got about two miles away from the town, we discovered that one of the front windows of the carriage was wanting, and that the rain was pouring in upon my devoted back. An explanation with the driver drew from him the cool reply that the window was broken; but that we need not mind it, it would let in the air. This impertinent observation roused even Poppyhead from an incipient doze to make an indignant remark. But the matter could not be mended on the high road; so we went forward, and the rain played its worst upon my well-covered back. The carriage was so small, that it was impossible for all of us to stretch out our legs at once. This inconvenience led to a solemn convention, which bound each of us to take his turn of the convenient posture, and to yield it up at a proper time. We occupied two hours of that dreary night arranging and re-arranging the luggage, which kept tumbling about the vehicle; at the end of which

time we arrived at the first posting station. The house was closed; not a light was to be seen; the rain was pouring down heavily. Our sturdy coachman bayed at the door, and presently roused the postmaster, who growled and went to the stables.

After waiting about three-quarters of an hour, we were favored with two inelegant specimens of horseflesh, and a second postboy, and went tumbling and rolling on our weary way once more. Every half-hour we condoled with one another on the prospect of forty-eight hours in this cramped vehicle, on these terrible roads. Whether the country, during the first two stages of our progress, was fine or tame, I cannot say,—a wall of impenetrable darkness was all I saw beyond a yard or two from the carriage windows. We arrived at the second station about five in the morning; this was Engelholm, a Swedish seaport, situate in a bay of the Cattegat, chiefly noticeable, I believe, for the obstinate defence it made to the Danes in 1673. I believe also that it was chiefly noticeable on this occasion to us as affording a station, a rude wood-house, where we could unpack ourselves for a short time, and ascertain that we continued to possess legs and arms. Here our coachman intimated that we had better remain till the dawn of day. This proposal did not at all meet our views; and the Captain, in energetic if not in elegant Swedish, intimated that we were determined to proceed directly the horses had arrived. Here I learnt my two first Swedish words—*Hastaer Strax!** These syllables have been impressed upon my memory by the voice of the Captain, in the depths of dark winter nights! At every station these words were shouted vehemently from our carriage window; in widely separate parts of the Scandinavian peninsula, I have awoke to these euphonious syllables on many a night. I have aroused others with them myself. I have a theory; that with these two words any foreigner may, without inconvenience, travel even from Stockholm to Malmo.

There is a vast amount of useful information scattered over the work; and it will hardly fail to become popular.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE FROM BOTANICAL SCIENCE. By DAVID GORRIE. Pp. 160. Blackwood and Sons.

The author of this book has evidently the welfare of society deeply at heart, and he labors kindly to win them to his views by gentle argument.

His avowed purpose is, to bring together some of those illustrations of Scripture emblems which Botanical Science is fitted to afford,—thus forming, he says, a small contribution towards the elucidation of a subject which has already occupied the attention of many writers and commentators; but which, being in a manner inexhaustible, still affords room for fresh remark.

The book is both curious and valuable; and will be read with much delight by

Christians of all denominations—for, on the matters herein discussed, there ought not to be two opinions. The author concludes thus:—

The study of plants belongs to the most interesting department of the Natural Sciences. And the remarks I have offered, brief and imperfect though they be, may yet serve to illustrate and enforce the truth, long neglected and still not rightly prized, that a rich mine of knowledge (and it may be of Christian edification) awaits those who may set themselves to study Scriptural allusions to the vegetable kingdom, in the light derived from experience of the habits of plants and from the researches of botanists. The instruction to be derived from this delightful study can never be despised by any, who seek an increase of knowledge and love at the Fountain from whence both proceed.

A number of beautiful illustrative engravings of trees, plants, and flowers, adorn the volume; and its external garb is every way in keeping with its internal excellencies.

THE NEW QUARTERLY REVIEW. NO. IX.
Hookham and Sons.

This honest servant of the public, despite the hostilities shown towards it by "certain houses," yet flourishes nobly. The number for the New Year is even more vigorous than ever; and this is saying all we *could* say in its favor. It is a true record of the doings in the literary world, at home and abroad, during the past quarter; and will be found a very useful and interesting guide to those whose time is too fully occupied to admit of extensive reading at the Libraries, &c.

The article on "Authors and Publishers" will be universally read. It throws a very bright light on "a very dark subject." The great "Book Merchants," as they are now called, are said to be "mad." What sane person can doubt it? One of the largest has already stopped payment; and his "confessions" *should* cause "the hair on every honest man's head to stand on end."

We are indeed going a-head at a fearful rate. And who pays for it at last?—the Public!

THE MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND ART. PART I. Walton and Maberly.

Popular Science is now beginning to get into fashion, and people are becoming ashamed to plead ignorant of what they *ought* to have known years ago. However, it is never too late to learn; and we are right glad to see this move in a right direction.

The Veteran, Dr. Lardner, is the editor of the work; and he opens with a very popular subject,—viz. "The Planets; Are they habitable worlds?" The inquiry is a most interesting one, and is very skilfully handled.

* Horses directly!

The introduction to the general question is worthy a careful perusal; and we feel sure that none who read it will fail to pursue it to the end.

ARE THE PLANETS INHABITED?

When we walk abroad on a clear starlight night, and direct our view to the aspect of the Heavens, there are certain reflections which will present themselves to every meditative mind. Are those shining orbs, which in such countless numbers decorate the firmament, peopled with creatures endowed like ourselves with reason to discover, with sense to love, and with imagination to expand to their boundless perfection the attributes of Him of "whose fingers the Heavens are the work?" Has He who "made man lower than the angels to crown him" with the glory of discovering that light in which He has "decked himself as with a garment," also made other creatures with like powers and like destinies, with dominion over the works of His hands, and having all things put in subjection under their feet? And are those resplendent globes which roll in silent majesty through the measureless abysses of space, the dwellings of such beings? These are inquiries, against which neither the urgency of business nor the allurements of pleasure can block up the avenues of the mind.

Those whose information on topics of this nature is most superficial, would be prompted to look immediately for direct evidence on these questions; and consequently to appeal to the telescope. Such an appeal would, however, be fruitless. Vast as are the powers of that instrument, it still falls infinitely short of the ability to give direct evidence on such inquiries. What will a telescope do for us in the examination of any of the Heavenly bodies, or indeed of any distant object? It will accomplish this, and nothing more; it will enable us to behold it as we should see it at a lesser distance. But, strictly speaking, it cannot accomplish even this: for to suppose it did, would be to ascribe to it all the admirable optical perfection of the eye; for that instrument, however nearly it approaches the organ of vision, is still deficient in some of the qualities which have been conferred upon the eye by its Maker.

Let us, however, assume that we resort to the use of a telescope having such a magnifying power, for example, as a thousand: what would such an instrument do for us? It would in fact place us a thousand times nearer to the object that we are desirous to examine, and thus enable us to see it as we should at that diminished distance without a telescope. Such is the extent of the aid which we should derive from the instrument. Now, let us see what this aid would effect. Take, for example, the case of the moon, the nearest body in the universe to the earth. The distance of that object is about 240,000 miles; the telescope would then place us at 240 miles from it. Could we at the distance of 240 miles distinctly, or even indistinctly, see a man, a horse, an elephant, or any other natural object? Could we discern any artificial structure? Assuredly not! But take the case of one of the planets. When Mars is nearest to the earth, its distance is about 50,000,000 of miles. Such a telescope would place us at a distance of 50,000 miles from it. What object could

we expect to see at 50,000 miles' distance? The planet Venus, when nearest the earth, is at a distance something less than 30,000,000 of miles, but at that distance her dark hemisphere is turned towards us; and when a considerable portion of her enlightened hemisphere is visible, her distance is not less than that of Mars. All the other planets, when nearest to the earth, are at much greater distances. As the stars lie infinitely more remote than the most remote planet, it is needless here to add anything respecting them.

It is plain, that the telescope cannot afford any direct evidence on the question whether the planets, like the earth, are inhabited globes. Yet, although science has not given direct answers to these questions, it has supplied a body of circumstantial evidence bearing upon them of an extremely interesting nature. Modern discovery has collected together a mass of facts connected with the position and motions, the physical character and conditions, and the parts played in the solar system by the several globes of which that system is composed, which forms a body of analogies bearing on this inquiry, even more cogent and convincing than the proofs on the strength of which we daily dispose of the property and lives of our fellow-citizens, and hazard our own.

We shall first consider this interesting question so far as relates to the group of planets, which, from several striking analogies which they bear to our own, have been called the terrestrial planets. These planets—in number three, and by name Mercury, Venus, and Mars—revolve with the earth around the sun, at distances from that luminary less in a great proportion than the other members of the solar system. We shall next extend the same inquiries to the other bodies composing that system, as well as to those which are distributed through the more distant regions of the universe.

In considering the earth as a dwelling-place suited to man and to the creatures which it has pleased his Maker to place in subjection to him, there is a mutual fitness and adaptation observable among a multitude of arrangements which cannot be traced to, and which indeed obviously cannot arise from, any general mechanical law by which the motions and changes of mere material masses are governed. It is in these conveniences and luxuries with which our dwelling has been so considerably furnished, that we see the beneficent intentions of its Creator more immediately manifested, than by any great physical or mechanical laws, however imposing or important. If—having a due knowledge of our natural necessities—of our appetites and passions—of our susceptibilities of pleasure and pain—in fine, of our physical organisation—we were for the first time introduced to this glorious earth, with its balmy atmosphere—its pure and translucent waters—the life and beauty of its animal and vegetable kingdoms—with its attraction upon the matter of our own bodies just sufficient to give them the requisite stability, and yet not so great as to deprive them of the power of free and rapid motion—with its intervals of light and darkness—giving an alternation of labor and rest nicely corresponding with our muscular powers—with its grateful succession of seasons, and its moderate variations of temperature, so justly suited to our organisation; with all this fitness before us, could we hesitate to infer

that such a place must have been provided expressly for our habitation?

If, then, the discoveries of science disclose to us in each planet, which, like our own, rolls in regulated periods round the sun, provisions in all respects similar—if they are proved to be similarly built, ventilated, warmed, illuminated, and furnished—supplied with the same alternations of light and darkness, by the same expedient—with the same pleasant succession of seasons—the same diversity of climates—the same agreeable distribution of land and water—can we doubt that such structures have been provided as the abodes of beings in all respects resembling ourselves? The strong presumption raised by such analogies is converted into a moral certainty, when it is shown from arguments of irresistible force that such bodies are the creation of the same Hand that raised the round world and launched it into space. Such, then, is the nature of the evidence which science offers on this interesting question. * *

We must terminate our notice with a popular description of

THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE.

The atmosphere which surrounds the earth is an appendage which has an obvious and important relation to the animal and vegetable kingdoms. That respiratory beings depend on it for the maintenance of their vitality, is obvious. The mechanical and chemical function of the breathing organs is expressly adapted to it. Its relation to vegetable life is not less important.

But besides these qualities, without which life would become extinct on the surface of the globe, the atmosphere administers to our convenience and pleasures in other ways. It is the medium by which sound is transmitted; and as the apparatus of the lungs is adapted to operate chemically upon it, so as to impart to the blood the principle by which that fluid sustains life, so the exquisite mechanism of the ear is constituted to receive the effects of its pulsations and convey them to the *sensorium* to produce the perception of sound. Again, the mechanism of the organs of voice is adapted to impress on the atmosphere those pulsations, and thereby to convey its intonations to the correspondingly susceptible organisation of the ear. Without the atmosphere, therefore, even supposing we could live in its absence, however perfect might be our organs of speech and hearing, we should possess them in vain. Voice we might have, but no word could we utter; listeners we might be, but no sound could we hear; endowed with the full powers of hearing and speaking, we should nevertheless be deaf and dumb.

Another important manner in which the atmosphere administers to our convenience is by diffusing in an agreeable manner the solar light, and mitigating its intensity. In this respect, the atmosphere may be considered as performing, in regard to the sun, what the imperfect transparency of a ground-glass shade performs for the glare of the lamp. In the absence of an atmosphere, the light of the sun would only illuminate objects on which its direct rays would fall; we should have no other degrees of light but the glare of intense sunshine, or the most impenetrable darkness. Shade, there would be none; the apartment whose casement did not face the sun, at the mid-day would be as

at midnight. The presence of a mass of air extending from the surface of the earth upwards to a height of more than forty miles, becomes strongly illuminated by the sun. This air reflects the solar light on every object exposed to it; and as it spreads over every part of the earth's surface, it conveys with it the reflected, but greatly mitigated light of the sun.

When the evening sun withdraws its light, the atmosphere, continuing to be illuminated by its beams, supplies the gradual declining twilight, which terminates in the shade of night. Before it rises, in like manner, the atmosphere is the herald of its coming, and prepares us for its splendor by the grey dawn and increasing intensity of morning twilight. In the absence of an atmosphere, the moment of sunset would be marked by an abrupt and instantaneous transition from the blaze of solar light to the most impenetrable darkness; and, for the same reason, the morning would be characterised by an equally abrupt change from absolute darkness to broad, unmitigated sunshine.

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS. A COLLECTION OF PRETTY STORY BOOKS. R. Groombridge and Sons.

Under this modest title, we have three distinct packets of popular little books (six in each packet); all admirably adapted for distribution amongst young people.

The tales and stories are of moderate length, are very nicely written, and have a pleasing moral attached to them,—each packet being complete in itself, and encased in a very pretty envelope. When we say that the cost of each collection of six books is—*sixpence*, we exhaust all the rhetoric left us.

Now is the time to be generous, and to do good on an extensive scale. A complete juvenile library may be had for eighteenpence! What child would be a dunce?

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST. AN ENTERTAINMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. By MISS CORNER. Dean and Son.

This is the first of a series of "Little Plays for Little Actors,"—Miss JULIA CORNER playing the part of dramatic manager. Let us hear what she says in her programme:—

I am convinced, from experience as well as reflection, that the performances I advocate are calculated to do good rather than harm. Children want to be amused; and I believe that amusement is beneficial to them, provided it has no bad tendency. I also believe that a very important part of education consists in promoting innocent and agreeable occupation for leisure hours, in order to prevent any disposition to indolence, either of mind or body. With these views and opinions, I offer my little plays as a pastime for the approaching holidays; and I sincerely hope they may prove the means of furnishing entertainment for many of my young friends in the long evenings.

Excellently well spoken, fair Julia; and

our boys and girls will applaud you to the echo,—for nobly have you “performed” what is printed in your play-bill. We like the idea much, and feel sure the plan will become generally popular. We will set it going, everywhere.*

All the world knows the story of “Beauty and the Beast.” It is here admirably dramatised; and to give it additional charms, the principal scenes and characters are represented in *tableaux* by ALFRED CROWQUILL. Entering cordially into the spirit of this “little play,” he has infused into it a fund of rich humor; and we hope that he and the fair dramatic manager will go on right merrily, until they shall have exhausted all our much-loved fairy tales. They “play up” to each other delightfully.

The book, we should add, is elegantly printed; and, in every sense of the word, “well got up.” We have not done yet. It is to be had for—one shilling!

FLOWERS FROM THE GARDEN OF KNOWLEDGE. Nathaniel Cooke.

Of this series of juvenile books we have already spoken in terms of the highest praise. This (forming No. 2) is entitled “The Days, Months, and Seasons of the Year,” which the author, Maria Jacob, explains to “the Little People of England.” And well does she explain them.

Like its predecessor, “Prince Arthur’s Alphabet,” it is profusely illustrated; and in addition to its emblematical devices on the “Seasons,” it presents us with a series of noble delineations of the signs of the Zodiac.

This book, too, is sold for one shilling. Had it emanated from any other establishment, it would have been at least two shillings and sixpence. Oh, how very thankful you children ought to be!

THE MIDLAND FLORIST, AND SUBURBAN HORTICULTURIST, JANUARY. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

We take shame to ourself for not having earlier noticed this amiable and useful little periodical,—a copy of which is frequently sent to us, and from which we have from time to time gleaned much profitable knowledge.

The Editor,—John Frederic Wood, of “the Coppice,” near Nottingham, thoroughly understands the duties connected with a publication of this kind. No man better. Accordingly, we find amusement, instruction,

* We were about to say we would ourself “act” the principal character,—but the idea of making a “Beast” of oneself requires *some* consideration. Let us first look out for a “Beauty” whom we can love; and then—*nous verrons*.—ED. K. J.

and popular science nicely blended; so that all who love flowers, gardens, and nature generally, may here enjoy an agreeable monthly treat. As the price is merely nominal (three pence), the work, we are happy to learn, has a wide circulation. It deserves it.

THE LEISURE HOUR. DECEMBER. W. Jones.

We are glad to note the great improvement in this Miscellany; and to find many articles in it that lead the inquiring mind in a right direction. The Cheap Press, generally, has much to answer for; inasmuch as it poisons the thoughts of the rising generation; so that, when we find an exception, we are delighted to record it.

The fairest specimen we can select, will be the notes of a Correspondent; who thus describes his visit to the Zoological Gardens, where he saw

THE GREAT-MANED ANT-EATER,

an animal brought from the interior of Brazil, and said to be the only one that was ever imported alive into Europe. Scarcely, says he, had the new comer to the Zoological Gardens been safely housed, and regularly installed as a member of the incorporated society of the animal kingdom assembled there, than we felt ourselves bound to pay homage to the illustrious stranger, and take our stand before it with a salaam. The animal held its court in an apartment adjoining that wherein a juvenile chimpanzee, the captive scion of a powerful sept or clan on the banks of the Quorra, holds his daily levee. As we entered, our olfactory nerves at once apprised us that the great Brazilian was by no means perfumed with attar of roses. If the truth is to be told, the odor which saluted our nostrils was overpoweringly offensive; requiring a profusion of eau de Cologne in order to render it a little less intolerable. There was a crowd of spectators, and continual use was made among them of handkerchiefs, scented or unscented. For ourselves, we were ready to exclaim, in the words put by a great genius into the mouth of one of his characters, “An ounce of civet, good apothecary!” This odor was that of the natural cutaneous exudation of the animal.

On a bed of clean straw, in one corner of the apartment, lay the destroyer of ants, taking its mid-day siesta. Its appearance was indistinct, but reminded us of a large grey or grizzled Newfoundland dog, asleep in his kennel. On a closer scrutiny, the body seemed to be covered by a *panache* of long flowing hair; but this *panache* proceeded from the reverted tail, and was such as to form a good defence against the rays of the sun on the one hand, or the heavy shower on the other.

After waiting with commendable patience for half-an-hour, and observing no signs of restoration to a state of activity, we betook ourselves to the Aquatic Vivarium, which, to our great satisfaction, we found crowded with visitors, among whom exclamations of delight and astonishment were in constant repetition. There we passed a

pleasant hour, made many notes, and revelled in the contemplation of ocean's animated wonders.

At length we thought it best to return to the main object of our visit, hoping that the slumbers of the "mound-leveller" were passed away. But no, there the animal lay somnolent as before, and not a muscle moved. We began to get impatient; but plucked up good courage, and determined to wait even to the latest moment. Our resolution happily was soon rewarded. Leisurely, as if irresolute and scarcely thoroughly awake, up rose the stolid beast, the dread even of the terrible jaguar, and after sniffing the air—not with broad nostrils like the stag painted in the "Lady of the Lake," but through little orifices at the end of a long, slender, tapering snout, for such it at first appeared—it moved forwards into full view. Then it was that the contour and proportions of this stranger from the swampy forests of Brazil were revealed to our sight, and that a murmur of surprise greeted its appearance. And well it might be so, for strange and eccentric was its aspect; it was such as would have enchanted Fuseli. Let us, however, before entering into details, here record our first impressions.

Before our eyes stalked forth, with heavy and deliberate steps, a creature of large size, taller or quite as tall as a very fine Newfoundland dog, but much longer in the proportion of the body to that of its height. Its covering was coarse, long, grizzled hair; a broad black stripe, narrowing as it proceeds, passed obliquely from the chest over each shoulder. The head, covered with close hair, looked in its *tout ensemble*, from the thick deep neck to its apex, like a long slender tube or proboscis, in strange contrast with the stupendous massiveness of the limbs. The eyes were small; the ears, in a direct line and about one inch above them, were very close and rather rounded, but so little elevated, that their precise form was not immediately obvious. A mane of very long hair rose over the withers. The tail—how shall we describe it? No Newfoundland dog, no setter, no retriever, ever boasted of such a caudal appendage; no, not even the famous dog of Alcibiades. It was as long or longer than the whole body, and was evidently stout and robust in bone and muscle at the base. As the creature moved along, it was held in a line with the body, sometimes a little depressed, and at others a little elevated; but, even when raised, its *panache* (*plume* does not express the meaning) of densely-set, long, wiry hairs, from the base to the apex, swept the floor. The very weight of this alone, carried from the base to the extremity of the lever, evidently indicated the vast development of the lumbar and supra-caudal muscles. No light feathery plume was it; but a massive, dropping, heavy fringe, capable of being thrown like a thatch over the body during repose.

The fore feet of the animal were armed with enormous hooked claws; but these, being doubled up close on the thick pad of the sole, were not at first visible; so that the fore feet looked like mere stumps rather than like fully formed feet, as did those of the hinder limbs. The gait was heavy, but by no means slow or crawling; indeed, the animal is said to be capable of moving along with considerable celerity. The whole contour exhibited an appearance of great massiveness and

enormous muscular power, especially in the neck, chest, shoulders, and fore limbs; while the claws were well fitted for grappling, wrenching, and for rending asunder the solid sun-baked mud walls of the pyramids of the termite.

Such were the generalities which forced themselves upon our notice. We will now proceed to a few details. Of the stature of the animal we have said enough. Let us begin with the head. The skull of this strange creature is modelled on the tubular principle. From the *occiput* (that is, the *back portion of the frame-work* of the head) runs out a long trumpet-like projection, composed of the bones of the cranium and the jaws. This long slender trumpet, or proboscis, incloses in its singular development all the organs of senses, even that of tact, or especial feeling; for the nose, in this as in other instances, is the organ of tactivity.* The eyes of the animal were small, on a line with the cranial projection, and, as it appeared to us, very inefficient by day-light. The iris, as we saw it, seemed very narrow, and of a dark hazel-brown, and the pupil minute; but, when the shadows of evening descend over the wooded swamps of Brazil or Guiana, may not that pupil expand into a dark orb, bounded only by the little eyelids? Looking at the eyes with consideration, we registered them in our mind as organs formed for twilight or nocturnal vision. Little use, indeed, did the animal make of them when perambulating its apartments, as we shall soon demonstrate.

Now for the organs of hearing. We have described their external figure and position, close above the little eyes; but what shall we say of the animal's hearing power? If sensibility to invocations loudly uttered could have awakened the sleeper through this medium, he must have responded to the call. "Seven sleepers" are recorded in the works of the olden time; surely this somnolent Brazilian, taking its siesta, might be put down for the eighth: it slept as an athlete. When aroused, however, it seemed even then almost dead to sounds and exclamations; at least it noticed them not, and they passed by it as the idle wind.

If sight was defective, and hearing obtuse, the contrary appeared to be the case with the sense of smell—a fact which indeed might be inferred even from a consideration of the extension of the olfactory organs, carried along the upper portion of the tubular head from the space between the ears to the two little narrow terminal slits which represent the nostrils. Ever and anon the animal elevated its snout and sniffed the air, and when its keeper, a most careful and obliging man, brought in a pan of milk, it followed him about with a stumping, bear-like gait, evidently directed rather by the sense of smell than of vision to the vessel which he carried in his hand. Moreover, it evidently knew its attendant, and indicated, by projecting its snout to him when he at first entered the apartment without anything in his hands, that the recognition chiefly depended upon the sense of smell. The animal allowed him to pat it, and

* Tactivity means feeling, in contradistinction to simple sensitiveness. For example, our hands are endowed with tactivity; our whole cutaneous surface with sensitiveness.

seemed pleased with his notice; but it uttered no noise or cry so long as we stayed to observe it. This, however, proves nothing: it is said to utter, when pleased, a peculiar whine, and we have the highest authority for this fact.

From the sense of smell to that of taste the transition is direct. Let it here be premised that the ant-eater has no teeth; it is therefore strictly *edentate*, as naturalists term it. The jaw-bones are long, slender, and feeble. The mouth is a little aperture at the end of the snout, and merely fitted for the protrusion of a long, rapier-like, glutinous tongue from its sheath; as the natural food of this animal consists principally of termite ants and their pupæ—the latter more especially—this long viscous tongue is a most efficient instrument for such a purpose. For the crushing of such food teeth are not needed, as it is swallowed without mastication, and doubtless with a copious flow of saliva. But we have yet to describe the animal's tongue, as it presented itself to our personal observation. We were contemplating the ant-eater, while it sat up on its haunches, like a great dog, with its long snout elevated; suddenly from its mouth a thin, dark, purplish, glossy stream, like that of treacle, seemed to flow, certainly to the extent of more than two feet. In this stream a slight vibration was perceptible, and then, as if its current suddenly retrograded, it glided upwards, and rolled back into its hidden fount. This stream was the tongue. Many times, both while the animal rested and while it traversed its apartment, was this exhibition repeated, and always with sufficient deliberation for the eye to follow out the whole movement. We are assured, however, that when employed in active service, a breach in the wall of an ants' mound having been effected, the movements of this organ are incalculably rapid, which we can readily believe.

As we have said, our Brazilian stranger followed the keeper, bearing in his hand a vessel of milk.* In a short time, having, at our especial desire, tested the olfactory sense of the animal, he indulged it with a good draught of the coveted beverage. We expected to see it lap the fluid up by some action of the tongue; perchance, dog-like; perchance like that displayed when the organ is inserted into the sinuosities of the termites' mounds,

* In noticing the diet of the animal in question, we may observe that in its native wilds it is a destroyer of termites; but our captive cannot here be entertained with such fare. As a substitute, it is furnished with a supply of raw eggs, the shells of which are of course removed. Of these it consumes about twenty-four daily; in addition to a pint of new milk, it also drinks a little water. While we were listening to this statement, our eyes rested upon a dead rabbit, cut open and somewhat crushed, which lay on the floor of the apartment. We asked whether it was not killed and placed there by way of experiment. We found that it was so; the ant-eater had more than once in our presence applied its tongue to this newly-killed animal, as if to taste the blood; but beyond this, during the previous night, it had taken in—we can hardly say devoured—the greatest portion of the softer viscera. It refused any preparation of grain. Nevertheless, we learn from Dr. Schomburgk, that a farinaceous preparation, namely, of cassada, was much relished by individuals in confinement, in their native regions. Minced fresh beef and even fish were also acceptable, provided these viands were chopped up so finely as to be under the prehensile command of the little moveable upper lip. That our captive should be enabled to draw in and swallow the tender viscera of a young rabbit need not therefore surprise us.

and is drawn back laden with the luscious food. Not so, however; it simply applied its tiny mouth to the milk, and sucked it up gradually and quietly, with the least perceptible sound. Not more delicately does the horse sip its water from the trough, than did the ant-eater its milk from the pan. A thought crossed our mind at the time: how would the ant-eater manage with boiled marrow-bones of beef? would not the remarkable tongue be then displayed in full action? For once, at least, the experiment might be worth a trial, if only for the sake of witnessing the action of this organ.

It may seem at first surprising that an animal so bulky and massive as the ant-eater, can not only subsist, but keep up its muscular strength and condition, on such diet as that afforded by white ants, or termites. The same observation applies with even more force to the Greenland whale; but, in each instance, we draw our deduction from erroneous premises: we do not take into account the extremely nutritious quality of the food, and the fact of its making up weight by the aggregation of a multitude of minute units, so as to counterbalance that of mass in solidity. Myriads upon myriads of tiny beings are daily devoured both by the whale and the ant-eater. Termite mounds characterise the haunts of the ant-eater, and we have described its structural fitness for demolishing these insect fastnesses. It makes short work in opening a breach, and then its tongue is brought into full play. Soon, however, the startled termites, in order to escape the fate of the myriads which first fell a sacrifice, take refuge in the deeper and smaller galleries of the ruined edifice. But vain are their efforts; their enemy tears off huge fragments of the galleried walls with his strenuous claws, holds them firm with his left paws, and leisurely breaks them up with the right, the tongue in the meantime performing its office with celerity. When satiated, the ant-eater ceases the work of destruction. It would appear that a considerable quantity of the earthy materials of the ants' dome is swallowed along with the insects themselves, and Dr. Schomburgk supposes, perhaps correctly, that this material aids digestion.

Furnished with its tail, which can be used as a penthouse, the ant-eater makes no nest or burrow, but curls itself up, and is thus sufficiently protected against the inclemency of the weather.

Though generally deliberate in its movements, the ant-eater can push its pace into a peculiar trot, or long gallop, and is then not easily overtaken; indeed, it will keep a horse on the canter for upwards of half an hour, and by no means tires readily itself.

The female possesses two pectoral teats, and produces only one young at a time, which soon clings firmly to her back, and thus attached, is carried about with her during her rambles. It remains under her care for the space of a year, and then shifts for itself. When pursued with her young one on her back, the mother seeks safety in flight, and holds on her course till fairly overtaken; she has indeed been known to keep a horse on the full canter for half an hour. When hard pressed she assumes a posture of defence, raises herself upon her haunches, and resting on one fore-paw, strikes with the claws of the other at her enemy, changing from the right to the left limb, and *vice versa*, as the latter alters his position of attack.

The force of these blows is tremendous. Should the danger increase, she throws herself upon her back, and strikes with both claws at her enemy. To the last moment the young one clings to the mother. It is in this manner that she receives her fierce opponent, the jaguar. Those who had witnessed the fight, described it to Dr. Schomburgk as being very characteristic. There is no yielding on the part of the ant-eater, and it frequently happens that both combatants remain dead upon the spot, or that one does not survive the other many hours. "The force," says Dr. Schomburgk, "of the ant-eater is astonishing, and I have no doubt that it is well able to rip up the belly of its assailant." He adds: "If the ant-eater should succeed in throwing its arms round its enemy, and fixing its claws in the flesh, nothing can disengage it from its embrace; the muscles grow stiff, and, as I have been told, without being able to vouch for its veracity, in this situation both animals die."

When young individuals are captured, they at first try to hide themselves, but, if approached, put themselves into a resolute posture of defence, growling at the same time like an irritated puppy. That the ant-eater is capable of climbing has been abundantly proved by Dr. Schomburgk, who witnessed this operation most adroitly performed both by young ones and adults, the fore limbs being used alternately, and one secured by means of the claws before the other is advanced. From witnessing the agility thus displayed, Dr. Schomburgk expresses his conviction that, should circumstances require it, these animals would climb trees with the greatest readiness. Of the docility both of adults and young, in a short time after their capture, the following extracts from Dr. Schomburgk's paper, in the "Proceedings of the Zoological Society," relative to another specimen of the ant-eater which came under his notice, may not be uninteresting.

"It appeared to be of a very cold nature; not only the extremities, but the whole body felt cold to the touch, although we kept it wrapped up in a blanket. It preferred, however, to be nestled and to be taken up, and on putting it down it emitted a whining but not unpleasant sound; when it did not succeed in attracting attention, and was not taken up again, the whining sound was raised to a harsh and grating noise. In following a person, it directed its course more by the smell than by sight, and carried its snout close to the ground. If it found itself at fault, it wheeled round at right angles upon the hind legs, and sniffed the air in all directions until it found the right scent again. Of the dimness of its sight we had various proofs; it hurt itself frequently against objects that stood in its way, not observing them till it came in contact with them. Its power of smelling was exquisite, and it could discover its nurse or any person to whom it had taken a liking, at a considerable distance. Upon these occasions it would commence the whining sound so peculiar to this animal. It was an expert climber. It happened that I was one of its favorites, and whilst writing on my table it used to come softly behind me, and as soon as it was sure it had found me out, it climbed up my legs with great dexterity. Out of amusement we frequently held up its blanket, and it climbed up its whole length.

"When the Indian woman was not present, or otherwise occupied, and did not pet the young ant-eater, she used to throw some of the clothes she had worn, or her own blanket before it, in which it wrapped itself and was pacified. This effect could not be produced by any other person's clothes. It showed its attachment by licking, and was very gentle and even sportive; we all prized it highly. It slept a great deal. We had it for nearly two months, and as it began to feed itself, we had great hopes of rearing it; unfortunately we were unable to procure milk, and whether in consequence of the change of food, or some other cause, it gradually declined. I found it sometimes as cold as ice, and stiff; and, though I recovered it repeatedly, it died one day during my absence."

Having so far detailed the results of our personal observations relative to this extraordinary specimen (introduced into the Gardens of the Zoological Society at the cost of £200, through the exertions of the indefatigable secretary of the Institution), it is our duty to express our thanks to the chief superintendent of the Vivarium, for his kindness in affording the writer every facility for a leisurely survey of this singular creature, and for his compliance with our wishes in more than one instance.

THE OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

BY ELIZA COOK.

God hath a voice that ever is heard
In the peal of the thunder, the chirp of the bird;
It comes in the torrent, all rapid and strong,
In the streamlet's soft gush as it ripples along;
It breathes in the zephyr, just kissing the bloom;
It lives in the rush of the sweeping simoom;
Let the hurricane whistle, or warblers rejoice,
What do they tell thee but God hath a voice?

God hath a presence, and that ye may see
In the fold of the flower, the leaf of the tree;
In the sun of the noonday, the star of the night;
In the storm-cloud of darkness, the rainbow of light;
In the waves of the ocean, the furrows of land;
In the mountain of granite, the atom of sand;
Turn where ye may, from the sky to the sod,
Where can ye gaze that ye see not a God?

THE DUET.

COME! sing those tender words again,
Sing them, I pray, with me;
'Tis sweet, though but in music's strain,
To hear of love from THEE.
Thy watchful friends may stand around,
Nor think of harm or wrong,
While with a trembling gush of sound
WE breathe our faith in song.
Oh! when we meet in yonder grove,
How do we think and start,
Lest one should hear our murmur'd vows—
Our language of the heart!
But now we dare the tale to tell
Before a list'ning throng;
And safe in music's mighty spell
EXCHANGE OUR FAITH IN SONG.

REASON AND ITS SHADOW.

THOUGHTS OCCASIONED BY
A RECENT VISIT TO COLNEY HATCH.

Poor fall'n HUMANITY! where'er is found
Thy prostrate shrine, the place is hallowed ground.
Though laid in ruins, 'till to thee belong
Our honest tears; oh, who would do thee wrong!
Fresh from our hearts the pitying waters roll,
And claim a kindred with each brother's soul.



VERY SAD IS IT THAT THE GREAT MERCIES MOST OF US ENJOY, should be, comparatively speaking, so unappreciated! The man who "never knew a day's illness in his life," marvels to hear people complaining of pain; and can feel no sympathy for those who are subject to sickness, and the other ills of life which fall to the share of so many sufferers. It is only by comparison, that we can form any just idea of how happy we *ought to be*; and how THANKFUL to the Creator of Heaven and earth, whose delight has ever been among the sons of men.

On the 23rd of October, 1852 (see OUR JOURNAL, Vol. II., p. 257), we penned an article of some considerable length on "the Asylum, at Hanwell." We described all we had seen there, during a most interesting visit; and we glanced at the various "causes" of aberration of mind, and total loss of reason; nor did we fail to dwell on the exceeding kindness shown to these poor sufferers by those who had the care of them. The sights we saw—painful as they were to a reflecting mind—yet made us thankful that such a noble establishment existed among us, to "alleviate" suffering that might not be cured.

We are not disposed to go into lengthened detail to day, upon the further consideration of Lunacy and Madness. We all know sufficient of their bearings, to make us shudder at the thought of our ever becoming subjects of their power. The "causes," however, may be profitably hinted at. They are,—jealousy, passion, fanaticism, undue mental excitement, methodism, a disposition to melancholy, over-study, false zeal, excess, and debauchery. An indulgence in ardent spirits, smoking, &c., &c., are of course the proximate causes of much,—perhaps most of the evils we deplore. These bad habits, we regret to say, still continue amongst us; and the "consequences" become only too visible day by day.

Colney Hatch, we hardly need remark, is the Middlesex County Lunatic Asylum. At the present time, it numbers between 1,200, and 1,300 inmates; of these, some 750 are females. The conduct of the establishment is precisely similar to that of Hanwell. Kindness is the talisman which performs all

the wonders we behold. We say wonders,—for it really is wonderful to observe how easily the poor creatures are wrought upon by a kind smile, a gentle word, or the upraising of a finger.

Whether spoken to by the nurses,—or by the visiting magistrates, the effect produced on them is the same. An innate consciousness appears to exist that they are "at home," and well provided for; and so far as they can be "happy," they are so.

A recent visit here, enables us to speak to a point as to the truth of our remarks. On the 4th of January, a grand Christmas entertainment was given to the patients—in the spacious room, usually devoted, we believe, to exercise. The time of *rendezvous* was six, p. m., and a number of visitors were invited to join in the interesting festivities. We were among the guests; and through the kindness of B. ARMSTRONG, Esq. (one of the visiting Magistrates) we were enabled to take a friend with us. No sight could have delighted us more. No two people could have taken a more painfully-pleasing interest in the doings of that evening. We shall never forget the *mise en scène*; for every thing was in good taste. All was provided that could please the eye; and every thing was there that could minister to the comfort of "a mind diseased."

No little ingenuity and skill had been shown in the decoration of the room. Wreaths of holly, and other evergreens, were intertwined in graceful harmony all around the gallery; on the pillars, and beneath the cornices. Festoons, too, were there; tastily grouped and as tastily arranged. We saw also some Camellias and other choice flowers, claiming a right to be present in honor of that night. Then there were multitudes of variegated lamps of all hues, suspended in every direction (reminding us of the palmy days of Vauxhall); and handsome gas chandeliers, dispersing bright streams of light on all the magic scene around. This, and much more,—for every effort had been put forth to do the occasion ample justice.

WE were there some little time before the festivities commenced. The day was Wednesday, January 4th,—the ever memorable day, following the snow-storm of the preceding night. Nothing daunted us. Had the rail not been cleared—fortunately it was—we should have *walked*; our heart lay that way, and the effort cost but little. Cold it was, very. The snow too was deep; and the prospect without, desolate. Still we waded on through the opposing elements; and tripped over the fleecy carpet, until we were fairly at the portals of Colney Hatch.

Entering,—our nose led us into a little snugly-furnished corner room, nicely "warmed" with the tangible productions of

England and O-port-o! The eye was caught, the palate tickled. We marvelled if all were "right,"—very much doubting it. Nor were our doubts unconfirmed. That room was *not* the visitors' room. A "cold shoulder" apprised us of that fact; and we, with sundry other doubters, travelled onwards to ruminate in the patients' room, before described.

We have already said we were somewhat early in our arrival. This gave us time to look around us; and to examine the preparations for the coming games. Three glorious fires were there—two at one end of the room; throwing a cheerful blaze on the guests assembled to share the grateful heat. Walking leisurely about, we duly arrived at the two large, and handsomely decorated Christmas-trees,—which reared their heads high in air, as if conscious of their attractions. We will venture to say they had never before yielded such an infinite variety of fruit.

Then we came to the three stupendous Twelfth-cakes, whose girth we should be afraid to state; and whose united weight a horse might be able to estimate. They were raised on pedestals, and elevated some two feet above the ground. And what a profusion of droll figures danced away on their summits! And what an expanse of sugar there was for them to dance upon! Then there was a pianoforte, and—but hark! it is striking six. What numbers of men there are coming in on the left; and look at the crowd of women on the right,—all proceeding to occupy the benches placed for them on either side of the room. And see—they are all seated; and smiling in anticipation of a merry evening. There are some smart nurses too in attendance on the women; and they also look "jolly."

The seats all occupied, the lights are partially extinguished; and lo! on a sheet behind the twelfth-cakes, we recognise a sweet moonlight view of "Kircudbright Abbey," ushered in by a song,—"*Lovely Night*," from Miss Anne Cox. This fairly fascinated all the patients; who applauded vociferously not only it, but the entire series of Dissolving Views which followed.

It was now that our sympathies became fully enlisted. There was light sufficient for us to scrutinise, closely, the various countenances by which we were surrounded—on the right and on the left. What a sight lay before us! There sat several hundred fellow-creatures,—mere wrecks of humanity, amused,—positively amused, and happy for the time, whilst memory faintly summoned up a remembrance of the past. Oh, the many sighs we heard, as the band played "*Auld lang Syne*," "*Beautiful Rhine*," "*Ye Banks and Braes*," "*Kate Kearney*," &c.!

It was impossible to withhold the tribute of a tear, more than once; nor did we wish it. If ever we philosophised, we did so now. If ever we were thankful for the gift of reason, in its fullest enjoyment, it was now. Only by contrasts like these, can we form any just estimate of the goodness of God to the children of men.*

We pass over the conversation we held with a number of these poor creatures during the evening. It was interesting to us for a variety of reasons; seeing that it gave us a deep insight into human nature, and fully confirmed certain opinions we had formed respecting the maladies under which these poor patients were suffering. We had it from their own mouths (honestly spoken) that they were happy; well cared for, and well fed. "See!" said one remarkably fine woman, "am I not fat? They *do* feed us up here, just-a-bit." And such no doubt is the fact. During the evening, we saw HENRY POWNALL, Esq., one of the magistrates, kindly extending his hand towards several of the patients. They took it gently and kissed it,—blessing its owner. Sensible are they of the sympathy shown them, and alive to any little offering of friendship.

We must not dwell longer on these scenes. The cakes were in due course cut up,—or rather sliced up, as if by magic. Divided and subdivided, they were sent in wedges all over the room; and set all the patients in ecstasies. Generous were they too, very. We came away with many a sample of cake. Then the band struck up, followed by the merry dance; and the whole room was a mighty mass of moving humanity. How they did all enjoy it! It was *indeed*

"Tripping it on the light *fantastic* toe!"

Men and women, boys and girls, nurses and attendants—all commingled. It was a most interesting sight; and the recollection of those festivities will no doubt linger long in the memory (even though imperfect) of the patients who took so leading a part in them.

As regards ourself, and our amiable companion,—we were so overjoyed with what we saw, that we talked of nothing else all the way home. Rough was the road; and long the distance for us to go on foot (for no vehicles of any kind could be induced to

* After the "*Dissolving Views*" (the effect produced by which was very remarkable), came the "*Chromatope*." It is impossible to describe the excitement which *this* caused among the patients. Its colors and changes—following in rapid succession, and apparently endless, fairly set them dancing, shouting, leaping, jumping. And when the band struck up "*God save the Queen*," and all the voices *tried* to become "*one*," the picture may be imagined—not painted. What a scene! We shall never forget it.—ED. K J.

travel towards Hammersmith). However, little cared we for *that*.

Arrived at the "Black Lion," Bayswater, we began to think of that "little snug room" at Colney Hatch (before referred to); and in we went, to drown the remembrance.

A few minutes' rest, and we were again on our way,—our friend deploying shortly afterwards towards his household-gods at Kensington; and we marching direct to our haven of rest at—Hammersmith.

* * * The number of patients admitted was 650. These, and the addition of many visitors, caused the room to be well filled. During the evening, there was an alarm of fire raised; but all was quickly subdued, and the patients kept quiet without any undue interruption to the evening's festivities.

OUR MIRROR OF THE MONTHS.

FEBRUARY.

LET WINTER come . . .

Yet shall the smile of social love repay
With mental light, the melancholy day.
And when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
The ice-chain'd waters slumb'ring on the shore,
How bright the faggots in the little hall
Blaze on the hearth,—and warm the pictur'd wall!

CAMPBELL.

Thus, Time's first ages pass'd away,—
Its feeble light and mental gloom,
Joyful we hail the BRIGHTER day,
When Heaven shall shine, and Earth shall bloom.

BECK.

THE departed month of JANUARY has left behind it unusual,—momentous proofs of its presence amongst us. Our newspapers have recorded, at fearful length, what has transpired during the month, in the way of storms, wind,—tempest; nor have the thousands of lives lost at sea, destroyed on our railways, &c., failed to be duly chronicled. We have sat by our fireside, read all this, shuddered at the catalogue of human calamities, and felt truly grateful for *our own* preservation. It is only by comparison that we *can* know the many mercies of which we are the daily, hourly, momentary recipients. When we walk abroad, our meditations on these things are sweet.

The month has been employed as usual; and as it has been more varied in its amusements than usual, people have enjoyed it in an increased ratio:—

Around, around, around, around,

The snow is on the frozen ground!

River and rill

Are froze and still.

The warm sun lies on the cold side hill,

And the trees in the forest sound;

As their ice clasp'd arms wave to and fro

When they shiver their gyves with a stalwart blow.

We have had skating, sliding, snow-balling,—in all their varieties. We have had

lots of fun, too, in noticing the hosts of people who have "made themselves up" to stand the attacks of Jack Frost; who has evidently determined this year to remind us of his power. To see the snow drifting, whirling—eddy along the spacious streets, and catching every unhappy pedestrian at the corners of our thoroughfares! To see the vain attempts to escape from the determined enemy,—umbrellas turned head over heels, and converted into broken bones! Women's bonnets, already more than three parts off their heads, carried away altogether (a just punishment for their gross immodesty), and their owners crying from cold and anger—in utter helplessness! Then the tumbles, somersaults, slips, and gymnastic feats of the perambulating "gents,"—What fun! Was anything ever like it? Never!

We roared most at the patronisers of the "beard and moustache movement." These bristly, beastly savages,—fine specimens of their "order"—presented a sight too ludicrous to depict faithfully. The snow had fairly converted their already deformed, hairy visages—into fac-similes of clowns and pantaloons; and as each zany shuffled along the street, he was greeted with a yell, groan, or shout from the passer-by.

These frosted monkeys we shall never forget. To see them in their agony—fluttering along the highways, an object of universal derision, was an excellent practical lesson; this will induce them, let us hope, to imitate humanity for the future. It is never too late to turn one's back upon folly. "Fashion" is a hard task-master! He rules his victims with an iron rod; first artfully seducing them, and then making them a public laughing-stock. But enough about our man-monkeys.

The month of JANUARY, as regards London, has received due honor from scribblers of all denominations. As regards the Country, it has produced scenes which will never be forgotten by those whose inclination led them out for a walk. Turn where you might, gaze where you would,—above, below, from hill, in valley; here, there, everywhere,—pictures of loveliness "painted in snow," extended far and near. There was an unlimited expanse of natural beauty for the eye to feast on,—all so pleasingly bewildering, and so enchanting to the beholder, that no language could describe the effect produced on his mind. Our pen refuses to make an attempt to give even an idea of it. Yet does "fond memory linger on what it saw," and the soul rejoice in looking back upon its transports.

JANUARY has presented us with extremes. It has been intensely cold, and unseasonably warm. If our readers can call to mind the morning of the 14th, and also the morning of

the 18th, they will remember that the former broke sweetly upon the senses, as "a sunny day in spring." The moon and the sun lovingly faced each other,—the former being reluctant to bid us adieu at the usual hour of parting. She went down with such a bright, happy face! The birds, too, felt the prevailing influence; and they instinctively fraternised. The day was one of clear sunshine,—the feathered tribes tuning up, and preparing their voices in honor of the occasion. On the 18th they were equally lively; and ever since, the progress of our little vocalists in the garden has been marvellous. Many of them are mated, and busily preparing for an active scene in domestic life. What a to-do we shall soon have with papas, mammas, and their little families! Well; we have laid in an enormous jar of mealworms for them, and our window is their rendezvous. They love us, and we love them.

But we have headed this Paper,—FEBRUARY! To apologise for our digression would occupy even more space; so let us progress. Yes, FEBRUARY is here. And what thoughts does it not bring with it? Our dear mother,—Nature, has been asleep. But *how long* has she slept? Has she in very deed been asleep *at all*? We question it much. Hers have been "gentle slumbers." Ever dreaming of the sons and daughters of men—her heart's delight—her visions have kept her watchful—wakeful. She has fancied we could not go on happily without her. She has stretched herself out—rubbed her eyes—peeped from her casement—given some secret instructions to her handmaids—and dozed again.

Yes,—slowly, slowly, slowly

Comes the Spring,
Like a maiden holy;

Her blue eyes hid in a wimple of gray,

But a hopeful smile on her face alway.

Through the rich brown earth bursts the pale green shoot

From the milk-white threads of the sensitive root,

Like a joy that is fragile and fleeting;

And the little house wren, in his plain drab coat,

Holds forth, in a plaintive, querulous note,

Like a Quaker at yearly meeting.

Whilst we now write, ample evidence lies before us that her ladyship's instructions have been strictly carried out. Every hour unfolds some little secret surprise of hers; telling us of the bounties of her lavish hand. We look. We admire. We praise. We worship. Buds and blossoms—how we love ye!

Those who have gardens—we pity all those who have *not*—need no invitation of ours to call them abroad at this season. There are so many lovely little strangers continually peeping up on every side—so many modest

tiny heads struggling into life, that our flower-borders have become an irresistible attraction. The same in the fields, under sheltered hedges; and in those many delightful lanes through which our feet so love to wander. Ere another month shall have passed, our good mother will have "slept her sleep." She will open her eyes, look around her, wake up like a giant refreshed, and go forth in her great strength—to perfect in their season what she has already been so beneficently preparing. We will follow in her footsteps, and worship at her shrine.

The days are now lengthening "nicely." The mornings break fresh upon the spirits. Our dear, glorious, much-loved SUN, rises upon us with a face of love that fairly binds us to him for ever. Young as he is, even now he warms our heart, and fills it with rejoicing. All nature greets him,—the God of day! And how our pets, the birds, look out for him at early morn! What floods of song—even now, do the robin, thrush, and little wren pour forth! The blackbird, too, is tuning up; and the hedge-sparrow, chaffinch, and tit-mice are rehearsing sweetly. Nor does the sky-lark come behind in *his* songs of praise. Oh—no! He,—noble herald of the sky—is already up, high on the wing, carolling it bravely; and making Heaven's gate resound with his morning anthem. But words fail us. Rise betimes good folk; and in the clear, clapping, morning air, attend the "Early Matins" of the woods. Then bow *your* knee; and reverently worship. "Let EVERY THING that hath breath praise the Lord!" Amen!

But stay! Our boys and girls; we had well nigh forgotten *them*. How happy they all have been during the past month; sight-seeing, visiting, dancing, playing, romping, and rejoicing! It has been a fine season for them, both in and out of doors. Merry-making at home, parties abroad; sliding, skating, snow-balling—there has been unheard-of fun. Cakes, wine, and "all the delicacies of the season," have (wherever WE have been) appeared—and *dis*-appeared like magic,—Oliver Twist's cry for "more!" being, as usual, in the ascendant. We have often wondered if the stomachs of children—school-boys in particular—were fashioned like those of adults. It *may* be so; but we are frequently inclined to doubt it. Theirs is such an endless swallow!

Well, our boys and girls have had "their fill" of holiday delights. The time is at hand when they must bid a short adieu to the glories of pantomime and fairy-land. "Black Monday" is in the near distance, and the wand of the enchanter must be laid aside for *propria quæ maribus*. Let us hope that one and all will cheerfully return to their studies, and vie energetically with

each other to see who shall learn most. We will not slumber whilst they are toiling; but prepare for them, in their absence, as much amusement and instruction as our columns will contain. When we meet again, we will be even better friends than ever; for we love to direct the minds of our youth. So employed, we feel young as the youngest.

We had intended to have said a few words about "St. Valentine's Day;" but our space forbids us to do more than hint at it. Already we observe flaming missives of furious love, rampant in the shop-windows. Cupids, highly-colored, blushing deeply; and maidens of all ranks simpering up, in "colors of every hue," with evident intentions of killing *somebody*. What unhappy, overcharged, inflated hearts, too, do we see—panting to be "broken!" Who could "break" them? Not we!

Then those funny little chapels of ease; and those churches,—so conveniently situated to rivet Hymen's magic chain! And see how the sun grins at *that* bilious-looking parson, who is rehearsing the "matrimonial service," in anticipation of "a job," followed by his fee (fo! fum!). And what piercing, wickedly-sharp piercing arrows, are those in that glittering quiver yonder! In sober truth, that bellows-faced Cupid means something desperate. Look at him. He has drawn a sigh that ought to cleave the hardest, stoutest heart, into four pieces.

Young ladies! beware. Cupid is a droll little fellow. He is called "harmless;" but all his arrows are tipped with a poisonous sting; which, if it enters deep into your heart,—look out! There is more in it than meets the eye; and believe us, there is, moreover, "danger" in it: Our poor postmen, happy in their ignorance, will, on Tuesday, the 14th inst., scatter some millions of fire-brands over the world,—the consequences of which who shall dare to foretel?

Once again,—young people, BEWARE OF FEBRUARY 14!

LOVE AND FANCY.

Why is Love for ever changing,—

Bee-like, ever on the wing?

O'er the sweetest flow'rets ranging,

Tasting but to leave a sting?

Flirting now with summer roses,

Seeking now some newer prize;

Where a moment he reposes,

And again inconstant flies?

'Tis not Love that thus is changing;

His home is in the maiden's heart;

Can he then be ever ranging?

From such a home, oh who would part?

Clouds may darken o'er her bosom,

Even yet young Love will stay;

'Tis his pride to shield the blossom,

Not to bear its bloom away! C. J.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

No. LI.—PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN.

BY F. J. GALL, M.D.

(Continued from Vol. IV., Page 360.)

SINCE SAD EXPERIENCE SHOWS US that the class of criminals we last spoke of, is not led by repentance, or by *natural* remorse to resist their violent inclinations, it only remains to produce in them an *artificial* conscience; that is to say, a clear idea, a lively conviction of the immorality of their actions, and of the disorder and mischief which must result from them—not only for society, but for themselves; or, in other words, these men have more need than any others, to have supplied from without, what is wanting in them on the part of their internal organisation.

And here, again, appears a principle, which, however opposed to the precipitate conclusions of rash and inconsiderate persons, is immediately derived from a particular study of human nature in detail, viz. th t the greater and more obstinate the resistance which is offered by the natural dispositions and habits of men, the more necessary it becomes to multiply and strengthen the contrary motives—the more necessary it is to proportion the punishments, and the more perseverance it is necessary to use, in combating them; so that if we cannot conquer, we may at least restrain and paralyse their exercise. For the question no longer concerns internal criminality, nor justice in its most rigorous sense: the necessary protection of society is concerned in the prevention of crimes, and the correction of evil-doers, and in placing the community in safety from the attempts of those who are more or less incorrigible.

The degree of Culpability and of Expiation differ according to the different condition of the individual, although the illegal act and the punishment be essentially the same.

I foresee with pain, that many years will elapse before my doctrine on the nature of man will be universally adopted. And even when this period shall have arrived for physiologists, instructors, philosophers, yet legislators will delay much longer to apply it to the criminal legislation. The laws are to them a sort of religion, the least modification of which appears to them a heresy. It is not a single enlightened man, it is an assembly of several men, who make the laws; and where shall we find a mass of legislators possessing equal knowledge? It is then to be feared that the true wants of human nature may yet remain too generally misunderstood, to allow the criminal code immediately to overcome this multitude of obstacles, prejudices, ancient customs; which hold it bound to the cradle of its infancy.

The penal code determines the nature of crimes and misdemeanors, and then fixes the punishment to be inflicted. It is the nature of the act itself, which furnishes the measure of punishment; without regard to the person committing the act, or the person expiating the crime. Without doubt, we shall meet too many difficulties in proceeding otherwise, and this is judged to be the only means of obtaining perfect equality and impartiality in the administration of justice. But

it is evident, that it is precisely in this manner that we render ourselves guilty of the most crying injustice; and, while we almost always fail to obtain a just estimate of the crime, fail equally in the proportionate application of the punishment.

I submit to the consideration of legislators some considerations which must necessarily have been presented a thousand times, and which will be refuted a thousand times—perhaps for the sole reason, that their principle has not been tested by an acquaintance with human nature in detail.

Crimes and Misdemeanors are not committed of themselves; they cannot, therefore, be considered as abstract beings.

Crimes and Offences are the result of the actions of individuals; they therefore receive their character from the nature and situation of these individuals; and they can only be estimated and determined, according to the nature and situation of these same individuals.

You appear to deny these axioms. Well! I shall prove them to you.

You judge, and you punish an act committed in intoxication, or in violent rage, differently from the same act when committed in the full possession of reason, and with premeditation. You judge a theft, a murder—committed by an idiot, a madman, otherwise than you judge a theft, a murder, committed by a man enjoying his reason.

You acknowledge, then, and you must acknowledge, that acts are nothing in themselves; that they receive their character from the individual who committed them. But why do you refuse to be consistent in the greater part of your criminal prosecutions? I ask you, and let your conscience answer me:—Is that the same sort of robbery, which is committed by a dishonest gamester, by a robust idler, by a debauched usurer, as that committed by a feeble widow, lying in extreme want with numerous children crying to her for bread?

Is that the same sort of murder, which is committed by an insulted brother, against the perjured seducer of his beloved sister, as that committed by a son-in-law, who, the sooner to riot in profusion and debauchery, poisons the parents of his wife?

Pursue, yourselves, the list of crimes and offences, the degree of whose criminality differs totally, and which in your legislation, are confounded in the same rank; and say if I am wrong to reproach you, that criminal legislation is yet in its infancy. In general, without turning our eyes on a thousand other extenuating or aggravating circumstances, which do not at all influence your final judgment, how have you been able to decide that the actions of men without education, ignorant even of the existence of a penal code, superstitious, at the mercy of violent and gross passions, &c., ought to be stamped with the same degree of immorality and culpability as the actions of men, who knowing the whole extent, and the whole danger of their perversity, surround it with cunning and hypocrisy, the better to secure the impunity of their crimes?

For the same reason, you will not persuade me, that the prison, branding, the collar, (carcan,)

corporal punishment, hard labor, and even death are the same punishment to persons of all sexes, ages, constitutions, and of all conditions; to vagabonds, unknown, insulated, degraded, accustomed to privations and to hard and precarious living; for that race of the brazen-faced and impudent, who make a boast of their crimes; who are tied to the infamous post of the pillory, walk to the scaffold, gaily insult the spectators, &c.; as they are for persons imbued with the principles of honor, accustomed to the comforts of life, connected to society by a respectable family, by a wife and children, but overtaken by crime in an unhappy moment, &c.

These reflections will suffice to make each one sensible that the measure of the culpability, and the measure of the punishment, should not be derived either from the matter of the illegal act, nor from any determinate punishment; but solely from the situation of the individual acting.

But, it will be said, in what difficulties do you involve criminal jurisdiction! Certainly it is very easy to say, such a crime, such an offence, demands such a punishment; all the science of the judge is then reduced to substantiating and determining the fact; as to the application of the punishment, there is no longer the least embarrassment. But it cannot be doubted that, according to these principles, we every instant confound the unfortunate with the wicked; and sometimes must punish too much, sometimes too little, and ever be liable to pass the most misplaced and the most unjust judgments.

The opinions and errors of ideologists and metaphysicians may be indifferent on account of their sterility; but, it is matter of sacred duty that the opinions of those who exert a more or less powerful influence on the happiness and misery of society, that the opinions of governors, instructors, moralists, legislators, physicians, should be based on the nature and the wants of man.

Of the Gradation of Punishments, and of the Punishment of Death.

It is with good reason, that men have adopted the principle of the gradation of punishments. We punish the same offence with the more severity, according as it has been more frequently committed; because the repetitions imply a more imperious propensity to crime and greater corruption in the culprit.

We punish differently a simple theft, robberies committed in the night, and with breaking in with armed force, with riot; we act with more severity toward the leader of an insurrection, than his accomplices; against those counterfeiters who coin gold and silver, than those who only stamp coins of copper. We inflict on a mother who has exposed her infant, different punishments according as the infant has incurred more or less risk of perishing; and by these modifications of the laws, we imply that it is necessary to choose means more and more efficacious, graduated according to the intention of the malefactor, and according to the more or less serious consequences of his crime.

Experience has proved, that, in certain cases, it is even necessary to resort to the punishment of death. But how many objections has not the sensibility of philanthropists raised against the

punishment of death? If we regard the punishment of death, as the destruction of a mischievous and incorrigible individual, or as a means of preventing crime, I think, with Montesquieu, J. J. Rousseau, Sonnenfels, Hommel, Filangieri, Schmalz, Kleinschrodt, Feuerbach, Klein, Bexon, and others, that we cannot call in question the right, which society has, of destroying one of its members. To deny this truth would be to refuse to society the right of providing for its security and good order, and, consequently, of employing all the means and all the motives capable of preventing crimes. Who can doubt that the punishment of death is an effectual means of intimidating the greater part of those whose inclinations are perverse?*

There is room for some very sage distinctions for determining the cases which render the punishment of death indispensable. Can we inflict it on a person whose conduct has always been irreproachable, and who has been urged, by an extremely unfortunate combination of circumstances, to the commission of murder? Such a murderer is neither so wicked nor so incorrigible, as many of the pests of society. Again, it is cruelty to pronounce sentence of death, as the law is in many countries, for crimes to which a large number of individuals are constantly exposed; often by the negligence of others, often by temptations, unhappily too well suited to human frailty, such as theft, &c.; or for vices which have little influence on social order, and the immorality of which, however revolting, remains concentrated in the agent, such as certain excesses of sensuality, &c.

If there be a crime, which deserves to be treated as murder the most premeditated, foolish and dangerous, that crime is duelling. Usually for the merest trifles, and sometimes, exasperated by the taunts of a bully by profession, men kill one another, in presence of numerous witnesses! No! I might in vain transport myself to the most barbarous countries and times, I should never be able to conceive their allowing so atrocious, so cruel an outrage on morality to subsist! Pre-

judice, say you, demands it. Prejudice! To prejudice, then, the laws must sacrifice the life of the citizens, morality, the precepts of religion, the happiness of families! But how destroy this prejudice? How have other nations destroyed it? But it is not well, you say again, to destroy a prejudice which upholds courage and honor. What honor, what courage, is it to kill or be killed for a few words which happen to displease you, or for the vanity and admiration of a mistress? Die for your country, perish in defence of her rights, and men will acknowledge your courage. The French nation has certainly no need of these follies, of this braggadocio prowess, to convince the world that she has honor and courage.

As for the gradation of punishment, many governments wholly omit the punishment of death, except in cases of parricide and regicide. Men then regard the punishment of death as the final limit of the rights of justice over the guilty.

But is the punishment of death, without aggravation, always sufficient to prevent crime? Frequently, death itself is no evil. The unfortunate man, as Sonnenfels says, wishes it, because it will deliver him from all his troubles; man, in despair, inflicts it on himself; the martyrs to glory, or religion, run to meet it, to gain a name, or to enjoy the happiness of future life: the laws even suppose that the loss of life will not deter the guilty, since they enjoin the preventing them from destroying themselves in prison. Experience, too, teaches how little the sentence of death agitates them, and with what resolution they go to the scaffold. For those men whose life is a continual scene of crimes and of brutal pleasure, perpetual imprisonment would be a more painful punishment than death. Shame, and regard for the future, are nothing with such wretches: to die is nothing say they, and there we must end. Does not the consequence follow then, that the punishment of death ought to be aggravated? Man, considered as a reasonable being, is determined by the strongest and most numerous motives: we must then oppose to the criminal, motives the more powerful as his propensity to evil is more energetic, and as the consequences of it are more mischievous; and ordinary death being insufficient, we must seek to deter him by the menace of one more terrible.

To give to this exception an appearance of philosophy and justice, it is said, that the enormity of the crimes for which the punishment of death is established hardly permits us to perceive the smallest difference between them, and that, consequently, we cannot introduce any modification of the punishment of death.

If we must judge of crimes from the malignity of the malefactor, and the evils which result from them; if it be even established as an axiom, that a crime consists in the act itself and in the intention of the evil doer; these principles, against which there is nothing to object, cannot agree with the assertion that all capital crimes are nearly equal, and, consequently, merit equal punishment. Can we maintain that the man, who for revenge kills with deliberate purpose the destroyer of the happiness of his life; that he, who exasperated by the insolent conduct of a traitor, immolates him to his resentment; that a young girl, without experience and a prey to despair, who destroys

* We have serious doubts, not only as to the expediency of capital punishment, but as to our having any right to take life for any offence. Capital punishment must either be defended on the ground that the Scriptures sanction it, or that criminals should be made to receive a certain degree of pain for a certain degree of guilt; or, that the safety of society requires it as terror to prevent a repetition of crime. The plea, that capital punishment prevents the repetition of crime we think unfounded. We are of opinion, that it is not in the nature of capital punishment to produce the result desired. To suppose that the punishment of one individual will have the effect to destroy the propensity to sin in another, is unphilosophical, inasmuch as moral reformation is not the natural effect of such a cause. The only sure remedy against crime is to improve the condition of man. If an individual has violated the laws of God and man, he should be treated rather as a moral patient, than a being capable of appreciating moral excellence. The fact that he does not respect virtue and honor, proves that he is insensible to their influence—and shows the necessity of his being educated entirely with reference to a proper development of them. In order that such a person may be subjected to suitable discipline—to develop his moral sentiments, confinement would become necessary; but it should never be attended by circumstances to degrade the subject in his own estimation. His improvement would depend upon the display of those good qualities in the persons of his keepers, in which he proved himself deficient by his acts of moral turpitude.—Ed. K. J.

her infant; are criminals as great, as corrupt as the prostitute, who murders the companions of her debaucheries, in order to rob them of the little they possess; as the bandit, whose whole life is but a tissue of robbery and murder? Can we say, that the murderer who destroys a single man, is as dangerous as the monsters who, urged by infernal cupidity, poison several individuals, and even whole families; who have no horror of the most atrocious means, provided they attain their end; and who spread terror, devastation, and death, on the highways, in forests, and in villages?—as the traitor who plunges a whole nation into the most frightful miseries? On the one hand, is it not deplorable, and on the other, is it not in some sort a subject of pride for the greatest criminals, that we annihilate all distinction between acts so dissimilar? Has not the ferocious wretch reason to heap cruelty on cruelty to gratify his sanguinary and insatiable desires, when, in multiplying his offences, he neither aggravates the enormity of his crimes, nor the punishment he has to dread?

To all this, it is objected, that simple death is the severest punishment which can be inflicted on a criminal; that it suffices to place society in security against the crimes which he might afterwards commit; and that, consequently, the punishment of aggravated death would be barbarity. I answer, that punishments cannot, and should not, be the sole end of the legislator and the judge. The end of arresting and deterring criminals is not gained simply by the punishment of death. It is certain that determined malefactors fear it very little. How many prisoners have put an end to their lives to deliver themselves from perpetual imprisonment! How many have killed themselves to escape public execution! A great number prefer death to blows and torture. We must, then, employ more energetic means to terrify this brood of villains, and to set bounds to their inveterate wickedness. In fact, if the depravity of the criminals, who, under the law, merit death, is not in all to the same degree; if the acts of these criminals are sometimes more, sometimes less prejudicial to the interests of society, it is right that the punishment of death, like every other punishment, should be modified and graduated. Every criminal will not regard, as indifferent, every kind of imaginable capital punishment; the prisoner, the incendiary, the bandit, will not view a slow and painful death with the same indifference as they would regard the destruction which takes place instantaneously.*

All the principles which I have laid down, on the means of correcting criminals, and of diminishing their number, result as immediate consequences from my doctrine of the innateness of the faculties of the soul and mind, and on moral liberty. Will it now be said, that this doctrine favors crime?

I have spoken thus far of criminals whose

culpability could not be called in question; but it is still my duty to direct the attention to those extremely complicated cases, where we find great difficulty in determining the degree of moral liberty and responsibility of the individual.

OH, WOULD THAT IT WERE NOT A DREAM!

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

I DREAMT that the friendship of happier days
Revived with the heart's softest sigh;
Again we repeated our favorite lays,
And hours pass'd merrily by.
I thought as through forest and woodland we ranged
The bright sun-beams danced on the stream;
That you smiled, and assured me your love had
not changed;
Alas! it was only a dream.

Yet the accent was yours, and the words gently fell
With soft soothing sounds on my ear;
In silence I listened, lest I should dispel
The smile that had banished my fear.
You spoke of the friends we shall never see more,
Who once claimed your love and esteem,
And you sighed as I often have heard you before;
Oh!—"why" was it only a dream?

Still onward we wander'd, our path strew'd with
flow'rs,
The birds singing sweetly above;
I felt the return of our happier hours
Established by friendship and love.
The dark clouds that hung o'er the future had
flown,
I revell'd in Hope's brightest beam;
No longer neglected—forsaken—alone,
Oh!—would that it were not a dream!

NATURE'S OWN NOBLEMAN.

AWAY with false fashion, so calm and so chill,
Where pleasure itself cannot please;
Away with cold breeding, that faithlessly still
Affects to be quite at its ease!
For the deepest in feeling is highest in rank,
The freest is first of the band;
And Nature's own Nobleman, friendly and frank,
Is a man with his heart in his hand.

Fearless in honesty, gentle yet just,
He warmly can love, and can hate;
Nor will he bow down, with his face in the dust,
To Fashion's intolerant state;
For best in good breeding and highest in rank,
Though lowly or poor, in the land,
Is Nature's own Nobleman, friendly and frank,
The man with his heart in his hand!

His fashion is passion, sincere and intense,—
His impulse is simple and true;
Yet temper'd by judgment, and taught by good
sense,

And cordial with me and with you.
For the finest in manners, as highest in rank,
It is you, man! or you, man! who stand,
Nature's own Nobleman, friendly and frank,—
A man with his heart in his hand.

M. TUPPER.

* These are purely the suggestions of destructiveness—and we are not a little surprised, to find that so discriminating a mind as that of Dr. Gall should ever sanction such sentiments. Perhaps, however, as he was accused of holding doctrines too mild for the safety of society, so far as criminals were concerned, he was induced to the opposite extreme by expressing the state of his feelings, rather than the results of a deliberate judgment.—Ed. K. J.

AUTO BIOGRAPHY OF A DOG,—No. XXI.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

(Continued from Vol. IV., Page 362.)

HERE I AM AGAIN, MY DEAR OLD FRIEND, jolly as a "Sand-boy." In my last, if you remember, I described some of the persevering annoyances to which my old master was subjected, to gratify the revengeful feelings of the *garde champêtre*—whom, after all, he had only treated as he deserved. *Entre nous*—if foreigners abroad did not make themselves respected,—aye, and feared too,—they would lead a pretty life! I can honestly speak from my own personal experience in this country. If I had not pulled the ears of some scores of insolent English puppies, I really could not have maintained my proper dignity.

The *finale* of these said proceedings was very different from what my friend had anticipated; as the result of the hearings before the *Juge de Paix* will prove. The great day at length arrived; when Bombyx and his sons, accompanied by his servant François, Père H—, and la Catharina, appeared on one side. The *garde champêtre*, the worthy host of the "Pinte," R—, two brothers P—d, two brothers V—r, a certain R—t, two cousins B—c, another B—t, one L—s, one P—n, one M—t, &c. &c.

The Magistrate having taken his seat, with some attendants on his right, and some officers on his left, together with a queer little gentleman to take down notes and evidence at a small table beneath,—a little bell was rung, and business commenced. First, an officer appeared, in the ante-chamber, and summoned Bombyx and his witnesses. They were then placed to the right of the magistrate, being the accusing parties. The same officer next summoned the *garde champêtre* and his party; and they had their place on the magistrate's left hand, exactly confronting Bombyx. A space of some twenty feet square was between them, parted off from the court; and in front of the magistrate was reserved plenty of room for any one who might feel interested in the proceedings. There was also, immediately above, a gallery for the use of the public.

Silence having been obtained, the clerk read over the accusation; and then handed it to the worthy magistrate, who called upon Bombyx to say whether or not he confirmed the charge. To this, an answer was of course given in the affirmative. The witnesses on both sides were then ordered to withdraw to adjacent rooms, and Bombyx remained alone on his side,—the *garde champêtre*, mine host of the "Pinte," R—, and the two brothers P—d, being on the other. These four were accused as principals, the others with aiding, abetting, &c. A chair was then placed in the middle of the open space, precisely opposite the magistrate, and Bombyx was requested to occupy it. Bombyx, unaccustomed to foreign ceremonies, approached the chair, and stood before the magistrate; who, in a mild tone, requested him to be seated, and then addressing him, asked if he was at all related to any of the accused party.

"No, sir."

"Then," said he, "you can be sworn. Be so good as to stand up, and raise the right hand." The worthy judge continued—"Vous jurez de dire la vérité,—toute la vérité,—et rien que la vérité;

comme vous esperez être sauvé à votre dernier moment."

"Je le jure," said Bombyx.

At this moment there was a solemn silence, during which Bombyx, at the command of the magistrate, resumed his seat. The latter then said to my old master,—

"Now Bombyx, be so kind as to relate to us, as precisely as you can, the whole occurrence."

When Bombyx had finished, he handed to the magistrate the certificate of Dr. M—, declaring in what state he found the servant; also another from the veterinary surgeon, relative to myself, and the wound I had received; declaring it was done with some double-edged sharp instrument. These two documents were then read aloud by the clerk; and when the double-edged, sharp instrument was mentioned, one of the brothers P—d changed countenance so much, that everybody in court remarked it—the worthy magistrate particularly.

When Bombyx's examination was over, the magistrate thus addressed the accused,—

"Have you any question to ask Bombyx, or any objection or observation to make?"

All rise at once.

"C'est un gros mensonge, depuis le commencement jusqu' à la fin.

"Be so kind," said the magistrate, "as to recollect where you are. Such language as that I shall not allow; and if it be repeated I shall instantly punish you. And you may thank Bombyx for not having complained; had he done so, I should have locked you all up for a few days.

This momentarily produced a good effect. The elder brother P—d now addressed the magistrate.

"Monsieur le Juge, je n' y étais pas. J' étais à Morges."

Magistrate.—"Qu'est ce que vous, faisiez à Morges à huit heures le soir?"

P—d.—"Ce que je faisais? J' avais affaire la bas."

Magistrate.—"Quelles affaires?"

P—d.—"Faut il dire?"

Magistrate.—"Certainement."

P—d (with a stupid grin).—"Well; I was returning home."

R— (turning to the elder P—d).—"Grosse bête que tu es!"

Magistrate.—"Call François, Bombyx's servant."

François was likewise sworn, and related the whole occurrence, declaring that he recognised distinctly the two brothers P—d; moreover, that he called them by their names, and told them that he knew them both. That they were the two who seized him, and knocked him down, and beat him, and kicked him in a most cruel way. He said further, that he had no doubt that if his master had not been well armed when he came out, he would have been similarly ill-used. He could not say which of them ill-treated the dog.

Magistrate.—"Now you two brothers P—d, you hear what François has declared. What do you say to it? P—d *ainé*, have you anything to say?"

P—d *ainé*.—"Moi!"

R— (to P—d *ainé*).—"C'est une cocho-nerie,—ne dites rien."

P——d *ainé* (to the magistrate).—“*Je n'ai rien à dire, Monsieur le Juge.*”

P——d *cadet*.—“*Monsieur le Juge, j'y étais par hasard. Je retournais de la ville, et j'allais chez moi.*”

Magistrate.—“I thought you lived near Ouchy?”

P——d *cadet*.—“*C'est bien sûr.*”

Magistrate.—“What were you doing near Bombyx's house, pray? *That's* not your way home.”

R—— (to P——d *cadet*).—“*Eh la toute grosse bête! Eh! l'animal!*”

Something still more pretty was coming, but a look from the worthy magistrate had a proper effect.

Magistrate (to P——d *cadet*).—“Answer me, sir. What were you doing in the neighborhood of Bombyx's house?”

P——d *cadet*.—“*Je cheminai mon chemin tout doucement. J'ai vu François sortir de chez lui. Il est malheureusement tombé; et moi, je suis tombé sur lui par accident, Monsieur le Juge. Il faisait bien nuit. Nous ne pouvions pas voir. Je ne lui ai point fait du mal, pas la Brique. Je l'aime beaucoup François. C'est un bon enfant. Vous concevez, Monsieur le Juge, c'était un pur accident. Mais Monsieur Bombyx nous en veut.*”

Magistrate (to P——d *cadet*).—“You had no stiletto—nor dagger—no sharp instrument?”

P——d *cadet*.—“*Non. C'est mon frère qui en a.*”

R——.—“*Et le Nigaud!*”

Garde Champêtre.—“*Et le vilain Merle!*”

Magistrate.—“Be quiet there!”

R—— (stamping with his feet).—“*C'est un fou, Monsieur le Juge.*”

Magistrate.—“Will you be quiet, R——?”

R——.—“*Crapaud de crapaud.*”

Magistrate (to R.).—“I shall desire the constable to take you out of court if you speak again.”

Magistrate (to P——d *cadet*).—“You have told us that you were walking home, and that you accidentally fell over François. When you got up again, what did you do? What did you see?”

P——d *cadet*.—“*J'ai vu un gros chien. Il était tout noir. C'était un tout gros chien, un puissant animal. Ce n'était pas le petit chien de R——. Oh, non! C'était un terrible chien. Enfin, c'était FINO; et Monsieur Bombyx est sorti tout enragé.*”

Magistrate.—“*Et puis?*”

P——d *cadet*.—“*Je cheminai mon chemin*” (in a high voice).

Magistrate.—“*Et puis?*”

P——d *cadet*.—“*Je cheminai mon chemin*” (in a lower voice).

Magistrate.—“*Après quoi? Allons!*”

P——d *cadet*.—“*Je suis allé boire une quartelle chez R——*”

Magistrate.—“*Vous l'avez trouvé chez lui?*”

P——d *cadet*.—“*Non, Monsieur le Juge.*”

R——.—“*Eh! le Singe!*”

Garde Champêtre (to R——).—“He's a traitor. We are 'sold.'”

Magistrate looks severely to R——.

“*Pardonnez! Monsieur le Juge, mais il nous a trahi.*”

Magistrate.—“I have already warned you several times not to interrupt the Court. Call Père H——.”

Père H——, after being sworn, related, in a stentorian voice, all he had seen; and recognised every one of these worthies as participators in the brutal outrage.

“*Monstre que tu es!*” calls out R——. *Vous êtes toujours endormi bien avant huit heures.*”

Père H—— grinned a horrid smile, and told the magistrate that he was moreover confirmed in all that he had said, by over-hearing R——, and the *garde champêtre*, relating the whole affair to an individual whom he did not know; whilst himself and his Catharina were unperceived on the other side of the hedge.

The rapid change of countenance, both of R—— and the policeman, sufficiently attested the truth of Père H——'s story; which was also borne out by the gentle Catharina, in the most expressive German *patois* imaginable.

R——'s other witnesses were all examined, but they only made his position still worse, and more absurd.

Magistrate (to R—— and his party).—“Now you have heard what has been brought forward against you. Have you anything further to say? And you, P——d *ainé*, who have declared you were at Morges?”

P——d *ainé* could stand it no longer; so he admitted his falsehood, but declared the dog had accidentally run up against his stiletto. All here spoke to the general kind-heartedness and unimpeachable conduct of R—— and the policeman. The worthy magistrate, however, was not of the same opinion. He dismissed the policeman temporarily from his post; inflicted a fine of twenty-five Swiss francs “damages” on the servant; and held them all “separately and collectively,” responsible *pour les frais*. This was an addition of about one hundred francs! Rage, fury, and revenge now fearfully galled the breasts of these worthies; and when the business was over, R—— called out—“*Ce sera à notre tour bientôt. Nous, nous retrouverons.*”

I really cannot curtail the next day's proceedings, although I have done so on the present occasion. I am therefore obliged to conclude here; and wishing you health, happiness, and a “jolly,” New Year,

I am, ever, your faithful old Dog,

FINO.

Tottenham, Jan. 15, 1854.

HUMAN FOLLY.

MAN, as ever, follows his own folly,
Heedless of all his mighty destinies;
And though a golden crown, and robes like snow
Hang in Heaven's arch suspended by a thread,
He will not by a single act of his
Dissever the thin cord, and suffer them
To fold him in the vesture of a king!
Nor will he notice that the great white hand
Is busy tracing out new characters
Upon the vast walls of the universe;
Until some second deep-eyed Daniel come
To lip the lightning words in thunder tones!

G. B.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A DOG.—No. VI.

BY ONE OF THAT SUFFERING RACE.

(Continued from Vol. IV., Page 364.)

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind moved his garments how oft didst
thou start?

How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee,—the friend of thy heart?
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BEFORE resuming my narrative, I cannot help wishing you, "my dear old English gentleman," and all readers of OUR JOURNAL, —a Happy New Year; being quite sure that you have had a "Merry Christmas," or some one has missed the "star of the evening." [Charlie! you are a wag.]

Mais allons. When we arrived at our town-house, Dr. Kent was immediately sent for; and, after hearing all the circumstances connected with the case, frankly confessed that, like the surgeon in Macbeth, he could not undertake to "minister to a mind diseased," but recommended as much change as possible in locality; and as the medical man who attended Miss Emily had ordered her to travel, it was soon decided that we were to visit the Continent, and move from place to place.

Nothing of importance occurred until our arrival at Boulogne; where, on landing, we were surrounded by a set of diminutive men—like soldiers, who act there as do our custom-officers; and one of them seeing something bulky under Miss Emily's shawl, pulled it on one side to see what it was. On this, I (for it was I who was there) bit his hand. Oh, how he spluttered and jabbered about! "*Sacre!*" cried he; and in his rage he was going to strike me. But he had calculated without his host; for no sooner was his hand raised than poor old Nep, whose temper had not improved by his self-imposed abstinence, seized him by the throat, bore him to the ground, and would, had not Mr. Vandelour called him off, have strangled him on the spot.

Paris, Baden-Baden, Frankfort, Rome, and Venice, were in turn visited; and at each of those places the most celebrated veterinarians were "consulted" on poor Neptune's complaint,—for he still ate only just sufficient to keep life in him. Without a single exception, each of these wiseheads declared in turn—that he suffered from some scientific and long-named complaint; and, between them, they administered a wheelbarrow-full of medicines. Of course he became weaker and weaker; until one morning, when Miss Emily came down to breakfast, he could with difficulty crawl upon the floor (this he did to meet her, as she came into the room), when he looked in her face, wagged his beautiful tail, tried to stand,—but fell at her feet to rise no more. Alas! poor Nep was dead!

Laugh, ye fashionable flies; and sneer, ye wife-beating husbands! A beautiful maiden weeps the death of a friend, although "only a dog!" She was not of the Chesterfield school, but she felt like a true woman. Nor was she ashamed of nature. *She* had lost the parting gift of the man she loved—the companion of many a pleasant ramble, and many a happy hour. *I* had lost my protector,—the preserver of my life!

The next day poor Nep's remains were buried in the garden of a friend of my master's. Miss Emily planted a willow at his head, and had a stone erected at his feet, the meaning and simplicity of which far outshone many a marble monument that I have seen in our cemeteries, "besprinkled o'er with lies." It bore this inscription:—

"HERE TWO FRIENDS PARTED!"

In three days after this, we again changed our quarters, and went to Switzerland; still hoping against hope (nearly twelve months had been already tried) that a change would dispel the heaviness that seemed to weigh down my dear young mistress, as dew-drops do a rose. Among other things in the letter-bag, that my master received once a month from London, was that mighty organ of good and evil tidings,—"*The Times.*" Business letters were opened by my master, and letters from friends by Mrs. Vandelour; and although there were dozens of neat little notes, in as many neat little handwritings, for Miss Emily—yet she opened none of them. She merely put them all into her little basket, and ran up-stairs with them into her own room; so quickly that I had scarcely time to get in before she closed the door.

She had learned from a letter received from the Major, during our stay at Rome, that he had arrived safe and well, and that he was about to join in the Afghan war. She had also since heard it rumored that the English arms had been victorious; and being naturally anxious to read the account, she had taken the paper, doubting not that honorable mention would be made of the Major. "Why" did Mr. Vandelour so eagerly peruse his business correspondence, and Mrs. V. even trivial notes on the London season? My sweet young mistress read, word for word, the columns headed "India,—success of the British arms," &c., and aloud (although I was the only living thing present) when she came to the following: "When the swarthy warriors made a stand, desperate as the tiger when at bay, their cannon vomiting forth storms of iron hail, Major Broadsword led on the gallant Thirteenth to the charge, and, sword in hand, encountered and slew the chieftain of this iron-knit band; putting the rest to flight, and remaining master of the field."

Had she stopped here, all would perhaps

have been well, and she would (for that day at least) have been most happy; but she read on. Her voice suddenly became lower, so low that I could scarcely hear her speak. And yet I saw her lips move, and her hands tremble. She rose, as if to go down-stairs; but before reaching the door, fell insensible upon the floor. I ran to her face, and barked as loud as I could, in the hope of rousing her. While so doing, my master and mistress came rushing into the room, to see what it was had caused such a noise. It was caused by her fall.

A doctor was sent for, and came with all speed; but ere he arrived, mortal had become immortal. Miss Emily's spirit had departed. She was gone where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest,"—dying with HIS name upon her lips. The real cause was not guessed at, until I ran from the couch to the newspaper that lay where she fell. Mrs. Vandelour noticing me, took up the paper, and read,—“In following up his victory, the Major fell covered with wounds and honor, a bullet having passed through his heart.” With the “dear remains” we came to England again; and in due course my poor young mistress was buried. No doubt with all the pomp and ceremony usual for persons moving in her station in life; but this I cannot speak positively about, as I was not permitted to be present. She lies at Kensall-Green.

It was now the height of summer; and much I longed for my sweet lost mistress, and the nice long rambles over the fields about the little village of West End, where we (*i.e.*, the Major, Miss Emily, and I) used often to spend hours in the cool of the evening. Only one summer since!

But I must not leave my story to enlarge on all, or even a thousandth part of the thoughts that at this moment present themselves. One of the veterinarians who had been called in to Neptune, was asked his opinion and advice about me, and what must be done to prevent me gnawing and tearing everything that I came near; also why it was my breath was offensive. He said I must be “wormed;” and that this would cure me of my propensity for nibbling, and also ward off fits; and to sweeten my breath, he ordered that I should have no animal food of any kind, but be wholly fed on biscuits, buns, &c. The biscuit diet was put in practice directly, and the next day I began on “Huntley and Palmer's Pic Nics;” but at dinner-time could not help crying for a bit of the glorious roast leg of mutton that hissed on the table, when I was told that my doctor had said I was not to have any; it was not good for me.

My doctor? No! *He* never said any such thing; but on hearing of it, gave instructions

that “I should have a little of any roast meat once every day; and if I required food twice in a day, then I was to have a biscuit,—not a sugared one, but a good, plain, and wholesome captains' biscuit.” You know how we dogs express our joy. Mine, I fear, was boisterous, since I was reproved for barking so. It was after dinner when he told Mrs. Vandelour this; when I had turned away almost choked at the sight of the diamonds and circles placed for my meal, and after I had cried for a bit of meat from the table.

A plate of meat was instantly ordered, that my doctor might say what was the proper quantity to be given at a meal. Half was taken away, and the plate put down to me. That I ate it with so much zest, seemed to surprise my mistress, as I had turned away of late from my usual dinner without touching it. But *my* doctor said that “in feeding, as in keeping animals of whatever denomination, nature should be followed as nearly as possible; and that the teeth of a dog were carnivorous or flesh-tearing (not biscuit-crushing), and the digestive organs short, compared with herbivorous (grass-eating) animals, or omnivorous (eaters of all things); thereby proving that they were intended to live on food easily and quickly converted into blood. But that as nature was not followed in the keeping, so the feeding might digress from nature's rule in part, and biscuit form one meal out of the two; or they might be given conjointly.” “But,” he said, “the system of feeding wholly on biscuits is very injurious; since it renders the blood poor, the skin harsh, and liable to diseases of many kinds, at the same time that it confines the bowels, and makes it necessary to give biscuits with one hand and pills with the other,—thus turning the poor dog's inside into a walking repository for damaged flour and medicine.”

About the “worming,” I will tell you by-and-bye; but my interpreter, the dog's own friend—my dear doctor, is now so busy with his numerous little and large patients, that he declares it is impossible to hold the pen for me any longer. So let me remain,

Yours, as ever,

Jan. 15, 1854.

CHARLIE.

MARRIAGE.

If there be one hour, which more
Than any other craves a parent's presence,
'Tis that which gives his child away from him!
She should go with his blessing warm upon her,
breathed
With an attesting kiss; then may she go
With perfect hope, and cheerly take with her
The benisons of all kind wishers else.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

THE "HIMALAYA" SCREW STEAMER.

THE LARGEST SHIP AFLOAT.

A NOBLE OPPORTUNITY was recently afforded us for inspecting this noble vessel, whilst in the East India Docks; and not long previous to her steaming to Southampton. A finer sight could not be conceived. Everything, from first to last,—from stem to stern, was on a most princely scale; and as regards comfort, *nothing* appeared to be wanting that the most fastidious person could desire. There was a degree of "finish" about the workmanship which proved that money was no consideration.

Then there were elegancies out of number,—amongst which we observed, at the remote end of the saloon, a handsome pianoforte. But it is quite needless to particularise further; where all the arrangements might justly be pronounced perfect. The kitchen, bakery, store-rooms, &c., were alone worth a visit. Everything was so complete!

We had prepared a long article about the "Himalaya," for insertion in our last; but want of space prevented its admission. We therefore now content ourself with the particulars given of its arrival at Southampton (taken from the *Hants Advertiser* of January 14), in which are contained many *minutiae* of great public interest.

The Peninsular and Oriental Company's screw-steamer, "Himalaya," arrived at Southampton yesterday (Friday, Jan. 13) from London. She left the docks on the day previous, and averaged, during her voyage, about 14 miles an hour.

The Himalaya is the largest ship in the world, and is intended for the conveyance of the mails between Southampton and Alexandria. A large party, consisting of many of the directors and other chief persons connected with the Peninsular and Oriental Company, with their friends, came round to Southampton in the Himalaya. It was thick weather yesterday, over Southampton water; but about midday, a huge mountainous mass emerged from the fog near the dock-buoy, which was immediately made out on shore to be the Himalaya. She hoisted a signal for the docks, and steaming up the Itchen river, entered the dock with perfect ease; and soon came alongside, occupying and filling a berth which is usually occupied by two large steamers. A large crowd of persons assembled in the docks to witness her arrival.

While in the centre of the dock, her huge but beautiful proportions could be seen to advantage. Although Southampton people are accustomed to see monster steamers, the amazing length and bulk of the Himalaya struck every one with surprise. She is ship-rigged, but not heavily so; and she drew 15 feet of water forward, and 18 feet aft. Of course she is light now; but when she is heavily laden and deeper in the water, the fineness of her lines will be more conspicuous than at present. On stepping on board, her vastness was again evident. She has a flush deck, and is, moreover, nearly as long as Bernard Street

(a well-known street in Southampton), which has on one side of it 22 three-storied houses with spacious shops. Her width is as great as many a large metropolitan street. Her depth is enormous. The funnel is 24 feet in circumference, and is scarcely noticed on the deck. A person at one end of the deck hallooing ever so loud could not be heard distinctly at the other end.* Relays of officers will communicate the orders of the commander to either end of the ship. On the platform where the commander is stationed, there are a series of bells to communicate with the engine department.

On the Himalaya entering Southampton Water,—Calshot Castle, the ancient defence of that entrance, and the Solent, looked like a molehill when contrasted with the steamer. They could have been stowed away—guns, artillery, men, and all—in her hold. Nearly 200 passengers' berths are on board of her, 150 of which are first-class, with rooms as large as those at some hotels; 200 persons can dine luxuriously in the saloon. The fittings-up of the steamer are superb, and the upholstery work is most expensive.

All the curtains cost three guineas a yard, and the damask five guineas. The ladies' saloon is a large, elegant, and commodious apartment, with servants' room and bath room adjoining.

The Himalaya is an iron ship, built by Mare, and cost about £150,000. She would have cost much more, had she been built of wood. The engines are by Penn, and are the direct acting trunk engines, such as were fitted into some of the screw line-of-battle ships,—the Agamemnon, for instance. They work beautifully, and will give immense speed. The Himalaya will bring Gibraltar within three days' distance, Malta six days, and Egypt nine days. She would take 2,000 soldiers a distance as far as the Cape of Good Hope in about three weeks, and 2,000 emigrants to America in a week. This magnificent vessel is as yet the crowning effort of a princely enterprise. The appearance and success of such a colossal steamer has been foretold, but never before realised. There can be no doubt now that the great oceans will be bridged over by steamers like the Himalaya, ere long. At present, however, she is one of the wonders of the world.

We might greatly enlarge upon the foregoing, and still keep within the confines of truth. However, enough has been said to afford a very fair idea of the liberality shown in fitting up this "palace of the great deep." We only wish WE were going out with a snug party on the maiden voyage. It would be "delightful."

* Some idea may be formed of the gigantic proportions of this ship by the following fact. A person on board walking completely round it seven times, will have been over *one mile* of ground.—ED. K. J.

EDUCATION.—A FRIENDLY HINT.

If we would have our children to excel, we should see that the exercises of the body and those of the mind, serve always as a recreation,—the one to the other.

THE GRAND SNOW-STORM.

JANUARY, 1854.

THE PAPERS HAVE all been so eloquent upon the ever-memorable snow-storm of Jan. 3rd and 4th, that WE need not do much more than record the great fact. We are all too practically well acquainted with its "consequences," to desire to go very minutely into detail.

The stoppage of the rails all over the kingdom—the state of the London streets—the extortion of omnibus proprietors and cabmasters, &c.—all live actively in our memory. It is long since we had an "Old English Winter;" and perhaps some of us will not pray for such another specimen!

Connected with the heavy fall of snow, one thing surprised us excessively; and that was, the apathy of the London tradesmen as to its removal from before their doors. Nor did any one lend a hand to render the streets passable. A very few shillings collected among the neighboring tradesmen, would have set all straight in a few short hours, all over London; and made the high-ways and by-ways fordable. But no! All the world seemed astonished—frozen up—indifferent—morbidly inactive. The poor were unemployed, and did nothing but grumble (as usual)—business was a misnomer—boys "cut out" slides on the pavement, whilst the policemen looked on and grinned at them—old people fell down, damaged their shins, or broke their bones—and accidents of the most fearful kinds were of common occurrence. Nobody, however, seemed to care; nor to take any steps to remedy the existing evils. This is a startling and very curious fact.

WE suffered among the rest. The Hammersmith and Bayswater omnibuses either asked such enormous fares that nobody would give them; or they sulkily refused to come out at all. This has caused us many a long sloppy walk, night and morning; and, by consequence, a constant succession of colds, coughs, &c.

These worthies have since tried to keep up their high fares; but they find their mistake. The public have learnt, during the snow, that *walking* is "good" for them; and now the omnibuses run to and fro comparatively empty. If people would only hold together, and agree to walk,—coach, cab, and omnibus proprietors would soon be brought to their senses. But John Bull is an idiot. He grumbles,—but still pays. Hence the frequent attempts—seldom unsuccessful—to pick his pocket.

Here let us record the whimsical comment of a London correspondent, on the appearance of our "great city" during the snow. It has reference to the week commencing Jan. 3rd, and ending Jan. 10th:—

Mont Blanc. Bah! Talk to us of the ascent and descent of Holborn-hill. We have all of us been performing exploits within the last week, compared with which the ascent of Mont Blanc is a trifle. The only difference was, that you had not a dozen stout guides to help you; nor any provision of cold fowls, champagne, and brandy flasks; and when you achieved the perilous crossing of a street, or safely traversed the *mauvais pas* of a slide on the footpath, you did not halt and give three cheers, or drink the Queen's health in a bumper. You were, indeed, all unconscious of your heroism, though fully sensible of your hardships.

London on Wednesday, January 4th, was Mont Blanc; and a good bit over, taken horizontally. The footway was a figure of speech. There was literally *no* footway, and what had been a footway was bound by a long Alpine chain of snow; with here and there narrow gorges, through which the adventurous traveller penetrated to what once was a road, but which had become a confused mass of snow. Avalanches came thundering down from the house-tops. You could hardly recognise the familiar town. Its features were all changed; and it was so hoarse with cold, you could not hear its voice. Its noisy rumblings were all silenced, its busy throngs thinned to a shivering, stumbling, staggering pedestrian here and there. You might as well look for a rose in bloom as for a cab; a friend in need was not more rare.

Now and then an omnibus loomed in the distance; ploughing along, pitching and sending like a ship in a chopping sea. Their very progress, as Leigh Hunt says of pigs, was a kind of sticking. Nothing, indeed, advanced but the fares, which rose to the full height of Mont Blanc. The rise marks the height of the public distress. But other evidences were not wanting. The town was like the sea shore after a storm, strewn with wrecks and stranded craft. Abandoned carts and wagons were to be seen embedded in the snow. The news from the railroads is only of fast trains; that is to say, of trains fast set in the drifts. Nothing is now fast in any other sense, except in the instance of those improper persons who are both fast and loose. It is too obvious that the war has commenced, and that we are already invaded by the climate of Russia. The foe is not only at our gates, but at our fingers' ends; and what is most insulting, taking us by the nose. And, in the midst of these sufferings, you are, in aggravation, offered the compliments of the season! Pretty compliments! and provoking past all endurance it is to hear a man with his nose blue, his fingers frozen, and his feet slipping at every step, talk of "fine seasonable weather,"—an expression reserved for these bitter occasions, and never heard on a fine balmy summer's day, when nothing but murmurs against the heat are uttered.

This frost has had only one parallel within our time; and we need hardly add we are as old as Methuselah. We allude to the winter of Napoleon's Russian retreat. The frost was then, as also in the present instance, preceded by fog; but both of greater density and duration. It lasted three weeks, with only partial breaks. Then down came the snow, which drifted to the

depth of six feet in some of the streets. The Thames was frozen over, and a fair held on it. The state of the streets was not then, however, nearly so bad as now; and we have never seen anything so desolate and dreary as the aspect of the town on Wednesday. The effect has been likened to the cab strike; but nature's look-out far surpasses the other strike in inconveniences. The cab strike, after all, left us our legs, but the slippery snow of Wednesday made them too often perform the revolutionary exploit of bringing the head down to the same level.

For many hours, London was in a state of blockade; having little communication within, and none externally. To pass from Pall Mall to Oxford-street has been an expedition requiring no small nerve and resolution; and many an adventure might be written from one not very distant part of the town to another. Little indeed do the mariners of England, who live so much at ease in the Turkish waters, dream of the perils besetting the hardy passenger in the streets of London, in this Russian winter. The idea of red-hot shot is rather pleasing than otherwise, to the imagination just saluted with a snow-ball; and the inhabitant of this city, in a state of wintry siege, envies the warriors in the peaceful occupation of the Bosphorus.

So much for London in the snow. The accounts from the country are equally curious of their kind. Of the many disasters occasioned by this severe visitation, we would fain keep silence. Wind, storm, snow, and tempest, have laid thousands upon thousands prostrate. They have sunk to rise no more. WE live to ruminate upon their destruction. "Such is life!"

THE METROPOLITAN POULTRY SHOW.

THE GRAND WINTER SHOW took place at the Baker-street Bazaar, on Tuesday, January 10th; and was, beyond all dispute, the best we have yet had.

The rooms were very well arranged, all things considered; and the animals exhibited were for the most part displayed to advantage. We were quite pleased to see so much "good" company present on the opening day; and to note the interest taken in a careful examination of the birds.

The Cochinchina mania has, we are glad to see, very greatly subsided. Of this class, there were some remarkably fine specimens; and we should say "healthy" ones,—for when the cocks opened their ungainly mouths to crow, the sound thereof might have been heard at a distance very remote indeed! The prices affixed to these gawky birds, some of them at least, were low enough in all conscience; but the fact is, it is now ascertained that the cost of their food (they eat enormously), set against the produce of their eggs, is such as to render their "value" problematical. They eat their heads off!

The snow storm no doubt prevented many

breeders sending up their birds; but there was nevertheless a goodly collection. There were 1,139 entries of poultry, 425 pens of pigeons, and 50 pens of rabbits,—making a total of 1614 competing pens.

The Dorkings (our special favorites) came out among the Cochins in the finest possible relief. What noble specimens were here exhibited! For a cock and two hens there were 27 entries. The prizes went to the Rev. Mr. Boyes, Mrs. Finch Noyes, and Mr. W. Smith. In the sixth class, for a cock and two pullets, were 48 pens, many of them of great merit. The difference in the prize pens was but trifling, but they were taken as follows:—Mr Smith, Mr. Terry, and Mr. Boyes. The next was the competition confined to cocks only; and here both prizes were gained by Mr. Fisher Hobbs. A pen of this gentleman's birds was purchased for his Royal Highness Prince Albert. Those for hens, were awarded to the Rev. J. Boyes and Mr. Bleabington.

We were delighted to find our opinion of these birds strongly confirmed by the best practical judges among the visitors. They are, doubtless, "profitable" *in every point of view*; whilst the Cochins are hideous to look at, and a perfect nuisance to all the neighbors near whom they dwell.

The gold and silver-pencilled and spangled Hamburgs were some of them beautiful creatures. The Sebright Bantams were only passable,—with one or two exceptions. We have bred many infinitely superior. The game fowl were indeed noble animals,—quite up to the mark. The Spanish too, were better grown than ever we saw them, and in rude health. But all the feathered tribe were (on the opening day) in the finest condition. We saw them subsequently, however, when many of them were in a pitiable plight; such close confinement had shortened the lives of a considerable number. They were not worth the trouble of removal.

The pigeons deserve our very best word. There was a princely collection of them,—many sent in by the "Philo-Peristeron Society." Among these were, *of course*, the very celebrated pouters of Mr. Bult, of Hornsey. What a superb carriage have these most redoubtable birds! The wonder of the world are they, of their kind. They were the theme of general admiration. But so indeed were many others among this select association! The almond tumblers, too, fascinated many a pretty face, and a tender heart—as the fair owner passed by; and we dwelt long on the spot to listen to the amiable conversation that these choice little feathered pets drew forth. Nor did we fail to join in it. We were quite "at home" among these pleasures of our youth.

The rabbits too are entitled to honorable

mention. There were among them some fine specimens. We must also accord our praise to the geese and turkeys, which were in fine condition.

On the whole, this exhibition ranks high. Competition is evidently putting breeders on their mettle; and every season will add to the real value of the animals shown.

We were exceedingly pleased to observe the interest excited among the visitors, male and female, at the earlier part of the exhibition. Women are now beginning to see that these things are *not* so contemptible; and that a love of nature may be cultivated without a loss either of time or money.

Oh, if we could but kick fashion, and a love of finery, out of this country; and let the heart be studied before the outward person—what a happy people we should be! But as this never will be the case, let us be thankful for any (the smallest) instalment towards “the consummation so devoutly to be wished.”

If to breed animals, and show them, be a “fashion” among our women,—may the fashion ever prevail! It will tend to soften their hearts homœopathically; and cannot but effect *some* good.

THE TENCH AND THE PIKE.

WE find in a late number of the “Zoo-logist,” a few curious Notes on the Tench and Pike. They are from the pen and observation of W. H. Slaney, Esq., of Hatton Hall. They are as follows:—

It is generally considered amongst keepers and fishermen, that the tench is a fish which all others of a voracious nature—such as pike, perch, trout, and eels, equally avoid feeding on; and the reason given is, that the slime of the former possesses a healing quality of which other kinds of fish are aware; and that, when wounded or ill, they resort to this physician of the waters, and, by rubbing themselves against the tench, extract a remedy for their ailments: for which, instead of paying any fee, they all agree in considering the former so great a benefactor that it ought to go free, and be protected from all harm. How far it becomes one to doubt the truth of this belief, it is unnecessary to state; but I may be excused in relating the following circumstance which I witnessed a few days since, and leave the conclusion to be drawn from it to others, as to the *sentiments* imputed to the other kinds of fish in abstaining from feeding on the tench. In a pit or small pool at the back of the house, it is the custom to put such fish of different kinds as are likely to be wanted for the table during the summer, and consequently there is a pretty good store of fish kept in the pit; amongst which are some carp, and many good tench, varying from 1 to 4 lbs. in weight; and there are also a few pike put with them, of from 4 to 9 lbs., as well as some perch, and but a few roach, for the pike to feed on.

These different kinds of fish can be easily seen swimming about in the clear water; and the loud splash of the pike indicates that he has seized some victim, and brought it to an untimely end. The other day I saw, at some distance from the side of the pit, and deep in the water, a bright shining substance slowly moving about, and which I could by no means satisfactorily make out; but after watching it for some considerable time, and endeavoring to discover its nature, I at last perceived that across the middle portion projected a dark band, looking as if it were fastened to it and pushing it along; and this turned out to be the head of a large pike. The latter, having seized a tench of about 3 lbs. weight, crossways, which it was totally unable to swallow, was gently swimming about with its head somewhat elevated and its tail sunk lower in the water; vainly endeavoring to get the tench down its throat, or to twist it round so that the head of the tench might the more easily lead the way for the rest of its body further into the capacious jaws of its captor; but this could not be effected. The latter therefore continued to carry its prize slowly about the pit, as a dog would a bone.

After watching the two fish for some time while engaged in this way, I saw the pike approach the side of the pond; and the keeper, happening to be near at hand, brought a casting-net and threw over both; but unfortunately a bough in the water kept the net from closing, so that the two fish escaped, and were afterwards seen in the pit still in the same position as before, the pike retaining a firm hold of the physician. At last, however, I thought I perceived the latter freed from the tenacious grasp of the pike, who probably finding it impossible to devour so large a prize, let it go free, and the tench, no doubt, rejoicing at its timely escape, considered the attack of its foe a most ungrateful return for favors conferred.

This is the only instance I ever met with in which the tench was attacked by any other fish; though I have constantly had them put, together with pike and perch, in small stews and other places, where the absence of food for the predatory species has induced them to seize upon almost every other living thing: all other kinds of fish, rats, young ducks, and moor-hens, have fallen a sacrifice to the all-devouring pike, but not the tench; and keepers always avoid setting their trimmers or trolling for pike with a tench for a bait, alleging as a reason that no other fish will touch it.

ON A VIRTUOUS GIRL SLEEPING.

Thou liv'st! yet how profoundly deep
The silence of thy tranquil sleep!

Like death it almost seems;
So all unbroke the sighs which flow
From thy calm breast of spotless snow,—
Like music heard in dreams!

Thy soul is filled with gentle thought,
Unto its shrine by angels brought
From Heaven's supreme abode;
Thy dreams are not of earthly things,
But borne upon Religion's wings
They lift thee up to God!

THE UNFINISHED PICTURE.

THE spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, when compared with that
On which at times Man's destiny depends.



IT HAS BEEN SAID BY A SHREWD, OBSERVANT, AND TENDER-HEARTED AUTHOR, that "the loveliest thing in life is the mind of a young child." The most sensitive thing, he might have added, is the heart of a young artist. Hiding in his bosom a veiled and unspeakable beauty, the inspired neophyte shrinks from contact with the actual, to lose himself in delicious reveries of an ideal world. In those enchanted regions, the great and powerful of the earth; the warrior statesmen of the Elizabethan era; the steel-clad warriors of the mediæval; gorgeous cathedrals, and the luxuriant pomp of prelates, who had princes for their vassals; courts of fabled and forgotten kings; and, in the deepening gloom of antiquity, the nude Briton and the painted Pict—all pass before his enraptured eyes.

Women, beautiful creations! warm with breathing life, yet spiritual as angels, hover around him. Elysian landscapes are in the distance; but ever arresting his steps—cold and spectral in his path—stretches forth the rude hand of Reality. Is it surprising that the petty miseries of life weigh down his spirit? Yet the trembling magnet does not seek the north with more unerring fidelity than that "soft sentient thing," the artist's heart, still directs itself amid every calamity, and in every situation, towards its cynosure—perfection of the beautiful. The law which guides the planets attracts the one. The other is influenced by the Divine mystery which called the Universe itself into being; that sole attribute of genius—creation.

Few artists escape those minor evils which are almost a necessary consequence in an exquisitely sympathetic organisation. Fortunately these are but transient,—often requisite; bringing forth hidden faculties and deeper feelings, which else might have laid dormant. But iterated disappointments will wear even into a soul of iron; sadly I write it,—there have been such instances.

True and touching is the tale I have to tell; although it relates to an early period:—

"—its only charm, in sooth,
If any, will be sad and simple truth."

In one of those little villages in the north of England which still preserve the antiquated pastimes of bygone times, there lived, about a century ago, a young artist by the name of Stanfield. A small freehold estate barely sufficed to support himself and his aged grandmother. They resided in a cottage entirely by themselves, and as he was an orphan and

an only child, I need not say how dear he was to that poor old heart. The border ballads she would sit *crooning* to him on long winter nights, had been as eloquent to him as a mythology; and many a "Douglas and Percie,"—many an exploit of "Johnnie Armstrong," "Laidlaw," and "Elliott," adorned the walls of the cottage; depicted, it is true, with rude materials and implements, but sufficiently striking to excite the admiration of the villagers, who wondered, not so much at the manner in which the sketches were executed, as at the fact that such things could be done at all.

A beautiful rural landscape surrounded their home, and a view of the Solway, the Irish Sea, and the distant coast of Scotland, doubtless had its effect upon the mind of the young painter. Many were the gossipings, during his absence from the cottage, over these early productions of his pencil; and dear to his aged grandmother were the rude praises bestowed upon them by her rustic neighbors.

At last the squire called upon him. The meeting was delightful to both. The enthusiasm and innate refinement of the young man—the delicate taste, simplicity, and manly benevolence of the squire, were mutually attractive. A commission to paint a picture was given to Stanfield; and a large apartment in the manor hall was appropriated to his use. You may be sure he was untiring in his efforts now. Room to paint—materials to use—studies on every side—patronage to reward—happy artist!

Nor was the want of sweet companionship felt by him. At times a lovely face startled him at his doorway. Sometimes music, "both of instrument and singing," floated up the broad staircase. Sometimes he found a chance handful of flowers resting upon his palette. A golden-haired, blue-eyed vision haunted his dreams; waking or sleeping. Happy, happy artist! The squire had an only daughter. Her name was Blanche. The picture was at last completed.

* * *

It so happened that the great Sir Joshua Reynolds at this time paid the squire a visit. Ah! that young heart throbbed then,—not less with dread than joy. No doubt it was a crude production, that picture. But youth, with all its misgivings, is full of hope; and the young artist, in spite of the wise admonitions of his patron, insisted upon concealing himself behind the canvas, that he might hear the *candid* opinion of the great painter. It is scarcely necessary to refer to the fact that Sir Joshua was deaf, and his voice in consequence had that sharpness usual in persons so affected.

The expected day arrived. The squire and his guests stood before the picture. A sweet

voice, like a thread of gold, sometimes mingled with the praises of the rest. At last Sir Joshua spoke. Stanfield listened intently. He heard his picture *condemned*. Still he listened, his heart beating against his side almost audibly. There might be some redeeming points! Like an inexorable judge, the old painter heaped objection upon objection; and that, too, in tones, it seemed, of peculiar asperity. Poor Stanfield felt as if the icy hand of death were laid upon his heart; and then, with a sickening shudder, fell senseless upon the floor.

They raised him—he recovered—was restored to life; but what was life to him?

From that time he drooped daily. At last, his kind patron sent him to Rome. There, amid the eternal monuments of art,—avoiding all companions, immured in his little studio, he busied himself steadily, but feebly, with a work which proved to be his last.

It represented a precipitous cliff, to the brink of which a little child had crept. One tiny hand stretched out over the abyss; and its baby face was turned, with a smile, towards its mother, from whose arms it had evidently just escaped. That playful look was a challenge for her to advance; and she, poor mother! with that deep, dumb despair in her face, saw the heedless innocent just poised upon the brink,—beyond her reach; and knew that if she moved towards it a single step *it too would move*—to certain death. But with Heaven-taught instinct, she had torn the drapery from her breast, and exposed the sweet fountain of life to her infant. Spite of its peril, you felt it would be saved.

Such was the picture! Day after day, when the artists, his friends, gathered at their customary meals, his poor, pale face was seen among them,—listless, without a smile; and seemingly wistful of the end, when he might retire again to his secluded studio. One day he was missing. The second followed; but he came not. The third arrived,—still absent. A presentiment of his fate seemed to have infused itself in every mind. They went to his room. There, seated in a chair before his unfinished picture, they found him dead—his pencil in his hand.

MUSIC AND SLEEP.

Come then,—A SONG! A winding, gentle song,
To lead me into sleep. Let it be low
As Zephyr, telling secrets to his Rose;
For I would hear the murmuring of my thoughts,
And more of voice, than of that other music
Which grows around the strings of quivering lutes.
But most of Thought. 'Tis with my mind I listen;
And when the leaves of sound are shed upon it,
If there is no sound, remembrance grows not there.
So Life; so Death,—a song, and then a dream!
Come,—SING; before another dew-drop fall.

BEDDOES.

“LOVE AND CHERISH ONE ANOTHER.”

CREATION will be incomplete,
Never will it reach perfection,
While the poor from rich men meet
Cold and feelingless rejection.
Nature's aim will ne'er be gained,
Till each practise with his brother
The law by God himself ordained,—
“Love and cherish one another!”

Heart with heart must join in peace,
Envious state must disappear;
War and tumult then will cease
To rack the human breast with fear:
Pride must be dismissed the soul,
Man all angry feelings smother;
And these words his heart control,—
“Love and cherish one another!”

And unanimity must reign
Both in the palace and the cot;—
It will not govern men in vain,
For 'tis by mutual love begot.
Nature to her children cries,
(Oh! obey the general mother.)
“Men, the law of Heaven prize,—
Love and cherish one another!”

F. N.

LUXURIES OF THE SEASON.

SNOW-BALLS.

THERE IS, IF WE ERR NOT, a statute (or a clause in a statute), against throwing snow-balls. A great tyranny this; albeit the public wrong may have hitherto escaped the indignation of the patriotic. Painful is it for the philanthropic and benevolent mind to reflect upon the misdoings of lawgivers! To consider their ignorance, their persevering waste of golden time, their stubborn, stiff-necked despotism! They, in the hopeless hebetude of what they deem their souls, consider snow as merely a natural substance, ordained to do a certain good to the earth that feeds us; being altogether unmindful of its moral uses.

Now,—snow was made to be rolled into balls: the best instincts of our nature prove it. True it is, that as we grow older we lose somewhat of that ecstatic zest which, in the days of boyhood, made us rejoice in snow-balls. Nevertheless, we cannot wholly subdue the best impulses of our being. No! Sure we are that all men—at least all not wholly lost to natural promptings—do, in some hilarious moments, feel a strong and almost invincible desire to snow-ball their fellow-creatures.* The impulse may now and then lie dormant; but very sure we are it exists in the large heart of the human kind.

* In evidence whereof, we refer to the late extraordinary gambols on the Liverpool Stock Exchange.—Ed. K. J.

The man who—even at threescore—has not on some cheerful occasion, at some golden moment, yearned to throw a snow-ball, is utterly dead to one of the purest enjoyments of life. Such a man would not pluck a rose, nor gather a peach.

The law of the land, however, does not recognise this universal impulse of our being. Nay, it will not even wink at the offence; though often prone to fall fast asleep and snore lustily over greater evils. The law of the land puts a price upon snow-balls, selling them at not less than five shillings a-piece. We believe such to be the statute. We do not pride ourselves upon a very subtle knowledge of the laws, having always considered such knowledge as a very suspicious possession. Many folks study the laws as certain misdoers study the wires of spring-guns,—that they may still do wrong, and yet safely avoid them. We think, however, that Parliament sells snow-balls at five shillings each.

One snow-ball for—five shillings.

Well; it *is* dear. But then, Madam Law was ever costly. Otherwise, how could she maintain her swarm of lackeys; her many gentlemen of the chamber; her scores of snoring porters, seated on softest cushions, stuffed with fees?

One snow-ball for—five shillings!

It is no matter. There are times when, not to enjoy the luxury of the season—be it what it may—is to be dead to the beauties of this beautiful world. We feel our mouth water at the first compassable strawberries. They *are* dear. We *know* they are dear. Their costliness gives to them the lusciousness of forbidden fruit—of fruit forbidden to the pocket. And, therefore, shutting our eyes to the expense, we twitch out our purse, and dearly pay for the sweet temptation. Nevertheless, we eat, are filled, and feel no remorse. On the contrary, if our mind be in proper harmony, we feel that, as rational creatures, we have only rendered rightful sacrifice to the genius of the season.

Green peas—asparagus—early potatoes—seem also expressly sent to dally with the heart and pocket of man, and finally to subdue the sneaking economy that may commonly lodge within him. The man may be (what the world calls) a “good husband”—a kind father—a respectable friend. Yes; he may be all this, yet if he have not—for the especial delectation of the dear creature at the fireside—sometimes sinned in the face of Plutus, appearing at the conjugal hearth with some unthought-of dainty—green peas, asparagus, or infant potatoes—that man may, indeed, according to all ecclesiastical formulæ, be a husband. Yes; a church-bound, iron-bound husband. Yet, to our mind, does he lack the sweetest grace of conjugal life,—the

dignity and heroism of best uxoriousness. If, however, he want not these qualities, then does he sit him down and sup more daintily than Lucullus. He and his wife know the dish is dear,—very dear. They have committed a sin against household economy; but the sin is sweet, and they fall to and fall together.

We flatter ourselves that we know something of human nature—quite as much at least as the kitten, who, whilst we sit penning this essay, knows of the movements of the watch, at the chain of which she is jumping. And so knowing, we say we have but little faith in that man who, in all times, and under all temptations, can, with stonic, stony grin pass a lobster—a very dear lobster! His heart may not be of the color of the fish,—new from its native seas; but sure we are it is not of the beautiful red, investing the crustaceous dainty steaming from the cook’s pot. No, if his heart be of the right color, the real humanising hue, he will—after some fitful struggle—march boldly up to the counter, like a stout soldier to an enemy’s battery; and in a twinkling carry off the prize,—the dear-bought trophy. He will carry it to his homestead proudly, exultingly. He will feel that to be sometimes extravagant, is to follow a magnificent impulse—is to act up to one of the unpenning chapters of the Whole Duty of Man. Yes; to be at times a lit-tle prodigal, is the *lex non scripta* of our moral being.

And therefore—seeing the price that is put upon them—do we class snow-balls as luxuries; and therefore are we anxious to instruct the world in the proper use of the seasonable dainty. Now,—listen friends!

If, at this season, you meet a man who, with crammed larder and bursting cellar at home, will give no crumb, no drop, to the miserable poor around him,—we then say to you, *snow-ball him!* True, the missile will cost you—if detected—five shillings; but think of the season! Should you not enjoy yourself?

If there be a cold-hearted cousin who, with turkey and port on table, has sent not even the smallest bit of beef to a poor and fasting relative—*snow-ball him!*

If a landlord, who has torn the last rag from a shivering tenant—by all means *snow-ball him!*

If you meet the shining face of outside respectability—the cunning, decorous, well-to-do man, who being well-to-do, does only well to himself,—the man whose heart, even at this season, has in it no more life towards others than an addled egg,—pause not, but incontinently *snow-ball him!*

And, in fine, if you fall in with any of the hundreds of smirking, easy folks, who think themselves Christians, simply because they

they go to church on Sunday, stick holly on their shelves at Christmas, and most religiously eat plum-pudding; think not, pause not, but—vehemently SNOW-BALL THEM!

Oh, reader—if, indeed, you are the sort of reader we desire—you have enjoyed the first strawberries of summer, the sweet early pea, the tender potato.

Wherefore then should you not taste the luxury of winter? Why not enjoy your snow-ball?

Consider this,—if it be found out, it is *only* five shillings! A. B.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE, SYDENHAM.

MUCH ANXIETY was felt by certain parties about the *strength* of this building, when the late heavy fall of snow took place. It was feared that it would be quite unequal to sustain the pressure. However, to the surprise of all, it has survived the trial, and is not apparently much injured by the strain. Time will test this.

The glazing not being properly looked to, a considerable quantity of snow and rain found its way into the interior; and portions of the flooring and plaster casts ranged near the garden front were covered with a thick coating of snow. The principal sufferers by the inclemency of the weather were the plants and exotics, which have been arranged in large beds at the southern end of the building; but the influence of the weather told upon more than the plants. The works were necessarily suspended; and over palace and park a dreary silence reigned. This was augmented by the snow wrapping every external object.

A huge mass of scaffolding still fills up the entire area of the centre transept; and, although a large proportion of the ribs are now up, and the glazing at the west end commenced, some time will elapse before this, the most striking architectural feature of the building, can be completed. The internal decorations, less affected in their progress by the weather, proceed apace. Egypt, Greece, and Rome, are now so far advanced as to speak for themselves; and the decorator is concentrating his chief energies towards the restoration of the Alhambra. Upon the opposite side of the nave, Mr. Wyatt is vigorously at work. The decoration of the Pompeian House is nearly completed; and Mr. Ferguson is making rapid progress with his Assyrian Court, which promises to be not the least successful part of the palace. Both he and Mr. Owen Jones may congratulate themselves upon a new arrangement; the result of a compromise on a disputed point, which may be worth mentioning.

It was originally, it seems, proposed by

the latter, as one of the earliest ideas for securing great effects within the building, to place at the north end of the nave, the colossal seated figure of the god Râ, with the head of which every visitor of the British Museum is familiar. This figure, which is seventy feet high, and painted in the striking colors which give so peculiar a character to Egyptian art, would have completely extinguished the fine-winged, and human-headed bulls with which Mr Ferguson guards the main entrance of his Assyrian hall.

The question, however, was—what was to be done? A solid pile of masonry, more than thirty feet high had been constructed as the seat of the deity. Mr. Jones, having made up his mind to have him there, was not to be driven from his purpose. The west end of the north transept was, however, offered; and the privilege of erecting there two gods instead of one, with a double row of sphinxes leading up to them, provided the site at the end of the nave was given up.

This was too great a temptation to be refused; and, accordingly, when in July (for it is now ascertained that it cannot be earlier) the doors of the Crystal Palace are to be thrown open to the public, next to the building, and the fountains (surpassing in size even Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins's primæval monsters)—the largest objects, and those most likely to fill the minds and eyes of the Londoners with astonishment, will be these two wonderful representations of the scale upon which the sculptors of ancient Egypt wrought out of the rock the objects of their Pagan idolatry.

SONG.

THE SOWER TO HIS SEEDS.

SINK, little seed, in the earth's black mould,
Sink in your grave so wet and so cold,

There must you lie;
Earth-I throw over you,
Darkness must cover you,
Light comes not nigh.

What grief you'd tell, if words you could say,
What grief make known for loss of the day;

Sadly you'd speak;
"Lie here must I ever?
Will the sunlight never
My dark grave seek?"

Have faith, little seed—soon yet again
Thou'lt rise from the grave where thou art lain;

Thou'lt be so fair,
With thy green shades so bright,
And thy flowers so light
Waving in air.

So must we sink in the earth's black mould,
Sink in the grave so wet and so cold,—

There must we stay,
Till at last we shall see
Time to eternity,
Darkness to day.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

[THIS DEPARTMENT OF OUR JOURNAL is one of its most interesting, as well as valuable features. Amusement, instruction, mental improvement, and all the Social Virtues, are here concentrated. Whether the subjects introduced be on Natural History, Popular Science, Domestic Economy, the Fine Arts, or Matters of General Interest,—ALL are carefully digested, and placed before our readers in the winning garb of cheerfulness, good-temper, and a determination to please. Our amiable correspondents enter readily into our naturally-playful disposition,—hence are their contributions divested of that dry formality which cannot be other than repulsive to a true lover of Nature. Our columns, be it observed, are open to ALL amiable writers.]

Notes on the Blue-headed Tit-mouse.—Knowing what very great favorites (or rather what very great little favorites) the blue-caps (*Parus cæruleus*) are with you and your readers, I record in the pages of OUR OWN JOURNAL some of my observations on the habits of their race. You are quite right as to the situations they generally choose for their nests, but there are exceptions to be met with. You know the large fir tree on our lawn. Well; in that very tree have I found, at different times, no fewer than three nests. Master Tom did not, however, build in a hole or chink. No. In every instance, the nest was immediately beneath a branch,—nearly at its extremity. The first I espied, made me tremble for its safety. The branch on which it was built projected over the garden path; and was so near the ground, that the fear of its being discovered caused me much anxiety. However, so cunningly was it concealed from the view of passers-by, that the parents contrived to carry off a “happy little family” in perfect safety. The second nest was also constructed in this tree; and fortunately at too high an elevation for the cruelty of men and boys to reach it. Another “happy family” were safely brought out of *this* snug abode. Pretty little creatures! How rejoiced we all were to note the perfect happiness of the papa and mamma, whilst their tiny darlings were practising all sorts of the most diverting tricks. The third nest, I discovered on the 8th of August, 1852. I remember it was on the Sunday previous to your coming down to us. Had the rain not fallen so heavily, it was my intention to have called your particular attention to it, whilst we were in the garden. How very artfully Master Tom had concealed his whereabouts! No stranger to his peculiar habits could ever have “wormed out” his secret. Oh—no! But you know I am of a sex that is naturally “curious;” and a girl not readily to be baffled when my heart is set upon any particular object [Quite right,—Puss-y.] So,—my suspicion being awakened, I watched Master Tom carefully, and fairly dodged him in and out of the tree; till we seemed to understand each other. When he *knew* that he was outwitted,—all was quite right. Then did I presume on our acquaintance,—or rather friendship. Perched upon a table, and provided with a garden-rake, I drew gently down a certain branch, bearing a lovely burden. What a snug little palace was there built upon *that* branch! And now,—seven beautiful little heads met my gaze,—all packed in a space inconceivably small. Of course every member of our family wanted a sight! To gratify them, I removed one of the nestlings.

It was more than half fledged, and could flutter to the distance of two or three yards. I then carefully replaced it. The best remains to be told. Master Tom and his wee wi'e'y were looking on all the time,—evidently pleased, and proud of the notice taken of their children! I imagine the cause of these birds instinctively building *beneath* a branch, to originate in their fear of the Magpies,—for whom they entertain the greatest aversion; and at the sight of whom they raise a peculiar note or cry of alarm. I agree with you, and your correspondents, that Master Tom does not build in the laurestinus, although he delights in hiding himself among their leaves. I shall have some very curious sites of nests (chosen during the last season) to show you, when you come down again. They will form an interesting theme for comment in future numbers of OUR JOURNAL.—Puss.

[Thank you,—Pussy. The little facts you have here brought under notice are particularly interesting. They will doubtless elicit more pleasing anecdotes of this garden-pet. We have a host of them domesticated with us. The murderous guns of our neighbors, right and left, drive them to us as to a sanctuary. They instinctively feel they are “at home.”]

Snow Pancakes.—At the present season, when eggs are scarce and snow plentiful, I think we ought *all* to try a dish of these cheap luxuries. I call them “luxuries,” for such they really are. Away with eggs! say I. Snow beats them hollow. It is better and cheaper. *Experto crede*. But how are they made? Listen. Mix your batter with the usual quantity of milk and flour; and for each (imagined) egg, put in two tablespoonfuls of snow, heaped up,—pyramid fashion. Stir the whole well; and then proceed as in the ordinary way. Great care must of course be taken in frying them; and *when* fried,—only think of the treat!—C. F. T. Y.

[Thanks—gentle Sir. Pancakes have ever been our delight from infancy, and we have often marvelled “why” Shrove Tuesday should not be kept all the year round. Well; it is again near at hand; and let us hope that snow is as near. We vow—and our vow is sacred—that the first gathering of snow we can collect shall speedily be heard hissing in combination with lemon (we love lemon), in our domestic frying-pan. We will lunch at home,—dine at home,—sup at home; and make ourself a pattern of good-nature the livelong day. If the treat be what we anticipate, we will gladly “report progress; and ask leave to—sit again.”]

More of the Domestic Cat.—“Still harping on my daughter!” Well; let the truth be told. Our felinc friends, among their other short-comings, are often too, with justice, taxed with being savage murderers of pet birds. Many a cat has hung from a branch, or gone over a bridge with a rope and a stone, after being caught crouching beside an empty and open cage with fatal yellow feathers strewed around; while in the cases of milder masters or mistresses, many a bitter tear has probably been shed over the mangled remains of “poor Goldy, who would eat out of your hand;” or “poor Bully, who piped so beautifully the

'Banks and Braes.' To cure cats of the propensity to attack pet birds has always, therefore, been a matter of effort; and a variety of expedients—such as heating the bars of the cages, and burning the cat's nose against them—are more or less in request. Some of these are cruel, and none of them I believe to be really needful. The first thing to be done, to keep cats from birds, is to take care that the cats are well fed, and that no hungry fit may occasionally prompt a breach of moral duties; the second is to familiarise the two classes of creatures, and accustom them to each other's presence. Most birds are killed by cats with empty stomachs, and by those who have not undergone the sort of socialising process which I have described. I have seen people drive away cats for merely *looking at* caged birds. This is quite a mistaken plan. Unless the passion of hunger be roused in the creature, ten to one it is only satisfying its curiosity by the mere contemplation of the "little warbler." At all events, in my own experience, without any particular training, except kind treatment, and often putting the cages, with their occupants, on the table for the cat's inspection, the creatures appear to have got so companionable that I have no scruple in leaving some half-dozen birds within the reach of three cats. The animals frequently sit and look at each other; and a green parrot, with a great talent for biting, has regularly a snap at any whisking tail or incautious paw which may be found within the limits of her very powerful organ. Sometimes this creature will sit quietly on a cat's back, and people have wondered how it was "tamed and taught" to do so. There was no "taming" or "teaching" in the case; further, indeed, than good feeding, and, as it were, making the creatures acquainted and familiar—the birds with the beasts. The cat, to win his affection, must be more sedulously attended to than the dog. There is no doubt, indeed, that the gratitude of the one creature is far more easily evoked than that of the other. A dog will often follow a stranger along a street, if tempted by a bit of food. Dog stealers are tolerably well acquainted with the fact; but a cat will do nothing of the sort. Dogs yield to the first kind word or friendly pat. The majority do so, at all events; cats do not fling their friendship away so lightly. True, when won, it is neither so trusty, so pure, nor so elevated as the dog's; but the peculiar character of the creature—its coy, yet by no means fickle nature—its suspicious, yet, under certain circumstances, confiding disposition—its peculiar refinement of taste—a dog gobbles its meat, like a coalheaver over a steak. A well-brought-up cat takes dinner coolly, like a *gourmet* over a *paté de foie gras*)—and, finally, the general grace and gliding ease of posture of the creature—its peculiar cleanliness, and its marked adaptability for household purposes—all these qualities ought, surely, to elevate puss a step higher in social estimation than it has yet ascended.—A. B. R.

[Admitting *much* of the above to be true, we cannot allow that dogs generally are so easily cajoled as is here hinted at. A *good* dog is very faithful, and will *not* follow a stranger. Nor do we at all approve of cats (under *any* circumstances) being domesticated where there are birds in the family. The cat is a vile deceiver—

a perfect Jesuit. You are never sure of her. Whilst lying in your bosom, she is perhaps quietly planning how to destroy (unobserved) the dearest of your pet canaries. We would *quite* as soon admit an emissary of the Church of Rome into our family as a cat,—*if that cat had any private view to carry out*. We are not at all surprised at the complaints we receive from so many families about losses by cats; nor do we pity the sufferers. How can we? It is their own fault entirely.]

Life in Man and Beast.—We are too much in the habit, my dear sir, of taking it for granted that all creatures live at the same rate. But, if we consider analogy, we shall be forced to admit that some animals live "faster," and some "slower" than ourselves. Life, like every thing in nature, is comparative. The ephemera of a summer-day may, in the circumscribed compass of a few hours, run through a whole life-time of joy and sorrow; all the history of a life being compacted into so small a space of time that years become minutes. Life is *not* a state of rest; but of incessant operation. It is a continual circulation of action and being. It is a compound of working powers, maintained by one principle, for one end. Every thing bodily in man is subject to changes and alterations. Every thing on which the vital principle exercises its action is in a continual alternation of increase and decrease; of loss and reparation. Scarcely have a few years elapsed before our substance is entirely renewed,—again re-created from the surrounding elements! You will call me a "female philosopher." Be it so! I love OUR JOURNAL at all events; and am delighted to see how it ranges over the world, doing good without end. A Happy New Year to it,—and to its Editor!—EMILY P., *Carshalton*.

[Oh,—Emily! Well; dumb though we be, let—

"Expressive silence muse thy praise!"

It is highly gratifying to find so many fair hands and tender hearts at work for us. We acknowledge it gratefully. May thy example be followed by many others, possessed of hearts like thine!]

Eggs of a Bullfinch sucked by a Slug.—A curious "Fact."—In the month of May, last year, I found a bullfinch's nest (containing four eggs) built in a rose-bush, which was trained over an arch in one of our garden paths. Being anxious to save the young, I was careful not to go near the place; lest I should scare the old ones, who were for several days to be seen constantly near their nest. A short time afterwards, I missed them; and thinking it possible that they had been disturbed by the cats, I examined the nest, and to my great surprise found in it a huge slug *Limax ater*) in the act of sucking the eggs; three of which he had finished, and was then operating on the fourth. In each of the eggs that were sucked, was a small hole (about the eighth of an inch in diameter), through which he had abstracted the contents. On raising him up with my finger, I found his mouth inserted into a small hole, similar to those in the others, through which he had sucked the yolk and nearly all the white. Having caught this gentleman *flagrante delicto*, he was

executed by Lynch law. Never having heard of such a circumstance before, I send it for the information of yourself, and your many entomological readers.—C. F. T. Y., *Stockleigh Pomeroy, Crediton.*

Changes.—Knowing the sentiments of "Our Editor," and his ceaseless aim to make people "think;" I send for insertion in OUR OWN, some very impressive lines, which have a voice worth listening to. How true it is that "Little things" (your favorite theme!) make up our sum of human happiness!—

The tree that's lopp'd, in time may grow again;
The naked plants renew both leaf and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release from pain;
The driest soil suck in some moistening show'r.
Times go by turns; and changes come by course;
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

Not always fall of leaf,—not always Spring;
Not endless night, yet not eternal day,
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storms a calm may soon allay.
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all—
That Man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win what by mischance was lost;
The net that holds no great, takes "little" fish;
In some things all,—in others none are crost;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish:
Uningled joys here to no man do fall,
Who least have some; who most have never all!

Worcester.

GILLY-FLOWER.

Cats,—their Sensitiveness to Mesmeric Influence.—I note in your last, that a want of leisure has prevented your going into the philosophy of this interesting inquiry; and that your pen cannot discharge one-twentieth part of its required duties. How should it? Well then; let me help you. [Most cordially do we thank you; and accept the proffered service.] I do so cheerfully; for it is a subject in which I take particular pleasure. Electricity is now engaging the attention of all the world. Europe in particular is making rapid strides in a knowledge of its wonderful powers. The Electric Telegraph faithfully transmits our messages, and with the rapidity of thought. It will no doubt bear its part in helping on a moral revolution. There is a body of evidence in existence, waiting to be examined as to the truth of its miraculous influence. You are well aware of the progress now making by professional mesmerists,—despite the sneers of our "great physicians" (so called), and our *soi-disant* philosophers who rank as "eminent men." Why will not these individuals investigate the truth of this science, and wait patiently to learn more of its wonderful powers? [For the best of all reasons: medicine would then become "no mystery." Lord Burleigh's head when shaken would mean "nothing." Gravity would not "go down;" and the physician's coffers would become gradually exhausted. Good sense would soon banish superstition; and "fancy"—the physician's idol—would give way to the enjoyment of ruddy health. *This will never do!*] Hitherto, their medical press has shamefully distorted facts, and refused publication of the as-

tounding cures by Mesmerism in the Hospitals at Calcutta; as also in England. Why will they not investigate?—why will they continue to refuse to visit and examine? The "reason" is surely obvious. The Mesmeric influence, rightly directed, is one of great power; this has been proved, times out of number, by the cure of many obstinate states of disease which defy the power of medicine. Indeed, its legitimate use is in the cure of disease, and the alleviation of pain; in the giving a sound and fortifying sleep when *opiates are of no use*. Public exhibitions of Mesmeric and Electro-Biological experiments cannot be too much condemned [Arrant "humbugs" are all these pseudo-doctors, and *charlatans*]. If medical men go *there* to investigate (more especially if prompted by a cavilling spirit), they had better stay at home. An exhibition-room is not the place for patient physical and psychical study. Let them divest themselves of bigotry and prejudice, and watch the good that is daily effected. Then will they soon convince themselves (if they are not already convinced) of the existence of a power more potent, and less dangerous than chloroform. They will learn that operations which could not possibly be performed under chloroform, can be safely commenced and triumphantly completed in the deep mesmeric sleep. Their continued opposition to Dr. Elliotson has but ended in *their* shame; whilst *he* is now universally recognised as a public benefactor. The advancement of scientific truth, cannot now be stifled. The evidence of the existence of a mesmeric influence is quite as conclusive to all who perseveringly seek for it, as the evidence on which philosophers and men of science believe in the wonders of electricity, galvanism, or magnetism. This mesmeric influence is of great permeating power. As the magnet attracts the needle through glass; so, bodies in a state of disease attract or draw from the mesmerist his life-giving mesmeric influence. Hence the exhaustion sometimes felt by mesmerists. I believe that we all possess this power, *but not all in the same degree*. And ere long it will be proved, that it varies in men not only in degree, but in quality. It appears to me, from observation and experiment, that the power admits of classification. Men and women—I mean human beings, differ so much in temperament and in mental conformation, that their mesmeric emanations cannot but receive a character. The intensity, character, and quality must differ; and the judgment of the experienced mesmerist should direct *where, when, and how* to use them. In a paper like OUR JOURNAL, it is impossible to do justice to so important a subject. [We can only allow it to be introduced incidentally.] We are waiting for true physicians. In time they will appear, and command their natural position. Thus much prefatory. All who have studied mesmerism know, that inferior animals are in various degrees as susceptible to the mesmeric influence as human beings. This proves that the imagination cannot be the actuating cause. Not long since, a horse was cured of lock-jaw by the mesmeric passes. (By the way, can any of your readers enlighten us on the subject of "Horse-whisperers?") Miss Martineau cured a cow of a dangerous disease by the mesmeric influence. Birds, both wild and tame, have often been placed in the deep mesmeric sleep; and fish have been subjected

to its influence. [We can speak oracularly about this; having had the most pleasing proofs of it.] I have often produced curious and very marked effects upon CATS, and have always found them remarkably sensitive to the mesmeric power. In some, the passes appear to produce a state of great irritability. In others, contrary effects are excited. I have very lately succeeded, after much opposition from pussy, in completely entrancing her. Now, as in human beings who are sensitive the upward mesmeric passes are sometimes dangerous, and productive of very curious states,—so, in all cats, backward passes from the tail to the head produce irritation. I have frequently heard it remarked, that black cats are highly electrical, and that a cat taken into a dark place, and rubbed backwards, will emit electrical sparks. I am not quite disposed to believe that these sparks when seen *are* thrown off by the cat. There may sometimes be a curious sympathetic attraction between a cat and a human being, and the sparks seen may possibly be mesmeric, *not* electric. Van Helmont (from whose works I think it more than likely that Mesmer obtained much of his knowledge) states, that a cat thrown into the lap of a magnetised patient, will produce convulsions. Some few years ago, watching by the bedside of a dying friend (a gentleman who had always expressed a dislike to cats, and who during his long illness could not bear the presence of one—in fact his lady was compelled to banish the cat from the house), I was much astonished by his remarking to me, in a voice expressive of fear and much agitation, that a cat was in the house. On my telling him that it could not be so (for that some days previously I had requested his wife to send the cat away), he spoke more earnestly,—imploping me to go and see; for that *he felt* there was one in the house. I left his room accordingly; and found, down stairs, a strange cat. Of course I sent the animal away; and he immediately *felt* relief. It is often said, that cats go away to die. Indeed I have known many (after much bodily suffering) to suddenly disappear. What influences them? Where does their instinct lead them?—JOHN JAMES BIRD.

[This inherent Mesmeric power over man and animals *ought to be* no secret. If time permitted, we feel sure we could be pleasingly eloquent on the subject, and entertain our readers with a detail of our interesting experiments this way (even from boyhood), that would hold them spell-bound. It is this cherished power (felt and enjoyed) that blesses us with so many dear, kind friends. Opportunity will bring our “little secret” on the *tapis* some day; and we will try and impart it. It is “worth knowing.”]

The Charms of Flowers.—Oh,—my best and dearest of Editors (excuse my rapture, for the “coming season” makes my whole existence, as you say, fairly “poetry”)—is not the very name of a flower in early spring quite enchanting? It is so suggestive of all that is fresh and lovely in nature! When you come down to Henley, and walk with our “happy family” (for we *all* love you) by the side of our picturesque river—I have lots of walks in store for you!—how we will revel in scenes of beauty, and engage in conversation on *those* topics in which you so much delight! [Positively, our brain reels!] You love our

sweet mother,—Nature. So do I. So do we all. Only think of what she is planning in her slumbers,—of which, recently, you sang so sweetly! Was there ever *such* a mother? Surely not. How I do long to gaze upon her earliest work,—the realisation of her “first impressions!” Then,—to trip after her, morning by morning, day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute! But I will not be impatient. Whilst she is finishing her refreshing nap—her face beaming with love and beauty, let us, too, pleasingly dream of what awaits us, and worship Nature’s God for his goodness to us children of men. Oh, those gems that sparkle in Nature’s diadem—the rich embroidery, and the glittering adornments of her gayest and her simplest robes—the pearls, the rubies, the diamonds, the sapphires, the gorgeous jewels that enrich and beautify her fair person! Are they not sweet flowers? Who does not love flowers? The highest and the lowliest, the rich and the humble; those who are gifted with high intellect, and those of limited capacity,—all unite in this one sweet sense of the beautiful. It is a sad house that has no flowers in it! Aye; and that is a hard and harsh soul which can let the beautiful summer-time glide away, and find no pleasure in looking upon this choicest gift of nature. We may expect to find—and we *do* find, the exquisite blossoms of our own land, and rare exotics, in the lordly dwellings of the rich. Yet we see the humbler, *but not less lovely*, in the homes of the poor; all as carefully tended and cherished as their means and limited time will permit, even though it be one small flower in a little pot, struggling for life in a smoky garret.—HONEYSUCKLE, *Henley*.

[Really, Honeysuckle,—if you paint your pictures after *this* fashion, we fear we shall be oftener found at Henley than at our proper post. A desk, a stool, an “attic” dwelling, a dreary look-out below (slightly relieved by an old dirty flower-pot above, occupied by a faded China-aster), and the frantically-horrible sounds ground by an Italian nondescript out of the bowels of an organ (!) in the street—these are our present prospects. And yet you sing to us about nature and flowers, till our very heart aches! Let that “little spare room” be got ready,—*s’il vous plait*.]

Longevity of the Ass.—Some people say it is impossible to state the average duration of this animal’s life. [It is so.] Others say, you rarely, if ever, meet with a *dead* one. [This, too, is another curious fact.] Be that as it may, I send you an interesting account of an animal who has lived to the age of seventy. It is taken from the *Bury Post*:—“A donkey has just died at Fornham, All Saints, having attained the venerable age of seventy years and upwards. It formerly belonged to the Cornwallis family, and was ridden by the Lady Ann, after whom it was named; but a few years ago, being parted with on account of its then old age, it came into the family of Mrs. Browne, of Fornham, through whose kindness it had for a long time lived a life of ease, ranging at large over the fields; it latterly had been fed on bran and soft food, in consequence of its inability to eat grass, the teeth being completely worn away.” Surely the longevity of this donkey argues well for the kindness of its mistress; and let us

hope the circumstance will, if recorded, induce others to be similarly humane and generous.—*BOMBYX ATLAS.—Tottenham.*

[These animals, if kindly used, live to an almost incredible age. Some thirty years since, we saw a donkey at work in Carisbrooke Castle, Isle of Wight. It used to draw up the bucket from the deep well there (shown to visitors); and had been, we were told, in that occupation some sixty years. Its age was stated to be about eighty-four. We heard, a few years subsequently, that it was dead,—not from age, but from an accident. We should *imagine* that from thirty to forty years of age would be a fair average calculation.]

Notes during a Short Ramble near Dorchester.—On a day in the early part of this month (December), feeling inclined for a little fresh air, (having been closely confined in the office for many days), and the morning being clear after a fine frost, I took a stroll in fair company round Stafford; returning home by Stinsford. Although Winter has arrived, so many objects of local interest to a lover of nature are to be observed within this short distance, that I cannot refrain from giving your readers a brief statement of the incidents. We first passed through Fordington, a parish of which I can only say it bears not a little resemblance to the far-famed “St. Giles’s, in olden time;” before the hand of improvement and progress (fortunately never ceasing) had swept away the impurities of that place. I hope to live, to be enabled to record the like result with reference to Fordington. We then cross a bridge on the Wareham road, over the South Western Railway,—adjoining a very deep cutting through the chalk, and famous for numerous and good specimens of fossil remains, discovered here in great profusion. We next pass through a turnpike gate, *en route* to Stafford; and thence up a pretty incline, leaving the picturesque little parsonage house of Winterborne Came on the right. From the top of this hill, standing on one of the Tumuli for which our county is remarkable (tombs, doubtless of the Romans), a noble view of a large extent of country meets the eye, with Kingston House (now the seat of James Fellowes, Esq., formerly of William Morton Pitt, Esq., Member of Parliament for the county), Bockhampton, and Stafford. in the foreground, and Clyffe House, Tincton and other villages, and the railway meandering through the valley,—in the distance. Proceeding onward, after listening to the rushing engine with a long train of carriages, we again cross the railway over another bridge. And just below, we enter the fields, through which the road leads; forming part of the Froome estate. The mansion has been lately rebuilt, and is occupied by the owner, John Floyer, Esq.; one of the M.P.’s for the county. It is a very interesting structure, in the Old English style; and surrounded by some splendid trees, bearing the remains of the last year’s nests of a colony of rooks,—many of which were flying slowly over the fields, on the look-out for prey. We then get into a pretty lane, with hedges and rivulets on each side; till we arrive at the large bridge over the river Froome, near the quiet village of Bockhampton, which, with its new school-house, &c.,

forms a very pleasing object to the passer-by. The water was glassy-clear, and we saw many fine specimens of the fish for which “our river” is noted—the trout. It was amusing to watch these fellows, facing the limpid little rivulets running from the meadows into the river; waiting for flies and other insects brought down by the stream. The path from the bridge is bordered on each side with water; and the trout, with now and then the splash of a rat, and the low murmur of the ripple over the gravelly bed form a cheerful accompaniment to our thoughts. We also saw several fine blackbirds in the hedges, hunting for food; and others over the water-meadows. Insects we observed none; but it was evident, from the occupation of the blackbirds, that worms and others were “about, to their undoing.” Still going along the path skirting the pleasure-grounds of Kingston House (a view of which we had from the opposite hill about a mile distant), we were entertained by the sounds of the various aquatic birds on the ponds; and the flight of some disturbed teal. We saw likewise several of those lovely little “conceited”-looking birds, the Kitty Wren; and also of the Robin,—so well known, and on account of their tameness, respected even by boys,—usually such young destructives. Emerging now from the fields into the road called “the London Road,” at the point of Fordington-moor Turnpike, we cross the river again at Grey’s Bridge,—a handsome stone erection of three arches, built by one of the Pitt family at the end of the last century; and afterwards turning off at the bridge called Swan’s Bridge, at the lower part of the High East Street, we proceed again by the bank of the river, passing the “Old Friary,”—of which, however, no record remains. Here we were delighted at seeing a bright-plumed Kingfisher fly from the bank to the other side of the river, and become lost to view. The blue back of the little beauty appeared brilliant to a degree; and I never before saw one so close to the town. Our arrival at the foot of the grounds of the gaol by Friary Mills, completed our walk; which, it is needless to say, with fine weather (cold, but conducive to health and spirits), we greatly enjoyed. I cannot help thinking that a walk like this may be slightly instructive; and I must here hold up my feeble voice against the indiscriminate slaughter of birds and other animals for “collections,” so ably commented on in *OUR OWN JOURNAL* (see page 283 of the Fourth Volume); for I frequently call to mind the beautiful lines of the immortal bard:—

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

“Alas! my Lord, I have but killed a fly.”

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

“But how, if that fly had a father and mother?

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,

And buz lamenting doings in the air?

Poor harmless fly!

That with his pretty buzzing melody,

Came here to make us merry; and thou hast killed him!”

Dorchester, Dec. 26, 1853.

JOHN GARLAND.

Insect Observations. Notes on Lepidoptera.
—*Zeuzera Esculi*: I saw a fine female specimen of this moth in July last, taken from

the palings of Victoria Park. The tips of the wings were rather shattered, otherwise it was in good and perfect condition. *Limacodes Testudo*: I took several larvæ of this moth at West Wickham, in October last. *Semiophora Gothica*. I took a specimen of this insect, near the middle of June last, near Dartford. *Polia Serena*, *Cucullia Umbratica*: These moths appear to have been rather plentiful this year, in the vicinity of London. I have taken and seen many specimens obtained in this neighborhood. I am informed, the former literally swarmed on the coast at Deal. *Xerene Albicillata*: I took three specimens of this beautiful insect in one spot, on the 2nd of July last, at Darenth. *Bapta Taminaria*, *Macaria Notataria*, appear to have been unusually abundant this year at Darenth. I took several specimens of both insects. *Hypopygia Costalis*: Several specimens of this beautiful moth have occurred in an apple tree in my garden. *Hypenodes Abblistrigalis*: A specimen in Plumstead Wood, last August:—*Scopula Fernigalis*: I took several specimens of this insect in good condition at Brighton, about the middle of September last. *Pempelia Perfluella*: several specimens in July last. The larvæ, I imagine, feed on elm, as all specimens I have hitherto obtained were invariably beat from hedges of the above tree. I have taken this species as early as the 28th of May. *Elachista Cerussella*: I have obtained the male of this *Tinea* by breeding. It appears to have been hitherto unknown. *Pterophorus Acanthodactylus*: a specimen in the month of August, which I beat from a mixed hedge at Leytonstone. *P. Phœodactylus*: several specimens in the neighborhood of Croydon, during the month of July. *P. Tetractylus*: a specimen on the chalk hills near Dartford, in July last. *Chrysomela Hæmoptera*: a specimen at Brighton, about the middle of September last.—C. MILLER, *Hackney, January 12.*

Modern Education.—People, now-a-days, seem to marvel at servants and others being ignorant; seeing that this is the age of progress. Progress! Yes. But do we begin at the right end? Question! A few days since, I entered a shop in a neighboring parish to make a trifling purchase. Whilst there, a smartly-dressed young woman, aged about twenty-five, and having the appearance of a nursery governess, stepped in. From the airs she gave herself, and her evident desire to attract attention, I was induced—you know I am always, like yourself, trying to learn *something*—to linger behind for a few minutes. I then heard as follows:—*Simpering Miss*—Pray do you sell stamps? *Shop-woman*—Yes, M-i-s-s. *Simpering Miss*—Will you be so obliging as to let me have two penn'orth? *Shop-woman*—Yes, M-i-s-s. (And she cut them off; and put them in paper.) *Simpering Miss*—Now I *must* get you to tell me how much they come to. The answer was—"two-pence." This difficulty over; a question was raised as to the shop-woman selling wafers. One penn'orth of these was asked for; and handed over, in a neat envelope. Then followed the knotty question—"How much do they amount to?" and the answer—"one penny, if you please, M-i-s-s." "Dear me!" *simpered* the purchaser, "one penny, —just what I guessed. Thank you. Here is a

four-penny piece. What will they be *altogether*?" The reply of "three-pence," elicited one more question—"Will there be any change?" Another reply of—"Yes; one penny," seemed to amaze the fair postulant, who *smirkingly* tripped off, in the highest good humor with herself, *lisp-ing* out—"I wish you a g-o-o-d morn-ing, me'm!" As she became lost to sight, I turned round and inquired if many such customers entered that shop? The mistress, coming forward, replied—"Yes, indeed, I have many such; but," added she, "I do not know the person who has just gone out. She is a chance customer." Now, my dear sir, on every side we behold extravagantly-built almshouses, as well as schools for the reception and education of the humbler classes. Would it not, I ask you, be a wiser thing to expend more money in training the mind of the poorer classes in the right way? Then might we gaze more complacently on some of these absurdly-ornamented buildings! I am no friend to the ridiculous education accorded to many classes in the present day; but surely, such a spectacle as the one I have faintly described to you, is something more than lamentable!—*BOMBYX ATLAS.*

[Your remarks are perfectly just. We daily see lamentable exhibitions of this extreme ignorance. Pretty faces and pretty figures are all very well,—in their way; but how one shudders at the wilderness of weeds within!]

Curious Collection of Semi-torpid Flies in a Thatched Roof.—On removing part of the thatched roof of the Rectory House, Stockleigh Pomeroy, in order to replace it by new—which was done a fortnight before Christmas, 1853, an immense number of flies, consisting chiefly of the *Musca Cæsar*, *M. Domestica*, and *M. Carnaria*, were found huddled together in a semi-torpid state. Amongst them were the remains of a great quantity of the smaller species, as well as of those above-mentioned, apparently the collection of several years. There were also about forty females of the *Vespa Vulgaris*, which had evidently taken up their winter quarters in the thatch. Most of them were killed; but not before some of the workmen had *felt* that these gentry wore their side-arms.—C. F. T. Y.

Cats as Merchandise. "A Card."—I observe, my dear sir, not without some degree of secret pleasure (in which I think *you* will share), that cats are "doing" in Australia at 20s. each. At page 319, Vol. IV. of OUR JOURNAL, reference is made by a correspondent to Mr. Hitchcock, of Geelong, who deals largely,—purchasing by the cart (or cat) load. Now, my dear sir, do *you* know the party or parties,—and is there any chance of our being able to do business together (I speak confidentially) on anything like a remunerating scale? Of course *you* must participate in the profits; and if you negotiate satisfactorily, I will invoice each animal to *you* (*you* accounting for the sales to *me*) at 12s. 6d. each,—with a further rebate of 5 per cent. for a cash settlement. To prevent any annoyance, I will call them "Tabbs," and they shall be sent up in a wooden cask (per cart). *Entre nous*, I hate all cats but *my own*; and of her—dear good soul!—you have already spoken in terms of

the highest praise. She deserved it, as a reference to Vol. II., page 299, will prove. However, I must not quote your Latin compliment,—

“*Mi-cat inter omnes,*”

whilst packing up *that* cask! We must make it, *s'il vous plait*,—

“*Mi-cat restat!*”

for she is such a de—ar! The breed I have in view for export, are a prime sort—warranted good mousers; and of a handsome presence withal. *I know where to get a nice lot more of the same sort*; so you may safely negotiate. Keep my name and address secret, and all will be safe. I am in your hands; and feel you will do me justice. We quite understand each other,—eh?—Your's, FANNY.

[“Close as wax” are we, Fanny. We will make inquiries as soon as possible. Meantime,—“Mum!”]

A Fresh-Water Vivarium.—Can some one of your readers tell me whether anybody has yet undertaken to fit up in private houses, a Fresh-Water “Vivarium” on the principle of the marine one now exhibiting in the Regent's Park? Surely nothing could be more ornamental to a room than a glass tank; so arranged that the animal and vegetable worlds might balance each other,—keeping the water pure without the necessity for changing it. Just throw out the hint.—J. B. M., Glasgow.

First-rate Skylarks.—I want, Mr. Editor, a first-rate Skylark; but after the treatment you met with from that good-for-nothing fellow, John TUTHILL, of Edinburgh (calling himself a medical man), I dare not ask you to get one for me. Please direct me *where* to apply.—E. W., Dundee.

[Use our name, and write to Mr. CLIFFORD, 24, Great St. Andrew Street, Holborn. He has some remarkably fine songsters just now; and you may place every reliance on him. You speak of John TUTHILL. He has never re-imbursed us for the cost of his German canary; nor could we ever induce him to give back the bird. He is an arrant villain, as we wrote and told him. We believe he still resides at 23, Clyde Street, Edinburgh. His having had “a gentlemanly education” only adds to his knavery. We have now quite done with choosing, buying, and sending birds “cost and carriage free!”]

On the Verbena:—

When rudely handled, or severely press'd,
How sweet the fragrance from thy leaves express'd!

Injur'd by man, a lesson here we learn,—
For malice, love; for evil, GOOD return.

CATHARINA.

Sympathy of the Poor for each other.—I was much delighted at those remarks of yours, on page 352, vol. iv.; and *à propos* of that same subject, I send you the following:—Early one lovely summer morning, a poor travelling woman requested me to give her a cup of cold water. It was a humble request,—so humble that the water became milk! It was not a costly substitute—but how thankfully it was received! Being more

than she required, the good soul asked if she might give the remainder to her child, who was waiting in the road? Of course I said yes; and the child having drained the cup to the bottom, smilingly returned it. Both then trudged forward on their way. Nothing more was thought of them; but, in about an hour afterwards, looking from a window which commanded a sight of the road, I observed the child in a state of seeming distress (she was at some considerable distance). On going to the spot, there lay the poor mother—almost in a hopeless state. Strong stimulants being applied, she recovered sufficiently for us to become aware that the milk she had swallowed had occasioned violent cramp. She told us, too, that the object of her journey was to dispose of some list shoes at a neighboring town. This, she said, would enable her to discharge her rent, and so keep a roof over the heads of herself and children. At this moment, whilst we were anxiously debating how to act, a travelling tinker came up. He at once saw what was the matter; spoke soothingly to the child, and sympathetically to the mother,—slyly and hastily slipping a silver coin into the poor woman's hand. “God help you!” said he, in an under tone, “your wants are greater than mine; and I shall not miss it.” We overheard enough to make us try to detain him. It was no use. Turning a deaf ear, he was speedily out of sight, and carried with him—an honest, a tender conscience. . . . Two days subsequently, we had the satisfaction of seeing these two poor creatures leave the parish workhouse (whose Master was a credit to humanity), quite restored. They called on us, invoked blessings on our head, and departed. . . . About three months afterwards, a clean, neatly-dressed woman stood at our door. It was our old casual acquaintance of the highway. She had travelled twenty miles, and came with a little offering of gratitude—in the form of list slippers, *for each one of the family*. This we could not altogether refuse; so we compromised the matter by accepting one pair. We were gratified in hearing that the sale of her shoes *had* been effected; her rent paid, and all her other little affairs “set straight.” Of the tinker,—oh, how often! and more than once envied him his feelings on the day I first saw him. You quite understand me, I am sure. Else am I a stranger to the recesses of your heart.—MIMOSA.

[Yes, Mi-mi—you have touched a chord of sympathy. Behold!—another jewel in our crown!]

Hurrah for the Potato!—What a voice has a potato!—What a wonderful gift too is it from God to man! reproving him at once for all his ingratitude, and teaching him how dependent he is upon his Maker, who is so bountiful in all his provisions for his creatures. A potato is welcome at all times—in all seasons—in all climates—in all forms,—whether for luncheon, dinner, or supper, the potato is ever heartily received. First think of a plain boiled potato. Then fancy it nicely mashed, in company with a little milk, cream, &c., &c. How aged people do enjoy it!—Is it *not* delicious? Oh—yes! See it fried, or baked *cela fait venir l'eau à la bouche*. Have you never had your olfactory nerves regaled on your way home from the parish church, on the sabbath, with the

exquisitely savory smell of a beautiful joint of baked-pork, which some ruddy girl, in her neat Sunday dress and clean white apron, is bringing smoking-hot from the baker's, to the family table? [Hold hard! good Bombyx.] Have you never wished, as you espied the crisp crackling, and brown frizzling potatoes peeping from underneath their snowy covering (speak the truth Mr. Editor) that it was going to your own table? [We never see this without breaking the "tenth commandment."] I have, often. More especially when, a little further on, you meet the bustling boy from the neighboring inn with his blue tray in each hand, well filled with sundry pots of frothy porter. I really cannot go on, lest you should think that the roast pork and brown potatoes make me forget all about the eloquent discourse of the kind-hearted, venerable vicar. But do just think of a potato-salad—with a salted herring or two mixed up with it. *Ma foi! mais c'est superbe.* [If you go on thus, we shall become extravagant; our appetite is getting alarmingly keen.] One more dish I must just hint at, and then, goodbye. Only fancy yourself coming home after a tiring day's walk (say about nine o'clock on a frosty night), when, in a few short minutes, stands before you a large dish of smoking roasted potatoes, butter, salt, pepper, &c., &c., flanked by a bright pewter of Charrington's best! [This has "finished" us completely.] The potato is found on the table of the highest sovereign, and decorates equally that of the poorest peasant. It is eaten and enjoyed by the high and the low, the rich and the poor. It is a universal favorite. In almost all countries, in every quarter of the globe, it is (I believe) found. I have seen a great deal in my time, Mr. Editor, and dined in many odd places, but I really cannot recollect that the delicious potato (in some one shape or another) ever failed to form part of the repast. Even in an entomological point of view, what a noble insect is *Acherontia Atropos*? You know the favorite food of the beautiful larvæ is the potato; its leaves and young stems. It is true it will feed on the jasmin; but then this splendid insect (as if to show its deep regret at the absence of the noble potato) invariably doffs its luxurious emerald dress, and habits itself in a sober, quakerish garb (yellowish brown), such as "veritable" quakers of the olden time used to wear. Now, are we sufficiently thankful for the potato? Do we, or do we not, bless the bounteous hand of that most wonderful, invisible Creator, for this His inexpressibly great gift to man? If not, it is because we either do not think at all, or else we do not think rightly; and as the object of OUR JOURNAL is to make men "think," I hope you will find a corner in it for the thoughts of an old man on that most invaluable of all vegetables, the potato.—BOMBYX ATLAS, *Tottenham.*

[Your voice in praise of the potato, will, ere this reaches your eye, have been heard far and near. Its echo will soon resound in America, Australia, and the ends of the earth. Speedily, we hope, the potato will be restored to its pristine vigor and excellence. Good it is, even now; but it has long pined for frost and snow. These, in all their powers and energies, have lately been added to our other blessings. The earth is regenerated—disease destroyed—new life imparted—and the potato will soon be "himself again."]

On Breeding Goldfinch Mules.—The grand secret of management is, to get a good hen canary to cast or throw off a "marked" or pied mule, when crossed with a goldfinch. I have devoted much of my time to this interesting study. I originally procured a buff, or mealy common cock, and a bright yellow hen canary; both free from mark or spot. With these I bred in 1845. From the nest of young, I selected one pair, and bred with them in 1846. Again I selected a pair from their progeny, and bred with them in 1847. Not one of their produce was deformed, or in any way misshapen, although so near of kin. (You are of course aware that delicate hens throw off lighter birds than do rank hens.) In 1848, I crossed one of the young hens with a goldfinch, which cast two dark, worthless mules; but there was one worth a guinea in the same nest. This same hen has thrown off several beautiful mules, for three successive years. Her (three) sisters were sold to a bird-dealer in Sunderland, in 1848. His name is William Chalk, and he is a man well-known. He has bred "marked" mules with all of them,—also with their daughters, all of whom were mated with goldfinches—T. J.

The Language of Birds.—I do not wish to conceal from you, my dear sir, that you are a little bit of a favorite of mine. I like the conceit that places you, month after month, in the company of such sweet Flowers,—rejoicing, too, in such pretty names,—all so significant in their respective meanings! It is a pleasing idea, and should by all means be kept up. After this, you will be expecting that I want to become a "Flower." Exactly so. You have guessed quite right. But what shall I be? Something that you can love,—of course. Stay; it shall be "Lily of the Valley," or "Happiness Returned." That will do. ["Nicely."] I am not jealous,—not a bit. Else would "Honeysuckle," "Heartsease," [Alas, dear "Lily of the Valley," that noble soul is dead!] "Puss," "Violet," and others, set my ruff up. No, no! We will all be "one" united happy family. I send you to-day a choice *morceau*, as being applicable to the New Year,—a season when gratitude, love, thankfulness, and rejoicing, are called for at our hands. You will please imagine it to form part of a conversation between a pheasant of the woods and a barn-door fowl, who (naughty boy!) had strayed from home. But let us hear the pheasant speak:—"That bird, on the border of the wood, with his warbling note of 'Tiri! tiri!' always rising higher towards Heaven as he flies—is the Lark. He proclaims that God is Almighty. That other, nestling so modestly in those dark bushes, whose tones float so softly on the summer breeze, is—the Nightingale. He says 'God is Love.' This one here, with his cry of 'Cuckoo!' praises the God who is over all. And lastly, those lively little birds in the golden dress, who hop so cheerily among the branches, are finches. They bid us 'Fear God, and stay ourselves upon Him.'" As regards worshipping God in the fields and woods; gardens, hedge-rows, and lanes,—I quite agree with you. All we see in our walks, tends to his glory. Happy they whose hearts can feel these things! How pure is the enjoyment arising from Innocence!—LILY OF THE VALLEY.

[You are duly "enrolled" Mademoiselle, and we look to you for constant communications. You have a tender heart; and a flowing, ready pen.]

The Sorrows of Werther.—The *Southern Literary Messenger* (U. S.) for the past month contains, in the "Editor's Table," the following comic poem of Thackeray's, written, we are told, "one morning last spring in the *Messenger's* office," during a call made by the author:—

Werther had a love for Charlotte,
Such as words could never utter.
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting—bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther;
And for all the wealth of Indies
Would do nothing that might hurt her.

So he sigh'd, and pined, and ogled,
And his passion boil'd and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,—
And no more was by them troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,—
Like a well-conducted person
Went on cutting—bread and butter.

Q.

Immorality of Glasgow.—At page 373 of Vol. IV., you mention Glasgow as having attained "the bad pre-eminence" of being the greatest whisky drinker. The "returns," there quoted, are not correct; but whether Glasgow deserves the epithet, or no, I shall not now discuss. "Bad's the best." The number of whisky shops in some of the streets here, is perfectly appalling. Indeed half the inhabitants must eat, sleep on, and be clothed with—whisky. New Year's Day is here; and throughout Scotland, there is an annual jollification. Whenever the bell announcing the departure of the Old year has struck, numbers of people issue forth to the streets to "first foot." This ceremony is conducted as follows:—each person has a bottle (filled of course), and a glass; and, in some cases, bun or sweet bread. At every friend's house that he goes to, or with every acquaintance that he meets, *both* bottles are produced. He gets a glassful, and gives a glassful; drinks a Happy New Year; is wished the same in return; and then sallies out to repeat the same "feat." By day-light, or about eight o'clock, he is if not "drunk and incapable," at least "obfuscated." This means, that the clod he calls a head is making every endeavor to reach its mother earth. Of every age, sex, and condition, these poor specimens of humanity may be seen,—some "speechless," or "blind;" others "fou"—here, one "screwed;" and there, one "happy." But to the honor of Glasgow be it spoken, *immoderate* drinking is much less frequent of late years; as the police records and personal observation can testify. This is to be attributed to various causes. The many temptations to cheap excursions, botanic gardens, and museums, at 1d.; the exertions of temperance societies and teachers; and last, not least, the growing good sense and intelligence of the working classes. But, this year,

that awful monitor,—the Cholera, restrained many from excess; for, during the Christmas week, its horrible arms encircled not fewer than twelve to twenty victims every day. The statistics you quote at the before-mentioned page, are, no doubt, taken from the revenue returns, which give only the quantity made,—not the amount consumed. So that of course there have to be deducted large quantities exported, and used in various manufactories. Glasgow is, as you remark, still "shut-up" on the Sunday; but, nevertheless, things are not so bad as they used to be. The people are gradually getting more free and enlightened. Bigotry is subsiding, and Christian charity springing up instead. Many of our ministers, sectarianism thrown aside, have banded together to teach the masses,—who, a living sore, rot and fester in our midst. May God reward them for it; for the truest charity, humanity, and philanthropy, is to teach, preach, and relieve, "at home," before looking abroad. In short, to take the mote from our eyes, before we think of attempting to remove (what we call) the beam from our neighbor's:—

When I reflect on all the varied ills
Entailed on poor humanity by Satan's blessing,
And God's most awful malediction,—whisky,
It makes my blood run cold, and chills
The inmost marrow of my bones.

Glasgow, Jan., 1, 1854.

J. B. M.

"Under the Rose."—The term *under the rose* implies secrecy, and had its origin during the year B.C. 477, at which time, Pausanias, the commander of the confederate fleet, was engaged in an intrigue with Xerxes, for the marriage of his daughter, and subjugation of Greece to the Medean rule. Their negotiations were carried on in a building attached to the temple of Minerva, called the Brazen House, the roof of which was a garden forming a bower of roses; so that the plot, which was conducted with the utmost secrecy, was literally matured *under the rose*. It was discovered, however, by a slave; and as the sanctity of the place forbade the Athenians to force Pausanias out, or kill him there, they finally walled him in, and left him to die of starvation. It finally grew to be a custom among the Athenians to wear roses in their hair whenever they wished to communicate to another a secret which they wished to be kept inviolate. Hence the saying, *sub rosa*, among them, and now almost all Christian nations.—VIOLET, Worcester.

The late Severe Weather, and our Feathered Songsters.—Anxious to ascertain what ravages had been made by the intensity of the late frost, and deep snows, we took a stroll through our favorite haunts,—Acton, Harlesden, &c., on the 22nd ult. The sun was shining brightly; not a cloud was visible; and the scene around was one expanse of quiet loveliness. We found, as we rambled, that our worst fears were realised. Starvation had sadly thinned our little friends; and the voices that met our ear, though sweet, were very few in number. Let us hope others will speedily come to fill up the many vacancies; for we cannot live without the harmony of our thrushes, black-birds, and skylarks. Robins are plentiful enough,

—and that is something: Hedge-sparrows, and chaffinches, too, appear to have braved the storm; but the larger birds are certainly missing. The savage gun has greatly assisted in thinning their ranks, no doubt. During the frost, we observed skylarks frequenting the high roads; dividing the half-digested oats, found there, with the sparrows. Poor creatures! In London streets, too, we saw a chaffinch (nearly starved) associated with the black sparrows,—picking up what it could find dropped in the road. In like manner, the various races of tit-mice took refuge in our public squares at the west, and subsisted on charity. Many other feathered starvelings put in here, through stress of weather. No doubt the total number that has perished is inconceivable,—for the ground was hard as iron, and all insect life was concealed from observation by the snow. Another week or two will tell us more about the extent of our misfortune.—W. K.

The Holly for Ever!—Before the joys of the season are passed away, and the holly ceases to form part of our domestic decorations, I send the following to be immortalised in OUR OWN:—

Hurrah for the Holly! the true evergreen,

The plant that looks bright when most bright things have faded,

And which, when old Winter has sputter'd his spleen,

Still shelters the stem that in summer it shaded.

So friends that in sunshine alone hover round,

And when poverty threatens fly off in a volley,

May turn to the tree that unchanging is found,

And learn that a lesson is taught by the Holly.

Hurrah for the Holly! the evergreen Holly!

Come weave me a wreath of its berries to-night;

Its presence shall banish the churl, Melancholy,

And send us, instead, the young fairy, Delight.

Farewell now to Melancholy. And hurrah—three cheers!—for the Delights of Spring!—VIOLET, Worcester.

Humility.—Can you squeeze in these few lines from the pen of Montgomery? If so, pray do:—

The bird that soars on highest wing

Builds on the ground her lowly nest;

And she that doth most sweetly sing

Sings in the shade when all things rest:

In lark and nightingale we see

What honor hath humility!

CATHARINA.

"Death-Song" of the Swan.—Mr. Hallett, of Hooe, tells us that he feeds the swans of Col. Harris, at Radford; and that he observed the other day, one of them, apparently healthy, swimming about the pond, and uttering a wild, melodious, wailing sound. He was singing his death-song! In a few hours afterwards, he was floating on the water,—dead!—*Carmina jam moriens canit exsequialia Cygnus.*—FRANK.

An Excellent Receipt for Mending Delicate China, &c.—At a time when glass ornaments and delicate china are so much in fashion, it may be useful to know how to mend them neatly and strongly. The preparation required is simply,—isinglass, dissolved in spirit of wine.

Being colorless, its presence is not perceivable, and its adhesive powers are marvellous. The two pieces to be united, should each have a small quantity of the mixture placed on their edges, by means of a camel's hair pencil. Then use gentle pressure; keeping the mended ornament in your hand for a few minutes, until the affinity is perceptible. It will then be,—“good as ever.”—ROSA B.

Cheap Cookery for "dear" Times.—One of your contemporaries says:—The cottager's wife has many avocations that necessarily prevent constant attendance on her cookery; but surely it would be a humane and pleasing enterprise in a gentleman's or farmer's family, to cause sundry dishes to be prepared in their kitchens from articles that are now neglected or despised. The distribution of such food at cost price would be a wholesome lesson to the people; proving that a hot nourishing meal may be obtained at less expense than is now the rasher, the bread, or cheese. And why should not a portion of such fare be served at the master's table? It would need the example of superiors, to induce the “million” to eat of food they have hitherto despised. It was thus practised by the gentry during the dearth that occurred towards the end of last century—a dearth so great as to have caused the Act of Parliament prohibiting the sale of *new* bread. It was then a fashion to have some of the cheap foods then recommended to be served at entertainments, as well as at the gentleman's family meals. There has resulted from this *fashion* at least one beneficial effect,—that of a very extensive use by the humbler classes of herrings as salted at Yarmouth. There was adopted also at that time a proposition to partially salt fish at distant fisheries, so that London might be served with it in an eatable state. Were a hint taken from this, it might turn out a profitable speculation (as well as a great additional supply of food), to marinade or otherwise cook fish—on the west coast of Ireland, for example; and to have it conveyed for sale to British towns. Even on our own coasts, some kinds of fish are despised for want of a better mode of cooking them—the conger eel, for instance. It is too fat and luscious plainly boiled or baked; but dressed as a curry and eaten with rice it is delicious. Pilchards with spices, or mixed with a dry fish like skate, often a drug in the west of England, might probably find a ready sale in the metropolis at the low price at which they could be profitably afforded.—R. W.

Gold Fish in Frozen Ponds.—Are any of those good people, who are always telling us to break the ice in our ponds, aware that gold fish in China, their native place, live in rivers which are frozen over every year? One would suppose that these fishes were small whales which were obliged to come to the surface for air, which true fish, of course, never do. The reason why you must break the ice in your pond is, that if allowed to continue freezing, it lowers the temperature of the water; so that the fish are starved from cold, not want of air. If all ponds were as deep as mine (more than four feet in every part), you might allow the ice to remain untouched in ordinary winters. I believe the fish bury themselves in the

mud near the borders, and so are soon killed; but most fish-ponds are too shallow. Mine is not twenty-two feet across; and has been frozen for more than a week at a time. I have never lost one. My chief enemies are owls. Common carp can be transported in a frozen state, and thawed again alive!—SOMERSET.

The Isle of Dogs.—This island, so long a tract of barren and unproductive marsh land, and still for the most part seven feet below high-water level, is now in a flourishing condition. It has, according to the *Builder*, a population of 5,000 people; a rateable property of £20,000 in value; 530 houses; 60 manufactories; four places of worship; one or two good school-houses; ten excellent public-houses; a doctor (no lawyer!); a house agent; a gas-work; an omnibus; a post-office; and a station for the Thames police. Mr. Cubitt has built, at his own expense, a capacious church on the south-east extremity of the island. A clock, an organ, and a peal of five bells are to be added; and the church, with an acre of ground, is to be vested in the Church Building Commissioners, the patronage, with the consent of Brasenose College, Oxford, the patrons of the parish, being placed in the hands of the diocesan.—E. J.

What is Electricity?—Electricity is the effect of the revolution of atoms of matter upon their axis. All matter is in motion; and the various forms which it assumes in organic and inorganic structures are dependent on the intensity and peculiarity of the motion of their constituent atoms. Atomic motions intensified, is electricity; whether existing naturally or induced by artificial means. In electrical action, one atom communicates its motions to those contiguous; and since, in travelling along a wire, this motion cannot be retrogressive, no continuous electrical current can be caused unless there be a reservoir at the negative end of the wire. The statement made in regard to the use of only one wire, that the earth completes the circuit home again, is incorrect; the fact being, that the earth is made the reservoir for the motion excited in the battery; but as the electricity is not diffused so quickly in the earth as it would be at the negative metal, the current is not so intense with one wire as with two. By the revolution of particles of matter about their axis, a force is generated called magnetism. The revolution of masses of matter about their axes generates a force exactly similar, called the attraction of gravitation. Generally, therefore, the force caused by this kind of motion is one of compression; and the quicker the motion the greater the force, as may be seen by increasing the length of wire coiled round the soft iron magnet. When, however, the motion of the atoms, or masses of matter, is about contiguous atoms or masses, centrifugal force is generated, which is one of extension, and is directly opposed to the former. Although, therefore, we only apply the term electricity to very intense atomic motion, it really belongs to all such motion; and its phenomena are as various as the conditions of organic and inorganic substances. And may we not infer that, in all living matter, the true state of health is that in which the opposing forces of extension and compression are in equilibrio, as is

the case in planetary systems? and that disease and decay are the result of a disturbance of this equilibrium? I think this would be a fair field for scientific investigation; for if the contraction and expansion of any substance is carried beyond its natural state, the destruction of the substance follows as a consequence. An illustration of this will be seen in the formation of gases from solids and liquids, and in other changes of condition, dependent on the relative intensity of the contractile and expansive forces generated by the atomic motion. Advantage is taken of this principle in welding iron. When the metal is heated to such a degree as to be on the point of changing its state from the extreme expansion of the atoms, the two parts are violently pressed together, and the atoms of one forced among the atoms of the other. Also, when steel or iron is heated until the atoms repel each other as far as possible, the sudden removal of the exciting cause allows the atoms to fall together with great force, and the metal becomes more dense and hard than if left to cool gradually.—W. T.

A "Christmas Dinner" for the Birds.—*A Good Example.*—All persons who read OUR JOURNAL, must know wherein its Editor takes most delight,—viz., in the record of acts of humanity and kindly feeling. This, whether as regards society at large, or the so-called lower creation. Let me then, my dear sir, register in the columns of OUR OWN, the truly amiable habit that prevails in a distant country, of giving the little birds a "Christmas dinner." It is a much better practice, surely, than exists amongst us,—of slaying them with the murderous gun, whilst craving our "Christian charity!" Well has charity been christened "cold." Our English proverb, "cold as charity," is a national disgrace to us!—"One of the prettiest of Christmas customs is the Norwegian practice of giving, on Christmas day, a dinner to the birds. On that morning, every gable, gateway, or barn-door, is decorated with a sheaf of corn fixed on the top of a tall pole; wherefrom it is intended that the birds shall make their Christmas dinner. *Even the peasants will contrive to have a handful set by for this purpose;* and what the birds do not eat on Christmas-day remains for them to finish at their leisure through the winter."—FEDELTA, *St. Leonards.*

[We record this pretty little fact with the most sincere pleasure; and only hope it may appeal forcibly to those thoughtless hearts, which, while caring only for "number one," forget that "comforts shared yield a double blessing." The Norwegian peasants put us all to the blush,—*should do so, we mean!*]

Character in a Laugh.—How much of character is there in a laugh! You know no man till you have heard him laugh—till you know when and how he will laugh. There are occasions—there are humors, when a man with whom we have been long familiar shall quite startle and repel us by breaking out into a laugh which comes manifestly right from his heart, and which yet we had never heard before. Even in fair ladies, with whom we have been much pleased, we have remarked the same thing. As, in many a heart, a sweet angel slumbers unseen till some happy

moment awakens it; so there sleeps often, in gracious and amiable characters (deep in the back ground) a quite vulgar spirit, which starts into life when something rudely comical penetrates into the less frequented chambers of the mind.—A FREE-THINKER (!).

Correction of Children.—"Never strike your child," says Eliza Cook. I love her for those words. This sentiment may seem to be rather ultra in principle, but it is the only proper ground of treatment. Let us first examine and ascertain the desired result. Suppose your child does wrong,—your first wish is to teach him that the act is wrong. Now, having become aware that a certain act is wrong, he *again* commits it. You demand obedience. Obedience to *what*? To the wishes of a parent; not obedience to a mere *blow*. The obedience desired is from a knowledge of right,—not from a mere slavish fear. For if the child's obedience be founded upon *fear* alone, then—in the absence of the cause of that fear, he will have no incentive to the obedience; but, on the other hand, if the child's obedience be founded upon a knowledge of what is right, then the incentive is always present,—for knowledge once attained will always remain, and the child will obey because he *wants* to do so. But a blow never created a *desire* to do right. It may operate to the prevention of the overt act, but the same feelings which prompted to obedience are still there; and rather made more turbulent than otherwise. Those feelings in the child's bosom which the parent aims to bring into requisition, or at least which should be brought into requisition—feelings of love and filial duty—are at once submerged by the baser passions upon the infliction of a blow,—and the spirit of resentment is the only result. All of us who have children, must (if we be kind-hearted) see the folly and wickedness of *thus* punishing a child. We are, in fact, "answerable," if we *so* correct him, for all his future conduct; at all events in degree,—PHEBE.

Travelling by Steam round the Planet Uranus.

—The circumference of the orbit in which Uranus revolves about the sun is 11,314,600,000 of miles, through which it moves in 30,686 mean solar days, or about 84 years; it is the slowest-moving planet in the system, and yet it pursues its course at the rate of 15,000 miles an hour. Were a steam carriage to move round the immense orbit of this planet at the continued speed of about thirty miles an hour, it would require no less than 64,570 years before this ample circuit could be completed; and yet a globe 80 times larger than the earth finishes this vast tour in eighty-four years.—DICK.

Our London Streets.—Was there ever anything comparable to the state of our streets in January, 1854? Never! One dares "swear" it. There were scavengers "once upon a time;" and laws for cleanliness and the proprieties of the trivia were enforced by the police. And most properly; for the urbanity of a people ought to be seen in more than their personal manners. Dirty streets are a rudeness, an incivility to the passengers; dangerous streets are an inhumanity. And how easy and how salutary would be the reformation of these nuisances! But parishes are remiss, and as for

the police, it is utterly inert and useless as regards measures for cleanliness. Oh, that our streets could be put into the hands of professed picture-cleaners! How they would revel in "restoring" them to their original purity! Dressed as our women are *now*, of course it is to their interest to complain to the shopkeepers. If these latter would look to the "contractors," or the parish authorities,—then would the matter be set right at once. It is sad to see our women splashed as they are. They put a *bold face* on it, I grant; and grumble pretty loudly. But it is they who must carry the day after all. They *are* just passable "above," but look at their *et infra*. Their feet, stockings, and dependencies thereto belonging, are a mere "moving bog." And "who" *pays* for this, my dear sir? WE,—we unhappy "heads of houses!" I was "in town," two days lately,—but I soon flew homewards. I was agonised at your "goings on." Adieu. *Au revoir*.—ARGUS, Oxford.

How to produce Varieties in Vegetation.—If any one wishes to satisfy himself as to the change he may produce in many articles of vegetation, by selecting the seed from his plants; let him this spring plant two rows of bush beans of the same sort. On one row preserve the earliest pods that appear, removing all which appear afterwards. When ripe, let them be gathered and put by themselves. On the other row, preserve those pods only which come forth from the stalks late, removing all the earlier ones. When these are ripe, also keep them by themselves. Next spring, plant a row of each sort side by side, and you will be astonished at the difference. The first ripened beans will be as much earlier in bearing than the last, as was the difference of time between gathering the seed from the two rows planted this spring. Nor is this all, the first will be literally a bush bean, growing stiff and low; whilst the other will send out vines and reach quite high. The beans, too, within the pods, as to size, fullness, and even of color, will differ.—EMMA D.

Heathenism in London.—I have been comparing notes between the condition of the heathen of London and the heathen of India; and I am compelled to say that, contrasted with the outrages and wild orgies of Indian heathenism, there are lamentable proofs that heathenism is actually surpassed in wickedness by the metropolis of England.—REV. DR. DUFF.

Statistics of Railways.—According to a return just issued, the mileage of railways, in England is 5288 miles, 5 furlongs, and 211 yards; and in Wales, 348 miles, 5 furlongs, and 203 yards. Out of 8,557,763 acres and 30 perches of land in the various parishes of the several counties in England, 61,496 acres, 3 roods, and 23 perches are occupied by railways; whilst in Wales, out of 639,427 acres, 2 roods, and 18 perches, 3550 acres and 23 perches are occupied by railways. The railway companies in England and Wales contributed towards the poor-rates £187,614 in 1851, and £186,539 in 1852; while the total amount collected in the parishes through which they pass amounted to £3,189,135 in 1851, and 3,113,926 n 1852.—W.T.

"GOD MADE THE COUNTRY."

Abused mortals! Did you know
Where joy, HEART'S-EASE, and comforts grow,—
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers,
Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make,
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

SIR W. RALEIGH.



INGULAR INDEED ARE THE CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH FOR THE MOST PART GIVE RISE TO AN ARTICLE FROM OUR PEN.

We very rarely know beforehand upon what subject we are going to gossip; and a few minutes, perhaps, suffice to prompt us as to what is likely to be well received. In this matter, we are Fortune's favorite. As our ideas arise, so do we jot them down. Fresh from the heart are they; and being "natural," of course they suit the readers of OUR OWN JOURNAL.

"But"—some may say, "do tell us what caused you to write an article with such a droll, trite heading." Gladly will we do so. A gentleman of the law is answerable for it! Entering his *sanctum* one day recently, to hold a friendly discourse upon "things in general," (there was no "bill of costs" for this,—strange as it may appear), we fell talking about OUR JOURNAL among other "interesting" topics.

"What a happy fellow you ought to be!" remarked our "learned friend." "Why,—wherever I go, east, west, north, or south,—there do I find your pink, enamelled, blushing representative lying on the tables throughout the country. Not a room scarcely, in any house, but some one of *your* handiworks is to be seen in it! And in what esteem you are held too! Let me say again,—you ought to be a happy fellow."

A hearty laugh convinced our orator that we were both "happy" and jolly; and thereupon issue was joined. A longer conversation then followed, deeply interesting to us; and the result is visible in the present article. Our friend, be it known, is a long-headed man; and we value his opinion—the better, perhaps, seeing that it was *not* PAID FOR, but the offering of a kindly-disposed heart.

"Do not," said he, "imagine that anything you can write will ever interest the inhabitants of cities and towns. Their tastes and habits are diametrically opposed to yours. You profess to despise wealth. They love it. You advocate universal kindness and benevolence. They laugh at you,—of course. You preach up the doctrine that men should live to be *useful* to one another, and assist each other in labors of love. 'Gammon!' say they.

"Again,—you work hard, and try to get

people to 'think.' They say, truly, they have *no time* to think. You woo them to be 'natural,' and you speak eloquently of the advantages derivable therefrom. Believe me, my dear fellow, there is nothing 'natural' in towns and cities. Flowers are brought into the streets, truly; and stowed away in rooms. If they live, they live; if they die, they die. It is 'fashionable' to *speak* about the 'loveliness' of flowers, and pretend to admire them; but no citizen ever sees any real beauty in them. How should he? His pursuits lay in quite an opposite direction. Money, pleasure, dissipation, and sleep, are the only gods he worships.

"As to animals—horses, cats, dogs, birds, &c.; these are indeed introduced as domestic fancies and utilities, and become 'fashionably' naturalised in cities. And no doubt your JOURNAL will be eagerly consulted as to their care and management. Self-interest will accomplish *this*; but look for nothing further, or you will be disappointed.

"No: you have a far deeper game to play. You must address yourself, fearlessly as ever, to those who live beyond the walls of cities. For *them*, your pen ever has had, and ever will have an undying interest. Living secluded—apart from constant contact with the callous world, they see infinite beauties in the work of Creation. Every living thing, the most minute, has for them charms inexpressible. I speak to a point about this.

"You are now progressing nobly, and must never attempt to conciliate any persons, however great or noble, at the expense of the principles you so manfully advocate. In the country you are all-powerful. *There*, people can fully estimate the value of your sentiments—rejoice in perusing what you write—and range with you, book in hand, from field to field, from flower to flower. In a word, they lead a natural, quiet, peaceable life. Full of repose, they have time to 'think,' and *their* thoughts, like yours, are—'happy.'"

Such, in a materially abridged form, was the conversation to which we have alluded. It has dwelt much upon our mind,—so much that we are anxious to let our readers into our feelings.

The gentleman of whom we speak, is of necessity "chained" to London, during the day. He knows the world in all its bearings, and can fathom the human heart to a nicety. It is, as he says, "hard," very; and it becomes even harder, the longer it lives in the atmosphere so congenial to its depraved habits of life.

It is quite clear that our mission lies not in *this* direction; so that *if* we do good, even on the smallest scale, in towns and cities, we shall be satisfied. Leisure moments *do*

occasionally offer themselves; therefore let us live in hope that some of our remarks may pass not altogether unheeded.

To write systematically about the country, —its joys and never-ending pleasures, would occupy a lover of nature his whole life-time. We would never attempt it. We can but speak generally on the subject; and present various pretty pictures, as one by one they pass before us. When Cowper wrote,—

“God made the country, and man made the town,” we can readily imagine what he felt; and understand the supreme contempt he entertained for our Modern Babylon and its gold-worshipping inhabitants. His delights were ever varying,—pure, rational, innocent, and unceasing. None but those who live in rural retirement can enter fully into the feelings we speak of.

To be a lover of nature is, as we have before shown, to be satisfied with our own company, and to be “happy” wherever we go. To carry a Heaven, as it were, about with us, and to try to make others as happy as ourselves. We cannot allow selfishness, exclusiveness, or upstart pride, to edge themselves in. A benevolent heart recognises no such guests.

To lose oneself in shady lanes, and to wander among sylvan scenery,—keeping company with birds, and innocent playful animals,—what pleasure can be greater? How lightly do the hours pass, whilst carefully examining the pretty, wee, modest heads of wild-flowers springing bashfully into life among the hedgerows day after day! Then, the accompaniment of music that awaits us as the herald of the sky wings his way to Heaven’s gate, to record his never-ceasing song of praise! whilst the less aspiring, but equally sweet choristers of the grove, join in the harmony nearer the earth.

The season has now arrived when every day is unfolding before our eyes pictures of unexampled loveliness. The air is fresh. The grass is green. Daisies are ornamenting with the liveliest, prettiest of patterns, the lovely carpets spread everywhere for us to walk upon. Trees are awaking from their sleep, and busily anxious to make their vernal toilet. Flowers, too, are waking into life. Buds and blossoms are seen under every wall. Our friends, the birds, are singing the Spring in. Cornfields are becoming vigorous in their growing strength, and tell of “plenty” in store. The bee flies abroad to try his wings. Insect life begins its pleasing hum. Rivulets musically roll over their beds of pebble. Fleecy clouds toy with the glorious sun. In a word,—Nature, our beloved, idolised mother, has slept her sleep. She is up and “doing.” God bless the work of her lovely hands!

To enjoy all that now lies before us, may appear an easy matter; but it is not so. It is a work of patience and careful study. A bracing walk on a fine day is a nice thing, and it promotes health. We enjoy it vastly. But what we have so briefly hinted at, requires a heart and soul to investigate it. Early and late must we be on the look-out. There is *always* something new coming into active life at this season.

People who make a holiday now and then, returning home to come out no more, are not lovers of the country. They seek a change of scene only, and are satisfied with it.

*They love the country, and none else, who seek
For their own sake its silence and its shade;
Delights which who would leave that has a heart
Susceptible of pity, or a mind
Cultur'd and capable of sober thought?*

To fall in with people of a genial spirit, when rambling in the country (a by no means uncommon occurrence in some neighborhoods), is a little “Heaven upon earth.” It is at such times that an escape from the polluting influence of cities and towns is estimated and fully enjoyed. Then indeed can we view the grand end for which man was created; and marvel at the sad use he makes of the talents given him to trade withal. Our mind insensibly falls into a pleasing train of thought. Placid ourselves, and seeing all nature happy around us, we feel grateful for the mercies of which we are individual partakers,—we pity those who make gold and folly their gods; and sing with the sweet poet in an ecstasy of song,—

“GOD MADE THE COUNTRY!”

As for the town, and man who made it, —*that* is a subject on which our pen is not now called upon to speak. Art is beautiful. Science is noble. Man’s ingenuity is great. “Honor to whom honor. Praise to whom praise is due!” The world is free for all to choose what they like best. But give us say we, the pure and innocent joys of

A COUNTRY LIFE.

MORAL DEGENERACY.

A DISORDER may for some time be confined to a particular organ or member, and scarcely disturb the healthy operation of the frame; but as the disorder increases in strength, it extends its influence, gradually affecting one function after another, till it contaminates the whole system. Such is the progress of moral degeneracy.

The virtues for a time may seem to flourish, even with the union of a vice; but when a vice has seized the heart, it becomes the centre of morbid sympathy to all the moral affections, and finally infects the whole of the moral constitution.

Vigilantly use the preventive means against mental contagion; for when a moral disease is contracted, it naturally advances, and remedial treatment is frequently unavailing.

THE DELIGHTS OF DREAMING.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

I DREAM of Home, and the happy days
 When Fortune smiled on my father's hall;
 And the cheering sun's resplendent rays
 Danced merrily over the waterfall;
 When the lark—oh, methinks I hear it still!—
 Poured out its praise to the God of day,
 As the music fell on the distant hill
 Where zephyrs were waiting to bear it away!

I have cherish'd these thoughts, till a fairy spell
 Has wafted me back to my native shore;
 But the charm dissolved as the warm tears fell,
 For kindred and friends I shall never see more.
 And as I awoke from my reverie,
 I felt a sensation of pleasure and pain;
 Though dear is the name of my home to me,
 I feel I shall never behold it again!

I dream of Home, and my steps retrace,
 With ev'ning's dark shadows, the path through
 the vale;
 And when to the moon's gentle light they give
 place,
 My spirit is cheer'd by the sweet nightingale.
 All nature seems hush'd, lest a sweet note be lost;
 Light zephyrs approach, and depart with a
 sigh,
 Unfelt by the light sprays with dewdrops em-
 boss'd,
 Unheard save by fairies who pass gaily by.

Oh, dear are the dreams that so faithfully bring
 The scenes I best love in my bright English
 home;
 I hear the sweet birds blithely welcome the spring,
 And gaily my merry-bark rides through the
 foam.
 Yes; dear was that season of pleasure to me,
 And fondly I've welcomed the soul-stirring
 strain;
 I am pleased that the scenes come in dreams to
 me,
 For, alas! I shall never behold them again!

I dream of Home, and again rejoice
 With Nature's fair children that sport on the
 lea;
 And my welcome is cheer'd by a kind gentle voice
 That calls me her child,—oh! still, still I see
 The sweet smile she gave. Though the dream
 has since changed,
 Fond memory clings to the scenes we love best;
 When the light step of infancy merrily ranged,
 And the heart's fondest wishes reposed in her
 breast.

The Heralds of Spring are approaching with
 pleasure,
 Bright flowers will bloom,—but, alas! not for
 me!
 And sweet smiling summer will yield her rich
 treasure,
 While birds sing a welcome from bower and tree.
 Though far, far away from these blessings I roam,
 And the land of my birth I may never more see;
 I will not repine while my dreams are of Home,
 And my thoughts picture scenes best and
 dearest to me.

THOUGHTS ON THE IVY.

WE LIVE TO LEARN. I was not suffi-
 ciently aware of the value of ivy for the pro-
 tection of the feathered race, until I had
 seen the pheasant-preserve of the Grand
 Duke of Tuscany, in the year 1817. It is
 called the Cascini, and it is a kind of Hyde
 Park for the inhabitants of Florence in their
 evening recreations.

At the grove of the Cascini, you see
 the ivy growing in all its lofty pride and
 beauty. As I gazed on its astonishing luxu-
 riance, I could not help entertaining a high
 opinion of the person, be he alive or dead,
 through whose care and foresight such an
 effectual protection had been afforded to the
 wild birds of Heaven, in the very midst of the
 "busy haunts of men." The trees in this or-
 namented grove are loaded with a profusion
 of ivy, from their lowest to their topmost
 branches; and although crowds of fashionable
 carriages were rolling along the road which
 surrounds this preserve, I saw our common
 pheasant roving through its walks, with a
 confidence little inferior to that of our own
 domestic poultry. As the evening closed in
 upon us, I observed multitudes of the smaller
 birds resorting to the "ivy-mantled" trees,
 in order to enjoy the proffered convenience
 of nocturnal rest and safety.

I have profited by what I saw in Tuscany,
 for, on my return to my native place, I began
 the cultivation of ivy with an unsparing hand.
 There are two sorts of this ever-verdant plant.
 The one is denominated English, the other
 Irish ivy. Both are exceedingly graceful in
 their foliage; but the first is by far the better
 bearer of fruit. They will grow on any soil,
 save that of swamp. Whilst the plant is on
 the ground, you have only to cover its long
 runners with a little earth, at intervals of
 four or five inches, and you will soon have
 an abundant supply of ivy for ornament; and
 for use, as far as the birds are concerned.
 This is a surer way of obtaining plants, than
 by cutting them at once from the climbing
 ivy.

Ivy can only attain its greatest perfection
 through the intervention of foreign bodies.
 It travels onward in a lowly state upon
 the ground until it reaches some inclined or
 perpendicular object, up which it ascends.
 In due time it then puts out lateral branches,
 and obtains a bole, as though it were a forest
 tree itself. Ivy derives no nutriment from
 the timber tree to which it adheres. It
 merely makes use of a tree or wall, as we
 ourselves do of a walking-stick, when old age
 or infirmities tell us that we cannot do with-
 out it. Should an ancient wall and ivy come
 in contact, they are of great assistance to
 each other. Dyer observed this on Grongar
 Hill:—

Whose aged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps :
So, both a safety from the wind
In mutual dependence find.

There can be no doubt as to the real source from whence ivy draws life and vigor ; from the ground alone its maintenance proceeds. To be convinced of this, we have only to inspect it narrowly on a living tree, and then pay the same attention to it upon a dead one, or upon any stump deprived of vitality. Be our eye as keen as that of the lynx, we shall not be able to perceive that the one plant is more healthy, more vigorous, or more verdant than the other ; and if we cut through the stock of the ivy in either situation we shall see that its upper parts will wither and die, down to the place through which the knife has passed.

Some few years ago, a tall sycamore tree stood on this island, in a row with four others. A remnant of its once fine bole still occupies the place which the tree adorned in the days of its prosperity. An unexpected appearance of fungus showed that all was not right within ; and, ere long, a gale of wind cut the tree nearly in two, sending its head and all its branches (saving one), with a colony of young jackdaws, down into the lake below. The remaining portion of the tree, spared by the gale, put out new shoots from every part of its circumference. But scarcely had these vegetated for four succeeding summers, when another immense fungus made its appearance about two yards from the truncated top, and all vegetation ceased that year, down to the part where the fungus had come out. Below this, the trunk was still alive ; but another fungus, of equal dimensions with the last, showed itself about five feet from the ground, and deprived the bole of all vegetation upwards.

At length this sickly remnant of the sycamore tree received its final doom ; for, some time since, a vast profusion of fungus pushed up its circular cakes even from below the surface of the ground ; and on their coming to maturity all the living powers within this ill-treated tree expired. The bole now stands a dead and unproductive stump. Any day, a north-west wind, sweeping across the water, may lay it low for ever. Did the ivy, which I had planted at the base many years ago, depend upon this bole for succor, it would now be dead and withered ; but, on the contrary, that remaining part of it, free from mutilation when the different portions of the tree fell down, is now in verdure, and in primest vigor ; but as it has no longer an opportunity of creeping upwards, on account of the misfortunes which have befallen the tree, it has assumed the form of a bush, with dense and widely-spreading foliage.

An opinion prevails, that ivy not only deforms the branch to which it adheres, but that it is injurious to the growth of the timber itself. My wish for the preservation and maintenance of birds urges me on to attempt the defence of my favorite plant on these two important points.

The ivy which I planted many years ago has now obtained a most luxuriant growth ; and, if I may judge by what I see before my eyes, I must conclude that ivy is in no way detrimental to the tree which has lent it a support. Having given ivy to many trees, and refused it to others in the immediate vicinity, and on the same soil, in order to have a good opportunity of making a fair examination, I find, upon minute inspection of these several trees, that they are all of fine growth, and in a most healthy state ; those with ivy on them, and those without it, not varying from each other in appearance more than ordinary groups of forest trees are wont to do. Neither is this to be wondered at, when we reflect that the ivy has its roots in the ground itself, and that it does not ascend in spiral progress round the bole and branches of the tree ; its leading shoot is perpendicular. Hence it is not in a position to compress injuriously the expansive powers of the tree, proportionally stronger than its own. Thus we find that the ivy gradually gives way before them ; so that, on removing the network (if it may be so called) which the ivy has formed on the bole of the tree, we find no indentations there.

But woodbine acts the reverse of this. Its process is spiral, and it becomes, as it were, an immovable hoop on the plant which it has embraced. As the woodbine, by its circumambient position cannot give way, the plant must consequently protrude wherever it is not compressed, till at last the woodbine becomes nearly buried in it. Thus we account for the fantastic form of walking-sticks, which are often to be seen at the shop doors of curious vendors. The spiral hollows in these sticks are always formed by the woodbine, never by the ivy.

Having the workings of the ivy, and those of the woodbine daily before my eyes, I venture, without wishing to impugn the opinions of others, to assert that the latter is injurious, and the former not injurious to the plant which it has embraced ; and this, by position alone ; for, both having their own roots in the ground, their nutriment is amply supplied from that quarter.

Ivy, when planted on the eastern part of a tree which grows in a high and very exposed situation, can scarcely ever reach the opposite portion of it, on account of the resistance which it meets from the western blast. But it will grow well when placed on the western side itself ; for, in this position, the west wind

presses it to the bark of the tree, and thus becomes its friend. I have a fair example of this in my own park. On a bleak brow there stands the hollow remnant of an oak, which, in the days of its prosperity, measured full twenty feet in circumference. Fourteen years ago, I planted ivy on its eastern side. But to this day, that portion of the bole facing the west remains uncovered by the ivy, which, in its annual attempt to surmount the difficulty, is arrested in its course, and ultimately driven back by the fury of the western gales.

If we wish to see ivy growing in all the luxuriance of health and beauty, we must plant it at the root of some tall Scotch fir, in a low and sheltered situation. Nothing can be more charming or lovely to the sight, than the widely-extending mass of verdure with which it will clothe the bole of the tree. I have a remarkable Scotch fir here with ivy round it. The ivy sends its horizontal branches out from the bole to a distance of six or seven feet in vast profusion, and its verdure is so perfectly in unison with the foliage of the fir, that, when you are standing at a little distance, you will be charmed with the additional beauty which it confers upon its stately supporter.

I have ever cultivated with great success my three favorite evergreens—the yew, the holly, and the ivy. They give food and shelter to many species of British birds, which are so sadly persecuted by gardeners and gamekeepers, throughout the whole extent of the land. I consider the ivy more serviceable than the other two, as its berries ripen at a season of the year when the ordinary food of the fields is far from being plentiful. The berries of the holly are abundant at the same time, but the birds are not nearly so fond of them.

Without these ever-verdant auxiliaries close at hand, I should have but a poor chance of observing the habits of our birds with satisfaction to myself. Writers on ornithology may consult volume after volume of other writers on ornithology who have gone before them; and they may extract from the pages that which in their judgment may appear the best—but unless they themselves have spent years in the field, and those consulted have done the same, it is to be feared that their labors will fall short of their wishes. Errors unintentional, and false surmises, and rash speculations will creep into their works, in spite of every precaution to avoid them. Their production, in truth, will be,—

“similis volucris,—non vera volucris.”

Probably, my statement that ivy is not injurious to the tree which has lent it a support may be at variance with the opinion of those who are learned in botany. If so, I beg to say

that I have living forest trees, of all ages and descriptions, to bear me out in what I have advanced.

In conclusion, I wish to say a word or two of mutual indentation produced by the union of two forest trees. Near the walk which leads to the flower-garden may be seen a tall English elm and a Scotch fir growing in close embrace. By twisting the leading shoot of one tree annually round that of the other, the trees have become deeply embedded in each other's folds. The elm being of stronger vegetation than the spruce, I have taken the precaution of curtailing the lateral branches of the former, lest it should prove too much for its weaker partner.

CHARLES WATERTON.

Walton Hall.

MORE ABOUT “LITTLE THINGS.” THE PHENOMENA OF DEW.

EVERYBODY talks of the dew which falls; and everybody imagines he knows all about it. Yet would he, if pressed for an explanation, be sadly puzzled to give it. Now, as none of us are “too old to learn,” let us carefully consider the matter. It is just the very season to do so.

To give a popular definition of dew, it will suffice to say that,—when the direct influence of the sun is removed in the evening, the surface of the earth, in consequence of the ceaseless activity of caloric to maintain a state of equilibrium, radiates a portion of its superfluous temperature into surrounding space; and as the temperature of the air immediately in contact with the surface thus becomes reduced below the point of saturation, a part of its water is condensed in the form of dew.

Ever since the time of Aristotle, the phenomena and cause of this deposition have engaged the attention of philosophers; but until comparatively recent experimental investigations, all our views on this subject were merely speculative. The fact that the bodies on which dew is deposited, have invariably a lower temperature than the ambient air, had been pointed out by Dr. Patrick Wilson of Glasgow; but while this coldness was supposed to be the *effect* of the deposition of dew, it was reserved for Dr. Wells to make the important discovery, that it *always precedes the formation of dew*; and is in reality the *cause* of this aqueous vapor.

Prior to the appearance of Dr. Wells's elegant “Essay on Dew,” it was a disputed question among philosophers, whether the phenomenon is produced by the rising of vapors from the earth, or by its descent from the atmosphere. The circumstance that the glass-bells with which gardeners cover plants during the night have, in the morning, their interior covered with moisture—gave origin,

it is said, to the opinion that this humidity arises from the earth. Dr. Dufay, a French philosopher, maintained this opinion, based on the following experiment. Taking two long ladders, he fixed them so that they met at the top and were wide apart at the bottom, and attached to the several rounds large panes of glass. Observing that the lower surface of the lowest pane was first wetted; then the upper, next the lower surface of the one above it, then its upper, and so on to the top of the ladders,—he deduced the conclusion that dew is caused by the exhalation of vapors from the earth during the night.

On the other hand, it was urged, in proof of the descent of vapor, that in cloudy weather little or no dew is formed. The fallacy of both these hypotheses has been proved by Dr. Wells, by a most beautiful inductive process; in which he shows that dew is produced by the condensation of the atmospheric vapor surrounding the bodies on which it is deposited. There were other difficulties still more perplexing connected with the first question—Does the vapor producing dew rise or fall? For example, while some substances receive the deposition of dew very readily, there are others on which it cannot be deposited.

But every circumstance connected with this phenomenon finds the most satisfactory explanation in the beautiful theory proposed by Dr. Wells, and now universally adopted by philosophers—a theory which depends upon two principles, viz., the nocturnal radiation of caloric and the condensation of invisible vapor. One important lesson at least is taught by the history of these opinions, which is, the absolute necessity of basing our theories upon authenticated and well-investigated experiments, carried out under the guidance of legitimate deductions.

According to the theory of Dr. Wells, there are five essential requisites for the deposition of dew.

1. *An atmosphere replete with moisture.* That the moisture must be in excess before it can be deposited, is evidenced by the fact, that in Egypt no dew is formed when the winds blow from the south, over the extensive tracts of sandy desert; but so soon as the wind changes to the north, laden with moisture from the Mediterranean, the deposition is remarkably great.

2. *The difference between the temperature of the earth in the day and the night must be considerable.* Consequently, the deposition is greatest when a sultry day is followed by a cool evening; and, for the same reason, the dews are most abundant, in our climate, in spring and autumn, as then the difference of temperature is greatest. But hot climates have more copious dews than temperate countries, notwithstanding the difference be-

tween diurnal and nocturnal temperature may be less in the former—a fact that finds an explanation in the circumstance, that an increase of temperature is attended with more than a corresponding increase of moisture.

3. *A serene and cloudless sky.* Notwithstanding the atmosphere may be in other respects favorable, little or no deposition, if the sky is veiled in clouds, occurs; for, as the caloric radiated from the earth is reflected back by the clouds, the temperature of objects on its surface is little diminished. Screens of an opaque material, interposed between the sky, and the surface of the earth, produced the same effect; and, accordingly, a thermometer laid on a table, compared with one placed on the ground beneath it, indicated a lower temperature. Even fogs, which are precipitated from the higher air, acting as screens, are unfavorable to the deposition of true dew, which is separated from the inferior atmospheric stratum.

4. *Serene and calm weather.* This follows from the circumstance, that if the lower atmosphere be in violent motion, it will maintain the general temperature of bodies on the surface of the earth; and hence, too, every condition which favors radiation, as a dark color or a rough surface, contributes to the deposition of dew.

5. *The temperature of the body upon which the dew is deposited must be considerably lower than that of the ambient air.* This is the most essential requisite. Dr. Wells, in his experiments, found the bodies on which dew formed to be 10° or 15° colder than the atmosphere.

Different bodies, according to their constitution, possess different powers of radiation. For instance, metals and vitreous substances are, in this respect, in very opposite extremes. Bad conductors or bad reflectors are, as a general law, good radiators; but the power of radiation, as just remarked, depends greatly upon the nature of the surface. Hence, a piece of wool, or a plate of glass, placed in a horizontal position, favors the deposition of dew; but a piece of polished metal will retain its lustre, notwithstanding every blade of grass around it may be drooping with the pressure of condensed vapor. These facts lead at once to the deduction, that during the night, the temperature of different substances varies in accordance with their respective powers of radiation and conduction.

Thus have these deductions been developed by Dr. Wells, in a long series of experiments, as conclusive as they are ingenious. His admirable work is well worth being consulted by every one who takes an interest in physical facts as a science, or by the mere practical horticulturist. His extensive operations have enabled him to apply many useful precautions to the cultivation and preserva-

tion of fruits, flowers, and plants. The effect produced by the intervention of a substance between the radiating body on the surface of the earth and the upper regions of the air (which are well known to be the abodes of perpetual congelation), has an important bearing on horticulture. Even a thin wire gauze, suspended over a body which readily admits the deposition of dew, will suffice to prevent its occurrence. "I had often," says Dr. W., "in the pride of half-knowledge, smiled at the means frequently employed by gardeners to protect plants from cold, as it appeared to me impossible that a thin mat, or any such flimsy substance, could prevent them from attaining the temperature of the atmosphere, by which alone I thought them liable to be injured. But when I had learned that bodies on the surface of the earth become, during a still and serene night, colder than the atmosphere, by radiating their heat to the Heavens, I perceived immediately a just reason for the practice which I had before deemed useless. Being desirous, however, of acquiring some precise information on this subject, I fixed perpendicularly, in the earth of a grass-plot, four small sticks; and over their upper extremities, which were six inches above the grass, and formed the corners of a square, the sides of which were two feet long, I drew tightly a very thin cambric handkerchief. The temperature of the grass, which was thus shielded from the sky, was upon many nights afterwards examined by me, and was always found higher than that of the neighboring grass which was uncovered, if this was colder than the air."

The result of an experiment will be vitiated as much even by the vicinity of a house or a tree, as if a substance were actually interposed between the surface of the earth and the sky. It is well known that, in spots shielded by the spreading branches of a tree, dew is much less abundantly deposited. This fact was not unknown to the immortal Milton, who says—

Full forty days he passed, whether on hill
Sometimes, anon on shady vale, each night
Under the covert of some ancient oak,
Or cedar, to defend him from the dew.

As dew not unfrequently partakes of the sensible qualities of the bodies upon which it is deposited, it has sometimes been erroneously confounded with foreign substances. "What is termed *honey-dew*," says Dr. Traill, "generally owes its qualities to the saccharine exudation from the bodies of the insects called *Aphides*. The *jelly-dew* is believed to be the original form of a cryptogamian vegetable production, the *Tremella nostoc* of Linnæus; a membranous, pellucid, greenish-yellow matter, about one or two inches in width, which is at first moist and soft to the touch, but dries into a blackish membrane."

SONG OF THE MARCH WINDS.

"COME from your eyries, come from your caves,"
To his sons, old Æolus cries:
"Come with the rush of the ocean waves,
With a lion's strength and a lion's roar,
And drive them along the sounding shore,
And the cloud-rack o'er the skies,
For your favorite month, the month of the winds,
March, stormy March, is here;
'Tis your gala now—no fetter binds
Your Bacchanal career.
Go, then, ye are free
To hold jubilee!
Go, keep your wild orgies, sing in your glee,
And lord it o'er land and sea!"

"Hark! 'tis our father Æolus calls—
Come, brothers, up and away!"
Stern Boreas shouts. "From our cavern-halls
In a rolling whirlwind let's burst on the earth,
And riot and revel in mischief and mirth!
Oh! is it not a glorious play
To lash the sea-horses' manes of snow,
Till they toss the white foam to Heaven;
And plunge the proud bark in the gulf below,
With its timbers all rent and riven?
We've rare sport, I trow,
With the oaken prow,
When we make the king of the forest bow,
Like a reed, his stately brow!"

"Aye! and better still than 'mid raging floods,
We'll conquer the oak in his own
Domain!" cries the treacherous East. "In the
woods
We'll shake their strong monarch, and hunt him
down;
And tear from his forehead its branchy crown,
And topple him off his throne!
Come, gentle South! with thy softest breath
Tempt the fragile maiden forth;
Then away! and leave our work of death
To me and the piercing North,
We'll nip her young bloom,
As a blight doth consume
The young rose; and when we have sealed her
doom,
Sing merrily o'er her tomb!"

"Shame! out on your barbarous revelry!"
Mild Zephyrus tenderly sighs;
"Stay, gentle South! and soon follow with me
To the wreck-strewn ocean, and ravaged wood,
And enjoy the pure bliss of doing good—
• Sole pleasure which never dies.
We'll kiss the pale cheek, undo the fell curse,
The maid to her lover restore;
Smooth the rough billows, the chilled flowers
nurse,
And fan them to life once more.
Thus,—thus we'll prepare
For our lady fair,
Sweet April! scattering balm on the air,
And blessings everywhere."

A GOOD-NATURED HINT.

EXCESS in apparel invariably denotes a fool, whether in man or woman. The very "trimmings" of the vain world would clothe ALL the naked ones.

THE TONGUE.

Thou art a mighty leveller, in sooth,
 And in the twinkling of an eye canst slay
 More marshalled foes with thy two-edged sweep,
 Than Sampson in a century could fall.

THERE seems to be an inveterate propensity in all the animate creation to be always making a noise during their waking hours. And verily a good portion of the said creation cannot remain quiet even in sleep; but in their dreams keep snoring and babbling at such a rate, that a blind man would find it difficult in their society to tell when it was time to go to bed.

Whether this continued infringement on the sober propriety of silence be the result of habit, or some mysterious influence operating on the passions, it is not easy to determine. It is not improbable, however, that such a principle exists. We know that gravitation controls and approximates every particle of matter, however remote or dissimilar; and why may not the principle of sympathy have a like influence upon every individual mind throughout the universe?

Now, on the supposition that this is so, and that the theory of the ancients with regard to sphere-music is correct, which tells us that every orb has its individual and appropriate melody, which, blending with the music of all the others, forms the harmony of creation—we can plausibly account for the said propensity among the inhabitants of this mundane sphere. For man being an imitative animal, and very susceptible of outward impressions, cannot remain silent while all nature is lifting up its voice around him. Oh, what a noisy fellow a man is! In the theatre he shouts, hisses, or whistles; and in Parliament he yells and imitates cats as well as dogs. He *must* be heard, somewhere. He loves the sound of his own voice.

Apropos of sound; there is a sort of *cacoethes imitandi* which infests the tongue of every living thing. It is not confined to man alone, but to the lower animals also; and you may notice it, whenever you please, in the country. It is really delightful to go out into the fields of a summer morning just as the day is breaking. At first all is still, except the low dreamy sound of unfolding vegetation, which is for ever stealing forth, even in the deepest retirement of nature. By-and-by, as the dawn advances, the voice of some wakeful chanticleer breaks in upon the stillness with a clear and silvery cadence,—like the first note of a clarionet heard at evening far away upon the waters; and before its last echo has expired a response comes ringing back from every “harem” in the valley. Presently the robin commences his plaintive but eccentric song, to be answered by his mate in the neighboring coppice. Bird after bird breaks in, till every grove is vocal with

the mingled matin. Crow calls to crow from the distant pine tops, and eagle screams to eagle from opposite mountain peaks.

Now the prime minister in the great diapason of sound which rules our universe, is the tongue—that apparently most insignificant of all organisations. Place thy mirror before thee, gentle reader, and examine it attentively. Is it not a puny part and parcel of humanity? Verily there appertains to it nothing of the *os hominis sublime*. It hath neither the rose-tint of the lip, nor the fair beauty of the cheek, nor the fearless bearing of the nose, nor the soul-speaking expression of the eye, nor the princely grandeur of the lifted brow. It is a little squab, brandy-colored, unsymmetrical, and unpoetical personage, without either dignity or comeliness. The novelist gives you page after page about the silken lashes, the radiant orbs, the glossy locks, and the polished forehead of his heroine; but never does he waste a syllable on the form or feature of her tongue. The fact is, it is too prosaic for the dalliance of his imagination; and, besides, he is aware that should he throw about it all the charms which fancy can accumulate, the world would set him down as a visionary, and assert outright, that though her face may be as beautiful as a peri's, her tongue can be no better than it should be. Being one of those commonplace objects which experience has always found insignificant, it cannot be dignified by tropes, nor exalted by high-sounding epithets. Indeed, a simile would be utterly lost upon it, if used to illustrate its shape rather than its abilities; for I know of nothing within the whole circle of existence, to which it can be compared with the least shadow of resemblance.

In form, the tongue is a physical anomaly, a material nondescript, without “kith or kin;” and whoever should attempt to classify it with any known species of objects, would manifest as much reason in the undertaking, as the idiot displayed when he set about climbing a sapling to get a better view of the stars. It seems as if Nature was ashamed of her work, or why has she taken such pains to hide it from observation? For what other possible purpose than as a concealed place of banishment for this unsightly member, could she have formed the mouth—that horrible excavation in the “human face divine,” whose abyss has engulfed more fortunes than the Norwegian maelstrom? There she has secreted it, “squat like a toad;” within a double bastion of teeth, and a two-fold curtain of lips; and there, like the sibyl of Delphos, invisible and in darkness, it fashions its intrigues, and utters its varied oracles.

With all these defences, however, the tongue is the most consummate coward in

the world. Though the prime mover of all contentions, it is never found in the van of the battle. Like a puny yet quarrelsome companion, it is ever bringing its fellow-members into jeopardy by its bickering propensities; but the moment they are attacked, it seeks its own safety, and leaves them to get off as they can. Oh, how aggravated will be its reckoning with the nose, for the multiplied mishaps it has occasioned that august personage! How greatly is it indebted to that magnanimous go-between for the claret and carbuncular protuberances, lost and won in its defence! And how striking is the contrast between the bold manly bearing of the one, and the shameful pusillanimity of the other!

If the nose offend by a scornful contemptuous corrugation, there is no skulking, no manœuvring to elude consequences; all is fair, open, dignified. It stands forth undaunted, schooled to suffer with the fortitude and equanimity of a martyr. Not so the tongue. It seems to consider that the glory of a warrior does not consist in the accumulation of scars, but in the multitude of retreats he has effected; and therefore it always makes the most of an opportunity to escape. In this it reminds me of a schoolmate of mine, a peevish, impudent, brawling little stripling, who was continually abusing his fellows, but was never known to fight; for if they attempted to chastise his insolence, he flew to his father's door-step, and, whenever any of them approached, he whipped in, turned the bolt, and remained secure till the storm had subsided.

Though deficient in the endowment of personal beauty and genuine courage, the tongue is not wanting in utility,—the characteristic virtue of the age. It possesses all the essentials of a steam-engine, with infinitely more power to the square inch; and at the same time, requires no expense to keep it always in repair. There is no loss by friction; no wear and tear of material. Year after year it runs on uninjured, (would that I might add uninjuring!) with the most reckless and untiring perseverance. The hand and foot, the eye and ear, become wearied by continual action, and require rest to recover their exhausted energies; but the tongue never falters nor faints from the longest exertion—the most overtaken performances of its functions. It appears to be free from the physical weaknesses of the other members, and to gain strength and suppleness in proportion to the severity of its use. Without this diminutive and apparently insignificant organ, life would be nothing but a pantomime, civilisation would retrograde, and, in the lapse of a century, I have little doubt that Lord Monboddos's theory of a tailed humanity would be literally

realised. Annihilate the tongue, and sonnets and serenades, novels and tragedies, would be forgotten; the memory of glorious Shakespeare would pass away; and instead of real thorough-going sentimental courtships, mankind, like birds, would have their pairing time—their St. Valentine's day.

The activity of the tongue is truly astonishing—the rapid flash of the eye cannot be compared with it. If you do not believe me, just listen to the pronunciation of a fluent Frenchman. The words fall from his lips like the quick drops of a shower; so swift and continuous that it is an impossibility to count them. Yet these are all modulated in some measure by the tongue; and in Spanish, where almost every letter is sounded, the celerity of movement which this organ evinces, must surpass that of any other muscular action with which we are acquainted.

It is related, in one of Decatur's battles, that some of his guns were discharged a dozen times during a minute; yet what is this to the glossal ordnance of an offended woman? It is like the snail-pace of the sloth to the lightning-speed of the antelope, when compared with the hurried volleys of such a battery. Why—I should rather have been in the front rank at Lodi, than stand in the point-blank of an angry Xantippe's facial artillery!

W. P.

SPRING! I LOVE THEE!

Oh! I love, I love the beautiful Spring,
When leaves and plants are growing;
When the joyous birds in the greenwoods sing,
And gales o'er the hills are blowing.
And I love, I love the musical note
Of waters that swift through the valleys float,
Their way to the far sea taking;
My spirit it thrills with a holy thought,
And my heart with a gentle love is fraught,
Amid the young Year's waking.

Oh! I love, I love the beautiful Spring,
When morn is newly beaming,
And the larks aloft on their missions wing,
Their praise through the ether streaming;
And I love, I love the freshening breeze,
The lowing herds, and the green, green trees,
And the fields of glistening flowers.
The sun rejoices o'er valley and stream,
The mountains he tips with a golden beam,
And lights the budding bowers.

Oh! I love, I love the beautiful Spring
When day is calmly closing,
And the flowers abroad their fragrance fling,
On the twilight air reposing.
And I love, I love from the hawthorn tree
The gush of the nightingale's melody,
While the moonbeams quiet are sleeping—
When peace like a veil o'er the landscape lies,
And the earth smells sweet as the balmy skies
Their dew-drop tears are weeping.

DEVONSHIRE AND ITS ATTRACTIVE BEAUTIES.

SALCOMBE AND ITS ESTUARY.

(Concluded from Page 8.)

I HAVE ALREADY SPOKEN of the *Agave Americana* that blossomed in 1774. It was not until 1842 that another flowered in the same grounds; this stood in the same place as the first, and was a very beautiful object. At one end of the house is a small recessed wall, containing several thriving orange, lemon, and citron trees, which are covered with fruit; and there are many other fine trees on the grounds.

This place presents the appearance of being built on the top of a succession of terraces. Behind the house, the hill is clothed with a plantation of firs; amongst which a castellated building, about thirty feet in height, surmounted by a flagstaff, and used as a summer-house, is erected. This adds much to the beauty of the place. Closely adjoining Cliff House is Cliff Cottage, at present occupied by the incumbent of Salcombe. It is a pretty object; consisting of three bows, in front of which is a colonnade. It has a neat garden and fine view from its windows; but there are no plants or trees of any particular value.

Just at the entrance of Cliff Cottage begins the town of Salcombe, which consists of a main street, half a mile in length, containing many excellent shops, and crossed at right angles by various other streets. It is a neat thriving town, containing about 2,000 inhabitants; and is rapidly improving. There is a Mechanics' Institute, a market-house, and a public room, which are formed out of an old chapel—a building erected in 1801, and licensed by the Bishop, but which would not contain more than 250 persons. In consequence of this, and the rapid increase of inhabitants, it was found necessary to build a new church, which was done in the years 1841 and 1844 (in the same year it was consecrated), by the indefatigable exertions of the Rev. Thos. Young, the then incumbent, assisted by the principal inhabitants and landowners in the neighborhood. It stands at the north-east end of the town, and is a handsome edifice in the early English style. It contains a fine organ, a handsome-carved font and pulpit, and is capable of seating between six and seven hundred persons. It has a large churchyard, tastefully planted, and surrounded by a strong stone wall.

During the building of the church, two commodious National School-Rooms were erected, capable of containing all the children belonging to the parish; and which, standing on the hill above the town, form a great ornament to the place. The town is well provided with quays, on one of which is

the custom house and residence for the person in charge. There are three shipbuilders' yards, which are constantly at work, from which some of the finest vessels engaged in the fruit trade—of which a large fleet belong to the place—are constantly being launched. These vessels are highly renowned for their quick voyages, and are principally chartered by London merchants. Lately, several fine vessels of from five to six hundred tons burthen have been built here; and orders for these vessels seem to be on the increase. The place is possessed of considerable trade; and even in the years 1644-5, the customs duties in the port amounted to £5,000. These particulars are derived from the original account signed by Sir Edmund Fortescue, and preserved with the family archives.

A minute investigation made in the year 1841, shows that the exports and imports amounted to the sum of half a million annually. From the west end of the town a road is cut, which winds along the edge of the cliffs, and crossing the sands, terminates at the southern extremity of the Bolt Head. This road, owing to its facing the south, forms a delightful promenade, and is possessed of one of the finest views that can be conceived. Amongst the fish to be obtained at this place, may be included nearly every variety that is known on the British shores; whilst crabs, lobsters, prawns, shrimps, and oysters—together with that delicious bivalve the scallop (so little known in general), are at times more abundant in this harbour than perhaps anywhere else. There is an ample supply of excellent water in the place, furnished by a large reservoir, in which a spring is constantly rising, and led into the town by means of pipes.

There are several good inns and lodging-houses in the place, which in the summer are usually well filled. In this town is brewed a liquor called "White Ale," which can only be obtained in this neighborhood. It has much of the appearance of egg-flip; and is a favorite beverage amongst the hard-working part of the population. The same course is pursued in brewing it as for ordinary beer; excepting that, at a particular stage of the process, a certain composition is put into the wort which turns it white, and in a few days it becomes fit to drink. The manufacture of the composition above mentioned, which is called "Grout," is only known to one person, who resides in the town of Kingsbridge, at the head of the estuary, in whose family it has been preserved as an inviolable secret for many generations; and all inkeepers, prior to brewing this ale, are obliged to send to this person for the quantity of "grout" they require.

From some old papers, still preserved in the church at Kingsbridge, bearing the date

1528, we find mention made of this ale; and what is elsewhere called *ale* is here denominated *beer*; and the term *ale* is applied to this beverage, which is "par excellence" the ale of this part of the world. In the parish of Dodbrooke, which is noticed as the first place where this white ale was brewed, closely adjoining the town of Kingsbridge, a tithe, strangely established in former times, is paid by all inkeepers who brew this beverage to the Rector. It has been gradually raised from tenpence, until it has reached the sum of £1. 1s. The bread made with the yeast which works off this white ale, is most excellent, and is not to be equalled in any part of England. It is never bitter, and will keep a long time without becoming dry.

Within a few miles round Salcombe are some of the finest orchards in the world; and from this place many hundred pipes of excellent cider are annually exported to London, Bristol, Liverpool, and other large towns; what becomes of it when there would be very difficult to say, for I have tried nearly every place in London where cider is sold to obtain some at all resembling that which leaves Salcombe—always without success; though possibly the various wine merchants who sell *champagne* could throw a *little* light on the subject, if they were so disposed.

There are six handsome smacks belonging to this place, which are constantly employed in supplying the London markets with lobsters and crayfish, obtained from the west coast of France. They are chiefly owned by two brothers, whose industry and perseverance are repaid by a great demand for their fish, and a rapidly increasing trade.

Leaving the town and harbour (which latter is here about a mile in width), the estuary takes a sharp bend round some high land to the northward; and thence continues, in nearly a straight line, to within a mile of the town of Kingsbridge, which is situated about five miles from Salcombe. A mile above the bend just mentioned, is an extensive sand-bank, called the "Dentridge," which is only uncovered at the ebb, when extraordinarily low. This occurs about once a year. Sometimes it is not uncovered for several years; and then only remains dry a few minutes. On this bank are found the *Solen Ensis* and *Vagina*, and many rare and valuable shells.

A few hundred yards to the eastward, and further up the estuary, is a large islet or rock called the Saltstone, which is barely covered at high water. The late Colonel Montague, F.L.S. and F.W.S., the naturalist (author of the "Ornithological Dictionary," "Testacea Britannica," &c. &c.), in digging on this islet, discovered the *Amphitrite Infundibulum*, which he fully described in the ninth volume of the "Transactions of the Linnean Society."

In the same volume, he mentions some interesting additions he made to the British Fauna. Among the crustacea, he particularises *Cancer Astacus Subterraneus*, a new and curious species, discovered in digging for *Solen Vagina*, at a depth of two feet below the surface. This gentleman resided at Kingsbridge for nearly sixteen years, and made the greatest part of his collection of valuable and rare birds, and other animals, in this estuary. On his death (which was caused by lockjaw, produced from stepping on a rusty nail in 1815), his collection was purchased for upwards of eleven hundred pounds, by W. E. Leach, Esq., M.D. and F.R.S., for the British Museum, where it very properly now forms part of that extensive national assemblage of curiosities.

In this part of the estuary, many rare and valuable birds are frequently met with; and a gentleman residing in Kingsbridge has made a very good collection of the most rare.

Proceeding up the estuary, we arrive at the town of Kingsbridge, which is clean and tolerably well built. In the parish of Dodbrooke, which is only separated from Kingsbridge by a small stream of water that flows beneath the pavement, was born John Wolcot, Esq., M.D., the celebrated satiric and lyrical poet (better known as "Peter Pindar"). He received his education at the grammar school at Kingsbridge, and became an M.D. at the University of Aberdeen. He has the merit of having brought into notice John Opie, R.A., the celebrated portrait painter. In the town of Kingsbridge is the well-known Free Grammar School, founded in 1670 by John Crispin, who was born there in 1607-8. In the year 1691, Mr. William Duncombe, the first master of this school, appointed by Crispin himself, left fifty pounds per annum to a lecturer, who was to preach once on a Sunday, as well as once a month on a week day in the parish church. He also left ten pounds a year to three poor scholars, who should be educated at the free school in this town; to be enjoyed by them for four years, and help to maintain them whilst at Oxford or Cambridge. The school has been lately rebuilt. There is a shipwrights' yard belonging to some of the inhabitants; but it is not much employed. The scenery here is very inferior to that round Salcombe and the seacoast. Salcombe and Kingsbridge are reached from the Kingsbridge Road Station, on the South Devon Railway; and the scenery, &c., will repay the tourist for the trouble of a visit.

C. F. T. Y.

Stockleigh Pomeroy, Crediton, Devon,
February 20.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

BY ELIZA COOK.

How many lovely things we find
 In earth, and air, and sea,—
 The distant bells upon the wind,
 The blossom on the tree!
 But lovelier far than chime or flower
 A valued friend in sorrow's hour.

Sweet is the carol of a bird
 When warbling on the spray,
 And beautiful the moon's pale beam
 That lights us on our way;
 Yet lovelier Friendship's look and word
 Than moonlight, or than warbling bird.

How prized the coral and the shell,
 And valued too the pearl;
 Who can the hidden treasures tell
 O'er which the soft waves curl?
 Yet dearer still a friend to me
 Than all in earth, or air, or sea.

THE JAY AND THE MAGPIE.

IT IS REMARKABLE how exactly similar are the habits and propensities of birds of the same tribe or family, though of a different species. Thus the Jays of North America are of various sorts, entirely differing from our English Jays in parts, or the whole of their plumage; and yet in their manners scarcely a difference is observable. It is a curious fact, that these and some other birds will just keep out of the range of gun-shot, as if they had learned, either from experience, or by some unknown mode of communication from their older companions, that, provided they never allowed a shooter to come within a given distance, they were quite safe. But the American Jays we are speaking of, have no such knowledge, founded upon experience; as is fully proved by the account of an English officer, who was travelling in a very wild, unfrequented part of North America, where no gunners had ever gone before him, and no Jay could therefore have ever learned the proper distance to keep, in order to ensure its safety. Yet there they were, exactly like our common English Jays; shy and cautious, as if they had been hunted by sportsmen every day of their lives; keeping at a certain distance, with that occasional clatter and chattering so well known to those who have patiently and perseveringly pursued from copse to copse, or tree to tree, a disturbed party of these cunning birds.

At the same time, certain birds of similar habits will naturally, under peculiar circumstances, act very differently; we have an instance of this, in the singular departure of the Magpie from its usual custom of building its nest. Everybody knows that where trees abound, that which is loftiest, or most difficult of access, is chosen; but in parts

where there are no trees, instead of retiring to high rocks, and choosing places not easily approached, they will take possession of bushes close to the very doors of houses,—particularly in those countries where, instead of being persecuted, they are preserved, from an opinion that it is unlucky to kill them. Accordingly, in Sweden and Norway, travellers are struck by their surprising numbers and tameness; their nests being built in some low bushy tree close to the cottage doors, where they are never disturbed.

The following instance, which fell under the observation of a gentleman when making an excursion in a remote and barren part of the north of Scotland, not only corroborates the statement from Norway and Sweden, but is attended with many other interesting particulars of the sagacity shown by a pair of Magpies. Observing them hopping round a gooseberry-bush, and flying in and out of it in an extraordinary manner, he noticed the circumstance to the owners of the house in which he was, who informed him that as there were no trees in the neighborhood, they had for several years built their nest, and brought up their young in that bush. And that foxes, cats, hawks, &c., might not interrupt them, they had barricaded not only the nest, but the bush itself all round, with briars and thorns, in a formidable manner. The materials in the inside of the nest were soft, warm, and comfortable to the touch; but all round on the outside, so rough, strong, and firmly entwined with the bush, that, without a hedge-knife, or something of the kind, even a man could not, without much pain and trouble, get at their young; the barrier from the outer to the inner edge being above a foot in breadth. Frogs, mice, worms, or anything living, were plentifully brought to their young.

One day, one of the parent-birds attacked a rat; but not being able to kill it, one of the young ones came out of the nest and assisted in its destruction, which was not finally accomplished till the other old one, arriving with a dead mouse, also lent its aid. The female was observed to be the most active and thievish, and withal very ungrateful; for although the children about the house had often frightened cats and hawks from the spot, yet she one day seized a chicken and carried it to the top of the house to eat it, where the hen immediately followed, and having rescued the chicken, brought it safely down in her beak; and it was remarked that the poor little bird, though it made a great noise while the Magpie was carrying it up, was quite quiet, and seemed to feel no pain, while its mother was carrying it down. These Magpies were supposed to have been the very same pair which had built there for several years; never suffering either the

young, when grown up, or anything else, to take possession of their bush. The nest they carefully fortified afresh every Spring, with rough, strong, prickly sticks, which they sometimes drew in with their united forces, if unable to effect the object alone.

To this tameness and familiarity the Magpie will sometimes add a considerable degree of courage; and not satisfied with driving away intruders from its premises, has been known to attack animals much its superior in size. One of them was seen pursuing a full-grown hare, making frequent and furious pounces upon it; from which the animal at last escaped only by making for a thick hedge, at the other side of which it ran off to some distance from the place where it had entered, without being observed by its pursuer. No cause could be assigned for this assault.

A favorable trait in their character occurred in Essex, where some boys, having taken four young ones from a Raven's nest, placed them in a wagon in a cart-shed. About the same time, they happened to destroy the young of a Magpie, which had built its nest near the cart-shed; when the old Magpie, hearing the young Ravens cry for food, brought some, and constantly fed them till they were given away by the boys.

Generally speaking, says Dr. Stanley, these birds prefer our northern climates, though they are plentifully spread over the world. In some spots they are, however, very scarce, without any apparent reason. Thus, a traveller, who had been through Turkey, remarked that he never saw a single bird of this species, and had seen very few indeed in the adjoining countries.

PITY, DEAR MAID,—PITY!

TAKE back, dear maid! the blushing flowers

Thy gentle fingers placed in mine,
Ere they recall the vanished hours

When I was cheered by smiles of thine.

Take back—take back thy only gift

From which my memory ne'er shall part,
For, oh! believe me, it hath left

A lasting impress on my heart.

Take back, dear maid! the fatal prize

That still reminds my heart of thee,
And bids me love those searching eyes,
Mine own, perhaps, no more may see.

Still, let no other fingers press

The gift, thine pressing, made their own,
And I in after years will bless

The love that leaves me now alone.

Take back thy gift, and if, dear maid!

Thou wouldst one rapture still bestow,—
Then let that rapture be conveyed

In bidding Hope's sweet waters flow.

Whate'er my fate in after years,
Though scathed by stern Misfortune's blast,
My heart, embalmed in hidden tears,

Shall be thy monument at last.

THE PATCHWORK QUILT.

A TRUE TALE OF GRATITUDE.

“Why do you take so much care of that old patchwork quilt, mamma?” said Julia Y—— to her mother, as they sat at work together one afternoon.

“Because, my dear, I value it highly. It proves that there is still some gratitude left in the world,” replied Mrs. Y——; “and if you will listen to me, I will tell you the history of it.

“In the town of S——, in the county of Devon (where you know we resided for many years), lived an old woman, who had once seen better days; but her husband had dropped down dead on board the small vessel he was master of, and she was left entirely dependant on her own exertions for support. Her two children were both fortunately grown up. The son was a sailor; and the daughter had married a carpenter, who lived in town, and had a young and rapidly increasing family to provide for.

“Poor Sally S—— (for that was her name) had been post-woman for some years; and regularly carried the letters between the town of S—— and the post town of K——, daily; but for a few years she had used a boat. She managed this so skilfully, and was such an excellent sailor, that she not only conveyed the letters, but also passengers and parcels daily between the two towns; and so great was their confidence in her integrity and skill, that she used to take large sums of money to and from the banks in the market town, for many of the inhabitants of S——; and many persons preferred going in her boat to any of the others that daily plied between S—— and K——.

“It happened that a very old acquaintance of Sally's, who had shared her small cottage for some years, died, and left her the little trifle she possessed. To obtain this, advice and assistance were of course necessary; and in all her difficulties your papa was the person she applied to. As clergyman of the parish he was happy and ready to give his assistance to all who solicited it. The present case was attended with a good deal of trouble. Documents were to be procured, copied, and forwarded to various parties; and ultimately the will had to be “proved.” All this was satisfactorily managed. The little money was obtained, and put into Sally's possession; your papa of course positively refusing to accept any fee or remuneration for what had been to him a pleasure. This made poor Sally feel very uncomfortable. She could not reconcile to herself the idea of *not paying* for what had been done for her.

“One evening, a short time after this event, I was informed by one of the servants

that Sally S—— wished to speak to me; but it must be in private. I immediately sent for her into the dining-room; and on my entering, she burst into tears. She hoped I would not think she had taken a liberty, but she could not rest until she had shown her feelings in some other way than by words, for the service your papa had rendered her; she must implore and intreat that I would do her the favor to accept a patchwork quilt, which she had begun in her youth, and occasionally added to. She entreated that it might be used on the bed of my eldest son, then a boy of five years (now the writer of this), that I might, when I looked at it, think of her, and say 'there is at least one grateful person in the world, and that is poor Sally S——!'

"I *did* accept her proffered gift, and that same quilt has covered all my children in succession. How frequently, when in sickness, has poor Sally volunteered to fetch the medicines at any hour of the night—and on several occasions been rewarded on entering the sick room by seeing her own quilt on the bed!

"Some years ago, poor Sally was seized with an apoplectic fit; and as your papa was passing along the street, he found her lying speechless on the ground with the letters in her hand (she was just about to deliver them). He assisted to get her to her home, and was afterwards a constant attendant on her. This appeared to give her great satisfaction, until she breathed her last; though, poor creature, she was unable to express her feelings!

"A few days subsequently, your papa buried her by the side of her husband, over whom he had also performed the same solemn service only a few years before. I shall never forget poor Sally's gratitude, and shall preserve *that* quilt as long as I live."

C. F. T. Y.

Stockleigh Pomeroy, Devon.

BEGONE DULL CARE!

The laughing earth hath gleams of mirth

To hearts that, heedful, mind them:

'Tis only those who dream of woes

That are most sure to find them.

A wiser plan 'twould be for man

To wear the cap of folly,

Than pass through life the prey of strife,

Or slave to melancholy.

Then laugh who will there's plenty still,

In this bright world to cheer us;

'Tis friendly smiles our thoughts beguile,

'Tis love to home endears us.

The heart can rise to summer skies,

Though winter's snows be gathered;

Let mirth prevail where care assails,—

THEN every storm is weathered!

C. S.

NOTES FOR NATURALISTS.

A REMINISCENCE.

IT was a beautiful May morning,—the first of May in the year of grace forty-four—when the Naturalists' Club assembled at Etal, the loveliest village of our plain. So gay and happy with its parterres and green lawn, and broad walks, and trees, and ruins, and the hall, that I ween a prettier village may not well be seen anywhere. It does one good to visit that florulent village. The zephyr, too, full of fragrance, that came upon us, sunning from a thousand blossoms, gave a whet to the appetite; and the call to breakfast hurried us from these aerial essences to a substantial fare. The hearty and social meal over, we again sallied forth to saunter a-field, amid such wildnesses as modern agriculture permits,—in meadows and woods, in brakes and deans, and

By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

Away we went—all chatting—few listening,—the admiration of every ruddy-cheeked lass, and the wonder of every Colin Clout,—a queer group, as piod in dress, and cast in as many characters as a strolling company; the clerical suit of sober black mellowed and relieved by the freckled and chequered sporting jackets that suit so well this holiday. The village is left; and the lane leads us, by an abrupt turn, down to the rat-rattling mill,—all grey and dusty, and quite a picture. There was the lusty miller, leaning on the half-shut door, eyeing us complacently; while the two cats that bask at his feet seemed to be half alarmed at the novel rout.

How hurriedly the water runs from beneath that heavy revolving wheel, as if it were glad to have escaped from thralldom and from under the wheel of torture; and how does the eye seek relief from the painful image in the caul beyond, over which the river rolls itself, in a round and oily wave, into the linn beneath,—where, fretted by the fall, it ruffles itself into a white foam, and murmurs (not loud and scarcely displeased) at the accident and delay! After a short whirling play, the water goes on in a smooth and placid flow. This, after a space, quickens into a tumbling, battling stream; as if suddenly become conscious that it had dallied here too long, and must make up for the lost time.

We take the hint, and we start to follow the river, leading by a pathway, which the inscription, carved on a rock in rustic fashion, informs us was made by my Lord Frederick Fitzclarence,—not for our ease, who are all too regardless of a trespass. So onward we saunter, changing companions as whim and chance dictate,—now in front, now lost in

the rear,—now plucking a new variety of flower,—and now entrapping the gorgeous insects that flit about everywhere.

The air is full of life ; but 'twas unlucky to be so engaged just at this particular moment ; for I cannot participate in that laugh which some story of Douglas' has provoked, and I lost the fun too for the sake of a fly that I have not captured ! Onwards again—and now the wood is passed, when we cross, with a quicker pace, the open fields, and scarcely tarry at the queer little house and mill, which is sunk as it were in the bank over which the road is carried. But we greet the good woman who stands there with her infant in her arm, all a-wondering at the throng ; and our greeting is returned with a cheerful smile that bespeaks the good woman to be happy with her lot. And the opposite bank, covered with the bonnie broom, is sunny, and alive too, with yur-yur-yurlings, and chirps, and melody. And the river is alive with the leaping trout and the up-and-down flies,—and it plays in its course with alternate streams and stills, rapids, and circling deep pools,—and the sun shines on all things, living and dead, and we know not what to say but that this is beautiful and fine ; and we say this to one another very often, *and never dream that we repeat a twice-told tale.*

Now a precipitous rock, partly quarried, and clothed with flowering sloes—and a golden whin or two,—hazel and budding hawthorn,—honeysuckle clambering amidst the shrubs,—ivy that festoons the dark rock, and much varied herbage,—draw us to remark with what successful art nature has grouped and mingled all this heterogeneous furniture,—producing a very pleasing and picturesque effect, with materials which, separately viewed, are of a mean and regardless character. Turned by this rock, the river now runs in a rougher channel ; banked on one side by a green pasture slope. The steeper bank, along whose base we travel, is wooded with almost impenetrable shrubbery and trees of minor rank, where the varied botany that luxuriates in their shelter calls us to frequent admiration. The primrose and violet banks ; the trailing ground-ivy with its modest flowers ; the tall and graceful rush ; the star-wort with its blossoms of vestal purity,—are all beautiful ; and although often seen before, their beauty comes fresh and new upon us. I do love these wild flowers of the year's spring !

And on we stroll—almost palled with sweets, and almost weary with loitering. It is felt to be a relief, when a sylvan dean, that opens aside on our path, tempts us to trace its unknown intricacies and retreats. It is a dean without a name ; but sunny and odorous, and silent. Here the brae glows

with whin and budding bloom,—there it is copped with grey willows and alders, and every wild shrub and trailer. Here is a gentle bank, with its sward pastured by a lamb or two and their dams that have strayed from the field above,—while opposite, a rough quarry contrasts, yet not disturbs the solitude ; for the prickly briars and weeds, that partially conceal the defect, tell us that it has been some time unworked.

Now a sloe-brake gives shelter to every little bird which is seen fitting out from its shelter stealthily, and stealthily returning ; and the lark sings and soars above ; and the blackbird alarms the dean with its hurried chuckle. And as we near the top, we find a grove of elms, and poplars, and willows, which hang partly over a little shallow linn, formed by a rill that has fallen in a gentle stream over a moss-grown shelf of rock. Then does the water steal more than half-hidden, down the grassy bed of the dean.

Edinburgh.

G. JOHNSTON, M.D.

TELL ME WHAT THOU LOVEST BEST.

Tell me what thou lovest best—
 Vernal motion ? Summer rest ?
 Winter with its merry rhymes ?
 Or the grand Autumnal times ?
 Dost thou Saxon beauty prize ?
 Or, in England, love-lit eyes ?
 Or the brown Parisian's grace ?
 Or the warm-soul'd Bordelaise ?
 Or the forehead broad and clear
 Which the Indian Damas wear,
 Braiding round their night-black hair,
 Circe-like ?—Or the Spanish air,
 Where the Moor has mixed his blood
 With the dull Castilian flood,
 Giving life to sleepy pride ?
 Tell me, where wouldst thou abide,
 Choosing for thyself a season,
 And a mate,—for sweet Love's reason ?

LISTEN !

Nought for country should I care,
 So my mate were true and fair ;
 But for *her*—Oh ! she should be,
 (Thus far I'll confess to thee)—
 Like a bud when it is blowing ;
 Like a brook when it is flowing,
 (Marr'd by neither heat nor cold) ;
 Fashion'd in the lily's mould—
 Stately, queen-like, very fair ;
 With a motion like the air ;
 Glances full of morning light,
 When the morn is not too bright ;
 With a forehead marble pale,
 When sad pity tells her tale ;
 And a soft scarce-tinted cheek.
 (Flushing but when she doth speak) ;
 For her voice, 't should have a tone
 Sweetest when with me alone ;
 And Love himself should seek his nest
 Within the fragrance of her breast !

BARRY CORNWALL.

A SONG OF THE SUNBEAM.

THE sunbeam, oh, the sunbeam
It is beautiful to see,
As it danceth in the ocean's breast,
Or sleepeth on the lea;
As it crowns with gold the forest trees,
And fills the vale with light,
And maketh glorious appear
Rude crag and rocky height.

'Tis beautiful at early morn,
When pearly drops of dew
Emit, like sparkling gems, their rays
Of iridescent hue;
When from the east it stealeth down
Upon the fresh green earth,
And waketh all her living things
To melody and mirth.

'Tis beautiful at noontide, when
Each sound hath died away,
And Nature slumbers, like a child
Quite wearied out with play;
When glanceth every stream and rill
As it were molten glass,
And light is in each woodland glade,
And narrow mountain pass.

And beautiful at eventide,
When in the sapphire sky
The clouds unfold their banners broad
Of gold and crimson dye;
When every vapory wreath that floats
Amid the gorgeous west,
Is like a proud pavilion where
A monarch takes his rest.

'Tis beautiful at spring-time,
When flowers begin to peep,
The birds to chant their madrigals,
The lambs to skip and leap;
When thawing winter's icy chains
It sets the waters free,
And calleth herbage from the ground.
And blossoms from the tree.

'Tis beautiful in summer-time,
When in the meadows green
The daisy and the buttercup,
And the daffodil are seen;
When swallows skim the glassy pool,
And trout rise in the stream,
And dragon-flies, like winged gems,
Amid the rushes gleam.

'Tis beautiful in autumn, too,
When all the fertile plain
Is covered o'er with blushing fruits
And yellow waving grain;
When withered leaves and thistle-seed
Come floating down the rills,
And gossamers their shining webs
Weave o'er the vales and hills.

And beautiful in winter, 'tis,
When earth is all bedight,
E'en like a lovely virgin bride
In pure and spotless white;
When glittering icicles hang down
Like jewel-pendants rare;
And feathery frost-work silvers o'er
The boughs, of foliage bare.

The sunbeam, oh, the sunbeam!
How it glads the heart of man,
How bright it makes this world appear
To those who share it can.
The infant in the nurse's arms,
The weak and tottering sire,
The eager youth—all, all alike
To bask therein desire.

And, oh, the beauteous sunbeam!
It shineth upon all,
The dwellers in the humble cot
And in the stately hall;
No difference the sunbeam makes
Between the rich and poor,
But streams through lofty portico
And lowly cabin door.

The brown bee and the butterfly,
And all the insect race
That spread abroad their gauzy wings,
And flit from place to place—
Oh, in the genial sunbeam,
How these delight to play,
And in a round of merriment
To pass their lives away!

The linnet, blackbird, and the thrush,
And every bird of song,
With gladness hail the sunbeam
When summer days are long;
But most of all the singing lark,
Who spreads his speckled wings,
And mounts, and mounts, as he would reach
The point from whence it springs.

And those rejoicing creatures
That neither toil nor spin,
That nothing know of pain or care,
Of sorrow nor of sin;
The many-hued and scented flowers,
To them the sunbeam is
A source of life and loveliness,
And never-cloying bliss.

The cowslip and the violet,
The rose, the lily green,
Alike their perfume leaves unfurl
That it may steal between.
They love to feel the genial warmth,
And tremble with delight,
As round about you quivering floats
The radiance, golden bright.

Then give unto the sunbeam praise,
That source of light and mirth;
But more unto the gracious Lord
Who sendeth it on earth,—
To comfort us, to gladden us,
And cause sweet herbs to spring,
With fruits and life-sustaining grain—
For ever praises sing.

And let it ne'er forgotten be,
That unto Him above
Our thanks and gratitude are due
For His paternal love,—
Which sheddeth on us balmy showers
And sunbeams bright and warm,
And breezes to invigorate
Each weak and fragile form.

H. G. ADAMS.

ANIMAL INSTINCT.

THE DOG AND THE STORK.

When the effects entirely are the same,
Instinct and Reason differ but in name.

Raise Reason over Instinct as you can,—
The latter, God directs; the former, Man.



THE ABSENCE OF MY NAME FROM YOUR "PLEASANT PAGES"—it *does* seem an age since I appeared there!—has not, I hope, banished me, my dear Sir, altogether from your remembrance. That will never do. You must not either, for

one single instant, imagine that I have become indifferent to your success; or that I have failed to be pleased with the monthly record of the many pleasing novelties which grace the columns of OUR OWN. Far,—very far from it; and as one of the "Happy Family" to whom you make such frequent,—such affectionate reference, let me once more resume my proper place in the family circle.

I send you to-day some very interesting extracts, which I have selected from the "Memoirs of the Baronne d'Oberkisch." They have reference to the instinctive sagacity of the Dog, and the remarkable affection of the Stork. Of the Dog,—my favorite, I have already been eloquent in your columns; and the present trait will be another addition to his already countless good qualities. I feel sure you will readily give it a place.

The second extract is a touching incident in the family history of a Stork,—the record of whose devotion and affection cannot fail to please the readers of OUR OWN.

The Baillie de Suffren, says the Baronne, gave us some very interesting details connected with his services in India. I made notes of several of them in my journal. On one occasion, he was very anxious to learn how the troops of the enemy were disposed about the country, as he had reason to suspect that some were lying in ambush,—preparing to make an unexpected attack; and although it was by no means the duty of a commander to risk his life by penetrating almost alone into an enemy's camp, yet, regardless of danger, he disguised himself and went to reconnoitre. His companions were only an officer, in whom he could confide,—and a faithful dog.

This dog was of a peculiar species,—a breed carefully preserved in the palace of the grand masters at Malta. Tradition says, they are descended from the two dogs with which Diendrone de Gizon killed the celebrated serpent. However that may be, it is certain that these dogs possess more than ordinary intelligence,—and the one here spoken of (belonging to Madame de Suffren, and to whom his master was very much at-

tached) was by no means unworthy of his race. On the present occasion, *he* went on before his master: exploring their route, smelling all round, and by his mute signals deciding his owner's path. These Indians are the most wily and watchful people imaginable. They are ever on the alert, and very seldom taken by surprise. But now their vigilance seemed to sleep; for the General went all round their camp without meeting any adventure, or making the slightest discovery.

It was nearly day as he retraced his steps; almost disappointed at having escaped so well; when, at last, the prospect looked more promising. Suddenly, the dog turned back as if afraid, or stunned; and seemed to wish to lead his master towards a rock at a little distance. The General followed the indications of the animal; and to his no small surprise and horror, saw, standing at the entrance of a kind of grotto, an immense tiger, whose eyes flamed with rage. His first impulse was to draw back, and prepare to defend himself; but the strange proceedings of the dog arrested his attention, and he involuntarily waited to see what the animal was about to do.

For a few moments, the dog stood still, as if collecting his strength; and then darting towards the savage beast, a mortal combat ensued. M. de Suffren was surprised at this; for it was by no means common with dogs of this species. So he determined to wait the issue of the fight.

The movements of the tiger were no less extraordinary; for he defended himself against his enemy without using his claws, or mouth. A moment sufficed to reveal the mystery. The dog, seizing the tiger by the throat, the skin came away; and disclosed (inside) an Indian! The savage had assumed this disguise in order that he might watch with the greater security. Now that he was discovered, he flung away the tiger's hide; and drawing a poignard, attacked the dog with great fury. Oh, how the General trembled for his faithful friend! But though he had his firelock cocked, yet could he not take aim at the Indian; so firmly bound together were the savage and the dog! At last, the poor animal was overpowered, and fell upon the ground; but just as the Indian was preparing to transfix him with his poignard, a ball from the General's rifle stretched the conqueror lifeless on the earth.

M. de Suffren raised his dog, bleeding,—almost lifeless as he was; and bore him in his arms safely to the boat. He was nurtured with the greatest care, and soon recovered all his strength. For many years after, he was the faithful companion of his master; and bore upon his shoulder the marks of the wounds received in his defence."

Oh, how I should have loved that dog, my dear Sir! What *man* would have done as *he* did?

But now for the particulars of the stork:—

On the roof of the cathedral at Strasbourg, there had been placed a wheel, laid crosswise as an inducement to storks to build their nests there. This is a custom throughout Alsace; it being a popular opinion in that part of the country that these birds are harbingers of good-luck.

The storks had not failed to come; and, from the windows of our inn, we saw the sombre profile of a parent bird standing out in strong relief against the evening sky, then reddened by the setting sun. A brood of young storks was grouped around the parent, which stood upright upon its great claws. Not one in the nest slept. It was evident that they awaited an absent one—some straggler perhaps; and, from time to time, we heard their wild and disagreeable cry.

At length we perceived, on the verge of the horizon, a stork with outspread wings. He was cleaving the air with arrowy swiftness, and closely pursued by a bird of prey, of prodigious size,—probably a vulture from the neighboring mountains. The stork was frightened—wounded, perhaps—and the cries of those in the nest responded to the parent's wail. We saw the poor, frightened bird arrive straight over its nest, and fall there; exhausted either by fatigue or pain. The other stork then took her companion's place, and sprang towards the enemy. A fierce combat ensued. The two champions rushed upon one another, uttering terrific cries.

But the glorious instinct of paternity displayed itself with incredible strength and energy in the stork. Whilst defending herself or attacking her gigantic adversary, she never, for an instant, lost sight of her little ones that lay trembling and terrified in the nest beneath; but tried continually to cover them with her wings. At length, too weak to sustain the unequal combat, by a desperate effort she approached her branch-formed nest, where lay her expiring mate and the young ones,—yet unable to take wing. She caught the nest in her bill, shook it forcibly; and, turning it over, dashed from the top of the tower the objects of her affection, rather than see them fall a prey to their enemy. Then, devoting herself singly,—a resigned victim, she fell upon the wheel; where, with a blow of his beak, the vulture terminated her existence.”

What now shall we say about instinct and reason? How shall we define,—how divide them?

I agree with you, my dear sir, that Nature is a wonderful mother,—ever watchful, ever

kind; and at all times ready to lend her aid according to the greatness of the occasion.

FORESTIERA.

[We are indeed rejoiced once again to behold the handwriting of our much-esteemed correspondent, FORESTIERA. That a star *had* gone from the circle, was undeniably felt by us and by our readers. Its return will be joyfully heralded. May it never “wander” again! We cannot afford to lose even the shadow of one of our precious jewels.]

LOVELY SPRING! WE WAIT FOR THEE.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

LOVELY Spring,—charming Spring!—we are waiting for thee,
The leaves are all gone from the bright holly-tree;
And a sigh has escaped from our hearts even now,
As we whisper'd farewell to the misseltoe bough.
But away with all sorrow; from care we'll be free,
And realise pleasure whilst waiting for thee!

Old Winter, we learn, is preparing to go,—
To lay by his frost-robe and mantle of snow;
And the birds,—oh, how sweetly they sung with delight,
As they saw the gay heralds approaching in sight!
They kiss'd the bright buds, whilst they hopp'd
on each tree,
And breathed vows of love.—They are waiting for thee!

The daisy has open'd its pretty bright eye,
And gracefully bends as the breeze passes by;
And the dormouse creeps forth from its snug little bed,
For the pale sun is peeping out over its head;
But it looks all around, as if wishing to see
Some kind smiling face.—It is waiting for thee!

How we long for a walk through the fields to the mill,
Or to Old Martha's cot at the foot of the hill!
But a cold wind is whistling over the plain,
And the ducks with much pleasure anticipate rain;
There are brighter days coming, with flower and bee;
Oh, haste, lovely Spring,—they are waiting for thee!

We wait for thy voice to resound through the vale,—
Thy light step to lead us through forest and dale;
Thy smile to enliven the bower and brake,
Or to join the gay breezes that dance on the lake;
The light bark is moor'd, but she longs to be free,
OH, COME, LOVELY SPRING,—WE ARE WAITING FOR THEE!

PURITY OF HEART.

THE man, woman, or child, who can wander abroad at this season and *not* feel impressed with a love for God, and the work of His hands,—is an object for pity. Let them “go to Ant.”

REVIEWS.

THE NATURALIST. No. 36. Groombridge and Sons.

Among the varied articles in this number of our elder brother, is one from which we propose to make a few extracts. We allude to the "Visit to the Grounds of Terrick House;" which details what the writer, Mr. S. Stone (of Brighthampton) saw there in the way of feathered residents, or visitants. We are not going to pilfer from these interesting observations; but we feel pleasure in giving Mr. Stone's preliminary observations. They are quite in accordance with the tone of OUR JOURNAL, and will be perused with delight by all who really love to see birds "happy."

Our recent observations on the cruelty of "Naturalists" who so remorselessly slay every living thing that is "curious," have excited more than common attention. Our contemporary, the "*Times*,"—and indeed nearly all the public journals, have given extensive currency to what fell from our pen. We sincerely hope it may produce some good result; for it is lamentable to hear (so-called) "lovers of nature" boasting of their deeds of blood, and triumphing in their acts of indefensible cruelty.

But now let us hear what Mr. Stone has to say. He prefaces his visit thus:—

Birds and other animals are found to vary somewhat in their habits, at different times in different localities, and also in different individuals. We cannot, therefore, hope to meet with a history of birds, quadrupeds, &c., approaching completeness, until a perfect knowledge of these various habits and peculiarities is gained; and the only way to obtain this knowledge is for each district to be provided with its "constant observer," and for each observer to publish the result of his observations.

To recline upon a well-cushioned sofa in a well-appointed drawing-room, gazing upon the beaming countenance of some "fair denizen of earth;" or listening to the music of "the last new opera" her fair fingers cause to proceed from the instrument at which she is seated; or to the words of a favorite air that opera contains, warbled from the sweet throat—may be a situation enjoyable enough, especially in winter; but give me, in summer, a seat on or near the top of some "greenwood tree." Let me listen to the music of "the minstrels of the grove," as they sit warbling their "native wood notes wild," and pouring forth hymns of praise to their Great Creator; let me gaze on the fair forms of these "free denizens of the air," as, according to their several habits, they may be seen,—now flitting from spray to spray, now mounting on soaring wing, now dropping from a neighboring tree-top to the shelter of the underwood, now sailing about in the upper regions of the air "with wings expanded and motionless." Now dashing with impetuous velocity round the tower of the

distant church, now skimming the surface of pond or lake, now rowing placidly and noiselessly upon—now splashing, flapping, and diving noisily and impetuously through and under its waters. Now cleaving the liquid air in straight, rapid, arrow-like, and onward flight, now describing a series of semicircles, or dancing about on the wing, "with odd jerks and gesticulations;" now darting from a neighboring thicket to pick up, at the distance of several paces, some small insect. You deem it next to impossible that it could have discerned so small an object at so great a distance; and apparently concealed, too, amongst the herbage. The fact, however, of its darting directly to the spot, and then and there seizing upon the said insect, convinces you that it must have done so; and you infer from the circumstance that its organs of vision must have telescopic, microscopic, or other powers which your own have not.

Birds were considered by the Rev. Gilbert White "to be somewhat wild and shy in proportion to their size;" to this may be added they are also wild and shy in proportion to the degree of persecution they meet with. It is astonishing the confidence most species will exhibit, when for any length of time they have met an asylum, and a consequent immunity from persecution and annoyance. And here I cannot refrain from expressing my entire concurrence in, and warmly pressing upon the attention of others, the humane and most excellent suggestion of Mr. Robt. Gray, that the use of the telescope might supersede that of the deadly fowling-piece. A circumstance which occurred to myself some time since, serves to place the advantages that might accrue from the use of the former instrument over the latter, in a strong light. I was walking in the neighborhood of Cokethorpe Park, when a bird flew past; and at the distance of about a hundred yards beyond me, alighted on a spray in the hedge, where it remained for several minutes; the bird had so much the appearance of a Cuckoo (*Cuculus canorus*), that I felt more than half inclined to set it down as one; still it is possible that it might have been the Merlin (*Falco aesalon*). I was prevented from approaching nearer, even had the bird been disposed to have permitted it, by an insurmountable fence which intervened, and alongside which I was walking. Now a gun would have been of no manner of service in this instance, while a telescope would have been of the greatest use, for it would have enabled me to have placed the identity of the bird beyond a doubt; in this I should have felt much interested, never having personally met with an instance of the Cuckoo remaining in this country so late in the season as October 26, by nearly two months. This is one of the many instances in which the telescope might be advantageously employed instead of the gun. It frequently happens that we merely wish to ascertain to what species a bird may belong; this the gun will only enable us to do by possessing ourselves of the dead or mutilated body, which may be of no use to us whatever; while the telescope would enable us as effectually to satisfy ourselves upon the point, without the sacrifice of the life of the bird, which cannot fail grievously to mar the pleasures of the humane ornithologist's studies, besides tending seriously to lessen his op-

portunities of study. We can generally, too, approach birds sufficiently near to identify them with a good telescope; while to approach them within gunshot is often, from their wildness, shyness, and wariness, extremely difficult. Could the use of the gun be entirely dispensed with,

"A consummation
Devoutly to be wished,"

this shyness and wariness in birds would soon wear off; we should then experience comparatively little difficulty in approaching them, for the purpose of observing their habits, and that in a far more satisfactory manner than we are now enabled to do.

The grounds of Terrick House, the residence of one of my three brothers, J. S. Stone, Esq., have afforded the feathered tribes an asylum for several years past. Within the limits of these grounds no gun is ever discharged; nor are nets, nor traps, nor other instruments of destruction allowed to be used. Here the birds are at full liberty to enjoy themselves as best they may; all are free to come and free to go. Free to pursue the round of courtship, marriage, nest-building, laying, incubating their eggs, and rearing their young. Welcome to the shelter its evergreens afford from the blasts and storms, and snows and cold of winter. Welcome to the protection those evergreens, as well as deciduous trees and shrubs, afford from the powerful rays of a noontide summer's sun, and its consequent parching heat; tempering that heat, and diffusing a delightful and refreshing coolness around. Welcome to partake of the fruit of vegetables, or any other fare the place affords. Welcome to disport themselves, if they be of aquatic habits, upon its waters. Welcome, and more than welcome, to solace themselves, their partners, and the inmates of the house with their music.

Then follows Mr. Stone's comment upon the Barn Owl, Rook, and other visitors to this sacred spot. There is, beside, a vast amount of pleasant reading scattered over these pages, to which we refer the curious inquirer.

We may here acknowledge the safe receipt of Part 45 of "A History of British Birds," by the Rev. F. O. Morris; and Part 26 of "The Nests and Eggs of British Birds," by the same author. These both maintain the reputation they have so long enjoyed.

A book on "British Game Birds and Wild Fowl," by Dr. Morris (to be published in Monthly Parts), is announced. When it reaches us, we shall be happy to give our report of it.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON MAGAZINE.
FEBRUARY. Piper and Co.

There is no falling off in the conduct and interest of this marvellously cheap periodical. Its matter is excellent, and its illustrations are sweetly picturesque.

Among the varied contributions, is one on "Taming the Horse." It will be here seen how largely "kindness" enters into the

secret. Kindness is, no doubt, the grand talisman for taming everything and everybody. We propose to offer a few extracts confirmatory of this, and at the same time we shall be able to gratify some of our readers by a direct allusion to the "horse-whisperers," so anxiously inquired about in our last number.

The Tartars begin to exert their influence over their horses when they are but eight months old; they make them carry their children on their backs, and thus they are trained by degrees, till about six years old, when they become perfectly amenable, and equal to the greatest hardships. Niebuhr and other travellers tell us, that the Arabian horses are divided into two great branches, the *Kadischè* and *Kochlani*; the descent of the former is not known, but there has been a written genealogy kept of the latter for upwards of two thousand years. They are kept solely for riding; and are in such high estimation, that they can only be obtained at enormous cost,—their origin is said to be derived from King Solomon's stud. They are capable of sustaining the greatest fatigue, and can even pass whole days without food. They are said to be undaunted in courage against an enemy; and it is told of the noble and faithful creature, that when wounded and unable to bear his rider any longer, he retires from the fight and takes him to a place of safety—and should his master fall to the ground, he never quits his side till he has attracted some one by his neighing to come to his assistance. Indeed, there is an influence more potent than bit or bridle or harshness—the influence of kindness.

The Arabs treat their horses with the utmost tenderness; they never make use of the whip or spur but in cases of the greatest emergency—they treat them, in fact, as companions, and talk to them and caress them—allow them to share their tents, and carefully attend to their wants. The mane and tail, which are never cut, are washed every morning as well as the legs; and every little roughness on the skin is smoothed. The family who thus associate with the horse, consider him in the light of a friend; and when he lies down, the little children may be seen fondling about his neck and body—nothing, indeed, can exceed the affection of an Arab for his horse: it is impossible to reckon on the fulfilment of a bargain for his sale. It often happens that a rich European, attracted by the beauty of an Arabian horse, offers such an exorbitant price for his purchase, as might be supposed to be an irresistible temptation to one in poverty; but it rarely happens that the bargain is completed—one look at his horse is enough to make the Arab declare off, he protests that his horse is dearer to him than his life—that money is useless to him, but that when mounted on his favorite, he feels as rich as a Paacha.

There are hundreds of affecting anecdotes of the strength of this affection. D'Arvieux mentions one of a poor Arab, who made journeys to Rome to inquire after a mare whom he had been induced to sell. While kissing and caressing her, he would cry like a child—he would embrace her and wipe her eyes with his handkerchief, and rub her with his shirt sleeves; and he would give her a thousand blessings during whole hours that he

would stand talking to her. He would address her in the tenderest tones, reminding her how he had brought her up as his child and indulged her, and assuring her that it was his poverty which had obliged him to part with her; he would then wipe his eyes, embrace her, and take the most affectionate leave. D'Arvicux mentions the case of another Arab, who would not part with a mare which had been bought for the King of France:—"When he put the money in his bag," D'Arvicux tells, "he looked wistfully upon his mare and began to weep; 'shall it be possible,' said he, 'that after having bred thee up in my house with so much care, and after having had so much service from thee, I should be delivering thee up to slavery to the Franks for thy reward? No, I never will do it, my darling!' and with that he threw down the money on the table, embraced and kissed his mare, and took her home with him again." This incident has been made the subject of a touching and spirited poem by the Honorable Mrs. Norton. Nor is kindness thrown away on the generous animal. The Syrian horse, we are told, is so peculiarly under the influence of attachment—so fond does he become of his groom, that he will follow him about like a dog. After having been brought in from the wild state and tamed, if they become by any accident free they never again become wild, but come at the call of their masters. The Buccaneers, who have returned after a long absence, have been gratified by finding themselves remembered, when they have been met by a welcome, which shows how capable the lower creatures are of loving those who treat them kindly.

The swiftness of the Arabian horse is astonishing; no obstacle can impede his speed—he clears at a bound such as he meets; yet in the midst of this rapid course, if his rider happens to fall, he instantly stays his speed and stands perfectly still. From his attachment to his master, and from his remarkable docility and agility, the Arabian horse is highly prized, and is often sold for one or two thousand pounds, and has been known to bring three thousand. When we reflect on the native wild state of the horse, and all that can be gradually accomplished in his training, and on the hold which affection for his master takes of his nature, it may well excite our admiration. He soon learns to obey the human voice, and to be as subservient to the word of command as a well-disciplined soldier. The words "go on" and "stop" are instantly obeyed, and even the chucks and chirrups of the driver, so incomprehensible to us, convey a precise meaning to the obedient horse. A slight check of the bridle directs him what course to take and when to stand still—so wonderfully teachable is this creature!

But there are mysterious influences by which an immediate ascendancy is gained over him, independent of the process of teaching on the promptings of affection. There is a family living in the county of Cork, who lay claim to a secret by which the wildest or most vicious horse can be tamed—this secret is said to have been originally imparted by a Bohemian, to be regularly transmitted as a parting legacy at the time of death from the father to the eldest son. The grandson of Con Sullivan, who is now the possessor of the secret, though to a certain degree successful in its

application, falls far short of the miraculous practice of his grandfather.

Among the many well-attested accounts of the wonderful achievements of Con Sullivan, the *Whisperer*, the first of the family in possession of the secret, the services which he rendered Colonel Westcra, who afterwards succeeded to the title of Rossmore, was the talk of the whole country. The Colonel had a splendid race-horse, called *Rainbow*, and he was anxious to run him at the races on the Curragh of Kildare; but he was so wild and vicious, that he found he must give up all thoughts of bringing him out—he would bite every one who went near him, and it was necessary to tie up his head when the groom who attended him was with him—if a horse chanced to be near him, he was sure to bite him, and the legs of the jockey who attempted to mount him did not escape his fangs. Lord Doneraile said, he knew a person who could cure him—the Colonel would not believe him, and a wager of a thousand pounds was laid on the matter.

A messenger was despatched for Con Sullivan—known throughout the country as "the *Whisperer*," from the supposition that he whispered into the horse's ear, by which means he quieted such as were unruly. When he was told the state of Colonel Westcra's horse, he desired to go into the stable to see him. "You must wait till his head is tied up," was repeated by those who were present—"No occasion," said Con, "he won't bite me;" so in he went, after peremptorily ordering no one to follow him, till a given signal should signify that they had his permission. He then shut the door for the unenviable *tete-à-tete*. In a little more than a quarter of an hour the signal was heard—those who had been waiting in alarm for the result, rushed in—they found the horse extended on his back, playing like a little kitten with the *Whisperer*, who was quietly sitting by him. Both horse and operator appeared exhausted, particularly the latter, to whom it was necessary to administer brandy and other stimulants before he could be revived: the horse was perfectly tame and gentle from that day. In the spring of 1803, Mr. Whaley's *King Pippin* was brought out to run at the Curragh of Kildare. He has been described as a horse of the most savage and vicious disposition; he had a habit of flying at and worrying any person who came near him. When he could turn his head round, he would seize his rider's leg with his teeth, and drag him from his back. The difficulty of managing such a horse may be conceived, and on this occasion it was impossible to put a bridle on him. The *Whisperer* was now sent for. He remained shut up in the stable all night—in the morning *King Pippin* was seen following him like a dog—lying down at the word of command, and permitting any person, without resistance, to put his hand into his mouth, while he stood "gentle as a lamb." He was brought out in the course of the meeting, and won the race.

The fame of the *Whisperer* had now spread through the country, and his services were extensively demanded. This extraordinary person has been noticed in various publications—Crofton Croker speaks of him in his "*Fairy Legends*" "as an ignorant rustic of the lowest class," while he bears ample testimony to his magical powers.

Which know a greater power in God alone.
Most noble Woman! Burning hearts, all scorch'd
With fiery thoughts from out their own wild
breasts,

Have call'd thee vile; have stamp'd thy name
with wrong;

Have dared to blast the garlands on thy brow
With stormy epithets, black as the grave.
These call thee fickle, selfish, heartless, frail;
And shake their sapient heads, and smile to think
What willing dupes we are to trust in thee!

They hate to hear thy laugh of innocence,
Because it 'minds them of the putrid thoughts
That ever gnaw their own world-wither'd hearts.

Alas! 'tis true. Strong hearts do often weep
O'er wrongs by thee inflicted, and have sunk
Into the grave beneath thy frown. Cold words
From thee have brought dead winter on the soul,
That erewhile joy'd beneath thy summer smile.

But thou art Woman! 'Tis thy broadest shield—
And yet thy highest title! Who bends not
Before it? Art thou not a sun to all
This giant-groping world? A palm-tree well
In this great desert? Come not thy kind words
Upon our throbbing hearts, as comes the oil
Upon the chafing billows of the deep?

The heart of youth leaps high; and his hot blood
Runs in a tumult, as he thinks of thee.

The old man utters dreamings of thy charms,
And softly croons o'er visions of his youth,
When one kind face look'd up and shone on him.

The poor man finds his noblest trust, next God,
In his long-suffering and most loving wife.

The slave will clank his bodily or mental chains
Less loud when looking, 'neath the dancing curls,
Into the bright eyes of a daughter loved.

The rich think thee the gem most bright within
Their coronets—a magic pow'r most sweet,
To lure their troubled souls into the peace
That springs from Woman's all-enduring love.

The poet scales the heavens, and tracks the globe,
To link thy name with deathless images.

The painter speaks with thee on canvas.
Philosophy makes plain her driest laws
By illustrations of thy love and truth.

Diplomacy is turn'd into romance
When Woman pleads (and pleads not oft in vain):
While thoughts most dear to our immortal souls
Are link'd with thee. Religion seems most fair,
When Woman wins the heart to thoughts of peace.

'Twas WOMAN shed on it its noblest light,
When Heav'n through her stoop'd down to kiss
the world!

attractive illustrations; and these will, no
doubt, cause many a young person to fall in
love with it at first sight. Thus caught, the
moral maxims and precepts will next be
studied,—let us hope profitably so. The
volume costs but one shilling!

FERGUSON'S RARE AND PRIZE POULTRY.
PART 5. Culliford, Southampton Street.

We have already spoken highly of this
publication, which proceeds well. The
present number treats of the Polish varieties
of fowl, and has two well-executed engravings,
—one representing a pair of black-crested
white Polands; the other a pair of silver-
spangled Polands.

The information given is valuable both to
amateurs and breeders; and the work when
completed will be in general demand.

THE ANGLER'S ALMANAC AND POCKET-
BOOK FOR 1854. BY A PRACTICAL
ANGLER. G. Cox.

The lovers of angling are herein furnished
with the elements of sport to their heart's
content. The eye and the ear are both pro-
vided for,—the former by tempting illustra-
tions of "heavy baskets" of fish; the latter
by advice and instructions, which if followed,
ought to make them first-rate adepts. The
book is full of information, but we con-
fine ourselves to two short articles. The
first is

ON THE SENSE OF HEARING IN FISH.

When a very young but ardent disciple of the
"gentle Izaak," and when, to wind my way to the
side of one of our metropolitan canals by break of
day, was far more congenial to the senses than
now,—bricks and mortar and sulphurous vapor
having usurped the place of the verdant fields,
I was wont to traverse—it often puzzled my young
mind to know how far fishes could hear. I had it
frequently said *at me* that "pitchers had ears,"
but I could never discover that fishes had the like,
although, young as I was, I fully appreciated the
importance of quietness in my favorite vocation,
and assiduously cultivated this very essential
attribute of a successful angler, but I must confess
that all my after experience has but confirmed my
youthful notions, that fish are scared more by
concussion of the earth or air acting on the water,
than by any direct influence of *sound through the*
water—probably electricity, that wonderful but lit-
tle-understood agent of the Great Author of all
constructions, may exert a power over the finny
tribe, which is denied to animals of a higher
grade. Certain it is there is no outward sign of
the organ of hearing; and as the density of the
element in which they live admits of, or conducts,
vibration or motion more readily than *sound*, it
appears to me that the popular notion of fishes
hearing, in the common acceptance of the term, is
but another "popular error." In "The Handbook
of Angling," by "Ephemeris," there is a chapter
by Professor Wilson, devoted to the physiology of
fish, in which the learned writer seeks to establish

THE BAND OF HOPE REVIEW, AND
CHILDREN'S FRIEND, FOR 1853. Par-
tridge and Oakey.

This little serial is brought out under the
patronage of the Earl of Shaftesbury, and is
avowedly put forward for the purpose of
alluring youth from the many immoral prints
which are everywhere disgracing our shop-
windows, and demoralising the minds of the
rising generation.

The object of the work is good; and
there is much useful matter in it. We are
not expected to be hypercritical, and there-
fore speak generally. It is well filled with

the current opinion of the hearing of fishes, by giving a compensating size and consequent power to an internal organ. He says, "In the higher animals the mechanical apparatus of hearing consists of an external and an internal portion; in fishes the internal portion alone exists, and is hardly in perfection of form and structure to that of creatures placed higher in the animal scale."—Again, "There exists, however, this important difference between the organ of hearing of terrestrial animals and fishes, namely, that the ear in the former is organised for the reception of the more delicate vibration of the atmosphere, while in the latter it is adapted to the rude oscillations of a denser element." And after giving an illustration of the effect of sound by the ticking of a watch in different positions, he proceeds to sum up by saying, "Fishes must, therefore, hear with tolerable acuteness, particularly such sounds as *occasion a vibration of the element in which they reside, for example, an approaching footstep; while the sounds which proceed from musical instruments, being less easily conveyed, are probably unknown to them; certainly this is the case with regard to tone.*" Now this brings me back to my first boyish conceptions, for I used to remark that however much I whistled to "keep my courage up," or the warmth from oozing out at my fingers' ends, so long as I refrained from kicking my heels, shaking myself, or indulging in any other boyish noise, *it did not interfere with my sport*, which, by the way, was of no mediocre description; of its kind, seeing that I had imbibed no inconsiderable share of paternal education in the gentle art, paternal love of it, paternal *tackle*, &c., &c. In Professor Wilson's ably written chapter, as quoted, I do not think there is anything to refute the opinion I have ventured, but rather to confirm it—that concussion, received indirectly instead of directly, is the cause of the sudden impulses fish so obviously exhibit.

Our closing extract refers to the angler's favorite place of resort,—

THE RIVER LEA.

This river has its rise in Bedfordshire, falls into the Thames near Blackwall, and is held in the opinion of London anglers, as second only to that noble river. It is navigable from Hertford to Limehouse, and flows through a beautiful pastoral country, adorned with villages and noble mansions, through parks and meadows, containing countless herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, which are bordered by the sloping hills and woods of Epping Forest for some miles. In spring, the angler may try his art in the Lea, when he is forbidden, by the fence-months of March, April, and May, to wet a line in the Thames, except he is fishing for trout.

The shortness of the distance from London is another inducement for brothers of the angle to congregate on the Lea; the first subscription water, the White House, Homerton, being little more than three miles from London.

This water is rented and preserved by Mr. Beresford, and the subscription for a year's angling is half-a-guinea, or a ticket for the day may be had for a shilling. White House water lies between Stratford and Lea Bridge, and is near Homerton. It abounds with jack and pike,

carp, barbel, chub, perch, roach, dace, eels, gudgeon, and bleak. The Horse and Groom, Lea Bridge:—this favorite resort of London fishermen is about a mile above White House, and is most delightfully situated, the gardens belonging to it being almost surrounded by water. The subscribers to this water are very numerous, they pay half-a-guinea annually, and casual visitors a shilling for a day ticket; the house is kept by Messrs. Beresford and Son, and on most days, during the season, the angler will find an ordinary at two o'clock.

The fish to be met with in this water are the same as those already mentioned in the White House water. It is said the Lea is an excellent school for anglers, and with great justice, as the fish are so well fed naturally, and the water is so clear and often low, that nothing but fine fishing can succeed. Above Lea Bridge a considerable space of the river is free to anglers, but at Tottenham mills, five miles from London, you come to Tyler's subscription water, and six miles thence is Ford's water; the house is called the Blue House. The annual subscription is half-a-guinea for bottom-fishing only, or one guinea including trolling. The next subscription water is Bleak Hall. This house belongs to Mr. Wicks, and is near to Edmonton; it is pleasantly situated close to the water, which is well stored with fish. Upwards of two miles of water are here preserved, by uniting the water of Bleak Hall and that of Chingford, formerly Shurey's water; and this part of the Lea is well stored with jack and pike. The subscription for both waters is two guineas. Waltham Abbey:—this place is twelve miles from London. The water here, for the space of at least two miles, belongs to the Government, and is well preserved.

There are several wiers or tumbling bays here, where large trout are sometimes taken, and the whole of the Government water is well stored with perch, pike, and large chub. I speak of these, as most abundant, but there is no want of other fish, as roach, dace, gudgeons, &c. There is an excellent inn, and the charges are very moderate: the best months for fishing at Waltham Abbey are September and October. Part of the water belonging to Government is, I believe, rented by a party of gentlemen, and preserved for trolling. Broxbourne, the Crown, kept by Mr. T. Want,* is close to the river, and has the rural appearance of a farm-house. It is an inn remarkable for comfort, cleanliness, civility, and attention, with every moderate charges. The contemplative angler, who seeks repose from the bustle and cares of the metropolis, will be delighted with this snug retreat, which, at the same, time offers the retirement he desires, and the amusement he enjoys. The water is well stored with fish, and visitors at the house have permission to angle, and have live-baits found them, without subscription or day ticket. A friend of mine, says Mr. Hofland, informed me, that in October of last year, one gentleman caught five brace of jack and pike in one day, in the water belonging to the Crown. Page's Water:—the fishing here is better than the accommodation, and the best

* Since transferred to J. Benningfield, in whose hands it has been wonderfully improved.

months here, and at Broxbourne, are September and October. Above Page's the water is private, as far as Crame's lock. The Rye House, the King's Arms, near Hoddesden, is a favorite resort for London anglers, and the accommodation is good. The water is free for visitors, and abounds with fish. I have been told, that in October fifty pounds' weight of roach have been taken by one rod in one day. The river here in many parts is very deep and very still, which accounts for the number of roach it produces. Beyond this, to Ware, the water is, I believe, private property. Hoddesden is seventeen miles from London.

INDICATIONS OF INSTINCT. By T. LINDLEY KEMP, M.D. Longman and Co.

This very interesting publication forms No. 54 of "The Traveller's Library; and every page of it proves that the author is in love with the subjects on which he treats.

The book is divided into sections; and treats in turn upon Plants, Insects, Reptiles, Fishes, &c. Where all is so instructive, it is somewhat difficult to make a selection; but as Spring is at our doors, let us introduce a few of Dr. Kemp's seasonable observations on

THE INSTINCTS OF PLANTS.

That varied and complicated movements take place in many plants has long been known. But such have been little investigated, and the nature and end of them have generally been passed over in silence. They are, however, very clearly examples of instinctive movement, and in many cases serve highly important and essential ends in the vegetable economy, although from our imperfect observation we cannot always point out decidedly the results that they produce.

A very familiar instinctive movement that occurs in plants, is the opening and shutting of the flowers. Generally, these organs are spread open so as to expose the stamens and pistils to the action of light during the day, and closed during the dark, so as to protect from external injury these delicate organs. A good deal of variety, however, prevails in this respect. Some plants, as the *Portulaca oleracea*, only open their flowers for about one hour daily, and this at mid-day. The *Oenothera biennis*, on the contrary, keeps its flowers shut all day, and only opens them when night comes on; and when the sun rises the flowers close again unless it be a very cloudy day, in which case the plant only shuts its flowers partially, or not at all. The flower of the common dandelion generally lives two days and a half. On the first two days it is awake, and is expanded in the earlier part of the day, and shuts at night; but on the third day it closes about mid-day, and this closing is followed by the death of the corolla. Moisture appears necessary to plants of the *Carlina* species, (a near relation of the thistle;) and accordingly, on a dry day, the flowers shut, and thus lose no water by evaporation. When the atmosphere becomes charged with moisture, the flowers re-open. Still more remarkable is the *Nymphaea alba*, or water-lily, which, when night comes on, not only closes its

flower, but gradually lowers it until it is beneath the surface of the water, and thus reposes submerged.

Another example of an instinctive movement for a very definite end, may be noticed in the common berberry. The flower of this plant contains six stamens which surround a single pistil; the stamens being inclined back upon the petals, and so away from the pistil. If, however, any of the stamens be touched near the base, it immediately starts forward to the pistil, and strikes the top of that organ with its anthers. It soon resumes its original position. Of course, the same effect is produced whenever an insect alights upon them. Whenever the anther is ripe, and an insect enters the flower, the filament strikes against the pistil with such force as to burst the anther, and thus scatter the pollen upon the pistil, and thereby produce a seed. There is another plant, the *Cactus tuna*, which, whenever an insect enters its ripe flowers, immediately inclines all its stamens over the pistil. In a somewhat similar manner, if the stalk of the stamen of the *Cetasetum* be disturbed, it springs up with such violence, that the top of it is broken off, and actually darted to a very considerable distance.

The motions of the leaves of plants must have been noticed by every one. The most common instances of such are called, in ordinary language, the sleep of plants, although the expression is a bad one. The phenomenon was first noticed by Linnæus. He was carefully cultivating some lotus plants, or birds'-foot trefoil, one of which had two flowers. Chancing to look at the plant one evening, the flowers were not to be seen, and Linnæus supposed that some one had plucked them. The next morning, however, they were again visible, but on returning at night they had once more vanished. The plant was then carefully examined, and it was found that the leaflets had altered their position, approached one another, and by so doing concealed the flowers. Extending his observations, Linnæus found that something analogous to this occurred in all plants. Generally this folding of the leaves takes place as darkness comes on, but is in reality performed independently of light and darkness; and it has been ascertained, that plants kept constantly in the dark, open and close at regular intervals. It by no means follows that the leaves of plants close in this manner at the same hour that the flowers do. Berthollet watched an acacia, the leaflets of which closed at sunset, and unfolded at sunrise; while its flowers closed at sunrise and expanded at sunset.

The manner in which leaves change their position is various. Some raise their leaflets so that their upper stalks are brought into contact, while others depress theirs so that their under surfaces meet together. Others, again, undergo other contractions.

The sensitive plants afford very striking illustrations of movements performed by vegetables. The most common of these is the *Mimosa pudica*, an annual, the leaves of which fold up on being touched, the phenomenon taking place at so early a period in the existence of the plant as from when its cotyledons have expanded. If the stimulant be applied in sufficient intensity—as if, for example, a leaflet be touched with a burning candle,

or if the sun's rays be concentrated upon it by means of a line, this leaflet immediately moves, and also the one opposite to it; both bringing their upper surfaces into contact, and at the same time inclining forwards or towards the extremity of the small petiole on which they are seated. Then other pairs of leaflets, nearest to that pair first touched, close one after the other in a similar manner; and next the partial petioles fold together by inclining upwards and forwards; after which the common petiole is affected, but it bends downwards, having its point directed towards the ground; that is, in an opposite direction to that in which the previous movements have been made.

Many other plants possess this property of taking on them extraordinary motions when anything comes into contact with them. The object effected by them all is, probably, to shake off slugs and similar vermin. Among these other plants, the leaves of which assume these contortions, are species of *Smithia* and *Biophytum*; and in Senegal, a plant grows, called by the natives "how d'ye do," on account of its performing a sort of salaam or bow on being touched.

In some species of plants the mere contact of the air apparently seems sufficient to excite a continual degree of spasmodic action, if the expression may be allowed, for the sake, probably, of protecting themselves from the depredations of insects. There is, for example, the *Desmodium gyrans*, a native of Bengal, where it is called *Gora chand*, and which was brought into notice by the younger Linnæus. "No sooner," wrote he, "had the plants which he raised from seed acquired their ternate leaves, than they began to be in motion in every direction: this movement did not cease during the whole course of their vegetation, nor were they observant of any time, order, or direction; one leaflet frequently revolved while the other on the same petiole was quiescent, sometimes a few leaflets only were in motion, then almost all of them would be in a movement at once; the whole plant was very seldom agitated, and that only during the first year of its growth, and was not at rest even during the winter." Examples of this plant that have been cultivated in our greenhouses, although they have exhibited very well these strange movements, have not been agitated so much as when growing in their native country, or as those brought thence by Linnæus. This is probably owing to the careful culture of our gardeners, and to the climate; both of which preserve them from the more active of their insect tormentors. Burnet, who watched their movements in a glass conservatory, made the rather remarkable discovery—that although they might be temporarily restrained by force, yet that when the restraint was removed, they immediately moved about with increased velocity, so as to make up for the time which they had lost. Decandolle also observed them, and he related that their leaves consist of three leaflets; two lateral, and one central and terminal. Their movements, he describes, take place by little starts, like those of the second-hand of a watch; and he further remarked that the one at one side went up, so as to form an angle of about fifty degrees over the level of the petiole, and the other on the opposite side went down as much. This process was then reversed, and repeated alter-

nately. The terminal leaflet is also continually inclined first to one side and then to the other.

There is a natural family of plants principally inhabiting tropical countries, and abounding at the Cape of Good Hope, where they are objectionable on account of the extremely fetid nature of the odor of their flowers, examples of which are occasionally cultivated here. The members of this family afford very extraordinary instances of instinctive movements. Plants belonging to it are known from all others by having their pollen grain contained in bags, from which their escape seems almost impossible. However, when the time comes for their seeds to be formed, a small tube grows from each pollen grain; and these tubes all direct themselves towards a thin spot of the bag which holds them. This they pierce, and then direct themselves towards the stigma. To effect this object they have sometimes to ascend, sometimes to descend, and at other times to proceed outwards at right angles; but they invariably hit the exact direction, according to the position of the flower, and arrive at the stigma; thus the seed is fertilised.

A plant grows wild in Carolina called the *Dionæa muscipula*, or Venus's fly-trap. "The leaves of this," says Henslow, "consist of a flattened petiole, at the extremity of which are two fleshy lobes, which lie, when expanded, in the same plane with the petiole. These lobes are capable of being elevated and brought together into a position perpendicular to the surface of the petiole. They are furnished with *cilia*, or bristles, round their margins, which stand nearly at right angles to their upper surface; and there are, besides these, three little short bristles placed upon the upper surface of each lobe in a triangular order. When a fly or other insect, crawling over the surface of the lobes, touches either of these latter bristles, the irritability is excited, the lobes suddenly close, and the insect is imprisoned like a rat in a common gin. Some little time after the death of the insect, the lobes unfold, and wait for another victim."

It appears probable that the plant makes use of the fly, although it is difficult to conceive in what manner. Mr. Knight experimented upon a number of these plants, all of which were placed so that no insects could get at them. He furnished the leaves of some with scraped beef, leaving the others without any such provision; and he found that the plants supplied with the beef flourished more than the others.

We possess in this country three species of *Drosera*, or sun-dew; all of which exhibit similar instinctive movements, the result of which is to catch insects. The upper surface of their leaves is furnished with long hairs, which terminate in glandular and viscid globules. An insect alighting upon them first gets entangled in the viscid matter, and then the hairs begin to move in, close upon it, and hold it until it is dead.

But perhaps the most extraordinary of the fly-catching plants is the one described (somewhat obscurely) by Mr. Drummond, who found it in the Swan River colony. The lower lip of the flower of it, he states, is a boat-shaped box, in which the anthers are situated; and the upper one, which he thinks is a stigma, forms a door or lid which exactly fits it. The hinge upon which this lid moves

springs from the upper part of the flower, and "when it opens, the upper part turns round within the box, comes out at the bottom, and turns up and back—so that when fully expanded, it stands fairly over the flower. The moment a small insect touches the point of the lid, it makes a sudden revolution, brings in the point of the lid at the bottom of the box, so that it has to pass the anthers in its way, and makes prisoners any small insect that the box will hold." He adds, that if the insect be caught, the box remains shut for some time; but that if the animal has managed to fly out, it soon opens again.

Still more surprising acts of motion take place in the lower plants. Among the *Confervæ*, or jointed *Algae*, is a genus called *oscillatoria*, the members of which might almost be mistaken for a number of worms writhing together. These shift their position with very considerable alacrity. If, for example, a patch of them be placed in water, in a plate, and a black bell glass be inverted over them in such a manner as not to quite touch the bottom of the plate, the *confervæ*—in a very short time, will be found to have glided out at that side of the bell glass most exposed to light. They have been observed to travel in a few hours to a distance of ten times their own length. The young of certain species of them, too, when separated from the mother plant, move onwards in the water with velocity until they reach a shady spot, when they take root and remain fixed.

The climbing plants also appear to have a kind of instinctive motion, and those of the same species move always in the same direction. Those that move from right to left, never, under any circumstances move from left to right, and *vice versâ*. Thus the hop invariably turns from the left to the right, and the stem of the convolvulus or bindweed always turns from the right to the left.

It is probable that still more remarkable instinctive movements take place underground. The structure of plants consists of about a dozen elementary substances, all of which are present in fertile soil; and it is from the soil (and also, with regard to one or two elements, from the air) that they obtain them. The roots send forth radicles, which move on until they arrive at particles of the different elements that the plant stands in need of. And the distance to which one of these radicles will so travel is often very great. Moreover, the difference between different plants mainly depends upon the varying proportions of these elements of which their structure, and consequently their food, is composed. The ash of bean, for example, is found to contain nearly fifty per cent. of potassa, and about six of silica; while that of barley has not eight per cent. of potassa, and more than fifty of silica. If the half of a field, the soil of which is quite uniform, be planted with beans, and the other half with barley, the rootlets of the bean and barley plants wander along under ground until they come into contact with just the requisite quantities of those two substances; and when they have obtained the requisite quantities, seek no more. Those of the bean plant wander on until they have formed the large amount of potassa, and those of the barley of silica; while the bean roots are content with having found the small quantity of silica, and the barley ones the comparatively small amount of the alkali.

As is familiar to every one, there is a regular gradation in the different classes of living beings. We are in the habit of pronouncing cryptogamic plants as less perfect than flowering ones, polypti as inferior animals to reptiles, reptiles to birds, birds to mammals; and among mammals we assign various degrees of rank, esteeming a dog or an elephant as superior to a sloth or a mole. It must not be supposed, however, that all the endowments go on increasing according to the scale of increasing perfection. Indeed, in one respect, in that which now employs us—the instincts—the very reverse is the case, and some of the most striking of the instinctive arts are to be witnessed in the beings that are ranked as lowest. This being the case, we should expect to find that these instinctive movements in search of food are most energetic in the lowest plants; and such is certainly the case. A fungus, as a common edible mushroom, may be at sunset a mere dot of matter, scarcely or not at all appreciable to our senses; and may by next morning be a large plant that weighs a pound. This indicates an immense activity of its radicles during these few hours, and a degree of instinctive movement and instinctive selection that is very extraordinary.

The author's remarks on Instinct and Reason are admirable. We shall have occasion to return to them hereafter.

RURAL ECONOMY. By MARTIN DOYLE. Groombridge and Sons.

This is one of those useful, plain-spoken Manuals, for which the present age is famous,—affording, at a small cost, much practical information on the care and management of domestic animals.

We have of late been asked a multitude of questions about Rabbits; and we are enabled by the aid of this little *brochure*, to reply to them without loss of time. The author's judicious treatment and long experience enable him to speak oracularly.

Almost every boy in the course of his life takes a fancy to rabbit-keeping; and yet scarcely one boy have we met with who knows how to treat the animals properly. Many rabbits, we are sorry to say, have been starved by neglect (not wilfully perhaps), poisoned with filth or foul air, or otherwise destroyed by injurious treatment. While, on the other hand, many are killed with kindness; by supplying them with an over-abundance of certain kinds of food improper for them. We now wish to point out these things, and to give judicious practical directions for the management of rabbits.

RABBIT HOUSE.—The first and most important matter is to have a good dry house or shed, in which the animals can be well protected from damp weather. Too much moisture is as fatal to rabbits as it is to sheep. It gives them the rot. Dampness may be all very well for fishes; but it is not good for men, women, and children; nor yet for horses, cows, pigs, poultry, bees, or rabbits; these all thrive better, and are preserved from many diseases, by being protected from it.

But though you keep out the wet from your rabbit-house, you must not at the same time ex-

clude fresh air; for rabbits can no more be in health without *fresh air* than human beings. It is sheer folly to suppose that any living creature can be maintained in health and vigor without an ample supply of that "balm of life," FRESH AIR. Disease and death are the natural consequences of a vitiated atmosphere.

Many writers advise that rabbits should not be kept in hutches, but in little houses, so constructed that they may have protection from the weather, and at the same time enjoy their liberty and amuse themselves. This house may be built about four or five feet square, as may be convenient; with a roof formed to carry off the rain. The floor should be boarded or paved, to prevent the rabbits from burrowing, and have hay or straw laid on it. Some boxes must be provided, placed on the floor, with the open side downwards, and with holes at the sides for the rabbits to go in or out. Sliding doors to these boxes are convenient, to shut in the rabbits when necessary.

In the front of the house there should be a little court or yard railed off, into which the rabbits may be allowed to run when the weather is dry; and here they will sport and enjoy themselves, and give you opportunities of observing their pretty antics.

But this house will only do for *young* rabbits, or until they are about five months old. After that age they would begin to tear each other to pieces, if left together. All the pleasure you had in witnessing their former harmony and happiness, would be gone. The bucks would fight dreadfully, and the "litters" the does might have would be destroyed; so that it is necessary that breeding does should be kept in hutches, and the bucks separated from one another. But we nevertheless advise that young rabbits should be allowed to have their liberty in such a house, as they will be far more healthy, and will grow much better than when they are cooped up in hutches, where they have no room to exercise their limbs. Rabbits of any age, from the time they are taken from the doe (up to five months old), may be introduced among the "*happy family*" in the house. They will be received with cordiality, and will skip and caper about with pleasure; just as boys may do who live in peace and love with their companions.

HUTCHES.—The hutches should be made as large as convenient, that the rabbits may not be cramped for want of exercise: those for breeding-does must have a partition, so as to form two apartments—one for feeding, the other as a bed. Single hutches, that is with one room only, will do for young rabbits or for bucks to be kept in. The door of the feeding apartment should have wires in it, but that of the bed-place must be of wood, as the doe likes darkness and concealment when she has her litter. It is well to have a sliding-board to divide the two compartments, and to shut out the rabbits when the hutch is to be cleaned; as it is very inconvenient to do this with the rabbits running about. The floors of the hutches should be quite smooth, that the wet may run off; and in order to facilitate this, a small slit or opening in the floor, at the back of the hutch, should be made, and the hutch itself be put sloping,—a little higher at front than at the back, for when rabbits have much green food, there is a con-

siderable quantity of moisture which requires to be drained off, that the creatures may be kept dry and clean; and if proper means be taken to receive this into a drain, it forms a very valuable liquid manure.

The hutches may be arranged one above the other, around the house, to any convenient height; only it must be observed, that each row of hutches should project at the back beyond that under it, in order that the wet may not run down into the hutch beneath. If a trough be placed on the floor behind the hutches, it will serve to carry off the liquid manure into some convenient receptacle.

FEEDING TROUGHS are usually made in the form of a long open box, but this is inconvenient in many respects, as the young rabbits get in and spoil the food, and the older ones scratch out much of it, tread it under foot, and waste it. A better plan is to have a swinging board in front, the cost of which is soon made up by the food saved. The rabbits, when they take their food, push this board inwards with their forehead; and when the head is withdrawn, the board flaps back against the front of the trough. Some persons have a lid to the trough, which the rabbit soon learns to lift, and which shuts down again of itself as soon as the head is taken out of the way.

There are many **KINDS OF RABBITS**, varying in size, form, color, length of legs or fur, and position of the ears; but the races have been so continuously intermixed and varied, by breeding, that it is a difficult task to point out any distinct kind as preferable. The smallest and short legged variety of the color of the wild rabbit, appears to be the hardiest. Boys generally prize **LOP-EARS**; though they are scarcely so pretty in appearance as the common kind. There is a *single* or *double* lop, according as one only, or both ears, are dropped. **SMUTS**, too, are favorites; either single or double. The smut is a black spot on the side of the rabbit's nose, and a spot on each side constitutes the double smut. Some of these are very beautiful creatures, having a white silvery fur, with rich, glossy black spots; and they are generally large-sized rabbits.

FOOD.—This is an important matter. Rabbits eat a very great quantity. You must not think that because they are little animals, they require only a little food. They want much more than you do, in proportion to their size; and to give them proper kinds of food, in sufficient quantity, and at a low expense, constitutes the chief question as regards their profit. How often do we hear it said, and how generally true is the saying, "Oh! my rabbits never pay, they eat their heads off," &c.; meaning, that the expense of the food consumed more than counterbalances the advantage gained. Now this arises from want of knowledge. For the greater part of the year, rabbits may be kept almost entirely upon food procured from the field or garden. Although green food is naturally the food of rabbits, yet, because when injudiciously supplied it scours and gives them the rot, it is erroneously supposed that it must be almost entirely withheld. It is true, that if it be given to them in a wet state after rain, if it consist of one kind of vegetable only, or if it be of a watery kind—a bad effect takes place; but when the green food is given in sufficient variety, and with

a small supply of good dry hay or oats daily, there is not the least fear in giving an unlimited quantity.

We fed our own rabbits last summer, entirely on green food, for several weeks. This principally consisted of carrot and parsnip tops, strawberry leaves, French bean pods in their unripe state, lettuces, groundsel, and other plants. Cabbage we use as little as possible; the rabbits do not much like it, and it is not very good for them.

We will now give a list of many of the vegetables that are *good* food for rabbits. All through the summer there will be an ample supply from the garden and hedges. Dandelion, groundsel, sow-thistle, dock-leaves, peas-haulm, lettuce; strawberry, raspberry, and currant leaves; carrot, parsnip, potato, and horseradish tops; all kinds of grasses, celery; French-beans in the pod, vine-dressings, apple-parings, &c., &c. But we need not further enumerate, when there is scarcely any vegetable which rabbits will not eat; but before all other things, they prefer parsley, carrot-tops, French-beans—both leaves, stalks, and pods.

As soon as the peas and kidney-beans have done bearing, let them be pulled up and given to the rabbits, together with all the pods not wanted for use. In the autumn, when green food becomes scarcer, we give the waste scarlet-runner stalks, of which they are very fond; also the leaves which now fall in abundance from the apple and other trees; and when the garden supplies fail, there is generally plenty of marsh-mallows, dock, ground-ivy, and grasses from the hedges, to form an abundance of green food for some time longer.

In the winter, carrots, parsnips, Swede and common turnips, together with brewers' grains, mixed with toppings or pollard, supply the lack of fresh vegetables. We never use grains in the summer, because they so soon turn sour and mouldy; and much better food can then be obtained.

We must not omit to tell you that rabbits like the young bark of trees; for this reason we supply ours in the winter with small branches and twigs, which they either strip or entirely consume. We throw to the young ones the prunings of vines, currant, apple, and other trees, except such as laurels and evergreens, said to be poisonous. Nibbling these twigs is excellent amusement for rabbits, and besides keeping them in health, serves as a portion of their food.

Here, then, we have shown that there is no need for starving rabbits, when there is such an abundant variety of food suitable for them, and at all times to be procured. One writer observes, that when rabbits die, ninety-nine times out of the hundred *starvation* is the malady; and particularly short-feeding the doe while and before she has young ones.

FEEDING.—It is best to feed rabbits three, or even four times a-day; because, when they are fed only twice during that time, a larger quantity of food must be given at each feeding, which is too often wasted. Rabbits appear to relish their food best when given in small quantities, and you will soon learn how much to give at each time you feed, so as to avoid waste, and yet for the rabbits to have enough. The does must be well kept, as we have just said, both before and after they have young ones; or it is useless to expect their produce to be vigorous and healthy. A doe with a

litter will eat twice as much as at any other time, and must be liberally supplied with green food and carrots and parsnips, raw or boiled; as well as with oats and hay. A few days both before and after *kitting*, every evening, we give to our does a few table-spoonfuls of gruel, made either with flour or oatmeal; and we find this a good practice, as the animal appears to suffer a good deal from thirst about that period; care must be taken not to give this while it is hot, nor is it necessary to give much when there is an abundance of green meat. A little cold water or milk may be given instead of the gruel; we have never found it to hurt any of our rabbits.

Young rabbits, when they first come out to feed, must not be allowed to eat the greens with which the doe is supplied; but they may nibble at carrots and other roots, and at the little twigs we have mentioned, and gradually be accustomed to partake of a more moist diet.

BREEDING.—Rabbits begin to breed when about five or six months old, and will give seven or eight litters in the year; though it is better to allow them only to have five, as too frequent breeding is injurious. In thirty days after being with the buck, the doe produces her young. A few days before the time, some hay must be given to her, with which, and the *down* she pulls from her fur, she will construct her bed. It is always a sign of the approaching birth of the young, when she begins to bite down the hay, or carry it about in her mouth, and to tear the *flue* from her body. There are generally from four to ten young ones, sometimes more; but it is far better when the doe has so many, to keep only five or six of the finest; they will then grow up strong and healthy, and the doe will not be so much weakened as if all had been preserved. At the end of six weeks, the young brood may be removed; and the doe and buck come together again. Great care is required during very severe weather, to prevent the young from dying with cold; and for this reason it is better to allow the doe to rest during the winter. The best breeding rabbits are said to be those produced in March.

Like all other animals, rabbits degenerate when much breeding takes place among the same race for a long period; this is called, breeding "in and in." It is proper, therefore, to make changes from time to time, by procuring a fresh kind to improve your stock. Rabbit fanciers pay some attention to this; but if it were made more a matter of science, as it is with the race-horse, a very superior breed of rabbits might be produced.

FATTENING.—There is no need to resort to any other method in preparing rabbits for the table, than to give them as much oats, carrots, and green food as they choose to take. If fattened with corn alone, the flesh is not so juicy and relishing as when they are also allowed an *unlimited* quantity of vegetables. They are in the greatest perfection from about three to seven months old; and about a month's feeding, as advised, will make them thoroughly fat, provided they have not been half-starved previously. The London poulterers exhibit fine specimens of fattened rabbits at Christmas; some we have seen weighing upwards of fifteen pounds; *but it is not desir-*

able to produce such over-fat animals, whether rabbits, or oxen, or sheep.

DISEASES.—Rabbits are generally very healthy and hardy. When due attention is paid to their food, to ventilation, and cleanliness, few animals are less subject to disease. But, as in all other cases, filth, foul air, and damp, produce disease in rabbits. *Looseness*, which may be seen by what passes from them being too moist, must be remedied by dry food; such as crusts of bread, good corn, old hay, hard biscuit, or any food of a dry quality. The *rot* may be said to be incurable; at least we have found it so with young rabbits. The remedy must be looked for in dry hutches, fresh air, and substantial food. The *liver complaint*, another disorder, is said to be also incurable; but as it does not prevent the rabbits from fattening, the best course is to prepare those attacked at once for the table. *Snuffles* or *colds* may be cured, by removing the rabbit from the damp and draughts which have produced the disorder, to a drier and warmer place. It is much easier to *prevent* disease than to cure. Cleanliness, careful attention, dryness, and regular feeding in the manner we have directed, will in general ensure good health in the rabbits, and entirely prevent any of these diseases.

PROFITS.—*Rabbits are really profitable.* Three does and a buck will give you a rabbit to eat for every three days in the year, which is a very much larger quantity of food than any man will get by spending half his time in the pursuit of *wild* animals,—to say nothing of the toil, the tearing of clothes, and the danger of pursuing the latter. When the amazing fecundity of the rabbit is taken into account, it will readily be seen, that if the expense of food and management can be kept low, a great profit may be obtained. It is said that from a single pair of rabbits, the prodigious number of 1,274,840 may be produced in four years—supposing all the rabbits to live. We have shown how the least possible expense as to food may be attained, by pointing out the food which costs least; and yet is quite suitable for the animals. And there appears to be no good reason why a person, *living in the country*, who has a shed and a garden, should not derive advantage from the keeping of rabbits. When the care of them can be entrusted to boys, the cost of management would of course be diminished. The value of the manure, either for sale or for the garden, is considerable, as it is very valuable. For any person living in a town, *who has all the food to purchase*,—to attempt to keep rabbits for profit is out of the question.

The book abounds in useful advice on a multitude of subjects, and we have great pleasure in recommending it to public notice.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS. FEBRUARY. Office, Wellington Street.

To offer any critical opinion on a periodical like this, is not requisite. An example will best speak of its interesting features. Let us borrow a few passages from an article on "Popular Science,"—rendering "common things" familiar, and putting ignorance to the blush. Alas! what a short-sighted

being a man is! Many are born—live—and die, without knowing or caring to know the why and because of anything that is passing around them! This is not a happy, but a lamentable ignorance.

The subject we select is that which treats of, or rather commences with

THE SENSIBILITY OF NATURE.

M. Durand, says the writer, lectured on Mineralogy in Paris, about fifty years ago, and he thought he proved that there was sensibility in stones. His great point was the love of the stone for the sun. It was quite a rose and nightingale scandal. Take a solution of salt, put one half of it in the sun; keep the rest in darkness. Superb crystals will form under the kiss of the sun, while in the shade the salt and water still remain salt and water. Light, said M. Durand, goes therefore into the composition of a crystal. Diamonds are almost wholly composed of sunlight; they are only found in places where the sun gives heat and light enough to make them. Now, said the French philosopher, what do you call that reception of light to the bosom of a stone—what can you call that but love? He went farther; and asserting that all the highest mountains are placed under the equator, called them lumps of sunlight. They are imitations of the salt experiment on a large scale. Their granite peaks are crystallised light; but incomplete crystals. Give them more light and they will be complete—they will become crystals of the sublimest order, they will be diamonds—real Koh-i-noors, or mountains of light. If the sun were but a little brighter and a little hotter, Chimborazo would be all one diamond, the Himalayas would be diamond steeps, and all towns in the East over the sunny side of their walls would have diamond turrets like Amberabad. Every sun-baked brick of Egypt would in that case become a jewel worth some quarts of Koh-i-noors.

All this is the result of the sensibilities of stones. The whole earth, many old sages believed—Kepler among them—was alive. M. Patrin taught of the earth how metals, plants, and minerals were formed by the gas in its body. It was not, to be sure, sensible like a man, but like a world. It could not talk words, but it could talk things.

This is not so very absurd. If the things in nature be not sensible, they certainly are not stupid. Look at a tree or a shrub. Bonnet used to say that at the end of all his study he could not see the difference between a cat and a rosebush. Let us see what the wits are that a rosebush has. Look at its leaves, with their smooth glittering surface turned to the sky; but their under-surfaces, all soft and full of pores, open to catch the moisture rising from the soil—half-open when they need only a little, closed when they want none. The rain that falls upon the waxy roof made by the upper surface of the foliage runs off, and is dropped into the ground just over the sucking ends of all the rootlets. Turn some of those rose-leaves upside down. Lay a cat on her back, and she will not consent to remain in that unnatural position. The rose-leaf, too, objects to be inverted. A man may bend a branch so that its leaves all hang with the wrong side upwards; but let him watch it. He will observe how all

the little leaves slowly and very carefully begin to turn upon their stems. At the end of a few hours every leaf will have brought round its polished surface to the light, and be holding its open mouths again over the ground for drink.

Is the plant stupid? It knows what it wants and likes, and if that be within reach will get it. Put the rose-tree into soil with dry bad earth on its right hand, and rich soil upon his left. You will not find it suffering its roots to be long in the dark about the trick that has been played them. They start out of course as usual, and as the mail-coaches used to do, in all directions; but those that begin their journey through poor dust, receive in a mysterious way some information of the better land that is to be found by travel in a contrary direction. Accordingly they all turn back to follow their companions who have gone into the richer pasturage. Propose to put those roots into jail, by digging a trench round the tree, or sinking a stone wall into the earth around it. The rootlets dive into the ground until they have reached the bottom of the obstacle, then pass it, and run up again until they find the level that best pleases them.

Who will now undertake to say that a plant is not sensible? Go into the fields, and you will tread upon a multitude of flowers that know better than you do which way the wind blows, what o'clock it is, and what is to be thought about the weather. The *calendula arvensis* opens in fine weather, and shuts up when rain is coming. The *sonchus sibiricus* shuts at the end of each day's business, but only remains tranquilly asleep when she has no doubts at all about the morrow, when she knows it will be fine. Let a traveller seek shelter from the sun under an acacia with thorns white as ivory, called by Linnæus the *mimosa eburnia*. The dark shade on the sand, perhaps, becomes suddenly dotted with light; he looks up, and observes that his parasol is shutting itself up; that every leaf is putting itself to bed. If he will look closely he may observe, too, that the leaves sleep by the dozen in a bed, nestling together in small heaps. The traveller has nothing to complain about; he does not need the shade; there is a cloud over the sun.

The tree thinks—one is almost obliged to say, the tree thinks—that perhaps it will come on to rain. There is no reason why its whole roots should not be watered in the arid soil, and there is no reason why its leaves, delicately set on slender stems, should be beaten from their holdings. The leaves, therefore, are shut up and drawn together in small bundles, that they may find in union the strength which in isolation they do not possess. While, at the same time, room is left for the rain to pass between them to water the roots.

There is not an hour of the day that is not the beloved hour of some blossom, which to it alone opens her heart. Linnæus conceived the pleasant notion of a flower clock. Instead of a rude metal bell to thump the hour, there is a little flower bell ready to break out at three o'clock; a flower star that will shine forth at four; and a cup, perhaps, will appear at five o'clock, to remind old-fashioned folk that it is tea-time. Claude Lorraine, although he did not make a clock of four-and-twenty flowers in his garden, was a landscape-painter most

familiar with nature; and when he was abroad he could at any time know what o'clock it was by asking the time of the flowers of the field. It would have been of no use for him to ask a cat. The peasants of Auvergne and Languedoc all have at their doors beautiful barometers, in which there is no glass, quicksilver, or joiner's work. They were furnished by the flowers.

Now, put a spider into any lady's hand. She is aghast. She shrieks. The nasty ugly thing! Madam, the spider is perhaps shocked at your Brussels laces; and, although you may be the most exquisite miniature-painter living, the spider has a right to laugh at your coarse daubs as she runs over them. Just show her your crochet work when you shriek at her. "Have you spent half your days," the spider, if she be spiteful, may remark,—“have you spent half your days upon the clumsy anti-macassars and these ottoman covers? My dear lady, is *that* your web? If I were big enough, I might with reason drop *you* and cry out at you. Let me spend a day with you and bring *my* work. I have four little bags of thread, such little bags! In every bag there are more than a thousand holes, such tiny, tiny holes! Out of each hole thread runs, and all the threads—more than four thousand threads—I spin together as they run, and when they are all spun, they make but one thread of the web I weave. I have a member of my family who is herself no bigger than a grain of sand. Imagine what a slender web she makes, and of that too, each thread is made of four or five thousand threads that have passed out of her four bags through four or five thousand little holes. Would you drop her too, crying out about your delicacy? A pretty thing indeed, for you to plume yourselves on delicacy and scream at us!” Having made such a speech, we may suppose that the indignant creature fastens a rope round one of the rough points in the lady's hand and lets herself down lightly to the floor. Coming down stairs is noisy, clumsy work, compared with such a way of locomotion.

The creeping things we scorn, are miracles of beauty. They are more delicate than any ormolu clock or any lady's watch made, for pleasure's sake, no bigger than a shilling. Lyonnet counted four thousand and forty-one muscles in a single caterpillar; and these are a small part only of its works. Hooke found fourteen thousand mirrors in the eye of a bluebottle; and there are thirteen thousand three hundred separate bits, that go to provide for nothing but the act of breathing, in a carp.

Then there are wonders of locomotion in the world greater than any steam-engine can furnish. When the hart seeks the water-brooks, how many things are set in action! Eyes to see where the water is, muscles to move the feet, nerves to stir the muscles, and a will—no man knows how—to stir the nerves. There are swift creatures who depend for self protection on their legs, as hares and horses. Others less quick of movement commonly have weapons, as the bull or the rhinoceros. Birds living in marshes have long legs, as Frenchmen living in marshes, in the department of the Landes, make for themselves long legs by using stilts. Marsh birds have stilts born with them. The legs of animals are pro-

portioned always to their bulk and to their habits. The huge body of the elephant stands upon four thick pillars, the stag has supports of a lighter and nimbler quality. Animals that get some of their living in the water, as beavers, otters, swans, ducks, and geese, are born with paddles on their feet. The mole, again, is born with spades on his fore legs; and the camel is born with his feet carefully padded, with his head lifted high above the sand waves, and his eyes carefully protected from glare and dust. One might think through a volume, to good purpose, about legs. Every creature has the legs it wants. A traveller in Africa relates how his baggage mule stumbled and fell, and could retain no footing over ground covered with fresh traces of the hippopotamus. The hippopotamus was born with clouts, and had the right feet for his own country; the mule was on a soil for which it had not been created.

Let us watch the movement of a little thing. How does a butterfly escape a bird? By tacking. It flies, when pursued, with a sharp zig-zag motion. Let us compare strength with strength. The commonest of beetles is in proportion six times stronger than the horse. Linnæus said of the elephant, that if it were as strong for its size as a stag-beetle, it would be able to tear up the stoutest trees and knock down mountains.

The movements of birds upon the wing, furnish a familiar world of wonders. Some fly like arrows; some describe circles in the sky; and others take a waving undulating course. There are birds everywhere, and they are capable of almost anything; what one bird cannot do another can. There are birds of the earth, birds of the water, and birds of the air. There are birds that scream at sea among the tempests; birds that sing at home of a calm evening in the tree shading the cottage door. There are birds that nest upon the soil in open plains; and there are birds that live in caverns. Birds of the wood, birds of the mountain, birds that love towns and houses; birds living alone in deserts.

We have heard of the singing of swans. It is not quite a fable. During the winter nights, flocks of swans traverse the frozen plains of Iceland, filling the air with harmonies like murmurs of the lyre. There is perfect time kept at the concert which they give. The ablest bird opens the chant; a second follows; then a third; and finally, the whole choir fills the sky with melody. The air is full of modulated utterances and responses, which the Icelander in his warm cabin is glad to hear; for he knows then, that the spring weather is at hand.

There are more harmonies in nature than mere sounds afford. The world about us is all harmony, of which we can perceive only a part. The Cephisus that watered the gardens of the Academy, has disappeared with the woods of Mount Hymettus. The old Scamander has disappeared with the cedars of Mount Ida, under which it had its source. The climate of Italy was milder than it is, less relentless in its heat, before the destruction of the forests of the Tyrol. He who cuts down a tree, destroys a colony of insects, a home or haunt of many birds, a source of food to quadrupeds perhaps, or even to man. The plantain tree, that shades a fountain or hangs over the marshy borders of a stream, is a

beautiful object. Between the river and the tree there is a harmony. The Persians were scourged with pestilential maladies from their marsh-bordered rivers, until they called the plantain trees to their aid. "There has been no epidemic at Ispahan," says Chardin, "since the Persians thus adorned their river sides and gardens."

We may consider, too, the harmony of colors. Raffaëlle was not more choice about his painting, than we find the sun to be. As winter departs, the modest violet first blossoms beneath a veil of leaves. The modesty means need of shelter. Protecting leaves radiate back upon the fragrant little flower all the heat that departs from it. As the snows disappear, blossoms of other flowers open which display themselves more boldly, but they are blanched, or nearly so. In the passage from the last snows of winter to the first blossoms of spring, the harmony of color is preserved—hillsides and orchards are laden with a delicate white, varied rarely by the pink upon the almond-trees. Petals of apple-blossom floating on the wind mimic the flakes of snow that were so lately seen. As the warm season advances, colors deepen until we come to the dark crimson of autumn flowers, and the brownness of the autumn leaves. This change is meant not only to be beautiful—it has its use. "Why" are the first spring flowers all white, or nearly white? "Because," when the winds are still cold, and when the sun is only moderately kind, a flower would be chilled to death if its heat radiated from it rapidly. But radiation takes place most freely from dark colors—from black, from the strongly defined greens, and blues, and reds. In the hot weather, flowers and leaves so colored, cool themselves more readily of nights, and form upon their surfaces the healing dew. In early spring, there is little need of dew or of facilities for cooling. The delicate spring flowers are, therefore, of a color that is least ready to encourage radiation.

For the same reason—because white substances give out least freely the heat that they contain or cover—arctic animals are white as their native snows. For the same reason, too, the snow itself is white. When cold becomes severe, snow falls and hangs like a fur mantle about the soil. If snow were black, or red, or blue, it would still let some of the heat escape which is retained under its whiteness. The colors, even of men, darken in hot climates; in the hottest they are made quite black.

TO THE WINDS.

TALK to my heart, oh Winds!
Talk to my heart to-night!
My spirit always finds
With you a new delight,—
Finds always new delight
In your silver talk at night.

Give me your soft embrace,—
As you used to long ago,
In your shadowy trysting place,
When you seem'd to love me so;
When you meekly kiss'd me so,
On the green hills long ago.

ALICE CAREY.

OUR EARLY FLOWERS.
THE WINTER ACONITE.

'Tis not alone to please the sense of smell
Or charm the sight, that flowers to us are given;
A thousand sanctities do them invest,
And bright associations hallow them!
These to the cultivated intellect
Do give delight, and all the heart improve.



VERY PRECIOUS TO THE LOVERS OF NATURE ARE THOSE FEW FLOWERS WHICH BRAVE THE SEVERITY OF OUR WINTER MONTHS, and put forth their beauties at every interval between the frosts and snows of our rough and dreary season.

We can very well imagine the exquisite pleasure, after a Canadian winter has for months cut off all communion with plants and flowers, of the sudden burst of vegetation, and the rapid progress and quick succession of reviving nature; but we must confess a preference for our own more varying climate, in which we are not obliged for any long period to give up our interest in our gardens, and even in very harsh and chilling weather some stray blossom will peep forth—often pushing from beneath the half-melted snow—to connect through all our months the blooming wreath of the circling year.

It is a cheering sight, in January or February, as the particular season or situation may permit, to see the damp, rough ground, opening to admit the passage of the pretty modest flower we mean now to speak of, which soon expands itself fully, looking to the uninstructed eye something like a dwarf buttercup—and, in truth, it has a near relationship with that familiar favorite of our childhood. But let us examine it a little more closely—and that we may do this to good purpose, a few preliminary remarks will be found useful by those who are new to such subjects, or have not been led to a right method of considering them.

The flower is the reproductive system of vegetables. Its parts are reducible to four; occupying successive circles round a common centre, and all consisting of modifications of the leaf. The four circles are, however, by no means all present in every flower, and each is occasionally multiplied; so that the variety we see in flowers may be referred almost entirely to the suppression or development, the equal or unequal nourishment (causing regularity or irregularity), and the comparative nearness or remoteness (leading to union or separation) of these parts. If we combine these circumstances with the peculiarities of surface, substance, and mode of folding in the bud, of each particular kind, and with the characteristic numbers in the circles, which, when not concealed by partial suppression, mark the two great divisions of the

higher portion of the vegetable kingdom, we have the key to all the vast variety in the structure of flowers which calls forth so much admiration. From the simplest known form in which but a simple organ of one kind remains, to the instances which exhibit the greatest multiplication or composition of parts, we learn to view all in their relations to the others, and amidst apparent differences to trace the real resemblances.

The four principal circles consist of an outer leaf-like covering; an inner, generally more delicate and colored covering, also leaf-like in form; a set of organs which are the source of fertilisation to the seed; and a set of organs producing on their margins the seeds themselves, which are the eggs of plants, and providing for their nourishment until they are ready for an independent existence.

After this general description, in which technical terms have been entirely avoided—since, though easily learned and useful to the student, they are repulsive to those who merely seek a little general information, and they do not constitute the science, but are only a short-hand, convenient to those who pursue it,—every one will find it easy to understand the peculiarities of the flower of which we are speaking.

A ruff of green surrounds it; but it is hardly a part of it. We might almost think that the flower-bud rises from the midst of an ordinary leaf which is but slightly changed. It does not at all wrap round the flower to protect it, but spreads itself out just like the partitions of the leaf where no flower occurs. The outer circle, which in so many flowers is green, and of the substance of a leaf—here, though greenish at first, soon becomes bright yellow. There are six parts (in another known species eight) arising, in fact, from two imperfect circles of five each. The second circle, which in most flowers is the most conspicuous colored and ornamental one, here consists of a set of low green cups, containing nectar—a peculiarity of structure which marks the hellebores, and may be seen in the Christmas rose, and the common green hellebore, as well as in the plant before us.

These are exquisitely beautiful, and deserve careful examination. Who can see without admiration the provision thus stored up to supply the wants of the early wandering insect? Who can look upon the regularly formed two-lipped vessels, each filled with its sparkling self-produced drop, without feeling that there is here a gift for some creature, which chance has not bestowed, but which speaks to the heart of the intelligent observer, of a wise and beneficent Author of Nature?

The third floral circle is, in the case before us, very much multiplied, generally reaching

the number of from twenty to thirty parts—little thread-like organs terminating in a pair of membranous cases, containing minute granules. In this tribe the cases turn their openings, which are vertical slits, outwards—an observation which, minute as it seems, is not unworthy of attention.

The remaining parts are the seed-bearing leaves, which, in this flower, number six or eight, representing two circles.

The common form of the organ is, to have its extremity lengthened out and glandular at the tip; whilst the germs are borne on the margin of the transformed leaf which folds on itself, uniting at the edge—often the pressure allows but a single germ to come to perfection. It is very common for the several organs of this kind belonging to one flower to be combined by pressure from without into one mass, forming a compound seed-vessel; occasionally, all but one are suppressed, in which case we have a single simple seed-vessel, such as in the pea-pod.

In the case before us, all the parts of all the circles remain separate, which is characteristic of the great natural family to which it belongs; but instead of the numerous, single-seeded, closely-fitting seed vessels, giving the idea of so many naked seeds, of many of its allies, our plant has six or eight pods, each with several seeds; thus showing itself to belong to the section of the *Hellebores*. Within each seed the infant germ, which is very minute, is enfolded in a fleshy substance, called, from a supposed resemblance in nature to the white of an egg, *albumen*, which is altogether wanting in many seeds, and of which the absence or presence is noted as of great importance.

There is an underground stem, from beneath which the root fibres proceed; swelled at the buds, and which increases so as to make the plant easy to introduce. The leaves rise out of the ground on their own peculiar stalks, and each consists of several pieces spread equally around a centre. It is a native of various parts of Europe, chiefly towards the south—as in France, Switzerland, Austria, and Italy. Few gardens are without it, and none ought to be; since it is at the same time pretty in itself, easily procured, and, in the earliness of its flowering season, possesses a rare and much-prized charm.

The botanical name is *Eranthis hyemalis*. These botanical names frighten away many persons from the study of flowers; yet they are really a great assistance, and without them no one could acquire or retain a knowledge of any considerable number of plants. Common vernacular names are often uncertain in their application, often merely local; of no use in communicating with foreigners, and of no assistance in connecting the particular species in our memories, with

its allies, or enabling us to refer it to its place in a general system; without which our best observations would be a mass of confusion, and we could hardly be said to have advanced a step in the knowledge of Nature. English names, if made precise enough to be of any use, become stiff and formal; and quite as difficult as those which equally belong to all the world. The two names which we apply to an object, tell us the family to which it immediately belongs, and its own distinctive appellation.

When the instructed botanist hears the names we have announced, he remembers that *Eranthis* is a small family; or to use the scientific term, a *genus*, closely allied to *Helleborus*, with which it agrees in its regular flower, and in its interior floral envelope or circle of *petals* assuming the form of honey-cups; whilst the green leafy circle under the flower, the fading and falling outer floral circle or *calyx*, and a little difference in the shape and arrangement of the seeds, are thought to justify its having a name of its own.

The hellebores, with the columbines, larkspurs, and monks' hoods, form the tribe of the *Helleboraceæ*, which is one of the leading divisions of the great natural order of *Ranunculaceæ*, including, with other families, those well-known ones, *Clematis*, *Anemone*, *Ranunculus*, and *Pæonia*.

All this, which occurs at once to the memory of the well-informed botanist, is easily learned from books even by a beginner; and by taking the trouble to look over a few descriptions, and compare a few plates with living specimens, he sees what is common to all the allies, and forms the conception of a distinct natural group with which the little subject of these remarks is thenceforth connected.

W. HINCKS, F.L.S.

SONNET.

TO A YOUTH.

WHY should the young despair, or turn aside,
As through lost fortitude, from seeking good?
Take courage, Youth! pursue the paths pursued
By all who virtue love. Truth be thy guide!
What though with much temptation straitly tried?
Temptations have been, and may be withstood.
'Tis better to subdue than be subdued;
O'er self to triumph is man's proper pride.
Why should the young despond?—they have not felt
The soul grow stern, the world become a void.
Sweet influences still their hearts can melt;
Theirs, too, are treasures they have ne'er employed;
Science and thought with them have never dwelt,
HOW MUCH OF LIFE REMAINS TO BE ENJOYED!

ZOOLOGICAL FOLK LORE.—No. IV.

BY J. M'INTOSH, MEM. ENT. SOC., ETC.

(Continued from Vol. IV., Page 279.)

I NOW RETURN to the curious catalogue of popular superstitions, — at which I think some few of us can afford to laugh heartily ;—albeit very many—if *they knew* we were laughing—would rate us for it soundly !

No. 28. THE TOAD.—The following is an excellent remedy to stop bleeding at the nose, mouth, &c. Take a toad and dry him up in the sun. Then put him into a linen bag, and hang him with a string about the neck of the party that bleedeth,—letting it hang so low that it may touch the heart on the left side (near to the heart). This will certainly stay all manner of bleeding at the mouth, nose, &c. Powdered toads, put in a bag and laid on the stomach, will relieve any pain in that important part of the body !

29. TOOTH-ACH.—In some parts of the country you are sagely requested, when suffering from the torments of tooth-ach, to take a nail and tear the gums about the teeth till they bleed. Then drive the nail into a wooden beam up to the head. After this has been carefully done, the pain will cease, and you will never again be tormented with tooth-ach !!

30. CURE FOR THRUSH.—In Devonshire, they take a child to a running stream ; and drawing a straw through its mouth, they repeat the words,—“Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, &c.”

31. “SNAIL, SNAIL, COME OUT OF YOUR HOLE, &c.”—In every county we have visited, there have we found children amusing themselves by chanting songs to snails,—trying to induce them thereby to put forth their horns. In Surrey and Scotland the chant is—

“Snail, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal.”

In Devonshire and in Somersetshire it is varied thus :—

“Snail, snail, shoot out your horns,
Father and mother are dead ;
Brother and sister are in the back yard
Begging for barley bread.”

In some parts of Ireland it runs thus :—

“Shell a muddy, shell a muddy,
Put out your horns ;
For the King's daughter is
Coming to town,
With a red petticoat, and a green gown !”

32. BEETLES.—If you should kill a beetle, look out ; it is sure to rain ! It is as unlucky to kill a cricket. Both these little creatures will eat holes in the stockings of the family that kills them.

33. HOOPING-COUGH.—In addition to what has been already said on this subject (*vide* No. 1), may be added the following :—Tie a

hairy caterpillar in a small bag round the neck of the child. As the caterpillar dies, so does the cough ! In former times, the remedy was that of riding the child on the back of a bear ! And to this day, you are told to pass the child nine times over the back and under the belly of an ass !!

34. PIGEONS.—It is a sure sign of death if an invalid asks for a pigeon !!

35. PIGS.—If fishermen meet a pig on their way to their boats, they will return again. The event is an omen that bodes ill to their fishing !

36. TO AVERT SICKNESS.—Hang up a sickle, or some iron implement, at the head of the sick person's bed !

37. ROASTED MICE.—We have lately heard, that when children had the measles their nurse gave them roasted mice to cure them !

38. A WHITE HORSE.—In some of the northern counties it is considered bad luck to meet a white horse, unless you spit at him. This act averts the ill consequences !

39. STILL-BORN CHILDREN.—In Devonshire it is thought lucky to have a still-born child put into an open grave ; as it is considered a sure passport to Heaven for the next person who is buried there !!

40. CHILDREN'S NAILS.—It is a general belief amongst the common people, and in fact in high circles, that if a child's fingernails are cut before it is a year old, it will be a thief. They must be *bitten off* when they require shortening ! It is also believed, that if adults pare their nails on a Sunday, they will be unlucky during the week !!

41. TURNING THE BED AFTER AN ACCOUCHEMENT.—It is considered unlucky to have the bed turned till a full month has expired !! It is also considered unlucky to turn the bed on Fridays. We are acquainted with an old dame, who would not have a bed turned on that day in her house for any money !

42. RINGWORM.—In some parts of Scotland it is said, that if a little ashes are taken between the forefinger and thumb, three successive mornings,—and the ashes allowed to drop on the part affected, it will disappear. Not, however, before repeating the following lines :—

Ringworm, ringworm red !
Never mayst thou spread, spread ;
But aye grow less and less,
And die away among the ash !

43. If a person's left ear burn, or feel hot, somebody is praising the party ; if the right ear burn, this is a sure sign that some one is speaking evil of the person. This I believe to be common in most counties, and amongst nearly every grade of society.

Taunton, Somerset.

(To be Continued.)

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

No. LII.—PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN.

BY F. J. GALL, M.D.

(Continued from Page 40.)

I HAVE SAID,—AND I REPEAT IT,—that I consider it my duty to direct special attention to those extremely complicated cases, where we find great difficulty in determining the degree of moral liberty and responsibility of the individual. Such are the many cases of infanticide, into which I have so closely inquired.* Let us now speak of certain circumstances, hitherto little remarked, which contribute to affect our reason, and consequently to impair our freedom.

Certain aliments, and especially spirituous liquors, produce on many persons peculiar irritations, which are the effect of a species of ebriety, though not accompanied with the ordinary symptoms of that state. We know that wine and brandy render a man courageous, quarrelsome, eloquent, sincere, amorous, sad, or gay. When the robber Peter Petri was sober, he seemed plunged in a state of dulness and apathy. They could then do what they would with him. But, after drinking a few glasses of brandy, he was a very tiger, who threw himself without distinction upon friends and enemies. A woman at Bamberg, whenever she had drunk brandy, felt a strong desire to set fire to some house; but no sooner had the excitement passed, than this woman was filled with horror at her own previous state. As, however, she was not always on her guard against the enticements of her favorite beverage, she actually committed arson in fourteen instances.

The most embarrassing case in regard to culpability, without reference to the laws, is that in which a peculiar quality acquires by itself, and in consequence of the organisation, so great a degree of energy that it forms the ruling passion of an individual. I have already shown, that all the faculties, and all the propensities, may arrive at this degree of energy. If this takes place in regard to a matter, which is indifferent or laudable, we may felicitate the individual, without making it a subject of commendation. Many persons are naturally inclined to devotion; others would be forced to do great violence to their nature, if they dismissed without aid an abandoned child, or a friendless old man. Many men have an especial inclination for building, travelling, disputing; one is inflamed with an insatiable desire of glory; another cannot spare his best friend when a brilliant sarcasm rises in his mind. We found in a house of correction a young nobleman, extremely proud, who was confined there because he was ashamed of every kind of work. Even there, he would only condescend to speak to persons of distinction, and his questions discovered uncommon penetration. The nervous systems of certain external senses may also acquire such an extraordinary degree of activity and energy, that they determine, as it were, the principal character of

an individual. This kind of energy is even sometimes hereditary. In a certain Russian family, the father and the grandfather early became victims of their propensity to drunkenness; the son, though he foresaw the consequences of this perverse habit, continued to abandon himself to it, in spite of his exertions; and the grandson, a boy of five years, at the time of the publication of the first edition of this work, already manifested a decided propensity for spirituous liquors.

Why should not this imperious activity sometimes take place, also, in other organs, which, by the excess of their action, lead to evil? The reality of such exaltation is proved by so many examples, that any objection dictated by prejudice or superstition, would be absurd. The individual who experiences this exalted energy, is governed by a single sensation or idea, in which his whole soul is centered. If this violent action is not controlled by some superior force, the man becomes its slave. If faculties of a superior order act at the same time in a contrary direction, there thence results an obstinate struggle between the unhappy propensities of the individual, and the painful opposition of his reason. Is it then surprising that evil propensities often gain the mastery over the good; the flesh over the spirit? This state, it is true, is not a real alienation of the mind; it is rather a partial exaltation, a subjection of the soul, and it offers an incomprehensible contrast between man and the animal in man. If the exaltation takes place in a quality, whose too energetic activity leads to criminal acts, a state can hardly be imagined more unhappy for the individual, and more perplexing to the judge; for this state produces effects in appearance so contrary, that, on the one hand, it is scarcely possible to distinguish it from the state of reason; and, on the other, it seems to confound itself with madness. Let us examine some of these inclinations, beginning with the propensity to theft.

Violent Propensity to the commission of Theft, destroying the Moral Freedom.

Victor Amadeus I., King of Sardinia, was in the constant habit of stealing trifles. Saurin, pastor at Geneva, though possessing the strongest principles of reason and religion, frequently yielded to the propensity to steal. Another individual was, from early youth, a victim to this inclination. He entered the military service, on purpose that he might be restrained by the severity of the discipline; but, having continued his practices, he was on the point of being condemned to be hanged. Ever seeking to combat his ruling passion, he studied theology, and became a capuchin. But his propensity followed him even to the cloister. Here, however, as he found only trifles to tempt him, he indulged himself in his strange fancy with less scruple. He seized scissors, candlesticks, snuffers, cups, goblets, and conveyed them to his cell. An agent of the government at Vienna had the singular mania for stealing nothing but kitchen utensils. He hired two rooms as a place of deposit;

* These cases are extremely interesting to medical men, and to ourself individually; but we do not consider it needful nor prudent to discuss so painful and delicate a subject in the columns of OUR JOURNAL. The reason will be obvious.—Ed. K. J.

* "The flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh, and these two are contrary the one to the other, so that ye cannot do the things that ye would."—St. Paul to Gal., chap. v., verse 17.

he did not sell, and made no use of them. The wife of the famous physician Gaubius had such a propensity to rob, that when she made a purchase, she always sought to take something. Countesses M., at Wesel, and P., at Frankfort, also had this propensity. Madame de W. had been educated with peculiar care. Her wit and talents secured her a distinguished place in society. But neither her education nor her fortune saved her from the most decided propensity to theft. Lavater speaks of a physician, who never left the room of his patients without robbing them of something, and who never thought of the matter afterward. In the evening his wife used to examine his pockets; she there found keys, scissors, thimbles, knives, spoons, buckles, and cases, and sent them to their respective owners. Moritz, in his experimental treatise on the soul, relates, with the greatest minuteness, the history of a robber who had the propensity to theft, in such a degree that, being *in articulo mortis*, at the point of death, he stole the snuff-box of his confessor. Doctor Bernard, physician of his majesty the king of Bavaria, speaks of an Alsatian of his acquaintance, who was always committing thefts, though he had everything in abundance, and was not avaricious. He had been educated with care, and his vicious propensity had repeatedly exposed him to punishment. His father had him enlisted as a soldier, but even this measure failed to correct him. He committed some considerable thefts, and was condemned to be hanged. The son of a distinguished literary man offers us a similar example. He was distinguished among all his comrades for his talents, but, from his early infancy, he robbed his parents, sister, domestics, comrades, and professors. He stole the most valuable books from his father's library. Every kind of means was tried to correct him; he was sent into the service, and underwent several times the most rigorous punishments, but, all was useless. The conduct of this unhappy young man was regular in all other respects: he did not justify his thefts; but if they addressed to him on this subject the most earnest and the most amicable representations, he remained indifferent; he seemed not to understand them. The almoner of a regiment of Prussian cuirassiers, a man otherwise well educated, and endowed with moral qualities, had so decided a propensity to theft, that frequently on the parade he robbed the officers of their handkerchiefs. His general esteemed him highly; but as soon as he appeared they shut everything up with the greatest care, for he had often carried away handkerchiefs, shirts, and even stockings belonging to the women. When he was asked for what he had taken, he always returned it cheerfully. M. Kneisler, director of the prison at Prague, once spoke to us of the wife of a rich shopkeeper, who continually robbed her husband in the most ingenious manner. It was found necessary to confine her in gaol; but she had no sooner escaped than she robbed again, and was shut up for the second time. Being set at liberty, new thefts caused her to be condemned to a third detention, longer than the preceding. She even robbed in the prison. She had contrived, with great skill, an opening in a stove which warmed the room where the money-box of the establishment was placed.* The repeated depredations she committed on it were observed. They

attached bells to the doors and windows to discover her, but in vain; at length, by the discharge of pistols, which went off the moment she touched the box, she was so much terrified, that she had not time to escape by the stove. We have seen in a prison at Copenhagen an incorrigible thief, who sometimes distributed his gains to the poor. In another place, a thief, shut up for the seventh time, assured us with sorrow that it did not seem possible to him to act otherwise. He eagerly begged to be retained in prison, and to be furnished with the means of gaining his living.

I might cite thousands of similar facts, which prove, at the same time, that the propensity to theft is not always the consequence of a bad education, of idleness, of poverty, of the want of certain good qualities, nor even the want of morality and religion; and this is so true, that every one shuts his eyes on trifling larcenies, when committed by rich people, who are otherwise of good character. These thefts are imputed to absence of mind. But may not the same propensity be found in the poor? and does it then change its character? Is its nature altered by the value of the thing stolen? It follows, from these cases, that it requires great prudence and experience to fix, with exactness, the degree of criminality.

Let us now consider, under the same point of view, another mischievous propensity.

Excessive propensity to kill, enfeebling Moral Liberty.

There is in man an inclination, which varies in degree, from simple indifference at seeing animals suffer, and from simple pleasure at witnessing the destruction of life, to the most imperious desire of killing. Our sensibility revolts at this doctrine, but it is nevertheless only too true. Whoever would judge justly the phenomena of nature, must have the courage to acknowledge things as they are, and, in general, not to make man better than he is.

We observe, that among children as among adults, among coarse people as well as those who have received education, some are sensitive and others indifferent to the sufferings of their fellows. Some even find pleasure in tormenting animals, in seeing them tortured, and in killing them, without our being able to charge it either to habit or to defect of education. I could cite several instances in which this inclination, when very energetic, has decided individuals in their choice of employment. A student used to shock his companions by the particular pleasure he took in tormenting insects, birds, and other animals. It was to satisfy this propensity, as he himself said, that he made himself a surgeon. An apothecary's boy experienced such a violent propensity to kill, that he took up the trade of a hangman. The son of a shopkeeper, whose mind took the same turn, embraced that of a butcher. A rich Dutchman used to pay the butchers, who made large contracts for supplying vessels with beef, to let him kill the cattle.

We may also judge of the existence of this propensity and of its diversity, by the impression produced on spectators by the punishment to which criminals are subjected. Some cannot support the spectacle; others seek it as an amusement. The Chevalier Selwyn made particular exertions to be

placed near the criminal who was undergoing punishment. They relate an anecdote of La Condamine, that, one day, making efforts to penetrate the crowd assembled at the place of execution, and being repulsed by the soldiers, the executioner exclaimed, "Let the gentleman pass, he is an amateur." M. Bruggmanns, professor at Leyden, mentioned to us a Dutch clergyman, who had so decided a desire for killing, and for witnessing death, that he took the place of almoner of a regiment, solely to have an opportunity of seeing a great number of men destroyed. This same individual raised, at his house, the females of various domestic animals, and when they brought forth young, his favorite occupation was to cut their throats. He used to take charge of killing all the animals that were to be cooked. He corresponded with the executioners throughout the country, and would travel several miles on foot, to be present at executions; so that the executioners always secured to him the distinction of a place near them. On the field of battle, we find striking examples of the different degree in which this disposition exists. One soldier, at the view of the blood which he causes to flow, feels the intoxication of carnage; another, moved by pity, inflicts feeble blows, or at least spares the conquered; turns away at the sight of a child, of a woman, and of an old man, and checks himself after a victory.

The man enslaved by the cruel propensity of which I here speak, still preserves the power of subduing, or of giving it a direction which is not injurious. But the power of subduing a vicious propensity is weakened in such an individual, in proportion as he has received less education, or the organs of the qualities of a superior order are less developed. If it happens that this propensity is carried to the highest degree, the man experiences but little opposition between his pernicious propensities and his external duties; and though even in this case he is not deprived of moral liberty, or the faculty of being determined by motives, he still finds pleasure in homicide. I shall include in this case all the robbers, who, not content with plunder, have shown the sanguinary inclination to torment and kill without necessity. John Rosbeck was not satisfied, like his companions, with ill-treating his victims to make them confess the place where their treasures were concealed. He invented and exercised the most atrocious cruelties, for the sole pleasure of seeing the sufferings and the blood of children, women, and old men. His first imprisonment continued nineteen months; he was shut up in a subterranean dungeon, so narrow that he could hardly breathe. His feet were loaded with chains; he was up to the ankles in dirty water; and when he was taken from this sink, it was to undergo cruel torture. Still he would confess nothing; he was set at liberty, and the first use he made of his freedom, was to commit a robbery in open day. He soon committed new murders, and was finally put to death. At the beginning of the last century, several murders were committed in Holland, on the frontiers of the country of Cleves. The author of these crimes was a long time unknown. Finally, an old minstrel, who used to go to play the violin at all the weddings in the neighborhood, was suspected from some conversation among his children. Carried before the magistrate, he confessed thirty-

four distinct murders, and asserted that he had committed them without malice, and without any intention to rob, solely because he found extraordinary pleasure in them. This fact was communicated to us by M. Serrurier, magistrate at Amsterdam.

The well-known Sabatino, condemned at Palermo, for various crimes, at the moment he ascended the scaffold, confessed that he had killed a man with a musket-shot two years before. When asked what could have induced him to commit such an outrage, he coolly replied, that he had fired his musket on the man to satisfy himself that the powder was good!

Louis XV., says M. Lacratelle, had a well-founded aversion to the brother of the Duke de Bourbon Condé, the Count de Charolais, a prince who would have revived all the crimes of Nero, if, to the misfortune of mankind, he had been permitted to occupy a throne. Even in the sports of his childhood, he manifested an instinct of cruelty which might make one shudder. He amused himself in torturing animals; his violence to his servants was absolutely ferocious. They pretend that he tried to mingle cruelty even with his debaucheries, and that he practised divers barbarities on the very courtezans who were brought to him. The popular tradition, confirmed by several records, accuses him of several homicides. He committed murder, as is said, without interest, resentment, or anger. He used to fire at bricklayers, in order to enjoy the barbarous pleasure of seeing them fall from the tops of the houses on which they worked.

These last facts, fortunately very rare, show us that this detestable propensity is sometimes altogether independent of education, of examples of seduction or habit, and that it has its source solely in a bad organisation. In fact, there are sometimes committed crimes so barbarous, with circumstances so revolting and disgusting, that it would be difficult to explain them in any other manner. Prochaska relates that a woman of Milan used to lure children to her house by flatteries, kill them, salt their flesh, and devour them daily. He also cites the example of a man, who, in the indulgence of this atrocious propensity, killed a traveller and a young girl to devour them. I have already mentioned the daughter of a cannibal, who, though educated at a distance from him, partook, from an early age, of this savage passion.

FOND HEARTS FOR EVER!

Fond words do not ensure fond hearts,
Nor glances bold prove love;
The tongue that deepest truth imparts,
May often faltering prove.
Love's ways, 'tis known, are different ways,
In different tempers found;
But oh!—give *me* the timid gaze,
That, bashful, seeks the ground!

Give *me* the steps that softly glide,
Lest earth their place should tell;—
The feelings that 'neath blushes hide,
As birds 'mid roses dwell;—
The lips that tremble lest a word
Their secret hopes betray;—
The whispers 'neath the moonlight heard,
That shun the ruder day!

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A DOG.—NO. XXII.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

(Continued from Page 42.)

I PROMISED IN MY LAST, to give you the closing scene of this first adventure we had with the policeman. I shall have occasion, by-and-by, to return to this worthy; for we had more than one shindy with him, and he invariably got the worst of it. He was as invariably determined to do all in his power to annoy us,—being a most persevering enemy.

Well; we left him and the *Pinte* proprietor discussing their 125 francs, and the mortification of their unexpected defeat. At the same time, they were consoling themselves with the certainty of being triumphant next time. Nay; they had even gone so far as to make preparations for celebrating their triumph,—forgetting the old adage, "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched."

Effectually to secure their game, they beat about for recruits in every quarter; and by means of plenty of wine, freely given, and plenty more as freely promised, their train was considerably augmented. They succeeded in seducing "David le Dinde," and "La belle Nannetta," as well as his brother; son and nephew also, the opposite neighbors to R—, two abominable fellows of the name of C—.

Of course, nightly meetings were held; and the wine consumed was really fearful. It was not long, however, before the policeman and his friend were taught such a lesson, that I will venture to say they wished they had not so perseveringly annoyed and insulted my old master. But he was left without any alternative. Either he must crush this nest of vipers, or he must be crushed himself; or, what was just as bad, he must submit to all their annoyances and insults. The day, however, which quieted them very considerably, at last arrived; and full of wine and revenge, they occupied their former place before the judge. Bombyx, accompanied by his sons; also, Jean and François, appeared on the side (opposite) as before. The usual routine having been gone through, Bombyx (as on the last occasion) was sworn, and then simply narrated the facts.

He admitted, that in all probability, had it not been for Frère Jean, he should have taken the law into his own hands, and applied his cane pretty smartly about R—'s shoulders. He added, that he did not think any other punishment could be so well understood by such a low-minded fellow.

Jean was then called; and previous to being sworn, was asked the usual question by the magistrate,—“Are you related to any of these parties?”

Jean gave a queer look at them, and then, stroking his nose, replied, “*Je n'ai pas cet honneur.*” (A burst of laughter. R— biting his lips with rage). Jean took a capacious *prise*, and then very quietly told the whole story; neither more nor less.

Being asked by R— if Bombyx had not his arm uplifted, with the intention of striking him with his stick—

“*Certainement oui,*” said Jean, “*et après vos grossièretés envers lui, il aurait très bien fait de*

vous écraser. Pourtant, j'espère que maintenant nous allons vous faire chanter une jolie chanson.”

“*Cochon que tu es!*” cried R—.

Jean slowly advanced two steps towards him, when the magistrate interfered.

“*Jean, ayez la complaisance de vous tenir à votre place; et vous, R—, si vous osez insulter encore une fois qui que ce soit dans ma présence, je vous mettrai à l'amende de 20 francs.*”

R— quivered with rage.

Magistrate to R—.—“Now, sir, what have you to say to this charge?”

R—.—“*Ce que j'ai à dire c'est que ce sont tous des vilains menteurs.*”

Before I go any further, I will just say that the charge against R— was made as short as possible; and, following so quickly on the other, it would have appeared revengeful to have made it otherwise. It was for “wilfully and grossly insulting Bombyx on the public highway; endeavoring to obstruct his passage, &c., &c.; and finally stigmatising him as a ‘*vieux gueux.*’”

Magistrate to R—.—“Stop, sir. There are two parties you have again insulted. I must keep you within bounds. You are fined 40 francs.”

R—.—“I am not allowed to say the truth, then?”

Magistrate.—“Go on, sir, with what you have to say.”

R—.—“Well, then; they begun on me. I was quietly in my *Pinte*, when Bombyx was passing by. He suddenly stopped, and made most disgusting grimaces at me. Jean and all his party did the same; and when I came out, as civilly as possible, they threatened to murder me, and Jean encouraged Bombyx to do so. I certainly should not have been alive now, if I had not run back to the *Pinte*. I have plenty of the most respectable neighbors, who happened just then to be in the *Pinte*, and who are ready to prove this.”

Magistrate.—“Well, let us hear them. Call David B—” (*Le Dinde*).

In a minute, David arrived. A tall, thin simpleton was he in appearance, but in truth he was a cunning villain; a revengeful rogue; and he was very wroth against Bombyx, who once used to buy milk, butter, and vegetables of him; till finding the milk converted into chalk and water, the butter into lard, and the vegetables only the dirty refuse of what he had not been able to dispose of at market,—he was compelled to procure what he required elsewhere. This was, of course, a considerable source of real profit out of David's pocket—hence his unjust revenge.

David appeared before the magistrate grinning like an idiot; but excited and wound up to the highest pitch of phrensy; and from the effects of the wine swallowed at the *Pinte*, his face was a bright purple color—his nose of a crimson hue. He shook hands with R—, looked at the worthy magistrate as if he was anxious to confer a similar honor upon him, squeezed his *casquette* into the smallest possible compass, smiled at every one with inexpressible delight, and even gave a kind of triumphant, friendly, pitying “*bon jour*” to Jean, who acknowledged this salutation by a look of disdain and another *prise*.

David was sworn; and he declared he was in the “*Pinte*” when this took place. Jean looked

furious, and requested the magistrate to repeat the question.

Magistrate.—“You were in the *Pinte* of R—, David, when this took place?”

David threw his *casquette* on the ground, jumped upon it like a madman, and swore he *was* there.

The magistrate looked at Jean, who simply stroked his nose.

Magistrate.—“Call Nannette. Nannette appeared,—a horrid-looking witch, of a dark olive color. She was besmeared with butter and mud. Her matted hair was sticking to her swarthy neck, and her dark eyes were darting looks of the most excited, angry feelings.

Magistrate.—“Your name, Nannette—your family name?”

Nannette.—“Nannette Blanc.” (A general burst of laughter, which caused Nannette to jump around, and to show herself quite determined to knock down every offender). But it was quite impossible to help laughing. Even the worthy magistrate could not but smile at this fair beauty.

“Now, Nannette,” quoth the worthy Magistrate, “tell us,—are you at all related to any of these parties?”

Nannette.—“*Dianstre! Monsieur sait bel et bien que David est mon mari.*”

Magistrate.—“*Pardon, ma bonne femme, je n'en savais rien?*”

David (grinning).—“*Oui, Monsieur le Juge, la Nannette c'est ma femme, mon epouse, ma.*”

Magistrate.—“*C'est assez, David, je comprends.*”

David.—“*Eh bien! si monsieur comprend, c'est tout ce qu'il me faut—c'est ma femme.*”

Nannette, à David.—“*Tais toi. Fou que tu es!*”

Magistrate.—“*Dites nous, Nannette, ce que vous savez de cette affaire? Oui étiez vous?*”

Nannette now broke out at express speed, “*Je suis allé chercher mon mari qui buvait un verre à la Pinte, pendant que Lizette préparait le gouté. J'y ai vu Monsieur Bombyx et cette grosse bete Jean, qui voulaient décapiter le pauvre R—, il s'est sauvé dans la Pinte, et moi je retournais avec David. C'était horrible de les voir, Monsieur le Juge, Je craignais qu'ils allaient nous tuer tous roide morts. Je n'avais presque pas la force de retourner chez nous. J'étais terrifié.*”

R—to David (patting him on the shoulder).—“*C'est parfait.*”

David (grinning).—“*Ne ta'i je pas bien dit?*” Jean smiled and stroked his nose.

Nannette to Jean.—“*Tu peux bien rire, gros niaud que tu es. Je viendrai te couper les ailes.*”

At this moment an officer arrived with a large sealed letter for Bombyx, who, after reading it, gave it to Jean, and then handed it to the magistrate. The latter, after perusing it, desired Nannette to sit down.

Magistrate to officer.—“Call Susanne C—.” And in a few moments a most respectable young woman made her appearance and took up her quarters close to Jean. As soon as David caught sight of her, he turned to a deadly slate color. His lips quivered; his chin nearly touched his shoes. He was not only speechless, but motionless. Nannette, too, suddenly dropped on the bench; and

in an instant became of a dirty stone color, as though she had seen a vision. All her previous animation had vanished. You might have moved her about like a bit of soft putty, to which she bore some resemblance.

The policeman and R— looked tremblingly at each other, but neither could say a word. Jean stroked his nose, and took an extra *prise*—at the same time offering his capacious box to Bombyx. The magistrate looked at Bombyx, as though to ask for some explanation of the extraordinary scene before him. This, however, was soon explained by the examination of Susanne C—.

But I must here leave off, and remain, *au revoir*,
Your affectionate old friend,

FINO.

Tottenham, Feb. 20.

AN ODE TO MUSIC.

BY ALFRED HETHERINGTON.

ALL hail! sweet muse, one of the tuneful nine
Whose office 'tis to cheer the drooping heart,—
To soothe its pain, alleviate its grief,
To raise new thoughts, new feelings to create;
Thoughts pure and holy as e'en thou thyself.
The charm is thine to lull the demon rage,
To silence angry passion's maddening roar;
To dissipate e'en fear, which, but for thee,
Would in the human breast triumphant reign.
Wisdom and woman, wealth, wit, war, and wine,
Have had their meed of praise—their honors
shared

With virtue, love and beauty, truth and grace.
Not less in might and power art thou whose voice
Resounds in deafening roars, or murmuring
The dulcet sounds of gentle melody,
Varied and pleasing as the changing scenes
Nature unfolds to those who love her best.
Man,—mighty man—God's greatest, noblest
work,
Soars high above the world; his soul entranced
Yields to thy fascination. When the sweet
Soft voice of harmony steals o'er his ear,
In silent admiration rapt, he bends
Attentively to catch the thrilling notes;
Listens, and follows, in its airy flight,
The long, low cadence as it dies away
Far o'er the hill,—fainter, yet fainter still,—
Now lost for ever!

Nature claims from thee
Those gentle attributes which first inspired
Our hearts with love and admiration.
Earth, air, fire, water—each and all combine
To render praise and to exalt thy fame.
Thy voice resounds from Niagara's falls
To the small stream that ripples through the v
In words of pity, and in tones of love;
In gentle zephyrs, and in howling winds,—
And countless myriads of the feathered race
Warble a concert of sweet harmony.
Thou dwellest in a holy, happy sphere,
And by thine aid, Man, in angelic form,
His maker will adore—his soul attune
To sing God's praise, and to resound His love,—
HIS POWER AND GRACE THROUGH ALL ETERNITY!

OUR EARLY VIOLETS.

How simple, yet how beautiful, these sense-en-
trancing flowers,
That first appear to welcome Spring, in lanes,
and meads, and bowers!
In modesty enwraipt they rise, in loveliness they
grow,
Enamored sunbeams leave the skies to dwell
with them below.

The East may boast its stately plants, effulgent in
their pride;
The South of matchless gaiety extending far and
wide;
But fairer, sweeter, lovelier flowers no clime hath
ever grown,
Than these much-cherished violets we proudly
call our own.

Like them the flowers of social life, who breathe
its sweets around,
Add grace to humble, cheerful paths, and in such
paths are found.
They make not Nature slave to Art, and thus a
truth explain—
That those who covet praise the least, the highest
praise obtain.

OUR MIRROR OF THE MONTHS.

MARCH.

Now doth
The natural year, a shadow of the sun,
Wake from the earth a chequer'd tapestry,
To greet his footsteps as he passes on.
Stern WINTER, lingering on the verge of Spring,
Retires reluctant, and from time to time
Looks back, while, at his keen and chilling breath,
Fair Flora sickens.

WHO CAN UTTER the word—"March,"
without an anticipation of the fondest enjoy-
ments in store for him during the rest of
the year? All these joys do not come at
once. Oh—no! They are, as the poet
sweetly sings,

"Unfolding every hour."

Moreover, rightly to enter into them, one
must seek for them diligently in their much-
loved hiding places. An anxious eye, and a
loving heart, will need no prompting *where*
to look. Sympathy will direct the steps.

Truly modest is your "garden of nature,"
setting an example that we should like to
see followed throughout the land. It is
our observation of this, that causes us so
often to be severe in our strictures upon
womankind. Woman is poetically associ-
ated with flowers,—yet, *may* we ask wherein
she resembles them? Certainly none of
our women in towns and cities can claim
any affinity to a flower-garden; for in *all*
things are they as *unnatural* as it is possible
for them to be. Oh that we could prevail
upon the sex to be "lock-outs," and to enter
into a "strike" against the monopolising
spirit of that hydra,—*"Fashion."* Then
would they, instead of being worshipped as

now for their dress and "make-up," be
valued for themselves alone,—having

"That within which passeth show."

But we feel we are wasting time; and there-
fore we at once address ourself to those who
can afford to be laughed at for preferring
nature to art. For such only do we write;
such only do we love.

Well; February has passed away. It has
been a month of clouds and sunshine, warmth
and cold, encouragement and disappoint-
ment. We have had wind, rain, hail, snow,
and heavy storms,—all which have done the
bidding of their glorious Lord and Master.
The earth is regenerated, compensation has
been restored to the atmosphere, the farmers
and gardeners have been busy; and the
balance is now every way in our favor.

How our animal spirits have ebbed and
flowed during the past month! How we
have suffered from the ailments peculiar to
the season! We have fallen and risen with
the barometer; and coughed loudly as Boreas
when rejoicing in the exercise of his goodly
lungs. This has *not* added to our strength,
nor to the improvement of our *personnel*.
Nevertheless, under *all* our sufferings (severe
enough, truly!) we have been happy; and
whenever the dear sun has shone upon us,—as
if from sympathy, we have been "jolly."
What a look is that which he gives us, when
he means that we *should* see him! What a
hope is that which he inspires, when his be-
nevolent countenance proclaims him so truly
honest of heart. Of all travelling com-
panions, give us mighty Sol. In his sweet
company, we have made many vows, and
never broken them,—formed dreams of bliss
that may yet be realised, and made "con-
fessions" known to none other.

It must not be supposed that our bodily
ailments have diverted us from our regular
course of action. Not a bit of it! Constant
have we been in duty; and as constant in
pleasure. Many a nook and corner has seen
us,—the sun alone the companion of our
ramble, investigating the progress of birds
and flowers. We do not preach without
practising our own doctrines. We court
fresh air and exercise daily, and thus do we
keep our doors hermetically closed against
the entrance of those pills and draughts
which are so greedily swallowed by the fan-
ciful—*ad nauseam*. We state this at the
risk of being deemed a heathen.

February has its good points. It is per-
haps one of those months which are *most*
fondly remembered by certain people, who
on and after the 14th, "drink to their better
acquaintance." It is marvellous to behold
the universal activity that prevails on that
day; and we verily believe it has a goodly
influence on society, by rousing them from

their wintry torpor, and finding them something to talk and joke about. At all events, everything *appears* to go at a brisker pace; and long faces certainly do get "taken up" a little. The prospect is a promising one, which will naturally brighten as the spring advances.

But behold! we have entered upon the month of MARCH; so let us greet the burly, honest fellow with the right hand of fellowship. Like many another good subject, he hides a kind heart under a rough outside. We must not question the motives of his every action. No doubt his reasons are valid ones. "It is an ill-wind that blows nobody any good." Let us watch them, instead of grumbling. Patience will soon have her perfect work.

The days now are lengthening nicely. We rise by the light of day, and (should) return home by the light of day. No pretence is there now for huddling over fires, lying in bed to "take another turn," and other silly excuses. The vernal choristers are "up" early, and want us to have an audience with them. Let us not refuse *such* a summons. Their songs of praise suggest *our* morning hymn; and the united harmony *must* be an acceptable sacrifice to the God of Heaven.

During the month, we may look for many a fine morning. We love to sniff the early breeze in March, and to hail the rising of the god of day. How solemnly yet pleasingly serene is the picture, as it progresses towards the final touch! What coloring! What effect! None but early risers ought ever to affirm that they love the country. Half the charms of a rural life consist in being present at the scenes commencing at break of day. Here indeed we have a living panorama, painted by Nature in her choicest colors,—beautiful because "natural."

March usually comes in rudely,—giving us in every sense of the word a good blowing-up. No doubt we deserve it! Yet is he playful withal; and he loves his fair mistress—Spring. To use the sweetly expressive language of Thomas Miller,—Spring comes rushing in like a mad merry girl, romping and playing with the lambs, and running about with her hair blowing back to peep at the pale-eyed primroses, or hunt among the last year's leaves for the first tuft of early violets.

She startles the lark too, as he goes dancing through the daisies; and while he sends down a shower of song, watches him with upraised face, until he appears no larger than a bee, and is at last lost in the floating silver of the clouds. She mocks the bleating of the lambs; and over the little hillocks, that will in Summer be covered with fragrant wild thyme, runs races with them—her joyous laughter ringing out all the louder when she

falls, and crushes the silver-fringed daisies. She gathers the wild blue-bells, and twines them in her hair, and goes prying about the hedges for the sky-colored eggs of the hedge-sparrow. She knows where the throstle has built, and where the hard round nest of the blackbird lies concealed in the old orchard. She can lead you to where the blackthorn is in blossom, that looks like sheeted May, though the long hedgerows as yet only wear the faintest flush of green. She laughs at the cold March winds, and knows that the sun, which makes day and night equal, will soon disperse them; and that his warm breath will in a few more weeks awaken all the sleeping flowers of Spring.

What a pleasure it is, to know that the silver-rimmed daisies are now opening; and that the sun-stained buttercups will ere long appear; and as they look up to the sky, will flash back from earth the glow of sunny gold which they seem to draw from Heaven. That the pleasant hedgerows, those green old English boundary walls, will soon be powdered over with the milk-white blossoms of May, and make every breeze that blows smell as sweetly as if it had been out all day a-Maying, and was returning home oppressed beneath the heavy burthen of fragrance which it bears! Then to look up to the silver-loaded clouds, and as they float leisurely along, to fancy that they also have been a May-gathering, somewhere in the blue fields of Heaven; for such fanciful thoughts will the approaching Spring awaken.

Already have we received many choice love-tokens, in the witching form of early flowers, grouped in miniature bouquets, and transmitted to us through our faithful ally—the Postmaster-General. In what sweet amity do these little innocents nestle together whilst passively submitting to their rapid transit; and with what a grateful, sweet odor, do they greet us as we once again let them recognise the light of Heaven! And do they not inspire our muse, as we gaze on their nodding plumes,—fresher than ever, after they have had their bath! Surely yes. We could sing of their charms for ever. Yet are words powerless to do them fitting honor!

There is something in the dawn of Spring that appears to renew our very system. It seems to hallow our thoughts, and to render them less burthensome. Care's sit lightly, because one day in seven (at least) brings us into contact with all our heart holds dear. Spring, as one says, "brings with it a spirit of tenderness." A burst of freshness and luxury of feeling takes possession of us. Aye, and let fifty springs have broken upon us, yet is this joy (unlike many joys of time) not an atom impaired. Are we not young? Are we not boys and girls? Do we not break, by the power of awakened thoughts,

into all the rapturous scenes of all our happier years? There is something in the freshness of the soil, in the mossy bank, the balmy air, the voices of the birds, the early and delicious flowers, that we have seen and felt *only* in childhood, and Spring.

As for the "coming" flowers, and the modest heads daily peeping out of sly corners,—these can only be hinted at. Our delight must be in searching for them. At our very feet are dog-tooth violets, yellow daffodils, polyanthuses, crocuses, snowdrops, lilac primroses,—and what beside? Then think of the fields of daisies, the gorgeous tulips,—in fact the infinite variety that awaits us, of every hue. Last, let us look at the Lily of the Valley—our pet. In this modest little flower—one came enclosed to us recently, reclining on a bed of moss—we find all that is beautiful. It does not force itself into notice. It is reserved—pure, sweet, retired, delicate, graceful. It grows in the shade, and leaves all others to seek the sun. As we love the "Lily of the Valley," let our sweet poet—Hurdis, sing its praises. It shall have the last word, a proof of the estimation in which we hold it:—

To the curious eye

A little monitor presents her page
Of choice instruction, with her snowy bells—
The Lily of the Vale. She not affects
The public walk, nor gaze of mid-day sun;
She to no state or dignity aspires;
But silent and alone puts on her suit
And sheds her lasting perfume,—but for which
We had not known there was a thing so sweet
Hid in the gloomy shade. So when the blasts
Her sister tribes confound, and to the earth
Stoop their high heads, that vainly were expos'd,
She feels it not, but flourishes anew,—
Still shelter'd and secure.

What more can we say to our readers? We have pointed out wherein *our* pleasure lies. Let us hope that what pleases us will please others equally. There is plenty yet to be done in the garden. This is a busy month, and all future success with our flowers depends upon the good use we *now* make of our time. Early and late, let us use the spade, the rake, the hoe, the fork. Away with every semblance of a weed; and let every arrangement be a perfect specimen of neatness. The severe weather of January has punished our choice plants sadly. These now require our fondest care. In fact, the garden claims us as its own. If we attend to it, our reward will be great. If we neglect it, we shall rue our folly.

Next month, early, we shall be in the company of nightingales, black-caps, and hosts of other spring visitors. The blackbird, too, will be in his finest voice, and the birds' "matins" will call us up betimes to join in the general rejoicings. We pant for this,

knowing it to be the prelude of a season which for the lovers of nature possesses charms indescribable.

Even now, when the glorious sun shines brightly, the whole face of nature rejoices. A fine day sets us all in the highest glee.

There is a blessing in the air
Which seems a sense of joy to yield
To the bare trees, and mountains bare,
And grass in the green field.

Love, now a universal birth,
From heart to heart is stealing;
From earth to man, from man to earth,
It is the hour of feeling.

Oh that these "hours of feeling" abounded more amongst us! Then should our path in life be less chequered than it is, and our social amity more perfect.

THE STUDY OF GEOLOGY.

THERE ARE SOME REMARKS connected with this subject in the New Edition of "Phillips' Guide to Geology," that we are anxious to register in the columns of "OUR OWN." The progress of Geology is fast setting aside the "old-wives'" favorite dogmas; and the time has now come when "fact" must displace fiction:—

It is obvious that for the right and full understanding of the phenomena which come before a geologist, he must often refer to the established results of other branches of physical science. Mineralogy must be his guide in ascertaining the ingredients of rocks. Chemistry must teach him their ultimate constitution. He must apply to botany and zoology for the examination of extinct plants and animals; and to astronomy and general physics for correct general data within which to confine his inferences.

How clearly does this show us the reason why the universally-occurring facts concerning the structure of the globe have only within a few years been submitted to any regular investigation, or reduced to general truths! Generalisation in geology can only be based upon the established results of other more limited natural sciences. Every discovery of laws in chemistry and zoology widens the foundation of *rational geology*. And so long as men adhere to the method of philosophy taught by Bacon, geology can never again be lost in vain speculations, never again be an arena for discussing delusive hypotheses and unsubstantial conjecture.

Geology, whether regarded as a history of the early physical revolutions of the earth, or as the science by which this history has been in some degree recovered, *has really no other foundation than exact observation and careful induction*. It would, therefore, be

not a harsh sentence to refuse this title to the mass of mere opinions and conjectures, which, for some hundred years before the 19th century, were pompously designated "Theories of the earth." With much better right may the title of geologists be conceded to Strabo and the old philosophers, who studied the local phenomena of their countries, and proposed limited hypotheses, in agreement with their notion of the laws of nature, than to Burnet and Buffon, whose systems of cosmogony have the air of a philosophical romance rather than of a serious generalisation of facts.

The history of the progress of opinions in geology may be useful *as a warning* to men advanced in geological inquiries, not to reason upon assumptions when "facts" remain to be explored; and to repress that impatience of spirit, which ever seeks to anticipate observation by the efforts of invention. But the student should, if possible, be kept in impartial ignorance of these conflicting hypotheses, which are too apt to fascinate the young and imaginative mind.

It gives us pleasure to diffuse these sentiments widely, as it is too much the fashion to take matters of science upon trust. Investigation can alone prove satisfactory.

APPEARANCES DECEITFUL.

A merry sunbeam, warm and gay,
Lighting in an April day,
O'er a meadow chanced to stray;
And a little foolish primrose thought
That sunbeam had the summer brought.

And in its dawning birth-day flush,
It rose aside a holly bush,
The orchestra of many a thrush:
Its silver arms flung round in air,
The merry sunbeam found it there.

The wily day gleamed, smiled, and laugh'd,
As to the floweret's health it quaff'd,
And drain'd of dew full many a draught;
Nor would that foolish flower believe
Such smiles and beauty could deceive.

But as the day began to wane,
The primrose wish'd, but wish'd in vain,
Its morning freshness back again;
Yet still the sunbeam brightly shone,
And smil'd, and laugh'd, and flatter'd on.

But as the air of evening came,
And withering chill'd the floweret's frame,
The sunbeam scarlet blush'd for shame,
And proving all its words a boast,
Withdrew its warmth when needed most.

The little primrose, sore dismay'd,
In winding-sheet of grass array'd,
Aside the holly dying, laid—
Shivering, bereft, and bare,
The merry sunbeam left it there!

J. B.

A BANK OF VIOLETS.

AT THIS SWEET SEASON, few lovers of nature need prompting to go abroad and seek for the early flower. Let us hear what Miss MITFORD says about it; for we would fain, now, give place to other voices than our own, and so be "ever changing ever new." In her note-book, she thus writes:—*March 27th*—It is a dull grey morning, with a dewy feeling in the air; fresh, but not windy; cool, but not cold; the very day for a person newly arrived from the heat, the glare, the noise, and the fever of London, to plunge into the remotest labyrinths of the country, and regain the repose of mind, the calmness of heart, which has been lost in that great battle. I must go violeting—it is a necessity—and I must go alone. . . .

The common that I am now passing—the Lea, as it is called—is one of the loveliest spots near my house. It is a little sheltered scene, retiring, as it were, from the village; sunk amidst higher lands—hills would be almost too grand a word—edged on one side by our gay high-road, and intersected by another; and surrounded by a most picturesque confusion of meadows, cottages, farms, and orchards; and with a great pond in one corner, unusually bright and clear, giving a delightful cheerfulness and day-light to the picture. The swallows haunt that pond; so do the children. There is a merry group round it now; I have seldom seen it without one. Children love water, clear, bright, sparkling water; it excites and feeds their curiosity; it is motion and life. . . .

A turn in the lane, and we come to the old house standing amongst the high elms,—the old farm-house, which always, I don't know why, carries back my imagination to Shakespeare's days. It is a long, low, irregular building, with one room at an angle from the house, covered with ivy, fine, white-veined ivy; the first floor of the main building projecting, and supported by oaken beams, and one of the windows below with its old casement and long narrow frames, forming the half of a shallow hexagon. A porch, with seats in it, surrounded by a pinnacle, pointed roofs and clustered chimneys, complete the picture. The very walls are crumbling to decay under a careless landlord and a ruined tenant.

Now a few yards farther and I reach the bank. Ah! I smell them already; most exquisite perfume steams and lingers in this moist heavy air. Through this little gate, and along the green south bank of this green wheat-field, and they burst upon me,—the lovely violets! in tenfold loveliness. The ground is covered with them, white and purple, enamelling the short dewy grass, looking but the more vividly colored under

the dull, leaden sky. There they lie by hundreds, by thousands. In former years I have been used to watch them from the tiny green bud, till one or two stole into bloom. They never came on me before in such a sudden and luxuriant glory of simple beauty,—and I do really owe one pure and genuine pleasure to feverish London. How beautifully they are placed too, on this sloping bank—with the palm branches waving above them, full of early bees, and mixing their honeyed scent with the more delicate violet odor. How transparent and smooth and lusty are the bunches, full of sap and life. And there, just by the old mossy root, is a superb tuft of primroses, with a yellow butterfly hovering over them, like a flower floating on the air. What happiness to sit in this tufty knoll and fill my basket with the blossoms! What a renewal of heart and mind! To inhabit such a scene of peace and sweetness, is again to be fearless, gay, and gentle as a child. Then it is, that thought becomes poetry; and feeling, religion. Then it is that we are happy, and good.

Oh that my whole life could pass so floating in blissful and innocent sensation, enjoying in peace and gratitude the common blessings of nature—thankful above all for the simple habits, the healthful temperament, which render them so dear. Alas! who may dare expect a life of such happiness? But I can at least snatch and prolong the fleeting pleasure—can fill my basket with pure flowers, and my heart with pure thoughts—can gladden my little home with their sweetness—can divide my treasures with one, a dear one, who cannot seek them—can see them when I shut my eyes, and dream of them when I fall asleep.

We love to hear Miss Mitford speak so of the “heat, glare, noise, and fever of London,” describing them as the elements of “a great battle.” We feel the truth of every word she utters; and can share all the delights she so vividly pictures in this, her morning ramble. *Again* we repeat,—“God made the Country!”

SPRING FLOWERS. THE DAISY.

THE FOLLOWING REMARKS BY ROUSSEAU, on this beautiful little herald of Spring, will be read with interest.

Take one of those little flowers which cover all the pastures, and which everybody knows by the name of daisy. Look at it well; for I am sure you would not have guessed by its appearance that this flower, which is so small and delicate, is really composed of between two and three hundred flowers, all of them perfect; that is, having each its corolla, stamens, pistil, and fruit.

Every one of those leaves which are white above and red underneath, and form a kind of crown round the flower, appearing to be nothing more than little petals, are in reality so many true flowers; and every one of those tiny yellow things also, which you see in the centre, and which at first you have, perhaps, taken for nothing but stamens, are real flowers.

If you were accustomed to botanical dissections, and were armed with a good glass and plenty of patience, it would be easy to convince you of this. But you may at least pull out one of the white leaves from the flower; you will at first think that it is flat from one end to the other; but look carefully at the end by which it was fastened to the flowers, and you will see that this end is not flat, but round and hollow, in form of a tube, and that a little thread, ending in two horns, issues from the tube; this thread is the forked style of the flower, which, as you now see, is flat only at the top.

Next look at those yellow things in the middle of the flower, and which as I have told you are all so many flowers; if the flower be sufficiently advanced, you will see several of them open in the middle, and even cut into several parts. These are monopetalous corollas, which expand; and a glass will easily discover in them the pistil, and even the anthers with which it is surrounded. Commonly the yellow florets towards the centre are still rounded and closed. These, however, are flowers like the others, but not yet open; for they expand successively from the edge inwards. This is enough to show you by the eye, the possibility that all these small affairs, both white and yellow, may be so many distinct flowers; and this is a constant fact. You perceive, nevertheless, that all these little flowers are pressed, and enclosed in a calyx which is common to them all, and which is that of the daisy. In considering then the whole daisy as one flower, we give it a very significant name when we call it a *composite-flower*.”

But we have not yet done with the daisy. Henry Sutton, a young poet, has sung its praises so very sweetly, that we gladly open our columns to let his song be heard throughout the land:—

THE DAISY.

A gold and silver cup
Upon a pillar green,
Earth holds her Daisy up
To catch the sunshine in:—
A dial chaste, set there
To show each radiant hour:—
A field-astronomer;
A sun-observing flower.
The children with delight
To meet the Daisy run;

They love to see how bright
 She shines upon the sun:
 Like lowly white-crowned queen,
 Demurely doth she bend,
 And stands, with quiet mien,
 The little children's friend.

Out in the field she's seen,
 A simple rustic maid,
 In comely gown of green
 And clean white frill arrayed;
 There stands, like one in mood
 Of hope by fancy spun,
 Awaiting to be woo'd,
 Awaiting to be won.

The dandy Butterfly,
 All exquisitely drest,
 Before the Daisy's eye
 Displays his velvet vest:
 In vain is he arrayed
 In all that gaudy show;
 What business hath a maid
 With such a foppish beau?

The vagrant Bee but sings
 For what he gets thereby;
 Nor comes, except he brings
 His pocket on his thigh;
 Then let him start aside
 And woo some wealthier flower;
 The Daisy's not his bride,
 She hath no honey-dower.

The Gnat, old back-bent fellow,
 In frugal frieze coat drest,
 Seeks on her carpet yellow
 His tottering limbs to rest:
 He woos her with eyes dim,
 Voice thin, and aspect sage;
 What careth she for him?
 What part hath youth with age?

She lifteth up her cup,
 She gazeth on the sky;
 Content, so looking up,
 Whether to live or die.
 Content, in wind and cold
 To stand, in shine and shower;
 A white-rayed marigold,
 A golden-bosomed flower.

It is a pleasant croft
 Where "winged kine" may graze;
 A golden meadow soft,
 Quadrille-ground for young fays;
 A little yellow plot,
 With clean white pales fenced round,
 Each tipt with vermeil spot,
 Each set on greenest ground.

CHOICE OF COMPANY.

"BE very circumspect," says good old Quarles, "in the choice of thy company. In the society of thine equals, thou shalt enjoy more of pleasure; in the society of thy superiors, thou shalt find more profit. The best means to grow better, is, to feel yourself the worst of the company. Always listen; but talk seldom."

THE ENGLISH IN ITALY.

THE English residing or travelling upon the continent would, if gathered together, make a large city. They carry England with them wherever they go. In Rome there is an English church, an English reading-room, an English druggist, an English grocer, and an English tailor. As England is an island, so they everywhere form an insular community, upon which the waves of foreign influence beat in vain. This peculiarity penetrates to the individual. A French or German table-d'hote is a social continent; but an English coffee-room, at the hour of dinner, is an archipelago of islets, with deep straits of reserve and exclusiveness flowing between.

Travellers of other nations learn to conform to the manners and customs of the people about them; avoiding the observation attracted by singularity. Not so the Englishman. He boldly faces the most bristling battery of comment and notice. His shooting jacket, checked trousers, and brown gaiters, proclaim his nationality before he begins to speak; he rarely yields to the seduction of a moustache; he is inflexibly loyal to tea; and will make a hard fight before consenting to dine at an earlier hour than five. The English in Rome, as a general rule, show little sensibility to the peculiar influences of the place. Towards the Catholic Church and its ceremonies they turn a countenance of irreverent curiosity; trying the spirit of the Italians by their careless deportment, their haughty strides, and their inveterate staring—intimating that the forms of Catholic worship are merely dramatic entertainments performed by daylight.

Nor are they much moved by beauty, in nature or art. An Englishman, in his heart of hearts, regards emotion or enthusiasm as feminine weakness, unworthy of manhood. A fine dog or horse calls forth from him more energetic admiration than the most beautiful landscape or picture. He marches through a gallery with resolute strides—his countenance expanding as the end draws near. Five minutes despatch a Raphael; four, a Titian or Coreggio; and two or three are enough for less illustrious names.

It need hardly be said that the English in Rome are not popular, either with the Italians—in spite of the money they spend—or with their fellow sojourners in other lands. They form the subject of innumerable caricatures; and hardly a book of travels appears in any language but their own which is not seasoned with stories—good, if not true—of English phlegm, English rudeness, or English eccentricity. But this unpopularity is not more marked than the lofty disdain with which it is accepted by the parties who are

the subjects of it. Coriolanus himself did not confront ill-will with a haughtier brow. Indeed, as a general rule, an Englishman is never so repulsive as when it is his cue to conciliate opposition, and disarm unreasonable prejudice.—G. H.

THE EMIGRANT'S LARK.

The following little sketch will, we are sure, please our readers. It is a good story; all the better for the way in which it is told. Sir FRANCIS HEAD is the narrator.

Henry Patterson and his wife Elizabeth sailed from the Tower in the year 1834, as emigrants on board a vessel heavily laden with passengers, and bound to Quebec. Patterson was an intimate friend of a noted bird-catcher in London, called Charley Nash. Now, Nash had determined to make his friend a present of a good skylark, to take to Canada with him; but not having what he called "a real good un" among his collection, he went into the country on purpose to trap one. In this effort he succeeded; but when he returned to London, he found that his friend Patterson had embarked; and that the vessel had sailed a few hours before he reached the Tower-stairs. He therefore jumped on board a steamer that was about to start, and overtook the ship just as she reached Gravesend; where he hired a small boat, and then sculling alongside, he was soon recognised by Patterson and his wife, who with a crowd of other male and female emigrants of all ages were taking a last farewell of the various objects which the vessel was slowly passing.

"Here's a bird for you, Harry," said Nash to Patterson, as, standing up in the skiff, he took the frightened captive out of his hat; "and if it sings as well in a cage as it did just now in the air, it will be the best you have ever heard."

Patterson, descending a few steps from the gangway, stretched out his hand and received the bird, which he immediately called Charley, in remembrance of his faithful friend Nash.

In the Gulf of St. Lawrence the vessel was wrecked; almost everything was lost except the lives of the crew and passengers; and accordingly, when Patterson, with his wife hanging heavily on his arm, landed in Canada, he was destitute of everything he had owned on board, excepting Charley, whom he had preserved, and afterwards kept for three days in the foot of an old stocking.

After some few sorrows, and after some little time, Patterson settled himself at Toronto, in the lower part of a small house in King Street, the principal thoroughfare of the town, where he worked as a shoemaker. His shop had a southern aspect; he drove a

nail into the outside of his window; and regularly every morning just before he sat upon his stool to commence his daily work, he carefully hung upon this nail a common skylark's cage (which had a solid back of dark wood, with a bow or small wire orchestra in front) upon the bottom of which there was to be seen, whenever it could be procured, a fresh sod of green turf.

As Charley's wings were of no use to him in this prison, the only wholesome exercise he could take was by hopping on and off his little stage. This sometimes he would continue to do most cheerfully for hours, stopping only occasionally to dip his bill into a small, square, tin box of water, suspended on one side, and then to raise it for a second or two towards the sky. As soon, however, as (and only when) his spirit moved him, this feathered captive again hopped upon his stage; and there, standing on a bit of British soil, with his little neck extended, his small head slightly turned, his drooping wings gently fluttering, his bright black eyes intently fixed upon the distant, deep, dark blue Canada sky, he commenced his unpremeditated morning song, his extempore matin prayer.

The effect of his thrilling notes, of his shrill joyous song, of his pure unadulterated English voice, upon the people of Canada, cannot be described; and probably can only be imagined by those who either by adversity have been prematurely weaned from their mother country, or who, from long-continued absence from it, and from hope deferred, have learned in a foreign land to appreciate the inestimable blessings of their fatherland, of their parent home. All sorts of men—riding, driving, walking, propelled by urgent business, or sauntering for appetite or amusement—as if by word of command, stopped, spell-bound, to listen, for more or less time, to the inspired warbling, to the joyful hallelujahs, of a common, homely-dressed, English lark! The loyal listened to him with the veneration with which they would have listened to the voice of their sovereign; reformers, as they leaned towards him, heard nothing in his enchanting melody which even they could desire to improve. I believe that in the hearts of the most obdurate radicals, he reanimated feelings of youthful attachment to their mother-country; and that even the trading Yankee (in whose country birds of the most gorgeous plumage snuffle rather than sing) must have acknowledged that the Heaven-born talent of this little bird unaccountably warmed the Anglo-Saxon blood that flowed in his veins. Nevertheless, whatever others may have felt, I must own, that although I always refrained from joining Charley's motley audience, yet, while he was singing, I never rode by him without acknowledging, as he stood with his outstretched neck looking

to Heaven, that he was (at all events, for his size) the most powerful advocate for social union; and that his eloquence was as strongly appreciated by others, Patterson received many convincing proofs.

Three times, as he sat beneath the cage, proud as Lucifer, yet hammering away at a shoe-sole lying in purgatory on his lapstone, and then, with a waxed thread in each hand, suddenly extending his elbows, like a scaramouch,—three times was he interrupted in his work by people who each separately offered him one hundred dollars for his lark. An old farmer repeatedly offered him a hundred acres of land for him; and a poor Sussex carter, who had imprudently stopped to hear him sing, was so completely overwhelmed with affection and *maladie du pays*, that, walking into the shop, he offered for him all he possessed in the world—his horse and cart. But Patterson would sell him to no one.

On the evening of the —th of October, 1837, the shutters of Patterson's shop windows were half closed, on account of his having that morning been accidentally shot dead on the island opposite the city. The widow's prospects were thus suddenly ruined, her hopes blasted, her goods sold; and I need hardly say that I made myself the owner, the lord and the master, of poor Patterson's lark.

It was my earnest desire, if possible, to better his condition, and I certainly felt very proud to possess him; but somehow or other this "Charley is my darling" sort of feeling evidently was not reciprocal. Whether it was, that in the conservatory of the Government House at Toronto, Charley missed the sky—whether it was that he disliked the movement, or rather want of movement, in my elbows—or whether, from some mysterious feeling, some strange fancy or misgiving, the chamber of his little mind was hung with black—I can only say that, during the three months he remained in my service, I could never induce him to open his mouth, and that up to the last hour of my departure he would never sing to me.

On leaving Canada, I gave him to Daniel Orris, an honest, faithful, loyal friend, who had accompanied me to the province. His station in life was about equal to that of poor Patterson; and accordingly, so soon as the bird was hung by him on the outside of his humble dwelling, he began to sing again as exquisitely as ever. He continued to do so all through Sir George Arthur's administration. He sang all the time Lord Durham was at work; he sang after the Legislative Council, the Executive Council, the House of Assembly of the province, had ceased for ever to exist; he sang all the while the Imperial Parliament were framing and agreeing to

an Act by which even the name of Upper Canada was to cease to exist; and then, feeling that the voice of an English lark could no longer be of any service to that noble portion of Her Majesty's dominions—he died!

Orris sent me his skin, his skull, and his legs. I took them to the very best artist in London—the gentleman who stuffs for the British Museum—who told me, to my great joy, that these remains were perfectly uninjured. After listening with great professional interest to the case, he promised me that he would exert his utmost talent; and in about a month Charley returned to me with unruffled plumage, standing again on the little orchestra of his cage, with his mouth open, looking upwards—in short, in the attitude of singing, just as I have described him.

I have had the whole covered with a large glass case, and upon the dark wooden back of the cage there is pasted a piece of white paper, upon which I have written the following words:—

THIS LARK,
TAKEN TO CANADA BY A POOR EMIGRANT,
WAS SHIPWRECKED IN THE ST. LAWRENCE;
AND AFTER SINGING AT TORONTO FOR NINE YEARS,
DIED THERE ON THE 14TH OF MARCH, 1843,
UNIVERSALLY REGRETTED.

HOME! HOME! SWEET HOME!

SORROW'S OWN SONG,

OR

THE FAITHFUL HARP.

You think I have a merry heart
Because my songs are gay;
But oh! they all were taught to me
By friends now far away.
The bird will breathe his silver note
Though bondage binds his wing,—
But *is* his song a happy one?—
I'm *saddest* when I sing!

I heard them first in that dear home
I never more shall see;
And now each song of joy has got
A mournful turn for me.
Alas, 'tis vain in winter time
To mock the songs of Spring,
Each note recalls some wither'd leaf,—
I'm *saddest* when I sing!

Of all the friends I used to love,
My harp remains alone;
Its faithful voice still seems to be
An echo of my own.
My tears when I bend over it
Will fall upon its string;—
Yet those who hear me *little* think
I'm *saddest* when I sing!

T. H. BAYLY.

AN AUCTION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A CUP OF TEA."

MAN is a child of sorrow; and this world
In which we breathe has cares enough to plague us.



WHAT A WORLD OF SORROW
THIS IS! I NEVER WALK
ABROAD WITHOUT SEEING
SOMETHING WHICH TENDS
TO DEPRESS THE SPIRITS.
What can suggest more
painful feelings, than the
cold, mechanical prepara-

tions for selling off—perhaps *all* that a man
possesses!

I never like to see a house tricked out in
auction fineries: the lazy stair-carpets lolling
from the upper windows; and the lower ones
patched like a vulnerated face,—all convey
an idea of disgrace and dishonor. Within
the house, dislike deepens into melancholy.
Who can bear to see the *penetralia* of any
place, that has once been the abode of human
beings, thrown open to the brazen stare and
the rude rush of strangers, who flock in, on
all sides, with craving eyes and gaping
mouths—like harpies snuffing about for food
and plunder? Often have I panted for the
ability of seeing some superannuated poker
in my way, and clearing the mansion of its
intruders!

When an auction occurs, people imagine
that a house has lost all title to respect.
This is a barbarous feeling, unworthy of
being fostered in any bosom that beats in the
nineteenth century. What! shall we wander
with pauseful reverence among the ruins of
antiquity, and yet burst into an unoccupied
house, with grins that might grace a troop
of hungry bears? The respect due to the
very stones piled up into walls, might dictate
more dutiful conduct. But there is some-
thing that ought to be still more influential
in restraining "rude advances,"—the recollec-
tion that it has been inhabited. Every man
who has a home is capable of estimating the
delights arising from its retirement and pri-
vacy; and he ought to carry a homely feeling
with him when he attends any dwelling that
is exposed to the calamities of an auction-
day; let him remember, that though all is
now blank and cheerless, the sounds of family
voices, the sweet buzzes of home, once mur-
mured through the deserted chambers!

And who shall describe the hurly-burly at
the hall-door of a house under the endurance
of an auction?

*Insequitur clamorque virum, stridorque
rudentium!*

This is the hour for unimportant Importance
to swagger, and look on with an aristocratical
stare of indifference. This is the moment
for littleness to be greatness; and men of

money to stir about their pockets, and dig
the pavement with their steel-tipped boots.
See yonder punchy little fellow; with what an
air he taps his foot on the stones, whistles out
his consequence, and surveys the house from
top to bottom! There approaches a round-
faced personage, who swells herself along
with fat disdain, and waddles into the hall
as if the house itself would recede from her
advance. But the most presuming is yonder
white-cheeked man, dressed in black, and
strutting up and down the hall, and into the
parlors, with a hissing impudence on his lip,
and an echo accompanying his feet. How
architecturally he measures the lofty walls
with his glance, opens the cupboards, and
wades, with his body on a dubious balance,
from room to room! He would fain persuade
those around him, that he is something great
—that *his* house is far beyond *this* in size and
magnificence, and *therefore* all that he sees
is unworthy any look of surprise. And is
he truly a man of consequence? No!

Behind, in the small square garden, graver,
but not less snarling people, are traversing
round the winding gravel walks, curling their
noses at the bare remnants of fruit-trees and
flower-beds, and kicking the straggling rows
of box with most impertinent *hauteur*; and
here it is that the family affairs of the owner
of the house undergo a severe inquisition.
This piece of business is generally transacted
by two elderly men, who, with their hands
crossed behind them, circle round the garden
regardless of anybody else, and in loud, but
critical tones, explode their sentiments and
opinions.

If the "old gentleman" who belonged to
the mansion has departed this life, his
stinginess, his cruel treatment of his first
wife, and the dreadful habit he had of cursing,
are duly exposed and censured. It is, more-
over, hinted by one of these inquisitors, that
the "old gentleman" has left a few awkward
impressions of himself in divers parts of the
country! If it be in consequence of the
proprietor's extravagant style of living, that
his dwelling is "to be sold by auction," his
crimes are visited with showers of anathemas
and sarcasms. What business had he with
three men-servants, and six different wines
on his table every day? Why did his "fine
wife" flaunt about the town, like a peacock,
on a Sunday morning, in her ostrich feathers
and superb satin pelisses? And the daughters
too,—how they tossed their heads as they
sailed by their neighbors' doors! What
necessity was there for their continual
presence at the theatres, the concerts, and
the races? Mr. Cheatall had much better
have paid his creditors. *They* have no patience
to see such ridiculous pretension at the
expense of honesty and principle,—*they* saw
"how matters would end," long ago—it has

“fallen out” just as *they* prophesied it would, —*they* have “no pity” for such people.

The most important and the most truly comfortable part of a well-managed house, is the kitchen. Though the parlors and drawing-room are more poetical places, the “kitchen” is unrivalled for its hospitable appearance and domestic splendor; it is a place where the finest amongst us are not ashamed to be seen *sometimes*; and from whose savory area proceed those dishes and soups, which throw life and fatness into the aristocratical chambers. And let me ask any reader who has had the happiness to spend some of his juvenilian days at an “academy for young gentlemen”—if he has not considered himself to be in the third Heaven, when he has been able to steal into the kitchen on a gusty winter’s day, have a little polite converse with the cook, collect hints respecting the dinner, and entice her into some treasonable act in the manufacture of the silky “sky-blue?”

With this regard for the kitchen, what a damp comes upon the heart when we enter into a “kitchen,” on an auction day! Where are all the culinary murmurs that used to greet the ear in such a complex jingle of copper, tin, and china? Where is the tall moon-faced clock that used to click with such solemn assurance, and unalterable gravity, amid the hubbub of “Marys,” “Johns,” and “Marthas?” Where is the smoky jack, that helped to embrown the dripping rotundity of many a well-savored joint? And where! *oh* where! is the barrel-figured coachman, with a visage like a scraped carrot; and the cook, with her fiery complexion and fire-swimming eyes; and the giggling, manœuvring, door-haunting housemaid; and the pale, inch-waisted ladies’-maid, that used to trip into the kitchen, with my mistress’s “drawers” to be aired? Where are they all? ask,

And echo answers, where!—

What matin counsels, what noontide smacking of lips, and what evening rounds of mirth, that made all the platters to go a “nid, nid, noddin,” were heard in this place a month since! What a homely flicker the piled fire used to fling athwart the gleaming covers of saucepans in array, and rose-figured plates, that stood on the dresser-shelves as if they were meditating a start on the floor! Pleasant was the humming bubble of the boiling water, the hiss of the roasting viands, the industrious patter of feet, the purr of the cat banqueting in lazy raptures before the fire-place, and the occasional plashy tread of a Newfoundland dog stalking through the kitchen with homely contentedness.

But the most joyous scene of all that occurred in the kitchen was at Christmas, when the master and mistress winked at

seasonable improprieties “below;” and, if they had any English material in their hearts, never scrupled to permit their servants’ “friends and relatives from the country” to enjoy themselves in a liberal style. It is really quite charming to see how thankfully the red-cloaked dame is conducted to the kitchen by her town-refined daughter, there to taste some of the cook’s “nice things.” How bouncingly the young maid skips about before the old lady, as if to show her familiarity with all around her, and her perfect unastonishment at the grand assortment of plate and china, glittering on all sides. And now, while the door is shut, and “upstair” duties over, what an honest sympathy—what a knife-and-fork commotion, what city giggles, and country jokes, are operating below! This is just as it should be; good servants are rare things, and occasional feasts and treats serve admirably well to keep their spirits and principles in tune.

But all this has gone by; and look! how forbiddingly the deserted kitchen (a capital subject for a poem, by the bye) yawns on us now!—cheerless, noiseless, and fireless. The shelves are unfurnished, the walls are as bald as was Cæsar’s head, the kitchen utensils are piled up in different lots, the tread of the street passengers sounds through the iron railing, a chilly wind is creeping through the half-opened doors, and all is perfectly desolate and wretched. Who can endure such an uninteresting place? not the reader—so he will please to walk up two pair of stairs, and be introduced to a livelier scene.

And here we are in the drawing-room, or rather what has been a “drawing-room,” but is now converted into a turbulent auction-room. And what a chamberful of characters and things! With regard to the latter, it is a perfect chaos; and if we may venture a poetical figure, we might say that the furniture has suffered insanity, and danced itself into monstrous parcels, collisions, and unseemly separations. Everything appears exactly in that place where it ought *not* to be.

But for the former;—how shall we “hit off” the appearance of the different countenances and dresses of the company, in a short but masterly manner? Here are shoals of noses projecting forward, like gnomons of sun-dials—of all lengths and shapes. One shoots forward with a sunbeam kind of vivacity, as if it would start from its present residence into the gentleman’s visage opposite; another sticks bolt upright, like an unmannerly hair; one curls pertly at the tip; another is hooked, as if it could balance a kingdom at its extremity; one is laughingly snubby, about the size of a thimble, another—but,—away with the noses, and let us look to the eyes! And, first; they are of all

colors—fiery black, feline grey, and sleepy blue. Secondly, of all expressions—benevolent, malignant, envious, stingy, and sarcastic. So much for the personal attributes; as for the dresses, being marvellously uninformed in millinery, I shall not attempt to analyse them. One thing must be observed, that the women's heads were nearly bare as their unblushing faces, and their forms "fashionably" shapeless; whilst the men's faces were masses of stiff hair, and their heads "empty."

To devote a description to all, or even a fifth part of the characters here assembled, would disgust the reader as much as it would tire the writer. Let us, therefore, glance round the room, and select from the multitude a few of the most marked, and who invariably haunt an Auction.

And, first, for the "*Magnus Apollo*,"—the rolling spirit—the mighty master of the "gab," and the accomplished wielder of the ivory hammer—The Auctioneer.

There is one now before us, in the most graceful of attitudes, and with a most courtly mien. It is impossible to say whether any male sylphs have attended his toilet this morning; but assuredly, his habiliments are exquisitely disposed, and, in every respect, he looks as trim as a new sarsenet bonnet, from a milliner's band-box. His glittering locks group round his forehead in languishing curls; his skin is exceedingly sleek; and a breath of air might discolor the alabaster complexion of his neckcloth and his hands. Who shall do justice to the symmetrical mould of the fingers, and the contour of the wrist? One little finger is loaded with an enormous gold ring, which is exhibited with much careful inattention in the course of the morning's sale. With respect to the style and color of his garments, we must not venture to speak; so variable are the tastes of auctioneers! This much may be advanced with security,—that the cloth is mostly superfine, and that the "cut" is of the first-rate fashion. It must not be forgotten, too, that a ponderous bunch of seals is always dripping from the waistcoat, a *finale* to the whole accoutrements of his person.

The auction-room is the theatre for the display of an auctioneer's glory. Here he is quite *au fait*. Head, eye, lip, and hand—all come into action here, and awe the attendant "Johns" into obsequious promptitude and smiles. To analyse an auctioneer's eloquence is an arduous task; the forum and the bar can afford no rules by which we may dissect its merits and defects. The eloquence of the pulpit has certainly some consanguinity with it; but it is too feeble and glimmering to enable us to institute a comparison. It is made up of abrupt spouting, chiefly recommendatory and insinuating. It is not a long string of arguments, tied to

each other like the tails of the foxes which Sampson fired; but rather sudden explosions, starts, and sallies; flashes of plausible verbiage, which, setting fire to the avaricious feelings of the heart, descend, like electric shocks, into the pocket, and attract the—cash.

In one point the auctioneer is superior to all orators, both ancient and modern—in intuition. It is wonderful to remark with what celerity he glances over the crowded room, and detects the bidder in the slightest movement of a lip, or the most delicate stare of an eye. In an instant, he perceives the acquiescence—"five pounds ten—(thank you, Madam!)—five pounds fourteen—sixteen—eighteen—six pounds—(thank you, Sir!)—going at six pounds *only*—at six pounds *only*—this most admirable lot—shall I have the pleasure (looking to an old gentleman opposite, with a gaping mouth) to say six guineas for you? It cost three times the money, I assure you!—going at six pounds *only*—going—going—gone!!! Madam, it is yours!"

Among the auction frequenters, the brokers stand conspicuous; they are as constant in their attendance as birds of prey are on the plain, when the battle is over. There is something, however, very repelling about a broker. We cannot help imagining him to be heartless, and fond of cozening. He is generally a dusty-faced, Jewish-looking person, with a feeling of avarice for ever playing on his features. Being deeply versed in the science of detecting perforated kettles, and rheumatic chairs, he serves to keep the auctioneer within the bounds of probability; and when the former occasionally indulges in his hyperbolic propensities, you may perceive the broker turn his eye on him, with a most eloquent sneer, as much as to say, "now *that* won't do!"

Like a duck in a pond, the broker gobbles all that comes in his way. Tables, trunks, carpets, and blankets; no matter what, if a penny can be gained on them. To explain this, it must be remembered that old articles, when disposed in a broker's shop, suddenly acquire *new* beauty and value. Old chairs and scratched tables are no longer to be sneezed at,—they have assumed a glossy outside; and when a customer inquires their price, the broker very gravely eulogises their *fashionable* make and *excellent* material.

And who is yonder lady, spread upon her chair with queenly gravity, crossing her thumbs and working her ferret eyes with diagonal glances? That is a lodging-house keeper, in tolerable circumstances, and on excellent terms with herself. She cannot see aught degrading in "letting out furnished houses," and therefore wears the veil with as much haughtiness as the finest among her sex; like the broker, she is well known to every auctioneer in the City, and may be

seen at the meanest auctions, where she arrogates to herself much pretension and consequence; and hence, indeed, she retires with capital booty. You may observe the auctioneer most anxious to please this house-letting lady, and hear him exclaim to "John," who is making his brown-paper cap, in a terrible flurry—John! hand the lot to Mrs. Dumbledoor; don't you see!

She is as keen as the edge of a razor; as sly as the most experienced reynard; as immoveable as Mount Gothard. No auction palaver, no tinselled articles, no burnished tin passed off as silver, will entrap her. In the wink of an eye she runs through the tables of profit and loss, dissects the lots into naked reality, and as she has fifteen or more lodging-houses deposited in her "mind's-eye," can tell you at a glance how any article will "come in;"—she is not to be "done."

In front of her are a lady and a gentleman; apparently an officer and his wife. It is laughable to observe them;—the husband is come to town, and intends to "settle;" well; furniture must be obtained, and he is now dancing round every auction in the neighborhood. And how he bids!—nothing comes amiss to him, everything seems so "excellent;" so "precisely fitted" for his purpose, that he cannot resist. He has obtained a few hundreds with his wife, and "it would look *very* mean not to have his house *handsomely* furnished." His lady appears rather more prudent. She is perfectly aware that fine furniture will not be all that is wanted—and on this account, by various contortions in her features, inuendoes, tender little pokes in the side, and looks that speak the meaning—endeavors to restrain his extravagance. But it is in vain. He turns round to her after a most tremendously foolish bargain, and whispers into Louisa's ear;—"You know, my dear, we can *easily* dispose of any article we may not want." That sounds very well; but it does not in the least abbreviate the lengthening visage of "dear Louisa:"—she is "*certain*" that her husband is auction-mad, and would tug him away. At the close of the week there is enough "furniture" to fill several of Pickford's vans—and what for?—a cottage with four rooms! I have always noticed *this* kind of fool at an auction.

There are fifty more "characters," who haunt the auction-rooms; one out of these, it would be sinful to omit—the universal bidder—but buyer of nothing! Perhaps, of all the conceited town-fools who swell themselves forward at sales, this is the most so. He is mostly a pert, pompous, priggish-looking creature, with remarkably white hands, and dressed in a black coat that is perfectly speckless. Whatever the lot be, *he* takes an interest in it; but is careful to bid *early*, that he may not endanger himself!

But it is in old books he apes the most, and assumes the air of an accomplished bibliopolist. When a lot of mildewed volumes is exhibited, he smiles and grins, as if they were "a rich treat." Sometimes he ventures to address the auctioneer, and exposes some error in the catalogue. He knows a mighty deal too, about *Haldus* and *Helzevir*; *Edit Prince*. is the Prince's edition! He is fond of asking *out loud*,—"Is this the whole of *Wirgiliu Hopera*?"

But I will not "dwell" upon more "lots." So here let the curtain fall.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

[THIS DEPARTMENT OF OUR JOURNAL is one of its most interesting, as well as valuable features. Amusement, Instruction, Mental Improvement, and all the Social Virtues, are here concentrated. Whether the Subjects introduced be on Natural History, Popular Science, Domestic Economy, the Fine Arts, or Matters of General Interest,—ALL are carefully digested, and placed before our readers in the winning garb of cheerfulness, good-temper, and a determination to please. Our amiable correspondents enter readily into our naturally-playful disposition,—hence are their contributions divested of that dry formality which cannot be other than repulsive to a true lover of Nature. Our columns, be it observed, are open to ALL amiable writers.]

Spring, and the Feathered Tribes.—I dare say, my dear sir, you thought me very rhapsodical in my last, whilst so prattling away about my flowers, and anticipating the joys about to burst upon us from the lap of Nature. Well, you *must* be aware, ere now, that I am one of her ladyship's own children. [We take the greatest delight in thee, HONEY-SUCKLE. NOT ONE, among *all* our readers, possesses a larger share of our heart than thyself. So always write freely.] Every living thing I see at this season in the open air, fills me with rapture; and I really long to have you as a companion in our rural walks. We shall have so much to tell you, and to show you! [Rely, fair maiden, on our responding to your gentle command ere long.] I have recently been poring over the earlier pages of OUR JOURNAL, and note again with real pleasure your expressed sentiments about the wickedness of keeping our naturally-wild birds in a state of confinement. Just now, the cruelty of incarcerating our lovely songsters, strikes one very forcibly. They are so joyous when the sun shines—so busy in preparing to greet us with their sweetest melodies! Free as air, they boldly claim their freedom as a right. You *should* see [We *will* see them very soon] my numerous company of little winged pensioners! Imitating your example, I go among them with a jar of mealworms; and how they do welcome me as they listen to my well-known approaching footsteps! It makes me *so* happy to win their confidence! No fear is there about them. No. They follow me from tree to tree; from one end of the garden to the other. The affection we feel for each other is as pure as it is natural; and we do have such loving, innocent games together! Do you know, my dear sir, the very sight of a bird in a cage makes me sigh,—unless it be placed there under peculiar circumstances. Canaries are of course exceptions to my remark. They are bred in cages; and confinement

is natural to them. By the way, I observe you propose to assist in carrying out Mr. Wollaston's plan of domesticating canaries in the open air. I shall indeed rejoice at this. It *must* be a pretty sight to see them ranging about at perfect liberty over that gentleman's domain,—the sun lending full effect to the variety of their colors. [When you come to London, HONEYSUCKLE, we will undertake to procure for you and yours a ready *entrée* to Mr. Wollaston's grounds. We will, moreover, accompany you.] Wild birds are never "happy" in cages. Anybody may perceive this. Their song—foolishly so called—is not joyous, mellow, liquid. It is a mere collection of snatches. The poor creatures no doubt amuse themselves as best they may, to wile away the time,—but no gushes have we of pure melody, no ecstasy of feeling,—so peculiar to them in a state of freedom. To confine blackbirds, thrushes, linnets, chaffinches, robins, &c., in wire prisons,—is it not an act of savage barbarity? [Most emphatically do we say,—"yes," HONEYSUCKLE. There is no doubt whatever upon the matter. Could these poor innocent little creatures speak their feelings, they would indeed tell a sorrowful tale!] What is it that imparts such a relish to the song of our birds as we stroll abroad? Is it not the landscape—the grove—the golden break of day—the contest upon the hawthorn—the fluttering from branch to branch—the soaring in the air—and the bird's answer to the call of its young? Here we have a pleasing association of exciting causes for delight. Nothing, perhaps, when our mind is well attuned, can be more pleasing than to gaze upon the rising lark. Hark! how he warbles upon the wing,—raising his note higher and higher as he soars aloft, until he seems positively lost in the realms of ether over our head. Still the anthem reaches the ear, even though the chorister remains invisible. Then, mark how he suddenly descends with a swell, as he quits the clouds,—sinking by degrees as he approaches his nest,—the sacred spot where all his affections are centred, and for love of which he has shown all this joy! Say,—my dear sir, is not *this* enjoyable? Surely no person who can appreciate the feeling, would ever imprison a poor innocent bird between bars of iron and wood. How sweetly Chaucer sings, about the value a bird attaches to his liberty! Every word is true, and would break the heart of anybody but a citizen. The inhabitants of cities are an iron-hearted race indeed! I believe *all* you say about that. But let Chaucer be heard:—

Take any bird, and put it in a cage;
Then do thy best and utmost to engage
The bird to love it. Give it meat and drink,
And every dainty housewife can bethink.
Aye,—keep the cage as cleanly as you may,
And let it be with gilt never so gay;
Yet had this bird, by twenty thousand-fold,
Rather be in a forest wild and cold,
Feeding on worms and such-like wretchedness.
Yea; ever will he tax his whole address
To get out of the cage when best he may:
His liberty the bird desireth, aye.

Let me hope that we may, between us, work a change in people's hearts; and thus prevent many a poor songster falling a victim to the cage. If there were no bird-buyers, there would be no bird-catchers. These last (*you* call them villains) are indeed the very off-scouring of all things. They visit our neighborhood as well as yours, and trap

our finest nightingales directly they arrive. The blackcaps, too,—dear, confiding little creatures!—fall easy victims to the trap and worm. I hate the whole race of bird-catchers, and would gladly exterminate them, if I could. I do all I can to attract our spring visitors to our sacred grounds,—but with all my care I am too often defeated. One by one our little pets disappear,—their vocal melody gradually growing less, until it is eventually silenced altogether. I *was* going to say something more about the flowers—

Bath'd in soft airs, and fed with dew.

They are beginning to smile sweetly upon us; and I could be eloquent in their praise. Much do I love these—

Floral apostles, that in dewy splendor
Weep without woe, and blush without a crime.

But I really *am* ashamed of the space I have already occupied. Oh, my dear Mr. Editor, if we could but get all the world to think as we think, and to feel as we feel,—what a happy race of beings we should be!—HONEYSUCKLE, *Henley*.

[Such a state of things, HONEYSUCKLE, cannot exist on earth. Man is made up of such odd constituents, that there can be no universal harmony amongst us. Rough and smooth; up-hill and down-hill; smiles and tears; sorrow and joy,—all are commingled. Happy they who possess a mind pure as thine!]

Smell, Taste, and Touch.—It is curious to note, says Dr. Lardner, the senses of smelling, tasting, and even of feeling and touch. How liable they are to innumerable causes of deception; if the organ at the time it receives an impression be in any unusual condition, or even out of its usual position, the indication of the impression will be fallacious. If two fingers of the same hand, being crossed, be placed upon a table, and a marble or pea is rolled between them, the impression will be, if the eyes are closed, that two marbles or two peas are touched. If the nose be pinched, and cinnamon be tasted, it will taste like a common stick of deal. This is not a solitary instance. Many substances lose their flavor when the nostrils are stopped. Nurses, therefore, upon right and scientific principles stop the noses of children when they give them doses of disagreeable medicine. If things having different or opposite flavors be tasted alternately, in such rapid succession as not to allow the nerves of tasting to recover their state of repose, the power of distinguishing flavors will be lost for the moment, and the substances, however different, will be undistinguishable from one another. Thus, if the eyes be blindfolded, and buttermilk and claret be alternately tasted, the person tasting them, after a few repetitions of the process, will be unable to distinguish one from the other. Tastes, like colors, in order to produce agreeable effects, should succeed each other in a certain order. Eating, considered as one of the fine arts in the most refined state of society, is regulated by principles; and nothing can shock the habits and rules of epicureanism more than the violation of certain rules in the succession and combination of dishes. It is maintained that perfection in the art of cookery and the observance of its principles at the table is the surest

mark of a nation's attainment of the highest state of civilisation. Of all the organs of sense, the one whose nervous mechanism appears to be most easily deadened by excessive action is that of smelling. The most delightful odors can only be enjoyed occasionally, and for short intervals. The scent of the rose, or still more delicate odor of the magnolia, can be but fleeting pleasures, and are destined only for occasional enjoyment. He who lives in the garden cannot smell the rose, and the wood-cutter in the southern forests of America is insensible to the odor of the magnolia. Persons who indulge in artificial scents soon cease to be conscious of their presence, and can only stimulate their jaded organs by continually changing the objects of their enjoyment.—These observations are perfectly just, and are well worthy our notice.—JANE L.

The Joys of Winter.—Awed by the progress of time, winter, ushered into existence by the howling of storms and the rushing of impetuous torrents, and contemplating with the satisfaction of a giant the ruins of the year, still affords ample food for enjoyments which the vulgar never dream of, if sympathy and association diffuse their attractive spells around us. In the bosom of retirement, how delightful is it to feel exempt from the mean intrigues, the endless difficulties and tumults which active life ensues; and which retirement enables us so well to contemplate through the telescope of recollection! When seated by the cheerful fire among friends, loving and beloved, our hopes, our wishes, and our pleasures are concentrated; the soul seems imparadised in an enchanted circle; and the world—vain, idle, and offensive as it is—presents nothing to the judgment, and little to the imagination, that can induce the enlightened or good to regret that the knowledge they possess of it is chiefly from the report of others, or from the tumultuous murmur which, from a distance, invades the tranquillity of their retreat, and operates as a discord in a soft sonata. These are the moments which affect us more than all the harmony of Italy or all the melody of Scotland.—BUCKE.

Spring Flowers in the North of China.—In the north of China there are a number of plants, says Mr. Fortune, which have their flower-buds very prominently developed in autumn; so much so, that they are ready to burst into bloom before the winter has quite passed by, or, at all events, on the first dawn of spring. Amongst these, *Jasminum nudiflorum* occupies a prominent position. Its yellow blossoms, which it produces in great abundance, may be seen not unfrequently peeping out from amongst the snow; and remind the stranger in these remote regions, of the beautiful Primroses and Cowslips which grow on the shaded banks of his own land. Nearly as early as this, the pretty daisy-like *Spiraea prunifolia*, the yellow *Forsythia viridissima*, the lilac *Daphne Fortunei*, and the pink Judas tree, become covered with blossoms, and make our northern Chinese gardens extremely gay. There are also some good Camellias which flower at this time, but they are generally grown in pots under such shelter as mat sheds and other buildings of a like kind can afford. The double-blossomed

Peach, of which there are three very distinct varieties now in England, are perhaps the gayest of all things which flower in early spring. Fancy, if you can, trees fully as large as our Almond, literally loaded with rich-colored blossoms, nearly as large and double as Roses, and you will have some idea of the effect produced by these fine trees in this part of the world. On the south-west side of Shanghai, there are numerous Peach gardens studded over the country. These are well worth a visit in the month of April; as the trees are then in full bloom, and have a charming effect upon the landscape. It is in this part of the country that the celebrated Shanghai Peach is largely cultivated. On the graves, which are here scattered over all the fields and appear like huge mounds of earth, I observed many pretty Violets in flower, both white and purple; but all nearly scentless. A little later in the season, that is from the 20th April to the beginning of May, another race of flowering shrubs and herbaceous plants succeed those I have already named. The most conspicuous amongst them are *Viburnum macrocephalum* and *dilatatum*, with their large heads of snow-white flowers; *Spiraea Reevesiana*, and the double variety, which is more beautiful than the original species; *Weigela rosea*, now well known in Europe; Moutans of various hues of color; Azaleas, particularly the lovely little "*Amæna*;" *Kerria japonica*, the lilac and white Glycines, Roses, *Dielytra spectabilis*, and *Primula cortusoides*. It will easily be believed that with such a host of Flora's beauties these Chinese gardens must be gay indeed. But perhaps the most beautiful sight of all is the Glycine sinensis, climbing upon and hanging down from other trees. Magnificent are the effects produced by this climber when in such situations. I have again observed numerous examples this spring, and cannot help drawing attention once more to the subject. The fine plant of this species upon the Chiswick garden wall, is much and justly admired; but if you will imagine a plant equally large, or in some instances much larger, attaching itself to a tree, or even a group of trees, entwining itself round the stems, running up every branch, and weighing down every branchlet; and; in the end of April, or beginning of May, covered with flowers—some faint idea may be formed of the fine effects produced by the Glycine in its native country. I believe it would not succeed if managed in this way near London, or anywhere in the north; but the experiment would be worth a trial in some parts of Europe, where the summers are warmer than they are in England. Many of our northern Chinese plants succeed admirably in America. China and America are both situated on the eastern side of large continents. They are equally liable to extremes of heat and cold; consequently, the shrubs and trees of one country are almost certain to succeed as well in the other,—provided they are reared in the same latitudes, and grown in the same kind of soil.—LECTOR.

English and Foreign Flowers.—Pick out the loveliest spots where the most gorgeous flowers of the tropics expand their glowing petals; and for every scene of this kind, we may find *another at home* of equal beauty, and with an equal amount of brilliant colors. Look at a field of buttercups

and daisies—a hill-side covered with gorse and broom—a mountain rich with purple heather—or a forest glade azure with a carpet of wild hyacinths. These, one and all, will bear comparison with *any* scene the tropics can produce. I have never seen anything more glorious than an old crab-tree in full blossom; and the horse-chesnut, lilac, and laburnum,—all vie with the choicest tropical trees and shrubs. In the tropical waters are no more beautiful plants than our white and yellow water-lilies, our irises, and flowering rush.—I send you the above, copied from "Wallace's Travels." It is worthy a place in "OUR OWN," which takes such infinite delight in the flowers of this dearest of all dear countries. —LILY OF THE VALLEY.

The Blessing of a Good Temper.—The following, my dear sir, penned by Dr. Alcott, hits very hard, right and left. His remarks, though cutting, deserve general attention. People who marry, says he, should look out above all things for a good temper. This is a very difficult thing to ascertain beforehand. Smiles are cheap; they are easily put on for the occasion; and, besides, the frowns are, according to the lover's whim, interpreted into the contrary. By "good temper," I do not mean an easy temper, a serenity which nothing disturbs; for that is a mark of laziness. Sullenness, if you be not too blind to perceive it, is a temper to be avoided by all means. A sullen man is bad enough. What then must be a sullen woman; and that woman *a wife*—a constant inmate, a companion day and night! Only think of the delight of sitting at the same table, and occupying the same chamber, for a week, without exchanging a word all the while! Very bad to be scolding for such a length of time; but this is far better than "the sulks."—Oh, my dear Sir, I hate "the sulks." Do not you? It does show such a bad heart to bear malice!—NANNETTE.

[Quite right, Nannette. A sulky person, male or female, deserves to be banished from all respectable society. This, without any "notice."]

What is Friendship?—I put this question in OUR JOURNAL, considering that to be the proper channel through which to obtain a correct answer. "Friendship," according to Dr. Johnson, "is the state of minds united by mutual benevolence;" and a friend, according to the same great authority, is "one joined to another in mutual benevolence and intimacy." Now what is a friend, in the times in which we live? The answer, alas! is plain. It is one who is joined to you in times of prosperity, but who is never to be found in adversity,—one who is ever ready to be a guest at your table when your purse is well lined, and your cellar well filled; one who is ever ready to partake of your haunch of venison and turtle soup, and who never forgets to extol the quality of your iced punch and sparkling champagne. He is a jovial companion over a bottle of old port and Madeira, and will not refuse to join with you in a cigar and a glass of cold negus. One who will be ever studying to amuse you—and himself also, by introducing to your acquaintance some few of his amiable companions, who will be as assiduous and fawning as himself. One who will be ever ready to take a seat in your carriage, or occupy a place

in your box at the opera. One who will be the most obsequious slave your wife can have; who will play with her "dear little pet dog," whistle to her "pretty canary," find everything she does—or does not, "perfectly charming." He is a thorough "brick;" for he will kiss the "darling baby," and actually dance the eldest girl about the drawing-room to pass away (so sweetly!) the ten minutes before dinner. He makes a point of never keeping the dinner waiting—especially if he smells turbot and lobster sauce. One who is so fond of you, that he will kindly sit down to short-whist, or piquet; and remain as long as he can conveniently continue *escamoté*ing the bright sovereigns from your pocket into his own—whilst all the time he will be dexterously praising you for the wonderfully good-humored way in which you see the trick performed. He will even condescend to occupy your spare room, rather than leave you too early. This friend will stick to you as long as prosperity does; but not one moment longer. Let but one cloud of adversity appear on the horizon; let some of those unfortunate accidents occur which, in spite of all prudence and foresight, will sometimes happen to the best regulated families; let it be discovered that your cellar is empty, and your purse equally so; that you are really necessitated to leave the mansion and occupy a more humble abode; that you are obliged to have recourse to your two legs to carry your person about; that you must content yourself with boiled leg of mutton and turnips, with plain sherry and port—*then* mark the marvellous change! Your noble-minded friend is now puffing his cigar outside the omnibus, or on the coach-box of the carriage of some new patron; and as the equipage rolls by you, and perhaps splashes you all over with mud, he is looking at a crow in the opposite field; or so intent upon reading the *Morning Post*, that he never perceives you—nay, not even though your wife were by your side; or, if he should unfortunately turn round, and suddenly meet your eye, he instantly pulls a large red silk handkerchief out of his pocket, and covers his face, so that you may not see his wounded pride and mortification. You are no longer a "brick." You are no longer a trump. You are no longer a fine fellow. You are a poor d—, and not fit to be noticed. But as after a storm comes a calm, so it does sometimes happen that, after a trial of adversity, a tide of prosperity returns. You again inhabit a comfortable abode; once more your purse feels heavy with more gold than you require. A neat clarence and pair are once more at your command. Behold now the miraculous metamorphosis! Your friend reappears, and absolutely has the insolence to take off his hat to your wife; and, with still bolder effrontery, affects the greatest astonishment at seeing you again. "Why, my dear friend, where have you been this long while? I had quite lost sight of you. Have you been to India or California? I am charmed to see you look so well. How are your dearest children? Bless me, how they have grown! really, I hardly knew them. Where do you live now? What a nice pair of horses you've got! How well they match! Fine action, by Jove! I shall do myself the pleasure of paying my respects to-morrow. Did not know, upon my word, you were returned from your travels.

Have you seen Tom? He'll be quite overjoyed to see you. I'll call and let him know the pleasure I've had." It is to be hoped, however, that adversity will have taught you to value the world and the world's friends at their proper rate; and that you will have the good sense, when your friend and his companions come, to treat them as they deserve, and to let your door be closed for ever upon such a set of treacherous hypocrites. Let us now consider a friend as described by Dr. Johnson. It must be confessed that the terms friend and friendship, are so misapplied that, as far as the original meaning is conveyed, they are almost obsolete. A friend! What simple, noble, holy associations are connected with that word! One who is always ready to share your pleasures and joys;—when prosperity smiles, and your purse is full. One who is ever ready to share your griefs and annoyances,—when adversity frowns. One who makes his heart and purse your own. Who never refuses to be of use, if it be possible for him to be so. Who is ever endeavoring by kind words and actions to soothe your sorrows. One whose beaming eye and cordially-proffered hand are ever ready to greet you with affection in the saddest day of affliction. One who shares your simple fare with more genuine friendship than can be conveyed by words. One whose heart and looks indite every word his mouth pronounces. One whose every word and action, whether in adversity or prosperity, prove that he is your friend indeed. Such a character is rarely indeed to be met with; but, God be praised, not totally unknown—and would be still more known, if people would take more enlarged views of their duty to God and man; relinquishing a little of their selfishness and pride, and learning to live among, and conduct themselves towards their fellow-creatures with frankness, kindness, and a proper deference. I hope, my dear sir, that you and I may yet live to see a more wholesome state of society than we too frequently meet with in the present day.—BOMBYX ATLAS.

The Operatives,—“Master and Man.”—We penned an article last month on “Mechanics’ Institutions,” and similar laudable societies. In it, we glanced at the late “strikes” by operatives, and condemned the principle of their trying to obtain their ends *by force*; recklessly destroying the property of their employers, and ill-using the industrious hands who were willing to work to support their families,—preferring that to a life of dissolute idleness. These remarks of ours, so wholesome, have been unfairly dealt with; and a contemporary affirms we are taking part with the men's oppressors! So far is this from the truth, that we regard the masters who pay such infamously low wages in the light of brutes,—hard-hearted, callous, purse-proud wretches,—in whose heart pity dwells not, and who are quite lost to all sense of justice and common honesty. From our very soul do we sympathise with the many suffering honest families now bemoaning their unfortunate position; and right glad shall we be to see them restored to their former occupations,—better paid, better fed, and treated, by their employers as if they were *really* men,—human beings, entitled to be fairly remunerated for their services. Their pay of late has been insufficient

to keep a fire in the grate; whilst their poor bodies have been almost in a state of starvation. The eye of God is on their oppressors; so let them look to it.—W. K.

Canaries Living in the Open Air.—Several of our subscribers having expressed themselves anxious to know how Mr. WOLLASTON'S canaries have withstood the intense cold of January, we despatched a letter, requesting particulars. Mr. Wollaston, it appears, has been *most* successful. Out of twenty birds that have been roaming at large throughout the entire winter, he tells us *not one has been lost!* This proves how hardy the canary is, if properly tended; and favors our view that their introduction into shrubberies is a matter of easy accomplishment. Mr. Wollaston is anxious to see us, and we are as anxious to see *him*. “The first fine day in March” will soon be here; and shortly afterwards Mr. W. may expect to see us *there*. Through his kind indulgence, we hope to escort a few of our fair friends to his rural retreat during the coming season of Spring.—*Welling, Kent*, is a lovely spot.—W. K.

The Starling.—I have been more than pleased, exceedingly delighted, by a perusal of the many notes that have appeared in OUR JOURNAL, from time to time, upon the habits and playfulness of the amiable starling,—a bird who only requires to be known to be thoroughly and heartily welcomed. Unfortunately the race against whom you are (very properly) for ever waging war, slaughter these joyous little rogues directly they enter a neighborhood to find themselves a dwelling-place. Hence their comparative scarcity near towns and cities. However, I am a favored being, as you shall hear. I reside in the neighborhood of Canonbury Park, where I have been located several years. On taking possession of my present house, I noticed that a pair of starlings had adopted its roof for their dwelling; and had built a nest there. With great interest, I continued to watch their movements; and, in due course, the papa and mamma introduced us to their little family,—*another* choice pair. That was in 1851. I will not encroach upon your space to tell you all the fun and merry tricks that we have ever since, witnessed among this “happy family.” But there they are now,—tame as ever,—confiding, affectionate, and as full of play as these ever-playful birds can be. I only wish your readers could see them come down, and strut about in their gloriously-gay and glittering colors upon our grass plot! It is a pretty,—a charming sight. And to observe how they draw up the worms, and devour the grubs! It is better than any play. I need not tell you what “pets” we make of them. Hitherto, we have managed to protect them; and they stiek close to us, as if they really knew there was danger further abroad. I have often quaked lest some sporting neighbor's gun should be brought to bear upon them; but somehow they possess “charmed lives.” May we live till they die; and may they live till we die! Few people round London, I imagine, are so favored as we by the company of Starlings.—MALCOLM GORDON.

[The savage brutality of man, alone prevents these noble little fellows (whose society we dearly love) more frequently domesticating themselves

amongst us dwellers near London. Our garden frequently gets the honor of a temporary visit; but out comes a neighbor's gun the very moment the gay visitors are seen. A report is heard,—the birds take the hint; and away they fly, to seek more hospitable treatment elsewhere.]

"*Salt, the Curse of Old England.*"—No doubt you remember reviewing a book bearing the above title, some two years since,—and a very bitter pill your remarks must have been for the writer, Dr. Howard! You charitably inferred he was "mad." It would seem so. He has recently committed suicide—impelled perhaps to the act by the neglect of using salt! I send you the recorded particulars of the event:—Dr. Howard, the author of a very silly and ignorant work, tracing many prevalent diseases to the use of salt, and of other eccentric publications, died by his own hand at his residence, 6, Upper Gloucester Street, Dorset Square, on the 27th of January. The evidence at the inquest showed that he was found lying upon his back in bed, quite dead; his hands and arms being crossed upon his breast, and the bed-clothes neatly arranged and tucked up all round. The features presented the appearance of a slight convulsive spasm. A small phial, with the stopper out, and labeled "Hydrocyanic acid," was lying on the table, and near it was a minim measure and a wine-glass. There was no indication of the slightest struggle having taken place. The candlestick, with about two inches of unburnt candle, was also by the bed. The servant of deceased deposed that his habits were odd and peculiar, but that she was never afraid of him. Mr. Obré, surgeon, deposed that prussic acid was the cause of death. Mr. Keed Howard, of Alfred Street, Bedford Square, stated that the deceased gentleman was his brother. He had lived about 12 years in Gloucester Street, and witness seldom saw him oftener than once in 12 months. He was in independent circumstances, and had published his peculiar opinions in various ways through the press. Witness could not account for his committing suicide, unless under a state of mental derangement. He rarely saw any of his friends. The jury, after a short consultation, returned a verdict that deceased had destroyed himself by hydrocyanic acid.—JAMES R.

[This poor man was no doubt confirmedly mad. His friends were greatly to blame not to have had him confined.]

A Tahitian Love-Letter.—I send you a specimen of a "missive," penned under the direction of Cupid, at Tahiti. It is short, but sweet; original, but expressive:—O my well-beloved, my heart is troubled, it cannot rest! It is like the fresh and deep water which never sleeps, and which seeks agitation to find rest. I am like a branch which has been broken by the wind; it has fallen to earth and can never again attach itself to the trunk from which it has been separated. Thou hast left me, no more to return. Thy face is hid from me, and I shall see it no more. Thou art like the beautiful shrub that grew before my door, whose roots struck deep into the earth. My body would unite itself to thine; but in vain it seeks to transplant itself. It falls

like a stone to the bottom of the sea. Oh! my friend, such is my love. It is bound to me as portion of my life. Peace be with thee, O my little well-beloved friend, in the name of the true God, and the King of Peace.—F. P.

The Mind of Woman.—A writer in the *New Quarterly Review* says, naively,—A woman's mind is rarely creative. Much sweetness of imitation she may possess; much tenderness, much melody. But originality is not her forte. We have no feminine epics—and we want none. Such, however, is the originality of most of the "original" male, not masculine poets of the present day, that, compared with them, this may be a merit.—W. K.

Mackerel on the Devonshire Coast.—The excitement on the Devonshire coast, when the shoals of mackerel come, is very great; on their periodical arrivals on the coast, which is their custom in multitudes, for the purpose of feeding on a small fry very similar to a whitebait, a practised eye will readily observe their manœuvres some distance from the shore, inasmuch as the moment they discover the food they love so well, their numbers and greedy propensities cause them to rush on their prey; which, endeavoring to escape from death, disturb the water in large circles like a shower of hailstones dropping therein; indeed we know of nothing more similar to compare it to. The moment one of these disturbed spots appears on the water, men are placed on the highest cliffs to look out, while the boats with their crews and nets prepared are launched and ready for action. The mackerel are sometimes seen at least a mile from shore; but the moment they attack the small bait, the latter fly nearer and nearer to the beach, till at times they approach within a hundred yards or nearer; and then while the look-out man, who discovers them more readily from an eminence, shouts at the extent of his lungs, the boats are rapidly rowed around the feasting fish in a circle, and then being hauled towards the shore by men on land, some thousands of mackerel are enclosed in a large bag at the extremity of the net; indeed, I once witnessed the taking of several thousand, and the sight was of no common interest to those who had not previously witnessed it. Neither was the eating of these fish, stiff and fresh from the water; without interest; they are as different, be assured, from a London mackerel, as a crimped Severn from an Irish salmon.—BYNG HALL.

Artificial Pearls in China.—It was stated in a paper recently read before the members of the Royal Asiatic Society, that the artificial production of pearls from the mussel fish is carried on to a great extent at Hoochow, China. The fish are collected in April and May; and are opened by children, who place a small bit of bamboo in the orifice to keep the shells apart. A piece of brass or bone, a small pebble, or a pellet of mud, is then introduced, a dose of three to five spoonfuls of fish-scales pounded and mixed with water is poured in, and the stick removed. The fish are then placed a few inches apart in ponds, the water in which is from three to five feet deep, and which are well manured with night-soil four or five times

every year. In these ponds the fish are allowed to remain from ten months to three years. Upon taking them out, the shell is cut through with a fine saw, the pearl is separated from the shell, and the pellet, or other substance within it, extracted. It is then filled with white wax, and a piece of the shell carefully attached, to conceal the aperture. Several millions of pearls are thus produced annually, worth from about a penny to eightpence a pair.—E. J.

Locality—Particular places become dear to the heart of man; more generally by the associations attached to them than by their beauty, convenience, or fertility. Nor is this the case only as affecting individuals; for attachment, founded on memories or traditions, binds tribes and nations likewise to certain spots. And this is carried so far, occasionally, that the mere name of a distant country will excite in the bosom feelings of affection and devotion, joy, pride, and hope.—MIMOSA.

The Umbrella Bird.—This singular bird is about the size of a raven, and is of a similar color; but its feathers have a more scaly appearance, from being margined with a different shade of glossy blue. It is also allied to the crows in its structure, being very similar to them in its feet and bill. On its head it bears a crest, different from that of any other bird. It is formed of feathers more than two inches long, very thickly set, and with hairy plumes curving over at the end. These can be laid back so as to be hardly visible, or can be erected and spread out on every side, forming a hemispherical, or rather a hemiellipsoidal dome completely covering the head, and even reaching beyond the point of the beak; the individual feathers standing out something like the down-bearing seeds of the dandelion. Besides this, there is another ornamental appendage on the breast, formed by a fleshy tubercle, as thick as a quill, and an inch and a-half long, which hangs down from the neck, and is thickly covered with glossy feathers, forming a large pendent plume or tassel. This also the bird can either press to its breast, so as to be scarcely visible, or can swell out, so as almost to conceal the fore part of the body. In the female the crest and the neck-plume are less developed, and she is altogether a smaller and much less handsome bird. It inhabits the flooded islands of the Rio Negro and the Solimoes, never appearing on the mainland. It feeds on fruits, and utters a loud hoarse cry, like some deep musical instrument; whence its Indian name, Ueramimbe, "trumpet bird."—WALLACE.

The Goat Moth.—I see, in the last number of the "Naturalist," page 45, the following note on the caterpillar of the goat-moth (*Cossus ligniperda*). "I met with a singular instance of tenacity of life in the caterpillar of the goat-moth. It had escaped from the box containing it, and when upon the floor was unfortunately trodden upon. A tea-spoonful of thick, cream-like matter was squeezed out, and speedy death seemed certain. It lived, however, under these painful circumstances, more than a week. It laid upon its back, apparently lifeless; but moved when touched.—T. P., Fernie, Kimbolton, December 22nd, 1853." Now, I really must take upon

myself to plead for the caterpillar of *Cossus ligniperda*, and for every sort of larva. I am ready to allow that these creatures are not probably endowed with such exquisite sensations of pain and suffering as are some other animals; but surely this is a positive record of torture; which cannot be justified by any gratification of curiosity whatsoever. An accident befel this larva. It was seen by T. P. Fernie, of Kimbolton, to be fatal; and yet he continued to let this poor caterpillar drag out to the veriest extreme its length of torture! This is the *ne plus ultra* of cruelty, for it was merely to gratify his own curiosity that this shocking cruelty was inflicted. He knew, immediately, the wound must be fatal. Let T. P. Fernie (should this ever reach his eye) consider kindly the advice of an old entomologist, and be certain that it is unwise as unnecessary to put any creature to torture, for the simple gratification of our own curiosity. We were all created by the same Almighty Being; and man can have no right to torture any of his creatures. If we cannot discover the peculiarities of any particular insect without inflicting pain or torture, depend upon it we had better remain in ignorance.—BOMBYX ATLAS.

Butterflies of the Valley of the Amazon.—I send you herewith an extract from No. 135 (page 4179) of the "Zoologist,"—having reference to the position of repose in the species of moth, *Catocala*; a subject on which Mr. Westwood and Mr. Curtis differ: "*Proceedings of the Entomological Society.—Butterflies of the Valley of the Amazon*.—Mr. Westwood, in reference to a remark in Mr. Wallace's paper, that a certain species of *Hesperia*, with a very beautiful under surface, sat with its wings erect, observed that Nature generally provided that adornments of this kind should be exhibited. It was particularly the case with the *Catocalidae*, which, having very beautiful under wings, rested with the upper wings open, so that the under wings were exposed. Mr. Curtis differed from Mr. Westwood. He thought that in the genus *Catocala* (especially in *C. Nupta*), this was not the case.—T. W. D." Now, my dear sir, is it not wonderful, that two gentlemen so eminent in the entomological world should differ upon such a very simple subject? I do not presume to give an opinion, but I will state a matter of fact. I have caught hundreds of *Catocalidae*, and seen hundreds more in a state of repose; yet never did I see one vain enough to exhibit the beautiful under wings, however proud he might be of them. No, Mr. Editor; they are all a modest family (at least in a state of repose), and conceal the richness of their under dress beneath an upper garment of sober ash-color (in some, more or less tinged with fulvous). This holds good whether we talk of the blue, the red, or the yellow under-wing. There is one of this species, however, I am bound to confess, which is rather coquettish. I mean *Electa*. The others of the species are mostly found with their heads upwards, and their abdomen downwards, or a little inclined to the right or the left. *Electa*, forsooth, must invariably have his head downwards, and his abdomen raised. Why he does not behave like others of his family, is more than I can discover. I merely mention the case for the amuse-

ment of some, and, may be, to their profit. If you should not find this dissertation too lengthy, please give it a corner.—BOMBYX ATLAS.

Cure for Rheumatism, Scalds, and Sprains.—Can you tell me any really efficient remedy, for giving relief from suffering in the above cases? I have noticed your remarks about the wadding as a panacea for lumbago, and have seen it tried in several instances with complete success. I am aware that the simplest remedies are generally the best, and shall indeed feel glad if you can aid me in my present inquiry.—CHARLES W.

[You are right. Simple remedies are always the best. Provide yourself with some of "Measam's Medicated Cream," and apply it freely according to the directions therewith given. We need say no more, as the experiment is so inexpensive, and so easily made. We had a severely-sprained hand not long since, and by using this *only once*, we derived wonderful benefit. In cases of rheumatism, too, its virtues can hardly be sufficiently estimated. Its chief recommendation is, the power it possesses of thoroughly cleansing the skin; thus assisting insensible perspiration and inducing a healthy state of body.]

Early Spring.—Whilst I now write (Feb. 6), our blackbirds, thrushes, missel-thrushes, chaffinches, &c., are in full voice. They have been rehearsing for some time. Several of the cock birds are now fighting outside my window—in an arbutus tree, hard by. The wood-pigeons build in the firs and evergreens close to our house. One nest was not ten feet from the end of it. The squirrels also are very busy building their nest just over our front gate, in a large red cedar tree. They may be seen running about on the lawn, almost any day; and as they are not allowed to be molested, they make this place their headquarters. It is very interesting to see them playing round the trunk of a noble elm, which grows on the lawn, about sixty feet from the front door; they generally have a brood in the shrubbery, close to the drawing-room windows, and are very constantly passing on the gravel in front. I will shortly send you an interesting account of a tame one that I had, which lived in the house for above eighteen months, and then died. It will be another illustration of the "effects of kindness."—C. F. T. Y., *Stockleigh Pomeroy, Devon.*

[Thank you. Send us the paper on the Squirrel by all means. It will be most acceptable.]

Influence of the Moon in Tropical Climates.—I find the following interesting remarks, in "Martin's History of the British Colonies." It is worthy a place in the columns of OUR OWN.—Whilst considering the climate of tropical countries, the influence of the moon seems to be entirely overlooked; and surely, if the tides of the vast ocean are raised from their fathomless bed by lunar power, it is not too much to assert that the tides of the atmosphere are liable to a similar influence; this much is certain, that, in the low land of tropical countries, no attentive observer of nature will fail to witness the power exercised by the moon over the seasons, and also over animal and vegetable nature. As regards the latter, it may

be stated, that there are certainly thirteen springs and thirteen autumns in Demerara in the year; for so many times does the sap of trees ascend to the branches and descend to the roots. For example, *wallaba* (a resinous tree, common in the Demerara woods, somewhat resembling mahogany,) if cut down in the dark, a few days before the *new moon*, is one of the most durable woods in the world for house-building, posts, &c. In that state, attempt to split it, and, with the utmost difficulty, it would be riven in the most jagged and unequal manner that can be imagined. Cut down another *wallaba* (that grew within a few yards of the former) at *full moon*, and the tree can be easily split into the finest smooth shingles, of any desired thickness; or into staves for making casks; but, in this state, applied to house-building purposes, it speedily decays. Again, bamboos, as thick as a man's arm, are sometimes used for paling, &c.: if cut at the dark moon, they will invariably endure for ten or twelve years; if at full moon, they will be rotten in two or three years. Thus it is with most, if not all, of the forest trees. Of the effects of the moon on animal life, very many instances could be cited. I have seen in Africa, newly-littered young perish in a few hours, at the mother's side, if exposed to the rays of the full moon; fish become rapidly putrid; and meat, if left exposed, incurable or unpreservable by salt,—the mariner, heedlessly sleeping on the deck, becoming afflicted with nyctopia or night blindness; at times the face hideously swollen, if exposed during sleep, to the moon's rays; the maniac's paroxysms renewed with fearful vigor at the full and change; and the cold damp chill of the ague supervening on the ascendancy of this apparently mild yet powerful luminary. Let her influence over this earth be studied; it is more powerful than is generally known.—EMILY P.

The Red Men of North America.—The whole number of red men still surviving in North America is estimated at 400,000; and of these it is calculated that 18,000 still linger in the country east of the Mississippi—that is to say, in the organised territories of the Union. There are said to be about 150,000 Indians in California and New Mexico, 12,000 in the Utah or Mormon country, 23,000 in Oregon, 63,000 in the Plains and Rocky Mountains, 29,000 in Texas; and about 110,000 in Minnesota and along the Texan border.—LECTOR.

Effects of Spring on the Sap in Trees.—The fact that physiologists differ in their opinions as to the circulation of the sap in plants, and the consequent phenomena exhibited in their economy, is, of course, conclusive evidence that the subject is not thoroughly understood. This being admitted, no apology is necessary in offering, for the consideration of those interested in the subject, some opinions, the result of facts—or, at least, what appear to me as facts—gleaned from recent investigation. I have often observed in examining the stools from which Oaks have recently been cut in spring, a diversity of appearance; caused by the rising sap, which continued to exude for some time after the trees were felled. Thus, some would show that, at the time of felling the tree, the sap had risen exclusively

through the tubes of the alburnum, and that very copiously too. Others would, on the contrary, scarcely exhibit a trace of the fluid in that portion of the bole; but immediately surrounding the pith or medullary canal, an abundant exudation would be evident. The cause of these very marked differences were for some time inexplicable to me. By following at intervals for several days the tracks of some woodmen, I found that the two appearances, as described, were not observable on stools left from the same day's cutting; or, in other words, where trees were cut yesterday, the sap would perhaps exude wholly from the sap wood; while in those from which they had only been felled a few hours, the tubes immediately surrounding the heart of the tree would alone convey the rising fluid. I was confident that these differences did not arise from causes attributable merely to the lapse of time between the felling of the trees and the period of my observation. For, in a series of visits, I found the respective appearances equally evident on the same day of the cutting of the tree. The apparent difficulty of solving the problem was now greater than before. This, however, only stimulated me in my research. A few hours gave me a clue to the solution. Passing near a hedge-row where the woodmen were at work, I observed them beating the bole of a tree near the base—to facilitate the removal of the bark there, previous to cutting it down. I knew well enough that this process was resorted to when the bark would not "run" well, a contingency brought about by the stagnation of the sap in that part of the tree. I knew that a change of temperature would in a few hours bring about such a contingency in a tree that previously parted with its bark with facility. Reasoning upon the facts previously gleaned, I returned to the spot shortly, and within an hour after the tree had been felled. The workmen were stripping off the bark with difficulty, except at the extremity of the branches, where the difficulty was not so apparent; and at the upper branches of the tree it parted from the wood readily enough. On examining the stool, I found but a slight trace of sap in the alburnum; but immediately around, and at a small distance from the centre of the tree, the flow was great. Several other trees cut on the same day presented similar phenomena. The cause of the bark not parting from this tree readily was accounted for by the men, and of course justly—by the frost which on the previous night had been somewhat severe for the season. On the preceding day every tree cut down barked readily enough. Following up the investigation, I found that where the stool of a fallen tree was exuding the sap from the alburnum, the tree had been cut when the weather was favorable, and when the bark from the bole readily separated from the wood; and, on the other hand, where the vessels around the pith transmitted the fluid, the tree had been felled after a frosty night, or when the weather was cold and ungenial. Having gleaned thus much, I entered into conversation with the men who were cutting the trees. They informed me that when the bark around the lower part of a tree separated with difficulty, it parted much more readily from the branches, especially those near the top, and *vice versa*. Now from these

facts, the inferences to be drawn appear to me to be sufficient upon which to build a theory, at once throwing light upon some of the intricacies of the vegetable economy; and also to afford a beautiful example—one among innumerable others—of the admirable compensative powers so abundantly evident in the mere organic as well as in the more elaborately-organised animal kingdom. The ordinary channel of the upward current of sap is through the tubes of the alburnum. Its progress is accelerated by warm weather and retarded by cold. If, after the progress of vegetation in spring has once set in, a retardation in the flow of sap were to accrue in equal ratios with the fluctuations of temperature incident to our variable springs—it is easy to comprehend that utter stagnation in the vital powers of plants would follow—with what results will be readily seen. In a common-sense view of the subject, this contingency is to be apprehended; but the moment that the conditions favorable for such present themselves, a compensatory power is brought into action, and the demands of the vegetating principle is still supplied. The sap, checked by its near proximity to the lowering temperature of the air, when flowing through the tubes nearest the outside of the tree, immediately seeks other channels open to it; and thus the circulation goes on unchecked, or at least checked but slightly. These central tubes, a designation given to them by Mr. Knight, are known to extend uninterruptedly to the tip of the minutest branch; and through them a communication is undoubtedly established, either by subordinate vessels or cellular tissue, or both, to all parts of the tree. It has always appeared to me that the medullary rays play a more important part in the circulating economy of plants than physiologists have hitherto given them credit for. I am aware that the argument I have endeavored to establish is open to apparent objections—and those weighty ones. In hollow trees no central vessels can, at least in the trunk, be present; and these, wanting the compensating power, cannot be brought into play. And we do not find such remains of trees destroyed by sudden death more frequently than young and vigorous specimens. These are facts that do not admit of argument; yet I do not think they can be justly urged as antagonistic to the position I have advanced. An old and hollow tree, although yearly putting forth its leaves, and possibly producing fruit, merely exists in a morbid state. Its vegetation is feeble; and, as a general rule, year by year it approaches dissolution. Its existence is not healthy; and, on the same principle that we should not admit the phenomena of life, as exhibited in a deceased animal as natural, we ought not to allow those which are evident, either as the cause or effect of existence in a decaying tree, as data to assist us in our researches; except, perhaps, as negative evidence in the healthy economy of other individuals. In the intricate and comparatively little known science of vegetable physiology, inasmuch as it professes to give an insight into the action of the vital principle of plants, every fact, however apparently trivial, must be important. A correct science can only be built up by the accumulation of an infinitive number of isolated facts, contributed at periods, and by individuals widely distant.—G. L.

General Indications of Spring.—I send you the following indications of Spring, which were observed by the late Robert Marsham, Esq., of Stratton, in Norfolk; and were read before the Royal Society, April 2, 1789. Mr. Marsham died in 1797, at the age of 90.—C. F. T. Y., *Stockleigh Pomeroy, Devon.*

INDICATIONS.	Earliest	Latest.	Greatest Difference.	Observed in
*Thrush sings	Dec. 4	Feb. 13	81 days	56 years
Snowdrop appears ...	" 24	" 10	48 "	55 "
*Ring Doves "coo" ..	" 27	Mar. 20	83 "	47. "
Turnip flowers.....	Jan. 10	June 18	129 "	55 "
Rooks build	Feb. 2	Mar. 14	40 "	53 "
Hawthorn leaf.....	" 11	April 22	70 "	59 "
Birch	" 21	May 4	72 "	52 "
Sycamore	" 22	" 4	71 "	57 "
Elm.....	Mar. 4	" 6	63 "	47 "
Mountain Ash Leaf...	" 5	" 2	57 "	43 "
Horse Chesnut.....	" 10	" 2	52 "	47 "
Maple leaf.....	" 15	" 7	53 "	34 "
Wood Anemone blows ..	" 16	April 22	37 "	30 "
Lime leaf	" 19	May 7	49 "	43 "
Young Rooks	" 26	April 24	29 "	52 "
Chesnut leaf.....	" 28	May 12	45 "	36 "
Swallows appear.....	" 30	April 26	27 "	62 "
Oak leaf.....	" 31	May 20	50 "	50 "
Ash leaf.....	April 2	" 26	54 "	36 "
Beech leaf.....	" 5	" 10	35 "	53 "
Nightingale sings ...	" 7	" 19	42 "	59 "
Cuckoo sings	" 9	" 7	29 "	51 "
Hawthorn flowers ...	" 13	June 2	50 "	59 "

* In the place whence I date this, the Ringdove coos all the year round; and I have frequently heard the thrush singing on a mild day in the second week in November.

Man a Savage.—I have often, my dear sir, pondered over your remarks about man being at heart a savage; and I confess I see too much reason to take your view of the question. The daily records compel one to believe it. Reading, a few days since, Miss Bremer's last work, my eye fell upon the following recorded act of barbarity practised upon a little bird at sea. Wearied by its long flight, it had taken refuge in the rigging of the vessel in which Miss B. sailed; and here is her note as to the reception given it:—"I have been annoyed to-day, by the behavior of some *gentlemen* to a little storm-driven bird which sought for rest in our vessel. Wearied, it settled down here and there upon our cordage, but was incessantly driven away—especially by two young men, an Englishman and a Spaniard, who seemed to have nothing to do but to tease this poor little thing to death with their hats and handkerchiefs. It was distressing to see how it endeavored again and again, upon its wearied wings, to follow the vessel; and again panted to alight upon its cordage or masts, only to be again driven away. I was childish enough to persecute these young men with my prayers, that they would leave this poor little creature in peace. But it was to no purpose; and to my astonishment, neither did any of the other passengers take the little stranger under their protection! I called to mind that I had seen in Swedish vessels little storm-driven birds treated differently—left in peace, or fed with bread-crumbs. The end of the pursuit here was, that after the bird had left its tail in the hand of one of its tormentors, it was soon taken; it was then put into a dark cage, where it died in a few hours.—I once

was also a cruel child. But then I did not understand what suffering was; and what animals are. I received my first lesson in humanity to animals from a young lively officer, who afterwards died the death of a hero in the war against Napoleon. Never shall I forget his reproachful glance and tone, as he said to me, 'The poor worm!' It is now more than thirty years since!"—This barbarity appears inherent among the human race. To kill, worry, and persecute helpless animals, is called "manly sport." From the very lowest to the very highest, the feeling is the same,—the practice is all but universal. Is it not shocking? —SARAH K., *Newport, Isle of Wight.*

[It is shocking. But no argument will ever alter it. Use sanctions cruelty. Children are taught it from infancy. It grows with their growth, and it strengthens with their strength. Read carefully the remarks on this subject in "Phrenology for the Million," page 101, of the present number.]

The Human Brain.—Sir Bulwer Lytton, in a late speech made at Edinburgh, thus graphically recorded the wear and tear of the human brain. "In these days," said he, "half our diseases arise from the neglect of our body in the *over* work of the brain. In this railway age, the wear and tear of labor and intellect go on without pause or self-pity. We *live* longer than our forefathers; but we *suffer* more from a thousand artificial anxieties and cares. *They*, fatigued only the muscles. *We* exhaust the finer strength of the nerves; and when we send impatiently to the doctor, it is ten to one that he finds the acute complaint (which is all that we perceive) connected with some chronic mental irritation, or some unwholesome inveteracy of habit." How true!—how sad!—W. K.

Observations on the Weather for January,—*at Barnsley.*—There was rain or snow on 19 days; but in general in small quantities, except on the 4th, 7th, and 8th:—first heavy snow, averaging from 10 to 20 inches, and in some places drifted by the high winds to such a depth, as to make some of the lanes and roads impassable; then sleet, changing to rain. The quantity fallen in the whole month was three inches—probably much more, as some of the snow flakes would be blown off the weather-gauge unmelted. The highest point of the barometer was 30 in. 30. on the 26th, the lowest was 28 in. 30. on the 8th. The highest point attained by the thermometer in the town was 25 deg. in the shade, on the 30th; in the country the same day it was 48 deg. The lowest registered in the town was 12 deg., on the morning of the 3rd; and in the country 9 deg., on the 2nd and 3rd—probably lower in the night. The winds have been from N.N.E. to S.E.S., S.W. and W., the last few days in great force. The severity of the frost during the limited period of its existence, was more intense than has been remembered by any one here. The pools, canal, and even the river Dearne, were speedily frozen, to the satisfaction of thousands of sliders and skaters. The ice was from 7 to 10 inches thick. It has been a hard time for the feathered race. Hunger has made strange companionship, and hard and soft-billed birds have flocked round the haunts of man, too often to their destruction, as a

greater number of pitiless gunners have been at work than we suspected we had amongst us. Our winter visitants have been more than usually numerous. The common and jack snipe, red-wings, field-fares, wild ducks, wild geese, bramblings, and siskins, have abounded. The little grebe, and the dun diver (the female of the *Mergus merganser*), have occurred in the Dearne valley. Woodcocks have been a little more plentiful than of late years. One was aroused up in Cockerham Gardens, Longman Row, close to the town; and a water hen was taken in the town, which is yet kept alive. The more scarce water-rail has been shot, as also the ash-colored shrike or butcher-bird.—T. LISTER, *Barnsley*.

Delicacy and "Mock-Modesty."—Delicacy is a lovely feature in a woman's character; but it must be genuine,—innate. Not that delicacy which is perpetually in quest of something to be ashamed of; which makes merit of a blush, and simpers at the false construction its own ingenuity has put on an innocent remark. This spurious kind of delicacy is as far removed from good taste, as from good feeling and good sense. The delicacy I speak of, is the high-minded delicacy, which maintains its pure and undeviating walk alike among women as in the society of men—which shrinks from no necessary duty, and can speak, when required, with seriousness and kindness, of things at which it would be ashamed to smile or blush. That delicacy which knows how to confer a benefit without wounding the feelings of another; and which understands also how and when to receive one. That delicacy which can give alms without display, and advice without assumption; and which pains not the most susceptible being in creation.—A LOVER OF THE FAIR SEX.

Musical Instruments:—The Patent Harmonium, and Improved Concertina.—Can you tell me, my dear sir, anything about the Harmonium? I see it advertised in your columns of last month. I imagine it to be a kind of organ. Is it adapted for a room, or for a church more particularly,—and what is its capacity? Residing at a remote distance, I am unable to obtain a sight of the instrument; and knowing the kindness of your disposition, I consult you without offering any apology.—CAROLINE E., *Clitheroe*.

[What you allude to, mademoiselle, is an *Organ Harmonium*, manufactured by Mr. W. Sprague, 7, Finsbury Pavement. We have been down to make the requisite inquiries for you; and can speak very highly of the instrument, whose powers were called into full action during our stay. It is adapted excellently well for the drawing-room; and equally so for a church, chapel, or indeed any place where devotional music is practised. Being of a very convenient size, and occupying a very small space, it is easily transportable; and not liable, by moving, to be injured in any way. The price is twenty-five guineas; which may be increased, according to the costliness of the external fitting-up. In the hands of a good performer—one who has a soul for music—the Harmonium is an instrument of rare excellence. It is equally well adapted for all the varied styles of music; and possesses the richness of a larger organ. The effects are easily producible,—the tones being soft, mellow,

or powerful at will; in fact, there is a whole band at the disposal of the performer. The touch is beautifully delicate,—so delicate that the most rapid passages can be played off as if by magic. We should very much like to see one of these Harmoniums placed in the village church at Acton, where we often attend. At present, there is a barrel-organ in use; which, being out of repair, and many notes on it defective, the effect is discord in place of concord, and devotional harmony or psalmody a misnomer. The cost is so very trifling in comparison with the coveted gain, that we trust our hint may be productive of good. The common dimensions of the Harmonium, are,—height, 3 feet; width, 4 feet; depth, 2 feet. Mr. Sprague has also invented a very pretty little musical instrument called the "Improved Concertina." It discourses, when played upon, the most eloquent music,—combining distinct articulation with the most rapid execution. It is very easily learnt, extremely portable, of moderate cost, and equally effective for a duet, trio, or quartette. If you are in the habit of practising devotional music at home, we strongly advise you to procure a Harmonium. The melodious sounds we recently heard, yet dwell with us; and enable us to speak of it with unqualified praise.]

Another Snow Storm.—Our climate loves variety, and indulges in it to the fullest extent. Just when we were peeping out to greet the early flowers, and mingle with the bees rejoicing in the sunshine of a cloudless day,—lo, and behold, we were on the very eve of weather, colder, perhaps, (from the cutting winds) than any we had previously had. We rose on Saturday, Feb. 18, to witness a snow scene, stretched, by the violence of the wind, over the face of the whole country. The landscape was one of unexampled beauty. The previous night had been fearfully boisterous; the houses, right and left, had been shaken to their very foundations; and the destruction of trees, &c., was visible all around. The day, however, dawned brightly; and unusual activity prevailed in town and country. The sun's power, despite the howling blast, rendered the picture a cheerful one; and the "look out" was altogether picturesque. The check thus given to vegetation, has been a wholesome one; and as the soil in most places had been turned over, it has derived additional benefit from the fertilising influences of the snow and frost. All promises well, everywhere; and if people continue to grumble, it is simply because they are "used to it." As for the winds and storms of March, let us face them bravely. If they do some little injury, they also do infinite service; the one not for an instant to be set in the balance against the other. We have faced the winds of February, and we got the worst of it. But that is over, and we have become "seasoned" both to wind and weather. Another month, and—then! Meantime, we will watch our opportunity, and enjoy many a ramble in the open fields; leaving the grumblers to crowd before scorching fires, and to bewail their sorrows with faces a yard long. How the dear sun must laugh at such cowardice!—W. K.

American Railways.—It appears that the aggregate length of railways open for traffic in the

United States on the 1st of January, 1854, was 15,510 miles; being an increase of 2,194 miles since the 1st of January, 1853. The traffic on those lines is estimated to yield a net return equal to 7 per cent on the outlay. The state of the money market at the commencement of 1853, induced the promoters of several new lines to proceed vigorously with the works; but, as the year advanced, great difficulty was experienced in finding money for the construction of some of the lines now in course of formation. It is considered that the state of the money market has given a wholesome check to the extensive progress of railway enterprise, no less than 25,000 miles of railway having been sanctioned in the United States up to the commencement of 1853; thus leaving 9,500 miles to be completed, independent of those sanctioned in the year 1853. The average number of miles of railway completed during the past five years, was at the rate of 2,000 miles per annum; and, at that rate, would require five years more to complete those sanctioned at the beginning of last year; but it is expected that several of the less productive lines will not be proceeded with at present, while those which promise a large return will be proceeded with and completed as soon as possible.—L. R.

The Memory of Music.—The readiness with which the memory lends itself to the service of music, is a standing phenomenon peculiar to her. By what mysterious paradox does it come to pass, that what the mind receives with the most passivity, it is enabled to retain with the most fidelity—laying up the choicest morsels of musical entertainment in its storehouses, to be ready for spontaneous performance without our having so much as the trouble of summoning them? For not even the exertion of our will is required; a thought—aye, less than a thought—the slightest breath of a hint—is sufficient to set the exquisitely-sensitive strings of musical memory vibrating. Often, we know not what manner of an idea it is that has just fluttered across our minds, but for the melody, or fragment of a melody, it has awakened in its passage. By what especial favor is it, that the ear is permitted a readier access to the cells of memory, and a steadier lodging when there, than any of the other organs? Pictures, poetry, thoughts, hatred, love, promises, are, of course, all more fleeting than tunes! These we may let be buried for years; they never moulder in the grave; they come back as fresh as ever; yet showing the depth at which they have lain, by the secret associations of joy or sorrow they bring with them. There is no such a pitiless invoker of the ghost of the past, as one bar of melody that has been connected with them; there is no such a sigh escapes from the heart, as that which follows in the train of some musical reminiscence.—LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Anecdote of a Cricket.—One day, while sitting by the side of a large fire in the kitchen of a farm-house, I observed a cricket steal out of its hiding-place (which is rather unusual in the day-time), and begin to eat a little bit of bread which had fallen by the side of the grate. Happening to turn my head the other way, I saw what I mistook, at first sight, to be a round piece

of dirt, rolling along towards the spot where the cricket was feeding. The cricket began, all of a sudden, to chirp very loud; when three more crickets came hopping out of the nest. The piece of dirt (as I thought) turned out to be a large spider. Immediately the spider pounced upon one of the crickets, and began to carry it away at a very quick rate; but the other three hopped after it, and tormented the spider till he was obliged to make good his retreat with as much speed as he could—leaving his prey behind. Two of the crickets followed him, leaving one behind to watch the wounded one. The two which pursued, had a struggle with the spider; and had nearly done for him (which I was not surprised at), when the cricket which was left behind with the invalid, took up his poor wounded companion in his mouth, and hopped away to his hole. I then saw another spider, which the cricket had seen before I did; knowing itself to be too weak to contend, and its companions being busy with the other one, it had sought refuge for itself and helpless companion. This spider had also a battle with the two crickets (who had by this time overcome the first intruder), and was vanquished and killed by them. The two conquerors then each took a spider home; and I dare say made a good repast on their enemies. I took great notice of these crickets afterwards, and frequently amused myself with watching their motions.—AN OLD OBSERVER OF NATURE AND HER WORKS.

Ravages by War and Pestilence.—Some very interesting tables have issued from the Health-office comparing the loss of life by war and by pestilence. It appears that in 22 years of war there were 19,796 killed, and 79,709 wounded; giving an annual average of 899 killed and 3,623 wounded. In 1848-49 there were no fewer than 72,180 persons killed by cholera and diarrhoea in England and Wales, and 144,360 attacked; 34,397 of the killed were able-bodied persons capable of getting their own living! Besides these deaths from the great epidemic, 115,000 die annually, on an average, of preventible diseases; while 11,419 die by violence. Comparing the killed in nine great battles, including Waterloo—4,740—with the number killed by cholera in London in 1848-49—14,139—we find a difference of 9,399 in favor of war. In cholera visitations, 12 per cent., sometimes 20 per cent., of the medical men employed, died. The London missionaries die as fast as those in foreign countries, and there are some districts in London which make the Mission Society ask themselves *whether they have any right* to send men into them? From the returns of 12 unions, it is found that 3,567 widows and orphans are chargeable to the cholera of 1848-9; entailing an expenditure of £121,000 in four years only.—WILLIAM P.

Remarks on Beauty.—The ideas that most people entertain about beauty are ridiculously absurd. The eye is pleased ere the mind be consulted. Beauty is in fact a snare, luring thousands to their ruin. Connected with this subject, I send you an extract or two from the pen of an accurate observer of life. There seems, he truly says, to be a curse upon physical

beauty. In every department of nature, it is that which most speedily decays. The flower begins to die as soon as it is blown; and when plucked, it withers immediately. The old grey abbey has lasted for ages, but the beauty of its decorations has all been disfigured; the finials and the crockets are broken off the pinnacles, the sculptured foliage is mutilated by violence, or destroyed by moisture and decomposition; but the majesty, the dignity of the ruin remains. It even increases with age. It is so, also, with the bloom of youth, and the wrinkles of maturity and declining years. The one is more dignified and majestic than the other; but there are very few who would not willingly exchange the dignity for the beauty, the imperishable and the growing, for the perishable and the declining. With time and a well-spent life, we gain in dignity what we lose in beauty of person. We gain in influence, in respectability, and power, in almost all that ambition labors to attain to; but the person gradually resigns its physical, as the spirit clothes itself with its moral and intellectual attraction. A double and contrary movement is thus going on in our natures. The spirit is growing whilst the body is declining—the sensual nature weakens with time, and the spiritual nature strengthens. The one becomes old, and the other becomes young with age. The universal interests which the mature and intelligent mind ever feels in nature, and her various works, is a youthful excitement; compared to that mere love of sport and fun which is experienced by the young. The veteran botanist will travel the fields with young men and women, who will yawn with *ennui* whilst he is elated, and almost intoxicated with excitement of spirit. Every field that he visits, affords him new subject for thought and satisfaction—every wild flower that he plucks, is a text for an animated discourse. The young people say that he is a tiresome fellow, and they wish they were at home, eating plum-pudding or dancing a quadrille; but that is because their spirits are old and torpid, and require muscular excitement to rouse them from their lethargy. He is the liveliest and the youngest of the party *in mind*, though the oldest in body. Even old people arrive at last at a second childhood, which, in many respects, is more beautiful than the first. The first childhood is all for self. The infant must have everything. It must have father's watch to knock about and break—it must have sister's doll to disarrange or destroy;—it is "me, me, me," with the little child; and it is peevish and discontented when it is not permitted to appropriate to itself whatsoever it admires. The childishness of age is just the reverse; it appropriates nothing, but gives all—it robs itself to bestow upon others.—Puss.

A Mother's Affection.—There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency—who that has pined on a weary bed, in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land—but has thought on the mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness! Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the heart of a mother to a son, that transcends all

other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity. If adversity overtake him, he will be the dearer to her by misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will love and cherish him. More than this; if all the world beside cast him off, *she* will be all the world to him.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

Crystal Brightness of the Northern Seas.—Nothing, says a gentleman recently returned from America, can be more surprising and beautiful than the singular clearness of the water of the Northern Seas. As we passed slowly over the surface, the bottom, which was here in general of white sand, was clearly visible from 20 to 25 fathoms. During the whole course of the tour I made, nothing appeared to me so extraordinary as the immense recesses of the ocean, unruffled by the slightest breeze; the gentle splashing of the oars scarcely disturbing it. Hanging over the gun-whale of the boat with wonder and delight, I gazed on the slow moving scene below. Where the bottom was sandy, the different kinds of esterise, echini, and even the smallest shells appeared at the greatest depth, conspicuous to the eye; and the water seemed, in some measure, to have a magnifying power, by enlarging the objects as a telescope, and bringing them seemingly nearer. Though moving on a level surface, it seemed almost as if we were ascending the height under us; and when we passed over its summit, which rose in appearance to within a few feet of our boat, and came again to the descent which on this side was suddenly perpendicular, and overlooking a watery gulf as we passed gently over the point of it,—it seemed almost as if we had thrown ourselves down this precipice; the illusion, from the crystal clearness of the deep, actually producing a sudden start.—HELEN W.

Can Rats smell Danger at a Distance?—A statement made by the mate of the schooner Dew-drop, of Whitby, which was recently wrecked at Arbroath, would seem to answer the above question in the affirmative. He says, the vessel had for a long time been infested with thousands of rats, but on the night before they left Hartlepool on the recent fatal voyage, the whole vermin disappeared; not a single solitary rat being visible, where a day before they might be seen by the dozen!—E. W.

A Hint to Parents.—My admiration of what you have already expressed about Education, induces me to send you the following from *Fraser's Magazine*. "Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with the mother's looks; with the father's nod of approbation, or a sign of reproof. With a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance. With hundreds of flowers in green and daisy meadows—with bird's nests, admired, but *not touched*. With creeping ants, and almost-imperceptible emmets. With humming bees and glass bee-hives—with pleasant walks in shady lanes,—all tending to mature acts of benevolence, and leading the mind up to God Himself.—FEDELTA, *St. Leonard's*."

DESTINY—FATE—CONDUCT.

VIRTUE, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of Heaven,—a happiness that
Far above the smiles and frowns of (so-called) Fate
Exalts great Nature's favorites; a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor can be transferr'd.

ARMSTRONG.

Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' Eternal will?
Seek VIRTUE; and of that possess'd,
To Providence assign the rest.

GAY.



HOW EXTRAORDINARY ARE THE NOTIONS IMBIBED BY AT LEAST ONE HALF THE WORLD! It would really seem as if sense were banished by choice, and that people were from their very cradle bent upon sealing their own ruin! A very little consideration will prove the truth of what we say.

The world we live in, is a very curious world; made up of the oddest elements. A walk through our public streets never fails to provide us with ample proofs of this. To read the countenances of the passers-by, —faithful reporters of what is going on in their hearts, is a favorite study with us; and use has made us a tolerable proficient in it. If we were to enter into detail on this subject, we could paint a picture of life that would make the stoutest heart sigh. We have no wish, however, to bring too vividly before the eye what, under existing circumstances, cannot be remedied. Many honest hearts are literally "broken" day after day; of which the world hears nothing, and for which, if they did hear, they would care nothing. It ever has been so; ever will be so. The eye of God, however, is upon the sufferers. Their cry, no doubt, reaches His ear; and in Him they find that mercy which is denied to them by their fellow creatures.

Our object to day, is to reply to a few questions put to us by a fair and very intelligent correspondent, who is puzzled about man's "destiny and fate." She has related to us a number of curious circumstances which have caused her, she says, many hours of anxious thought; and she wishes the subject to be profitably touched upon for the public benefit. With all our heart.

Destiny and Fate are two naughty, idle, silly words; we should like to see them for ever expunged from our English dictionaries. But so great is the perversity of human nature, that in proportion to the danger of handling such fatal weapons the greater is the delight in doing so. The believers in destiny and fate, give our coroners more occupation in their melancholy duties than all the rest of the world put together. They tell us so unreservedly.

Without going very deeply into the many causes of the fatal superstitions which thus

lead men to their ruin, we may comment on two, which are palpable to the commonest observation. The first is, the general introduction amongst us, in cheap literature, of the lax morality prevalent abroad. Every novel, or nearly so, savors of destiny,—the hero or heroine being irresistibly "impelled to their fate." This leaven works insidiously; and the effects of it are before the world, spreading the sad influence far and wide. The second cause of the moral evil we deplore, originates in the pulpit.* Here the overwhelming consequences of erroneous teaching cannot be even outlined. They deal desolation throughout the entire land,—one convert to the evil doctrine seducing perhaps many others to drink of the deadly draught. We hardly need to enforce upon the readers of OUR JOURNAL, the grand and noble doctrine that man is both "a reasonable and responsible being,"—gifted with talents, fitting him and qualifying him to shine in his day and generation. The words—"Well done good and faithful servant!" were not left on record in the Sacred Volume without a grand object, and a most significant meaning.

It must be evident to all our readers, that the whole tenor of our remarks has ever led in the direction we now point at. Nor did we introduce a translation of the works of the immortal GALL into our columns, without having a grand moral purpose in view. Everybody that can reason fairly, and who is not shackled with the trammels of prejudice, should devour the observations of this great man. He gives us the positive results of a lifetime of keen observation. His sincerity is transparent, as his arguments are forcible and convincing. If we read what he says, our conscience cannot but acquiesce in its truth.† We are glad to hear our fair correspondent say that she "loves his sentiments, uttered as they are with such evident honesty of purpose."

Our correspondent confesses, that she cannot quite understand how it is that the gifts of fortune are so unequally bestowed. Why one man should prosper and another fail,—both having apparently been equally industrious. Some, too, she says, become

* Ministers of all denominations are in the constant habit of enforcing this abhorrent doctrine. Hence have suicides become matters of such common occurrence. It is a grand mistake, and a high offence against Heaven, so to work upon the weakness of a person's mind; nor ought the word "Religion" to be named in connection with such malpractices.—ED. K. J.

† We particularly direct attention to his very nice discriminations with regard to crime, and its causes; also to his doctrine about hereditary evil dispositions; and other particularly-interesting branches of his inquiry into the human mind.—ED. K. J.

speedily rich, almost without effort; whilst many others toil through a lifetime, and die in debt. All this *is*, at first view, a kind of puzzle. But it admits of easy explanation.

If we watch narrowly the rich man and the poor man,—the one who turns into gold all he touches, whilst the other can hardly realise copper,—we shall find an easy solution of the riddle in the consciences of the two men; and also in their respective capacities. The one perhaps is speculative, bold, and adventurous; the other is timid, honest, and industrious. The one flies, the other creeps. “Nothing venture nothing have,” says the one. “I dare not go beyond my means,” says the other. That there is “a crook in the lot” here below, we readily allow. “Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards;” but do let us be reasonable in tracing every thing to its proper source. Half the “miracles” we pretend to, are no miracles at all; and we dishonor our ever-glorious Creator in so interpreting the work of His hands.

We would not be misunderstood. Allowing every thing we see to be wonderful,—it is so, yet do all things work by a grand, universal, undeviating law of Nature. From the minutest seed put into the ground, and its ultimate arrival at the perfection of its race, to the upholding and guidance of the universe,—all is the consequence of God having said,—“Let it be so!” As regards “the talents” given to man, surely they were not meant to remain inactive, or to be misapplied! No doubt we shall have to account for the use we make of them. Neither Destiny nor Fate will avail us aught, as a plea for neglecting our enjoined duties one towards the other. Whilst our pen can write and our hand can hold it, so long will we advocate this pure, sound, wholesome doctrine.

This is a very tempting subject to dilate upon; but as we are not going to preach a sermon, we merely make a few general remarks. We have lived long in the world; and perhaps few persons have watched more narrowly than ourself the world in its varied phases. We have noted the rise of many, also the fall of many. We have seen how wealth has been obtained, and have trembled; also how the industrious man has struggled, and with difficulty been enabled to keep himself alive. We have seen the contempt of the rich for the poor. We have observed how gold invariably makes its way in the world. We have seen true worth in poverty, despised, insulted, and derided,—yet “happy” under its heaviest pressure. Our heart has frequently sought and found refuge here; and triumphed in beholding the reward of virtue,—a peaceable conscience, and patient spirit,—submis-

sion, resignation, and HOPE. With such good people let us ever dwell!

One word more. Our correspondent says,—“Do you not think that many a man and woman bring about their own destiny?” Most assuredly they do; and this proves the force of our argument. If a man *will* drink,—knowing the effect of the poison on his body and mind, he maps out and accomplishes his own destiny. He destroys himself knowingly, and persuades himself *that he cannot help what he does!* This is a very common creed—a very easy doctrine!

As regards the position of certain feeble women, who fall a prey to the wicked artifices of designing men, we would fain say a word about *their* “destiny.” It will be retorted on us, that they also “map out and accomplish their own destiny.” True,—most true. But if the affluent of their own sex could see what *WE* have seen and do see, what *WE* have known and do know of their misery, anguish, and sufferings; their bodily and mental degradation,—surely their adamantine hearts would not be so brutally callous as they now are to what calls so loudly for pity and alleviation. We say alleviation; for a very slight effort, if the will be present, would rescue many a sister from the destruction both of body and soul. We marvel exceedingly at the rocky hearts of women; with scarcely an exception, *all* remorselessly turn away from even a would-be repentant sister who would regain her pristine estate. Happy is it for them—we speak it solemnly—that they never were placed in the way of similar temptation; else would they, beyond all doubt, have “done likewise.”

“To err is human; to forgive divine.”

It is never too late to reflect upon our neglected opportunities; and we would fain hope that the sore evils we now deplore may be inquired into, and, where practicable, remedied. One single act of Christian charity thus bestowed, would place a woman in her proper character; we should in her behold

“An angel of mercy.”

Let us not plead in vain for what *ought to be* part of woman’s mission.

With regard to Fate; let us add that we believe “Conduct” to be Fate. If analysed carefully, this will be found a true position. Whether as regards a good man or a bad man, the axiom holds good. Contact is, for good or evil, that which decides a man’s “fate.” If we keep good company, we shall inevitably be happy; if not rich. If, on the contrary, we associate with people of loose opinions and lax habits of virtue, the issue cannot be doubtful. We may become RICH, and what the world calls prosperous; but “happy,” never!

An honest conscience, a smiling counte-

nance, a benevolent heart, love to God and his fair creation,—be these, one and all, the object of our life, now on the wane. Then will our last days assuredly prove our best days, and we will cheerfully sing with the poet,—

“WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.”

This is true philosophy; and we never wish to go beyond it.

DEVONSHIRE AND ITS ATTRACTIVE BEAUTIES,—No. III.

A WALK FROM SALCOMBE TO HOPE.

I HAVE ALREADY NOTICED (ante p. 6) that Salcombe lies between those two well-known points, the Prawle and the Bolt Head. I now propose to take the reader from Salcombe along the edge of the coast, to the village of Hope, a distance of about five miles.

Starting from South Sands (which join the Moutl on the western side), and ascending to the top of the cliffs, we come to a small indentation, called “Splat Cove,” which in the summer is greatly resorted to by parties of pleasure, who come by water from Kingsbridge and the neighborhood, to enjoy the majestic scenery and the refreshing sea breeze. In this cove, some attempts were made a few years since to work a copper mine; but after two adits, each above a hundred feet in length, had been driven into the side of the cliff, the undertaking was (for some reason unknown) abandoned. On the lands above this cove, a spot was selected in 1812, by Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, the gentleman-usher of the black rod, with the intention of erecting a marine residence; unfortunately, however, he did not carry out his intention. This is to be lamented, as the situation is most beautiful.

The property belongs to the Bastard family. Between Splat Cove and South Sands, and nearly level with high water mark is a subterraneous passage called “Bullhole,” which the common people in the neighborhood believe runs under the earth, to another place of a similar name in a creek of the sea, called “Sewer Mill,” about three miles further westward. The tradition is, that a bull should enter at one end, and come out at the other. Whether these two openings communicate, has never been settled; for none who have entered have had enough courage to proceed sufficiently far to ascertain the fact. Leaving this place, and proceeding towards the Bolt Head, which, rising to a tremendous height, exhibits the resemblance of a human profile, we come to a vast assemblage of craggy rocks, fringing the side of the head just mentioned, and inclining at an angle of sixty degrees, until they end in a perpendicular cliff at least

one hundred feet in height. These rocks are called “The Sharp-tors.”

From the high ground at this place, a most delightful panoramic view is obtained of the harbour, the town, the estuary, and the country surrounding. Looking northward, the eye stretches over the fertile country known as the South Hams, bounded at the extreme distance by the barren hills of Dartmoor. Looking eastward, the view embraces a great extent of varied scenery, which ends in the hazy distance—for, as the Irishman said, “you can see out of sight” in this direction. Southward and westward, the sea, with its ever varied aspect and its fleet of ships—each pursuing their allotted track, affords a pleasant prospect to all who have the least taste of a seaman in their composition.

Passing round the most elevated of these rocks, we come to the almost perpendicular cliff, at least six hundred feet in height, forming one side of a small cove called “Starehole Bay.” This bay is chiefly remarkable for a cavern, that is imagined to terminate near Marlborough church, which stands three miles off in a north west direction. Many persons have entered the said cave with the intention of settling this question; but the dripping of the water, which extinguishes the torches, added to the fear of otters, which resort here, has compelled the curious to abandon every design of penetrating to the end. Few have advanced above a hundred yards! The path is narrow and winding, gradually lessening from the entrance, which is about seven feet in height by four in breadth.

On the left side of the bay, near the mouth of this cave, is a rock, perforated by an opening eight or nine feet in height by about five in width, forming a natural arch, which opens towards the sea. It is not improbable that the cavern just mentioned forms a junction with “Bullhole,” to which I have before alluded.

In Starehole Bottom, is a large tumulus, rampart, or barrow, in perfect preservation, fifty-six paces in length, vulgarly called the “Giant’s Grave.” Popular tradition positively affirms, that the whole of the bottom is the site of a Danish settlement or encampment, and that there was a town in it; or, to use the words of the tradition itself, as repeated in the neighborhood, “By the records of England it was a Danish town and had sixty dwellers.” It is said by some of the old people residing in the neighborhood, that in ploughing and digging on this land brass coins have been frequently met with. The summit, or top ridge of this rampart or tumulus (which seems to have been for defence, rather than sepulture) preserves its original sharpness; and being composed of stones (I believe entirely), is not likely to be deranged. One reason for supposing it a

ranpart for defence, seems conclusive; it has a spacious ditch behind it, and completely commands the valley. The situation and character of this bottom and bay so precisely suit the idea of a "nest of pirates," and predatory invaders, that it gives a great color to the generally-received opinion.

Proceeding round the edge of this bay, we come to a point of land, in advance of which, rather to the southward, is an isolated rock, called the "Mewstone." This is a celebrated resort of the cormorant; several dozens of these birds may be seen at once sitting with their wings expanded, drying and sunning themselves. They afford good practice with ball; for they will let one approach within rifle shot of them. Still going westward along these cliffs (which here take the name of the "Warren," from their being inhabited by myriads of rabbits, who lodge among the crevices of the rocks), we come to the next object worthy of notice, a large rock lying off in the sea, called the "Goat." A little further on, is "Steeple Cove;" so called from a great rock resembling a steeple. We now arrive at "Roberdeau Point," doubtless so called, from the name of some French Captain whose ship was lost here. Next are the "Raven Rocks," exceedingly romantic; and a short distance further, is "Roden" or "Randen" cove. There exists a tradition, that in the year 176—, a foreign ship, loaded with marble statues, was wrecked here; and that the statues were carried to Powderham Castle, near Exeter, the seat of the Earl of Devon. But what should have given rise to this story, it is at this distance of time difficult to determine.

The "Hamstone" is now reached. It is a small rock, situated a little distance from the shore, a trifle to the westward of which is "Sewer Mill Bay." At the entrance of this bay, is a picturesque cluster of rocks, consisting of one large and several small ones, called the "Parson and Clerks." On the high land near this place, is the Signal House belonging to the preventive station at Salcombe. A few hundred yards from the top of the cliff stands a huge detached rock, called "Isel Tor." This object is peculiarly grand; and viewed from a point twenty or thirty yards below, and a little to the westward, is one of the most magnificent rocks that can be seen, being of vast dimensions and perfectly picturesque in form. All the scenery of these bottoms and heights is very magnificent and picturesque. About a gunshot to the westward of "Sewer Mill Bay," is "Dragon Bay," so called from a ship (belonging to London, called the Dragon) having been wrecked here, in 1757. In this vessel perished the family of Chambers, consisting of a sister and three brothers, who were returning from Jamaica. The flat downs

and bottoms, for some distance westward of this, are called "Cat-hole," as they were anciently the resort of wild cats. At the entrance west of these downs, is a waste piece of ground, near two monstrous large stones, of equal sizes. Here is said to have been the principal resort of the fairies (in Devonshire, called Pixies, or Piskies), and here they have been reported to have been seen playing their games and vagaries.

Our next object worthy of notice, is a cavern called "Ralph's Hole." This cavern faces the sea (which is seen foaming at a depth of at least four hundred feet below), and is about twenty feet in length, seven broad, and eight high. The rock at the west corner of the entrance (by doubling which this cavern is alone approached) projects to within two or three feet of the edge of the precipice; in such a manner, that a single person within might easily defend his habitation against a host of foes. Only one person is able to pass at a time, and that with considerable difficulty; so that intruders might successively be tumbled into the sea. The tradition is, that one Ralph, in order to avoid the bailiffs (for he was a pirate or malefactor who had fled from justice) made this his place of abode for many years; and with a prong for his weapon kept the catchpoles at bay. On Sundays he wandered abroad, and his wife assisted him through the rest of the week in getting provisions. In what period this happened does not appear, but it is certainly of a very old date.

The Eddystone Lighthouse may be distinctly seen from any of the high land on this part of the coast. It is nearly in the line which joins the Start, the Prawle, and the Lizard. Near this place are the "Windstone Pits;" these are a number of tremendous and deep fissures. It seems probable that some convulsion of nature divided the cliffs about this place, and shattered the immense rocks in pieces. Adjoining these, is "Ousehole Cove." Here opens a noble view of Bigbury Bay, the Rame Head, and entrance to Plymouth sound, the Eddystone, the coast of Cornwall, &c. Not far from this place, and at a distance of at least three hundred and fifty feet from the top of the cliff, (which from not being so perpendicular as the rest of the cliffs, is just practicable) an attempt was made, in the year 1770, by one Easton, who resided at Dodbrook, to open a copper mine, but on the produce being assayed, and proving to be unproductive, the attempt was given up, and the adventurer had the empty honor of leaving the shaft—*his name!*

C. F. T. Y.

Stockleigh Pomeroy, Devon.

(To be Continued in our next.)

THE CHARMS OF EARLY SPRING.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

Come, Dora dear, and let us rove
Where merry milkmaids gaily sing,
And the sweet warblers of the grove
Welcome the smiles of lovely spring.

Is not this charming? Here the sun,
Already on his path of duty,
Claims a sweet smile from everyone,
And tips the verdant hills with beauty.

Nature refresh'd awakes from sleep,
With smiles and tears, with sun and showers;
Smiling (ere she has ceased to weep)
A hope of brighter, happier hours.

Then let us share the joy she yields,
And in her merry mazes mingle;
Chase the wild breeze across the fields,
And flow'rets seek in forest dingle.

Bright daisies gambol at our feet,
And primroses sweet odors fling
Across our path, where v'lets meet
To court the smiles of lovely Spring.

Is not this scene enchanting? Hark!
Melodious voices fill the air;
And soaring Heavenward, the lark
Warbles his song of praises there!

Can infidelity exist,
And dare to press this verdant sod?
Can man, weak sinful man, resist
The mighty voice of Nature's God!

The springing corn, the golden sheaves,
Alike His wondrous works display;
The early buds and faded leaves
Teach us to worship and obey.

The little birds His mercies hail,
With every season of the year;
And simple flow'rets of the vale
Proclaim—"The hand of God is here!"

Then let us join their hymn of praise,
Of boundless mercy we will sing;
And thank Him in our sweetest lays
For all the joys of lovely Spring!

NOTES ON PHOTOGRAPHY.

No. 1.—INTRODUCTORY.

THIS VERY INTERESTING subject, in which so many families take delight, is one which I consider peculiarly suited for discussion in your pages; and if you will allow me, my dear sir, I will furnish you with a few short papers thereon, practical, and easy of comprehension. They will refer to the Collodion process, a branch of the Photographic art, decidedly the most simple, and attended with the least possible trouble and expense.

Photography, I hardly need remark, is the art of obtaining pictures on various prepared substances, by the agency of light, or perhaps more correctly speaking, by that of the

sun. Though the principles of the art were known many years ago, yet the practice of it made little or no advance, till simplified by the constant and arduous labors of Daguerre, Herschel, Talbot, Hunt, Archer, and many others. The difficulties are now, however, so much lessened, that very many ladies and gentlemen practise it as an interesting, scientific, and healthful amusement.

From the multiplicity of processes now before the world, the intending beginner is often quite bewildered, and cannot tell which of them to turn to. To obviate this difficulty, I propose, therefore, in the pages of OUR OWN JOURNAL, to give a simple and succinct account of the Collodion process, and which I have found eminently successful. I hope a perusal of my remarks will induce many to become acquainted with this fascinating art.

Who would not be able to take a friend's portrait—to fix indelibly the lineaments of those who are dear to him? What could be a more welcome present to relatives far away than an enclosure of such portraits; calling to remembrance faces they will perhaps never behold or meet again, at least here below? or a picture of the home of their childhood? Oh! happy, happy home,—bringing up with every well-remembered nook, those far-off memories of early days, which lie buried in every human heart. Photography for such a purpose is indeed a blessing.

A complete apparatus, and materials for the the Collodion process, will cost from £5 to £10, according to size. These prices are for the smaller sets; some, with expensive lenses, cost as high as £60. After the first equipment the expense, however, is very trifling, and as a very good set for a beginner may be had for £6, I would recommend that at least that amount be laid out in the first instance; as though perhaps no *better* pictures are produced than with smaller sets, yet the general results are more satisfactory. Any of the respectable dealers in photographic materials (several of whom, I observe, advertise in OUR JOURNAL), will furnish the requirements, and will most likely be able to shew the process of taking a Collodion picture. Indeed, it is indispensably necessary that a beginner should *see* the mode of coating the glass-plate with Collodion; the dipping the plates in various solutions, exposing them in the camera, &c.: for the manipulation of these cannot be properly communicated in words.

For the greater part of the Collodion process, a dark room is required; and perhaps the best way of obtaining this is to stretch three folds of *yellow* calico over the window, which admits light enough to work by, and yet not of the kind to derange the process. As the reason of this and many other things immediately connected with Photography

would involve more space and time than I can spare time to answer properly, I beg to refer all inquirers to "Hunt's Manual of Photography," 4th edition, a most valuable work, which contains a very extended history and account of Photography in all its branches. As much water is used in the process, a room with a sink and water-tap is to be preferred; yet a pail of clean water, and a receptacle for the washings, will suffice very well.

I give a detailed list of the apparatus, and materials required for the Collodion process; as some may already possess several of them, or may prefer to purchase them singly. But most makers fit up various-sized sets of every requisite, at prices varying according to size and quality.

A rigid camera, with dark cell for glass and paper, frames for various sizes of plates, &c.

A pair of compound achromatic lenses, mounted in brass, with rack work adjustment about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches diam., and costing,—say £4 4s.

Two porcelain trays (rather wider and longer than the largest-sized picture the camera will take), one gutta percha dipping bath, same breadth and width as the trays, with dippers.

One pair of scales, with glass or bone trays, one 10-oz graduated glass measure, one glass funnel, three 10-oz. bottles, ground-glass stoppered.

Glass plates to suit the frames of the camera. The various sizes required are kept in stock by many glaziers, and at all the photographic shops. I prefer patent-plate glass; although flattened crown-glass suits very well, and is considerably cheaper.

CHEMICALS:—

Iodised Collodion	2 oz.
Crystallised Nitrate of Silver	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
Proto-sulphate of Iron.....	2 oz.
Hypo-sulphite of Soda	2 oz.
Strong Nitric Acid	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
Sulphuric Acid.....	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
Liquid Ammonia	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
Acetic Acid	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
One gallon distilled Water.	

All the above (except the water) must be kept in glass-stoppered bottles, as some are volatile, whilst others absorb moisture from the atmosphere. They must all (but particularly the collodion and the nitrate of silver,) be kept away from a strong light.

I will now give the formulas for the solutions required, which are all to be made *in proportion to the quantities mentioned*, more or less, as wanted. For instance, when I say nitrate of silver 30 grains; distilled water 1 oz., you will take, say 8 ozs. of water; and of course eight-times 30 grains of silver, *i.e.* 240 grains.

No. I. Iodised Collodion.—This is prepared by dissolving gun cotton in ether, which is afterwards iodised; but as it is much preferable for beginners to buy it fresh in small quantities, as wanted, I will not detail the manufacture.

No. II. The Sensitive Solution.—To distilled water, 1 oz., add Cryst. Nitrate of Silver, 30 grains.

No. III. The Developing Solution.—Distilled Water, 10 ozs.; Proto-Sulphate of Iron, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; Sulphuric Acid, 6 minims; Acetic Acid, 6 minims.—Filter through bibulous paper.

No. IV. The Fixing Solution.—A saturated solution of Hypo-sulphite of Soda in filtered rain or river water.

If these solutions be prepared in time for next month, I hope we shall then be enabled to take a picture together.

One word more. Let me impress upon all beginners the imperative necessity for *the most scrupulous cleanliness in manipulation*. The least speck of dirt, or grease, on a glass plate, will spoil the future picture; or a drop of one solution may do serious injury to another.

Any questions addressed to me on the subject, may be forwarded through you. I shall be most ready and happy to reply to them.

GLENELG.

IF I WERE A VOICE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
That could travel the wide world through,
I'd fly on the beams of the morning light,
And speak to men with gentle might,
And tell them to be true.
I'd fly, I'd fly o'er land and sea,
Wherever a human heart might be,
Telling a tale or singing a song,
In the praise of the right,
In the blame of the wrong.
In the blame, in the blame of the wrong.

If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
I'd fly on the wings of air;
The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
To save them from despair.
I'd fly, I'd fly o'er crowded town,
And drop like the happy sunlight down
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them to rejoice again,
And teach them to rejoice again.

If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I'd speak in the people's ear,
And whenever they shouted "liberty!"
Without deserving to be free,
I'd make their error clear.
I'd fly, I'd fly on the wings of day,
Rebuking wrong on my world-wide way,
And making all the earth rejoice,
If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
If I were an immortal voice.

THE LITTLE SEED.

A LITTLE seed, at random thrown
 Upon the world, one day,
 A moment up in air was blown;
 Then gently borne away
 Unto a desert drear and wide,
 Close by a mountain side.

The seed lay there for many days,
 Unnoticed and alone,
 Amid those cold and rugged ways,
 By briars overgrown;
 Yet rain from Heaven, and balmy air,
 And sunbeams cheer'd it there.

It rooted in the solid ground,
 Put forth its stem and leaf,
 And, throwing tendrils round and round,
 It grew beyond belief;
 And, waxing stronger every hour,
 Brought forth a lovely flower.

It blossom'd there so sweetly mild
 That song-birds stayed their flight,
 In wonder that the desert wild
 Produced so fair a sight;
 The briars envying all the while
 Its perfume and its smile.

But Winter came with storm and snow!
 The floweret droop'd its head;
 And the briars dash'd it to and fro
 Until they deem'd it dead;
 Laughing, as round them day by day
 Its scatter'd seedlets lay.

Dismay'd were they when Spring appeared,
 And, crowned with myriad flowers,
 Each stem in loveliness uprear'd,
 Defied their rugged powers.
 In vain they strove; for every Spring
 Brought forth its blossoming.

The flowers now climb the mountain side,
 And on the summit smile;
 Whilst o'er the plain in modest pride
 They bloom for many a mile;
 And not one thorn now meets the view,
 Where late the briars grew.

And thus a thought may live and grow,
 Though cast on desert soil,
 And o'er the earth its beauty throw
 By long and patient toil;
 Though Envy's frown will oft essay
 To take its light away.

Yes! it will smile and spread its flowers,
 Despite the fiercest storm;
 And mid the tempest and the showers
 Uprear its lovely form;
 Like many a truth which smiles serene
 Amid life's darkest scene.

Thus breathing to the world around
 Its sweets through many a day,
 It shall adorn the humblest ground,
 And bless the loneliest way;
 Whilst they who shunn'd the budding flower
 Shall praise it in its blooming hour.

EDMUND TEESDALE.

 THE RULING PASSION,
 OR
 THE "WILL OFFICE," DOCTORS' COMMONS.

IF WE WOULD SEE HUMAN NATURE in its foulest aspect, let us go any morning to the door of the Will Office, Doctors' Commons. A glance at the folk going in and out, lets us into a secret which they take little care to hide. If *our* pen were to pursue the subject, we fear we should get ourself into a scrape. We therefore use the milder language of a contemporary, called "London," who lays bare sufficient to give an outline of the vermin that haunt this building. The curious can go and examine further for themselves. But now for the Will Office:—

WHAT business of life and death have we here! The weeds of the widow jostle with the ribands of the bride; expectancy going in, meets disappointment coming out; miserly greed and poverty's need cast their shadows on thy flags, oh, lottery house of joy and despair!—and the little men at thy gate, with great badges and white aprons, tout on to every face that wears gladness or sadness passing the portal.

What a profound knowledge of human motives directs the appeals of those ticket-porters! How they discriminate betwixt the apparel of the bridegroom and that of the chief mourner! How singularly appropriate are their interrogations, delivered, as it were, in a breath! "D'ye want a licence, sir?" "Wish to search for a will, ma'am?" "D'ye want a proctor?" But after all, it is their trade; and that is the true secret of nearly every remarkable human instinct. We pass them by, however; for we want no cicerone to direct us along a path that is worn deep by the pilgrimages of the votaries of MAMMON.

We leave the hum of traffic in St. Paul's Churchyard, and penetrate the cloister-like interior of Doctors' Commons—passing by gaunt houses, that seem as discolored and shrivelled as the parchment documents they contain; with never a merry sound vibrating their old girders, or a strain of harmony to interfere with the monotonous ticking of the death-watch that prognosticates unceasing fatality from behind their ancient wainscots and worm-eaten panels. Even human nature, in this strange place, wears such a stern and rigid garb of decorum that it is a wonder how it exists. The ailments, the pleasures, and the luxuries of ordinary mortality, it is plain, can never interfere in the composition of such faces as one sees here, strained to a more than stoical imperturbability.

But we are forgetting our destination, which is a little doorway labelled, "The

Prerogative Office of the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY." A dark passage leads from this opening into an oblong room, lined with bookcases, so heavily burthened that they groan again under the excessive weight. Their contents, also, are a noticeable feature. These are immense volumes, vellum-bound, with iron rims, and massive back-bands. These last resemble the gnarls on an old oak, now that the lapse of centuries has destroyed the contour they bore when they left the hands of the cunning binders. This assemblage of ponderous tomes forms merely the index to the documentary contents of the place; but it is an index such as no volume of consecutive narrative could rival. Open but one of its *fasciculi* upon one of those desks that fill the centre of the room—open it at any page, at any letter; and if you do not find your attention immediately riveted by its brief glosses, we are not a true prophet.

Had you, then, forgotten that kings and conquerors, poets and orators were, after all, but men with a keen eye to their household gods, and a vulgar concern for the testamentary disposition of their property? Why is it that you pause so abstractedly over the name of NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE; and, again, feel such surprise as you note the entry that relates to one WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE—a poet who has written his name upon the adamantine pillar of immortality? Are your ears so full of the roar of artillery, and your fancies so elevated amidst the pinnacles of poesy, that the details of mere matters of pounds and shillings, and old coats, and best and second best beds and bedding, seem to you but ridiculous themes to occupy the closing thoughts of the great general and the great poet? Alas, for sentimentality! These registers are its saddest enemies.

Turning from the consideration of books—mark the characters by which we are surrounded. The ferret-eyed lawyer, poking about that case yonder, with the dexterity of an old practitioner; that sombre widow, who for the past half-hour has been looking through her tears at the volume containing the name of the "dear departed;" the mere youth, with the signs of incipient dissipation, rebellious against his guardian's authority, endeavoring to discover a pretext for open defiance; that pale, attenuated man, who attends regularly every day, and searches till his fingers and his eyes ache, and then leaves, with a sigh, at the hour for departing; that shrewd-looking fellow, who is another constant attendant, and who bears a family resemblance to JOSEPH ADY; and that merry, smiling couple of young lovers, who (for shame! in such a place) are actually carrying on a flirtation over a sheepskin record.

What searching is there here! Never did mineer scrutinise more laboriously the mass of

earth supposed to contain a mineral treasure, than do this assemblage hunt through the manuscript entries of the all-important index. And see,—the widow has found all the details she needs to place her in temporary possession of her husband's will. She carries the book to a gentleman seated at a high desk, points out the entry, pays a shilling, and is ushered into an adjoining chamber—there to await the result of another search, which speedily results in the production of the desired document. If the room we have just quitted was a scene of active excitement, the present one is its greatest contrast. Here, seated before two or three little tables, are people reading wills; under the supervision of an official, whose duty it is to observe that none of them are mutilated; or, what is scarcely less important, that none are surreptitiously copied. Yet, we observe some strange expedients adopted to evade this prohibition. It is astonishing what a number of pencils are used for tooth-picks in this little sanctum; and we would wager that more thumb-nails than one carry away, in black-lead characters, the substance of testaments that have apparently only been subjected to a hasty scan.

It is an impressive sight to watch the varied emotions impressed upon the features of the temporary occupants, who here hold, as it were, communion with the dead. Here hopes and fears are realised; here is consummated the triumph of revenge, that mayhap lingered in the heart of the dying; here, too, in such strange company, sweet charity irradiates many a woe-begone cheek. This is the counting-house of DEATH."

England is a "Protestant Country;" and it vaunts much of its mental superiority over all other countries. But only let a chance of getting *gold* appear; and *then* see what a (so-called) Christian's heart is made of. Alas! poor human nature!

MUSIC.

Is it not sweet, when music's melting tone
Falls in sweet cadence on the heart alone,
To hear in twilight hour the echoes float
Of pensive lyre, or clarion's wilder note?
Now with the whispering breeze the murmurs die,
Now gush again in fuller melody;
Each wooded hill the trembling chords prolong,
Whose bubbling waters mingle with the song.
Fainter and fainter on the anxious ear
Swells the rich strain—tho' distant, ever clear;
Till, lightly floating up the winding glen,
Where jutting rocks reflect them back again,
The echoes die, as when low winds inspire
The softest cadence of Æolian lyre.
Scarce breathe the lips—scarce dare the bosom
swell,—

For now the lowest sigh would break the spell,—
Still hopes the heart to catch one murmur more;
Yet hopes in vain—the sounds have died before!

NOTES ON THE EDIBLE CHESNUT.

IT IS ONLY RECENTLY, MY DEAR SIR, that I have found leisure to peruse KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL. In looking over the pages of the last number, as well as many of those preceding it, I find among the names of the numerous contributors, your old favorites, BOMBYX ATLAS, and that "jolly dog" FINO; both of whom seem to be indefatigable in their researches and interesting anecdotes. Now I must aver that I am no "Bombyx," yet if I may be allowed to contribute occasionally to OUR OWN JOURNAL a few remarks on divers subjects of interest, it will afford me considerable pleasure to do so. I have been induced to set about assisting the good work, by noticing the unceasing exertions of many of my old acquaintances and friends, whose names stand so prominent in your pages. Thus let me introduce myself to the readers of OUR JOURNAL.

The subject I propose to notice to-day is—the EDIBLE CHESNUT (*Castanea vesca*). Of all trees which take part in forming the forests and woods of Europe, perhaps none are more strikingly effective than this, for size, stature, and beauty. It is to be met with in all the temperate climates of Europe. The French call it "Le Chataignier;" the Germans, "Castaniebaum;" the Dutch, "Kestenbaum" and "Kastanibaum;" the Italians, "Il Castagno;" the Spaniards, "El Castano;" and WE call it the "Chesnut tree."

In England the Chesnut appears more confined to the woods in the south and south-western parts. The beautiful, long, and spear-shaped leaves, hanging in fine clusters from the branches, where they seem to form perfect masses of foliage at a distance, added to their noble stature—render them objects of great importance among the other trees surrounding them; and when covered with the curious prickly involucre enclosing the nuts, the *ensemble* is most effective. In France and Germany it thrives considerably better. But I have never seen such magnificent specimens, nor observed them growing to such perfection as they do in Switzerland and Savoy. In these countries, particularly the latter, the "Savoyards" make its fruit (in places) almost their principal article of food. They eat the chesnut, either raw, roasted, or reduced to flour. When it enters into the composition of their bread, sometimes there is added a little Indian corn.

It is chiefly in the Canton of Tessin, in Switzerland, that the greatest number of chesnut trees abound. The trunk of the celebrated chesnut, at Mount Ætna, called the "Castagna di Cento Cavalli," is stated to be 180 feet in circumference, and quite hollow; it is said to be able to contain 100

horsemen, whence its Italian name. The wood of this tree (according to Evelyn) is, next to the oak, one of the most sought for by the carpenter and joiner.

The finest specimen of this beautiful tree I have as yet seen, stands at about half an hour's walk up the neighboring mountain from the town of Evian, in Savoy. The steamer was making a "promenade" on the 2nd of August, 1846, to Evian; leaving passengers there in the morning at about 10 o'clock, and coming to fetch them home at about 5 P.M. for Geneva. I made this "promenade" from Geneva on the day I have just noticed, to the town of Evian. This place is very dirty and dull, as are most of the towns in Savoy. I went with a guide on purpose to see the famous chesnut tree, and passed through a narrow path with a broken wall on either side, covered with the fronds of the common polypody (*Polypodium vulgare*), which, being then quite matured, had a very pretty appearance. Presently we found ourselves in a forest of nothing but noble chesnut trees; the foliage was so thick that the beams of the sun could scarcely penetrate it; and the ground we were walking on was so slippery with Lycopodiums, Sphagnum, and other Musci, that it was troublesome walking. At last we came into a field bordered with these splendid trees, and at one corner stood the specimen I now describe. I measured the circumference of its trunk, and found it to be fifty-four feet. The trunk was perfectly hollow, and yet sound to all outward appearance. I entered it, and am sure it would shelter eight persons very comfortably. The height of the tree is considerable, I am told it is upwards of 85 feet; spreading and well-shaped in proportion to its gigantic size. If any botanists visit Evian, I hope they will pay this tree a visit, and judge for themselves of its beauty, and the adjacent scenery.

AGLIA TAU.

Stoke Newington, March 2nd.

[Most proud are we of this addition to our staff; and we gladly hail you, AGLIA TAU, as one of our body-guard. All that proceeds from your pen can hardly fail to please the readers of OUR OWN. So consider yourself as "enlisted" under our banner.]

OUR WILD FLOWERS.

DESPISE not thou the wild flower. Small it seems,
And of neglected growth, and its light bells
Hang carelessly on every passing gale;
Yet it is finely wrought, and colors there
Might shame the Tyrian purple; and it bears
Marks of a care eternal and divine.
Duly the dews descend to give it food;
The sun revives it drooping; every shower
Adds to its beauty; and the airs of Heaven
Are round it for delight.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

BY FELICIA HEMANS.

WHAT is that, mother? The lark, my child!
The morn has but just looked out, and smiled,
When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
And is up and away, with the dew on his breast
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure, bright
sphere,

To warble it out in his Maker's ear.

Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise!

What is that, mother? The dove, my son!
And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For distant dear one's quick return.

Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,
In friendship as faithful—as constant in love!

What is that, mother? The eagle, boy!
Proudly careering his course of joy;
Firm, on his mountain vigor relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying.
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.

Boy! may the eagle's flight ever be thine—
Onward, and upward, and true to the line!

What is that, mother? The swan, my love!
He is floating down from his native grove;
No loved-one now, no nestling nigh,
He is floating down, by himself to die.
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet his sweetest song is the last he sings.

Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee "HOME!"

VIVID PICTURES OF LIFE.

The whole world so rejoices in the outpourings of FANNY FERN'S joyous spirit, and so thoroughly relishes the "palpable hits" she gives to certain people in fashionable (*i.e.* unfeeling) life, that we offer no excuse for transferring three of her short chapters to our columns.

The first, "Little Mabel," is a tale of everyday life, and has its counterpart in nearly every fashionable street. The second, "Mistaken Philanthropy," is also a sketch from life; and so is the third,—“Owls kill Humming-Birds.”

LITTLE MABEL.

Little Mabel had no mother. She was slight, and sweet, and fragile, like her type,—the lily of the valley. Her little hand, as you took it in yours, seemed almost to melt in your clasp. She had large dark eyes, whose depths, with all your searching, you might fail to fathom. Her cheek was very pale, save when some powerful emotion lent it a passing flush; her fair open brow might have defied an angel's scrutiny; her little footfall was noiseless as a falling snow-flake;

and her voice was sweet and low as the last note of the bird ere it folds its head under its wing for nightly slumber.

The house in which Mabel lived was large and splendid. You would have hesitated to crush with your foot the bright flowers on the thick rich carpet. The rare old pictures on the walls were marred by no envious cross-lights. Light and shade were artistically disposed. Beautiful statues, which the sculptor, dream-inspired, had risen from a feverish couch to finish, lay bathed in the rosy light which streamed through the silken curtains. Obsequious servants glided in and out, as if taught by instinct to divine the unspoken wants of their mistress.

I said the little Mabel had no mother; and yet there was a lady, fair and bright, of whose beautiful lip, and large dark eyes, and graceful limbs, little Mabel's were the mimic counterpart. Poets, artists, and sculptors had sung, and sketched, and modelled her charms. Nature had been most prodigal of adornment. There was only one little thing she had forgotten—the Lady Mabel had no soul.

Not that she forgot to deck little Mabel's limbs with costliest fabrics of most unique fashioning; not that every shining ringlet on that graceful little head was not arranged by Mademoiselle Jennet, in strict obedience to orders; not that a large nursery was not fitted up luxuriously at the top of the house, filled with toys, which its little owner never cared to look at; not that the Lady Mabel's silken robe did not sweep, once a week, with a queenly grace through the apartment, to see if the mimic wardrobe provided for its little mistress fitted becomingly, or needed replenishing, or was kept in order by the smart French maid. Still, as I said before, the little Mabel had no mother!

See her, as she stands there by the nursery-window, crushing her bright ringlets in the palm of her tiny hand. Her large eyes glow; her cheek flushes, then pales; now the little breast heaves; for the gorgeous vest is one sea of molten gold. Each bright tint thrills her with strange rapture. She almost holds her breath as they deepen, then fade and die away. And now the last bright beam disappears behind the hills, and the soft grey twilight comes creeping on. Amid its deepening shadows, one bright star springs suddenly to its place in the Heavens. Little Mabel cannot tell why the warm tears are coursing down her sweet face; or why her limbs tremble, and her heart beats so fast; or why she dreads lest the shrill voice of Mademoiselle Jennet should break the spell. She longs to soar, like a bird, or a bright angel. She had a nurse once, who told her "there was a God." She wants to know if He holds that bright star in its place. •She

wants to know if Heaven is a long way off, and if she shall ever be a bright angel; and she would like to say a little prayer, her heart is so full, if she only knew how; but, poor sweet little Mabel, she has no mother!

[Alas! Fanny, your remarks—noble though they be—will avail little in England. Our children are habitually brought up as heathens; or made hypocrites of, from their very cradle,—their own parents setting the example! The innocence of childhood, in which you and ourself so greatly rejoice, is by the world ridiculed. Children are taught deception by their nurses, ere they can yet speak. Fear performs the natural part of Love; and the child's quick perceptions soon imbibe the conventional deceits of life. The world is cold, hollow, heartless. A child permitted to say a prayer, or talk of Heaven;—monstrous absurdity! Blessed innocents! A higher care is bestowed on ye. The Great God has ye in his safe keeping; and often removes ye mercifully to a better world, ere sin has defiled your infant minds!]

MISTAKEN PHILANTHROPY.

“Don't moralise to a man on his back; help him up, set him firmly on his feet, and then give him advice and means.”

There's an old-fashioned, verdant piece of wisdom for you; altogether unsuited for the enlightened age we live in; fished up probably from some musty old newspaper, edited by some eccentric man troubled with that inconvenient appendage called a heart! Don't pay any attention to it. If a poor wretch—male or female—comes to you for charity, whether allied to you by your own mother, or mother Eve, put on the most stoical “get-thee-behind-me” expression you can muster. Listen to him with the air of a man who “thanks God he is not as other men are.” If the story carry conviction with it, and truth and sorrow go hand in hand, button your coat up tighter over your pocket-book, and give him a piece of—good advice! If you know anything about him, try to rake up some imprudence or mistake he may have made in the course of his life, and bring that up as a reason why you can't give him anything more substantial; and tell him that his present condition is probably a salutary discipline for those same peccadilloes!—ask him more questions than there are in the Assembly's Catechism about his private history; and when you've pumped him high and dry, try to teach him—on an empty stomach—the “duty of submission.” If the tear of wounded sensibility begins to flood the eye, and a hopeless look of discouragement settles down upon the face, “wish him well,” and turn your back upon him as quick as possible.

Should you at any time be seized with an unexpected spasm of generosity, and make up your mind to bestow some worn-out old

garment, that will hardly hold together till the recipient gets it home, you've bought him, body and soul, of course, and are entitled to the gratitude of a lifetime! If he ever presumes to think differently from you after that, he is an “ungrateful wretch,” and “ought to suffer.” As to the “golden rule,” that was made in old times; everything is changed now, it is not suited to our meridian.

People should not *get* poor; if they do, you don't want to be bothered with it. It is disagreeable; it hinders your digestion. You would rather see Dives than Lazarus; and it is my opinion your taste *will be* gratified in that particular.

[Very little doubt of *that*, dear Fanny!]

OWLS KILL HUMMING-BIRDS!

“We are not to suppose that the oak wants stability because its light and changeable leaves dance to the music of the breeze; nor are we to conclude that a man wants solidity and strength of mind because he may exhibit an occasional playfulness and levity.”

No, indeed! So, if you have the bump of mirthfulness developed, don't marry a tombstone. You come skipping into the parlor, with your heart as light as a feather, and your brain full of merry fancies. There he sits! stupid, solemn, and forbidding.

You go up and lay your hand on his arm; he's magnetised completely, and looks in your face with the same expression he'd wear if contemplating his ledger.

You turn away and take up a newspaper. There's a witty paragraph; your first impulse is to read it aloud to him. No use! He wouldn't see through it till the middle of next week. Well, as a sort of escape-valve to your *ennui*, you sit down to the piano and dash off a waltz; he interrupts you with a request for a dirge.

Your little child comes in,—Heaven bless her!—and utters some one of those innocent prettinesses which are always dropping like pearls from children's mouths. You look to see him catch her up and give her a smothering kiss. Not he! He's too dignified!

Altogether, he's about as genial as the north side of a meeting-house. And so you go plodding through life with him to the dead-march of his own leaden thoughts. You revel in the sunbeams; he likes the shadows. You are on the hill-tops; he is in the plains. Had the world been made to his order, earth, sea, and sky would have been one universal pall—not a green thing in it except himself! No vine would “cling,” no breeze “dally,” no zephyr “woo.” Flowers and children, women and squirrels, would never have existed. The sun would have been quenched out for being too mercurial, and we should have crept through life by the light of the pale cold moon!

No—no—make no such shipwreck of yourself. Marry a man who is not too ascetic to

enjoy a good merry laugh. Owls kill humming-birds!

[Oh, Fanny! What *would* we give for a week's ramble with thee! We would never again resume the editorial pen,—never!]

THE WISH.

Oh, would some cottage home were mine,
How blest the hours would glide!
Life then would seem a thing divine
With *thee*, Sweet, by my side:—
With not a wish but thee to bless,
Where'er thy steps might move,
My only care thy happiness—
My only wealth—thy love!

I'd think no roses sweeter born
Than on thy cheeks I view;
I'd ask not for more Heavenly morn
Than thy dear eyes of blue:
No bird that sings this world below
I'd think could thee eclipse;
For all that's sweet, is doubly so
When coining from thy lips.

True wealth is in the heart alone,
Its coin like music rings:
It cometh from a brighter throne
Than any earthly king's!
We're poor—but we could live on less,
And still some comfort win;
When *true* Love shares one's humbleness
An Angel dwells therein!

C. SWAIN.

SOCIAL LIFE IN HUNGARY.

VINTAGE FESTIVITIES.

BY EMERIC SZABAD.

THE VINE-MOUNTAINS IN HUNGARY, besides the precious harvest they yield, greatly tend to the completion of the general scenery, sharply outlined in the long, lofty mountain-ranges, contrasted with the no less imposing character of the boundless plains which, extending along the shores of the Danube, the Theiss, and the Maros, now present a black soil,—yielding rich crops without any stimulus of manure; then barren steppes, covered over with quicksands. The noblest of wines—the tokay, flows from the bosom of the southern Carpathian mountain-range.

Vine-hills of an inferior quality, called Ermeleck, arise in defiance of the sandy plains of Debreczin; while a superior sort of grapes, called the badacson, though not to be compared to the menes of the Arad county, cover the hills of Szalad, spreading their odorousness to the deep oaky Bakony wood, the happy home of the swine. The vine, in short, flourishes in every part of the country; including the barren soil of Croatia, and the base of the snowy mountains of Transylvania. Some of these bounteous hills yield, in ex-

ception to the general rule, a red liquid. The best of the red wines flows from the mountains of Bada and Erlau—there most blood was shed in former days. A strange sort of industrial occupation is the vintage in Hungary! As different from what is called in Britain, industry, as is the fresh look of the vine-dresser from the ghastly face of a factory workman. A very small portion of this vast quantity of wine passes into other hands for money—few cultivate it for the sake of sale; and there is scarcely a single nobleman of moderate fortune, if not possessed of vast vineyards, who, in this occupation, ever rises to that pitch of mental speculation where capital and interest sit in judgment over the doings of man. In Hungary, the vintage is the bearer only of concord and of joy. The days of this festivity generally commence at the beginning of September, and continue till the last days of October, when frosty weather is ushered in.

The circumstance of the vineyards being, for the most part, at considerable distances from the residences of their owners, serves much to increase the bustle, activity, and ceremonies inaugurating this annual festival. A day or two before the landlord himself, and family, depart for the scene of action, are sent the carriages, laden with the necessary tubs, casks, and butts; these are simultaneously, from all directions of the same neighborhood, set in motion. They move on at a slow pace, in solemn procession, amid the peculiar strain of music arising from the knocking on each other of the empty vessels huddled together by the arbitrary will of man—a music which is much encouraged by the capriciousness of the roads. The carrying of these significant types is generally intrusted to the meek, slow-paced oxen; a caution rendered the more necessary, as among or within these wooden utensils are packed the earthen, and no less important, cooking instruments—the guardianship of which is always delegated to the cookmaid, the most conspicuous figure in the van.

With a clean white kerchief covering her long back, the cook takes her seat in the centre of the carriage; holding in her hands a fryingpan or a ladle, of primary importance as the insignia of her power. While the van is thus moving on, the master of the feast in the meantime awaits the arrival of the friends he has invited; then briskly follows, either the same day or the day after, though always stopping on the road in quest of new guests. Arriving at the spot, he finds in the little cottage at the foot of the vineyard, and consisting of two or three small apartments, everything in order; and the large oblong table covered. At daybreak after his arrival the work begins.

The nodding branches easily part with their tender stem by the gentle touch of the vine-reaper, equally refreshing himself by the flavor and substance of the grape; while the master and guest do their best to diminish the quantity of the new wine, by a slow and incessant process of consumption of what seems most attractive either to the eye or palate.

The charms of such days being too strong to allow of long early dinners, the chief meal generally takes place at sunset; and the usual dishes, as roast mutton, fowl, and peculiar meats and puddings, are washed down by aid of the cup overbrimming with the old in the presence of the yet slighted new wine—the countenance of the lord of the feast radiant with joy in proportion to the number of guests he has been able to gather; the ringing of the glasses begins imperceptibly to mingle with the sounds of songs, in which all the males and females soon heartily join, and every vineyard lying near each other seems thus to be the abode of unmingled joy. We say seems, because over the wildest outburst of Hungarian conviviality there always hovers a tinge of gloom, the invisible monitor of national grief. This was the last vintage or national rejoicing in Hungary. With the lapse of less than twelve months, the gallows marked the way from one vineyard to the other, and the guests of the vintage were mostly hunted Hungarians in disguise.

Ever since that year, these abodes, made by nature for the rejoicings of men, are infested by hosts of foreign *gens-d'arme* and spies, which render social life a burden.

MEET ME IN THE PRIMROSE DELL.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

WHEN a shade is on the wood,
Where the nightingale is singing;
And echoes roll along the flood,
From the vesper bell slow-swinging,—
Meet me in the primrose dell.

When the wind goes whispering by,
Stealing fragrance from the rose;
When the moon climbs up the sky,
And the blackbird seeks repose,—
Meet me in the primrose dell.

When the bells of flowers are folding,
Bowed by dews which on them rest;
While the stars are up and holding
Converse on the night's blue breast;—
Meet me in the primrose dell.

When the leaves sleep on the hill,
Where the new hay smelleth sweet;
And all around us is so still
We can hear our fond hearts beat,—
Meet me in the primrose dell.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

THE FOOD OF MAN, IN REFERENCE TO AGE AND EMPLOYMENT.

IT IS VERY DOUBTFUL whether any special law can ever be obtained to determine the exact amount of food required to maintain in health and strength man, woman, or child,—under similar conditions of employment, lodging, and clothing; since, owing to certain individual peculiarities, both physical and mental, belonging to each one—peculiarities which we describe as constitution, stamina, temperament, &c.,—a given diet will in one case be ample, and in another insufficient. It is therefore impossible to adjust a scale to meet each case. All that can be done, is to carefully determine the average amount of nutritive matter requisite to maintain men in health and strength under various circumstances of age and employment; and to apportion their food on this basis.

When, however, we bring our scientific knowledge to bear upon this subject, we quickly find ourselves at fault for want of the primary elements on which to found our calculations; since, as Dr. Lyon Playfair has justly remarked, in his observations on this subject, at the Royal Institution: "If the question were asked—How much carbon should an adult man consume daily? we have scarcely more than one reply on which we can place reliance; viz., that the guards of the Duke of Darmstadt eat about eleven ounces of carbon daily in their rations." This is something, but it does not help us greatly. If we take another step and inquire—How much of those substances, out of which the flesh and sinews are made, is requisite to support an adult man in good condition? we can obtain no positive answer. Even as respects the relation between the carbon in this latter class of substances, which may be conveniently designated as *flesh-formers*, and the alimentary matters which, being consumed wholly in the lungs, may be termed *heat-givers*—we have yet no reliable information; the inferences on these points deduced from the composition of flour, being theoretical, not experimental.

The truth of the matter is, that, in spite of the efforts made by the separate and united researches of chemists and physiologists, we cannot as yet grapple satisfactorily with the subject of nutrition. For example, we know that from the albumen of the egg (white of egg), are formed feathers, claws, membranes, cells, blood-corpuscles, nerves, &c.; but of the processes, changes, transformations, and, above all, the causes which bring about these modifications, we may safely affirm we know nothing. With an absence of the knowledge of first principles, and possessing but rude and unsatisfactory data to guide us,

we cannot do better than have recourse to experience; since science may here, as in many other problems it has successfully done, evolve from the practical experience of mankind the causes of many unexplained phenomena. These considerations induced Dr. Lyon Playfair to have recourse to the statistics of diet procurable from the various public establishments of the kingdom, as well as other sources; since these dietaries are the result of careful observation and prolonged experience of the amount of food of known weight, quality, and description, found to be requisite for the support of man under every circumstance of age, condition, and employment; and he has endeavored, by analysing that experience, to acquire an insight into the processes of nutrition, under given conditions of life, otherwise unattainable in the present state of our knowledge. To do this, however, is no slight task; and the result of much labor makes but a sorry show. For instance, to gain the result afforded by our pauper dietaries, 542 unions were applied to; 700 explanatory letters were written to them; and 54,564 calculations, including the additions, had to be made, in order to educe results which occupy but a *single line* in a dietary table.

There is no longer any question of the heat of the body being due to the combustion of the unazotised ingredients of food; the butter, starch, fat, &c., which we eat, being just as truly burnt as if they had been thrown into the fire, or used for candles. A man annually inspires about seven hundredweight of oxygen; one-fifth of which, we may say, combines with, that is, burns a portion of his body, and produces heat; and were it not for the introduction of fresh fuel, or, in other words, food, the whole of the carbon in the blood would be consumed in about three days. The amount of food required depends on the number of respirations, the rapidity of the pulsations, and the capacity of the lungs. Cold increases the amount of oxygen inspired by a man, whilst heat diminishes it. We see the influence of temperature on the amount of food required by the inhabitants of the Arctic Regions, and of the Tropics, respectively; thus, an Esquimaux consumes weekly about 250 ounces of azotised ingredients (flesh, &c.), and 1280 ounces of unazotised substances (fat, oil, &c.), containing no less than 1125 ounces of carbon; a prisoner at hard labor in Bengal consumes but 28 ounces of azotised food, and 192 of non-azotised, containing 91 ounces of carbon. The case of the Esquimaux may be an extreme one, and the anomaly is often met with of the natives of the Tropics showing a predilection for fatty food, which most abounds in carbon; still the differences in the quantities consumed are enormous.

More than a century ago, Beccaria pointed out the nature of the second great division of articles of food, viz., those resembling, or actually being, flesh; and asked, "Is it not true, that we are composed of the very substances which serve for our nourishment?" A simple view, which now meets with general belief; for the albumen, gluten, casein, &c., are now recognised as the sole *flesh-formers*; whether the immediate source of these proximate constituents of flesh and sinew be indirect, from the flesh of the animal, or direct from the azotised constituents of the vegetable food. The graminivorous animal is but a granary for the carnivorous, and for such as man, feeding indifferently on vegetables or flesh. The flesh-forming principles of the corn, grasses, and roots, eaten by the first, are deposited during the process of nutrition, as flesh, sinew, &c.; this deposition accumulates with the growth of the animal, and is, when eaten, directly assimilated by man, and those animals which feed on flesh.

The mere weight of food eaten is no criterion of its nutritive value, either as a flesh-former, or heat-giver; thus, whether a sailor, R.N., is fed on fresh or on salt meat, the weight varies very slightly, being 302 ounces of fresh meat diet to 290 of the latter per week; but, with the former, he obtains less than 35 ounces of flesh-formers, and 70½ ounces of heat-givers, whilst the salt dietary gives him nearly 41 ounces of flesh-formers, and 87½ ounces of heat-givers; a difference in the nutritive values of dietaries of similar weights, which pervades the tables Dr. Playfair has constructed.

Practice, as exemplified in a comparison of various public dietaries, shows considerable differences in the nutritive value of the food consumed by the adult, the aged, and the young. Our soldiers and sailors—types of healthy, adult men, consume about 35 ounces of flesh-formers, to 72 ounces of heat-givers per week; the ratio of the carbon contained in them being as 1 in the first, to 3 in the second. Aged men require less flesh-formers, 25 to 30 ounces, and more heat-givers, 72 to 78 ounces; the respective ratios of the carbon being as 1 to 5 in this case; whilst with boys of ten to twelve years old, the amount of flesh-formers given is about half that of the adult, 17 ounces, the heat-givers being 58 ounces—the ratios of the carbons being nearly 1 to 5½. Warmth and protection from the weather diminish the necessity for food; exposure and hard labor increase it; and, bearing these conditions in mind, Dr. Playfair's table of dietaries is a painful one. The *average value of the pauper diet of all the English counties in 1851*, was 22 ounces weekly of flesh-makers, and 58 ounces of heat-givers; that of prisoners in England, sentenced to hard-labor for more than four months, 20¼ ounces

of flesh-formers, and $73\frac{1}{4}$ ounces of heat-givers; whilst that of the Dorsetshire agricultural laborer is given as $20\frac{1}{4}$ ounces of the flesh-formers, and $51\frac{3}{4}$ ounces of heat-givers. The Gloucestershire peasant is better off, his diet being superior in nutritive value to that of the Greenwich pensioner. The City Workhouse, Edinburgh, enjoys the unenviable position of issuing the lowest of above forty public diet-tables in different countries, it containing but 13.30 ounces of flesh-formers, and $31\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of heat-givers—the latter being about one-half only of the quantity which even the Hindoo cultivator in Dharwar, Bombay, is able to procure!

From the quantity of these flesh-formers in food, we may gather some idea of the rate of change which takes place in the body. Now, a man whose weight is 140 pounds, has about 4 pounds of flesh in his blood, $27\frac{1}{2}$ pounds in his muscular substance, &c., and 5 pounds of a material analogous to flesh in his bones. A soldier or sailor eats these 37 pounds in about eighteen weeks; so that this period might represent the time required to change and replace all the tissues of the body, if all changed with equal rapidity, which, however, is improbable.

THE ART OF REASONING. A SECRET WORTH KNOWING.

TO REASON WELL, is not so easy a matter as it is supposed to be. For one reasoner, we have one thousand cavillers, and disputers about terms—words positively wasted in idle nonsense. *Apropos* of this subject, are a few brief remarks in our excellent contemporary *The Critic*. They are so much in unison with our own sentiments, that we gladly give them a place in a JOURNAL devoted to "thought." We are not quite sure, says our contemporary, that reasoning *is* an art. It is *not* a mechanical process at all. It is an act of the mind; by which it advances irresistibly from certain things known, to infer other things unknown to it. This process and its results we cannot prevent or control. We may close our eyes to them; we may try not to recognise a conclusion that is inconvenient; but the mind is not the less conscious of it—and this consciousness it is that makes persons, who doubt anything they want to believe, so fiercely to persecute those who make them uncomfortable by opposing the belief which they profess. No man who is confident in the conclusions of his own mind, and who thoroughly believes because he is truly convinced, was ever yet a persecutor, or desirous of preventing opponents from being heard. Convinced that he holds the truth, he never avoids discussion; knowing that the more it is investigated the more manifest will that truth become.

A CHORUS OF FLOWERS.

Hear our tiny voices, hear!
Lower than the night-wind's sighs;
'Tis we that to the sleeper's ear
Sing dreams of Heaven's melodies!
Listen to the songs of flow'rs—
What music is there like to ours?

Look on our beauty—we were born
On a rainbow's dewy breast,
Then cradled by the moon or morn,
Or that sweet light that loves the West!
Look upon the face of flow'rs—
What beauty is there like to ours?

You think us happy while we bloom,
So lovely to your mortal eye;—
But we have hearts, and there's a tomb
Where ev'n a flow'ret's peace may lie!
Listen to the songs of flow'rs—
What melody is like to ours?

Hear our tiny voices, hear!
Lower than the night-wind's sighs,—
'Tis we that to the sleeper's ear
Sing dreams of Heaven's melodies!
Listen to the songs of flow'rs—
What melody is like to ours?

NOTES ON ENGLAND. BY AN AMERICAN.

IN A BOOK RECENTLY PUBLISHED, entitled "A Month in England," the author, H. T. Tuckerman (an American), makes one or two singular observations. Being correct as singular, we transplant them to our columns. First let us listen to his analysis of

AN ENGLISH AUTHOR'S BRAINS.

I realised, when housed in London, "why" it was a city so favorable to brain-work. The exciting transitions of temperature, which keep Transatlantic nerves on the stretch, are seldom experienced in that humid atmosphere. The prevalence of clouds is favorable to abstraction. The reserve and individuality of English life, surrounded but never invaded by the multitude, gives singular intensity to reflection. Baffled without, we naturally seek excitement within. The electric current of thought and emotion flashes more readily because it is thus compressed. The spectacle of concentrated human life and its daily panorama incites the creative powers.

We are not often won to vagrant moods by those alluring breezes that steal in at our casement at Rome, or tempted to stroll away from book and pen by the cheerful groups that enliven the sunny Boulevards; and therefore, according to the inevitable law of compensation, we build castles in the air in self-defence, and work veins of argument, or seek pearls of expression, with rare patience, beneath the smoky canopy and amid the ceaseless

hubbub of London. Accordingly, there is hardly a street that is not associated with an author. Their very names are redolent of peneraft; and how delightful to wander through them, unconscious of the heartless throng, oblivious of the stranger's lot, with the heart filled by the endeared images of these intellectual benefactors! The disguised caliphs enjoyed no higher pastime. Aladdin's lamp transmuted not vulgar objects into a more golden substance. We luxuriate in the choicest society, without the drawback of etiquette; we revive the dreams of youth while in the very bustle of the world. We practically realise what a kingdom the mind is, without any technical aid."

We are not disposed to differ from the author in his calculations on the effects produced by our odd climate on the human brain. No doubt he is right. So also is he in the subjoined extract on

THE STATE OF ART IN ENGLAND.

Nature herself has abridged the artistic development of England. Her climate is unfavorable to ideal achievement, and to that elemental harmony between atmosphere, light, and temperature, and the purposes and effects of the artist, which render Italy and Greece a paradise in comparison. A dome or a column should paint itself against a densely blue sky, to be truly effective. A cadenza should ring through such a crystal air as hangs over Naples or Mexico, to reveal its sweetest melody; and color, to be transparent and vivid, must be studied where the purple evening mantles with radiant hues the Adriatic Sea. Marble grows black, and bronze corrodes, in England, when exposed to air.

How like a fossil coal looks Canning's form; and what a sooty hue invests Nelson, as the metal and the stone have become superficially decomposed by moisture! Half the time, we must shiver instead of being cheered at the sight and sound of a fountain; and walking round St. Paul's the walls look as if snow and soot had alternately drifted against them—especially the latter. The chiaroscuro made by smoke, gas, and drizzle, do not promote a desirable *relievo* in objects architectural or statuesque. The absence of the sun, keeps invisible the more delicate touches of Leonardo and the finer tints of Claude on the noble's wall; and even the daguerreotypist must watch, like the fog-shrouded navigator on the banks, for days before he can "get the sun." In such a climate, great thinkers and indefatigable artisans prosper.

But Art must be aided by pilgrimages to clearer horizons; and to latitudes where the firmament is oftener visible. At home, it will inevitably require the hotbed of munificent patronage."

These sensible remarks by a foreigner, are worthy attentive perusal; nor will Mr. Tucker-man's book fail to suggest many other "materials for thinking."

MY OLD COMPANIONS.

BY ELIZA COOK.

My heart has yearned like other hearts,
With all the fervor Youth imparts;
And all the warmth that Feeling lends
Has freely cherished "troops of friends."
A change has passed o'er them and me,
We are not as we used to be:
My heart, like many another heart,
Sees Old Companions all depart.

I mark the names of more than one,
But read them on the cold white stone;
And steps that followed where mine led,
Now on the far-off desert tread;
The world has warped some souls away,
That once were honest as the day;
Some dead, some wandering, some untrue;
Oh! Old Companions are but few!

But there are green trees on the rill,
And green flags sweeping o'er the hill;
And there are daisies peeping out,
And dog-rose blossoms round about.
Ye were my friends, "long, long ago,"
The first bright friends I sought to know;
And yet ye come—rove where I will,
My Old Companions—faithful still.

And there are sunbeams rich and fair,
As cheering as they ever were:
And there are fresh winds playing nigh,
As freely as in time gone by;
The birds come singing as of yore,
The waves yet ripple to the shore;
Howe'er I feel, where'er I range,
These Old Companions never change.

I'm glad I learnt to love the things
That Fortune neither takes nor brings:
I'm glad my spirit learned to prize
The smiling face of sunny skies;
'Twas well I clasp'd with doating hand
The balmy wild flowers of the land;
For still ye live in friendship sure,
My Old Companions, bright and pure.

Though strong may be the ties we make,
The strongest mortal tie may break;
Though warm the lips that love us now,
They may perchance forswear the vow;
We see pale Death and envious Hate
Fling shadows on the dial-plate;
Noting the hours when dark sands glide,
And Old Companions leave our side.

But be we sad, or be we gay,
With thick curls bright, or thin locks grey,
We never find the Spring bloom meet
Our presence with a smile less sweet.
Oh! I am glad I learnt to love
The tangled wood and cooing dove
For these will be in good or ill
My Old Companions,—changeless still!

MORE ABOUT INSTINCT.

THE "BUSY BEE."

Say,—where full instinct is the unerring guide,
What hope or council can they want beside?

POPE.



WE HAVE RECENTLY GIVEN SOME MOST INTERESTING PROOFS OF THE INSTINCT IN PLANTS from the pages of Dr. Kemp. We are so very much pleased with the same author's remarks on Bees, that, as those little

winged messengers of active industry are just now peeping out to reconnoitre, we will borrow a few more interesting particulars about the Queen-bee and the instinct perceivable in the working-bees.

INSTINCT OF HONEY BEES.

The instinctive movements of bees, in relation to one another and to their posterity, are almost incredible; but the evidence of such is unquestionable. Foremost amongst them, are the proceedings of the queen-mother. Two queens cannot exist in the same hive; and if a couple of them chance to do so, either from a stranger queen coming in, or a young one being hatched, a battle is immediately fought; in which one is sure to perish. In the former case, *i.e.* when a stranger queen is introduced into a hive that already contains one, an extraordinary scene takes place. A circle of bees instinctly crowd around the invader, not, however, to attack her—for a worker never assaults a queen—but to respectfully prevent her escape, in order that a combat may take place between her and their reigning monarch! The lawful possessor then advances towards the part of the comb where the invader has established herself, the attendant workers clear a space for the encounter, and, without interfering, wait the result. A fearful encounter then ensues, in which one is stung to death; the survivor mounting the throne. Although the workers of a *de facto* monarch will not fight for her defence, yet, if they perceive a strange queen attempting to enter the hive, they will surround her, and hold her until she is starved to death; but such is their respect for royalty that they never attempt to sting her!

If the hive lose their queen, strange proceedings take place as the young queen assumes the perfect or imago state. The first one that becomes thus developed almost immediately proceeds to the royal cells, and darts upon the first that she espies. She gnaws a hole in it, through which she inserts her sting, and thereby destroys her embryo rivals. A number of workers accompany her, but do not venture to offer any opposition to her violence; and indeed, after the murder is committed, they enlarge the breach and extract the dead body.

It sometimes happens that two young queens attain perfection at the same time; and in such a case, they afford indication of another and very peculiar instinct. At first the instinct of fighting prevails, and they dart upon one another with a fury that seems to threaten death to both; and head is opposed to head, and sting to

sting. But the moment that they come into this position, a sudden panic seizes them, and both fly. They soon return, and the same scene is repeated over and over again; until one young queen in the advance seizes the other by the wing, and then inflicts a mortal wound. By this instinct the two do not perish; and thus the hive is prevented from wanting a queen. All this is performed before they are perhaps five minutes old!

The workers, however, do often prevent the queen from attacking and destroying the royal grubs; but this is only before she has come out of her cell and assumed authority. They keep her confined until she is perfectly able to lead a swarm; and even when they do let her out, they hinder her from destroying her immature royal sister, a proceeding she is much bent upon. She then becomes violently agitated, and inclined to lead a swarm, the members of which follow her. This proceeding only takes place in full hives; and when the hive is thin in numbers, and it is not desirable to send out new colonies, the workers let the queens destroy one another, as before mentioned.

If the queen die, or be removed from a hive, the population do not appear to discern their loss for about an hour. At the expiration of this time, a degree of restlessness begins to manifest itself; the bees run to and fro, and those that first begin to do so, strike the others with their antennæ, and apparently communicate the news and disorder. All soon becomes in a very confused state, work is neglected, and the bees continually pass in and out of the hive. The tumult lasts for some hours, after which the bees become quiet, and proceed to fill some of the cells with jelly, and, as before mentioned, rear up neuter larvæ into queens. If, however, the queen be restored to them, their joy is excessive, and manifested.

Another remarkable fact connected with the instincts of the bees is, that the queen some times, apparently from disease, becomes incapable of laying eggs that will turn out workers; all the eggs that she does lay hatching into drones. When this is the case, she loses the propensity to attack other queens: in this manner the community is not suffered to die out, for want of new laborers; and yet her subjects in no degree diminish their respect to her.

The drones are, in ordinary cases, put to death by the workers when they are about two months old. This they do by stinging them; but in the case just mentioned, where the queen lays male eggs only, their instincts teach the workers to let the drones live—and they do not attack them.

As soon as a working bee has attained its perfect or imago state, it seeks for the door of the hive and instantly sets out, quite capable of fulfilling all its destinies! The hum made by its wings ceases at the first flower it arrives at, into which it enters; and, rubbing its tongue between the petals and stamens, sweeps out all the nectar, which it deposits in its honey-bag. When, having passed from flower to flower, this honey-bag is full, it takes from the anther the pollen necessary to make the bread for the pupæ, and it also gathers propolis. It will have flown, perhaps, a mile before it has got laden. It then returns uniformly in a straight line to its hive. Arrived there, it imparts to its

comrades, who have been engaged at home, what nutriment they require, and stores up the rest for after use. It then rests for a few minutes, and again departs on its food-collecting errand. In like manner it arrives into being, perfectly able to perform all its other instinctive actions without requiring the slightest education!

Perhaps not among the least surprising of these, are the contrivances of the bees for ventilating the hive. A bee-hive, as may easily be fancied, is apt to get both heated and corrupted by foul air. In order to obtain a supply of fresh and pure air, a number of the workers, often about twenty, station themselves in a file upon the floor. They hold very firm to the ground; and "by means of their marginal hooks, unite each pair of wings into one plane, slightly concave—thus acting upon the air by a surface nearly as large as possible, and forming for them a pair of very ample fans, which in their vibrations describe an angle of 60°." They vibrate these fans with such rapidity, that the wings are scarcely visible. By this operation, a very perceptible current of air is driven into the hive, which of course displaces the corrupt air.

The warlike undertakings of bees are amusing. Dreadful deeds are sometimes to be witnessed in a hive; and probably depend upon one of the workers having become old, and not so active as before, and another one trying to kill him. These encounters occasionally end in the death of both combatants; sometimes one slays the other, and sometimes, after fighting for an hour or more, they give up by mutual consent. Occasionally, general battles take place between the occupants of two hives. A hive may attempt to plunder the honey of another; and when this is the case, the bees composing it at first act with caution, and a few of them linger about the door of the hive intended to be pillaged. After a little, the whole robbers come in a body, and a fearful battle ensues. If the invaders can succeed in killing the queen, the attacked join with them, assist in plundering their former house, and then depart home with the robbers.

Occasionally four or five bees unite together, and attack either a straggling hive bee or a humble bee. Their object is merely to rob him of his honey. They hold him by the legs and pinch him until he unfolds his tongue; which is sucked in succession by his assailants, who then suffer him to depart in peace.

On the other hand, bees are themselves exposed to many assailants. The common wasp often attacks their hives on a pilfering expedition, and, owing to his size and courage, is a formidable thief: one wasp being able to fight three bees. On some occasions, the wasps drive the bees out bodily, take possession of their hive, and, of course, eat all their honey. A still more formidable opponent is found in the larvæ of *Tinea mellonella*, and other species of moths, who spend the early part of their lives in the hives, where they consume large quantities of food. They spin a silken tube around them, through which the stings of the bees cannot penetrate. The bees, however, take great pains to keep the moths out of their hives, and thus prevent the possibility of their laying eggs in them.

They put sentinels at night, who, on the approach of the moth, utter a low hum which brings

assistance, and the moth is stung to death. The death-hawk moth, which is almost as large as a common bat, sometimes makes its way into hives, where it commits great havoc. To defend themselves against it, the bees barricade the entrance of their hives with a strong wall made of wax and propolis. The wall is built behind the gateway, which it completely stops up, and is only pierced with a hole that will admit one or two workers. This erection is only put up in extreme emergencies, but is a striking example of an instinct.

Is not all this truly wonderful? Let us express the earnest hope, that our younger readers in particular will make these matters a pleasing subject of study. The delight derivable from *such* studies, is really inappreciable.

MY FRIEND "JACK!"

OR

THE LIFE OF A TAME SQUIRREL.

ONE FINE AFTERNOON at the end of September, we were engaged in picking up walnuts under a fine tree which grew on our lawn; when my brother saw a fine young squirrel seated on a branch over his head, busily engaged in eating and shelling the nuts. We immediately picked up some horse-chestnuts, intending to pelt him away; and threw several at him. But he took no other notice of our efforts to dislodge him, than chattering and stamping at a furious rate. At last, my brother threw one with such good aim, that it struck him on his head between his eyes, and brought him down rather quicker than he went up. On taking him up and finding he was only stunned (though, from the force of the blow, one would have supposed he would have been killed outright), we immediately conveyed him in doors, and bathed his head with water; hoping we should succeed in restoring him to his senses.

After a quarter of an hour's careful attention, the poor little fellow began to show some signs of life; and in a few minutes made some attempts to bite. On this, we thought it highly necessary to put him into confinement; lest, by biting the fingers of his captors, he should make his escape. Accordingly, a box was procured; in the lid of which, some holes (of the diameter of half an inch) were bored; and "Mr. Jack," as he was at once named, was safely deposited therein, together with sufficient hay to make a comfortable bed. In the evening, we put some nuts and walnuts into his box, to give him the chance of a supper, if he were so disposed; but after such a "topper," as our gardener called it, his appetite seemed to be "nowhere."

In the morning, all were down very early to see how the "invalid" was; and on

lifting the lid of the box, he was found to be sufficiently recovered to make some vigorous efforts to escape. Finding these however unsuccessful, he became very sulky, and would not eat; but he chattered at a great rate if any one touched his box. It being now evident that he was not likely to die, we set to work to make him a cage; and, after a couple of days' labor, succeeded in constructing a handsome dwelling, three feet and a half in length, and divided into three portions. The first consisted of a square box with a lid, containing his bed; and at one end was a hole, in front of which his feeding-trough roofed with wire, was firmly attached. The second division was rather larger than his sleeping apartment, and communicated with it. The sides and roof were formed of wire, and had an opening into his revolving cage, which was a cylinder of wire ten inches in diameter, and nearly two feet in length.

When we had finished our job, and the varnish had become dry, we proceeded to instal him in his habitation. This was a very difficult affair, for he used his teeth in the most determined manner on everything within his reach; but at last, after many attempts with our hands well wrapped up in handkerchiefs, we succeeded in catching him by the back of his neck, and deposited him in his new domicile, in spite of his energetic efforts to prevent it. Here he remained the whole of the day, and could not be induced to show himself, though we placed nuts, &c., in his room (between his sleeping place and revolving cage).

Next morning he set out to inspect his new dwelling, and soon found his way into the "revolver." Here he was regularly "adrift," for the open appearance of the wire-work induced him to try to get out; but the "revolver" shifting with his motions, made it very difficult for him to keep his feet. He then made a rush to get out towards the window (in the recess of which his cage was placed); but not having had any discipline at this species of "treadmill," after letting it turn once or twice, he held fast to it, and was whirled round several times in succession. After about an hour's strenuous exertions, he began to find that it was needful for him to quicken his motions, and save his nose, which got soundly rapped as each wooden bar (of which there were six to keep the ends apart) came into contact with it.

It was very amusing to observe how carefully he would begin to turn it; at the same time hopping gently in the direction he wished it to revolve. This was always towards the window. When it had reached a pretty rapid motion, he frequently missed his step, and was carried round several times before he could stop. He would then "bolt"

into his sleeping box, and sit with his head out of the hole.

After he had been with us about a fortnight, we began to try if he would become sociable, and eat from our hands. To accomplish this, we kept him on short commons; and when he came out from his berth would offer him a nut or an acorn. We were now delighted to find that he would, after a few trials, take what we offered him; though directly he obtained it, he would withdraw to his berth. This we were anxious to prevent; and on his next appearance, he was enticed into his "revolver." This was immediately shifted, so that he could not get out of it; and an acorn was offered to him; this he took from our fingers and then tried to escape into his box, but as he could not make his exit, he became very sulky, dropped his acorn, and remained above five minutes in one position,—squeaking loudly. We picked up the acorn, and again offered it to him; but this time it was indignantly refused, and it was long before we could induce him to accept it. At last he got the better of his temper, took his acorn, and immediately sat up to eat it; though whilst doing so, his fine, full, black eye was fixed suspiciously upon us. He would on our slightest movement stop eating, and try to get to his berth; but he did not now drop his acorn. When he had eaten several, we let him go to his berth, where he remained some time. He then came out, and began exercising his "revolver," in the use of which he had much improved; being now able to start it, and stop it, without any trouble. In fact, he spent most of his time in it, and became outrageous if one prevented him from spinning it round.

One day, I brought in a cob of the Indian corn (known as "Cobbett's" corn) and offered him a few grains. On tasting them, he became quite excited, chattering away at a great rate; and when he had finished them, he climbed up the side of his cage, next to where I stood, evidently trying to get more. I thought this would be a favorable opportunity to try what amount of confidence he reposed in us; so I opened his box and stood quite still, waiting until he made his appearance. This he did not seem disposed to do, so long as he could see the corn. I therefore shifted my position, and stood on the other side, out of his sight. As soon as he saw me change my position, he entered his box; and seeing the lid open, was soon on the outside. At first he was a little surprised at finding himself so close to me; but the sight of the Indian corn (which I held in my hand), soon overcame his bashfulness; and he forthwith mounted to my hand, and there sat very contentedly eating some of it.

At this moment, one of my sisters opened the door. This so alarmed him, that he made the best of his way to his box, and could not be induced to come out again during the remainder of the day, even by the offer of a whole cob of corn.

The success that attended my first attempt made me exceedingly anxious to tame him completely; and for several days I continued to cultivate his good opinion. In this I succeeded so well that, before the week expired, he would as soon as his box was open, leap from it on to my hand, which I held out for that purpose. More than this, after a few trials he would sit and eat on my shoulder, or on the palm of my hand. We next put bread and milk into his trough; and in a short time he became very fond of it, and would lap it up like a kitten, either out of his trough, or a saucer, which we generally used when he came out into the room. In the course of a few days we let him out of his box, when we sat down to breakfast; and just before I fed him, he ran round the room, examining everything, but not making the least attempt to escape. At last, he found the window curtains, up which he dashed at a tremendous rate, and soon ensconced himself on the cornice. Here he remained very quietly until dinner-time; when we had some difficulty in getting him down. It was only by attaching a pocket-handkerchief (to which he had a great dislike), to the end of a stick, and flanking him with it, that we were able to make him quit his position. When I entered the room, early in the morning, he would stop his "revolver," and watch me with great attention, expecting his morning meal (for I always fed him). If he saw me put my hand to my waistcoat-pocket, he would get into his box, and try to push open the lid, with a view to get out; for I was anxious to make him as friendly as possible, and let him have as much liberty as I possibly could.

He now began, when let out at meal-times, to mount the table, and help himself to whatever he liked best; and would fight desperately to retain what he had taken. The butter attracted his particular attention; and it was difficult to prevent him from taking a whole pat at a time. One morning, he had been sitting on the table by my side, eating acorns; and having consumed as much as he cared for, jumped on my father's shoulder, holding more than half an acorn in his mouth. This he endeavored to tuck away into his neckcloth, just under his ear. Vastly amused, we felt desirous to see what he wanted to do. Now at the bottom of the table, in front of my father, was a cold roast pheasant, one of the drumsticks of which was lying in the dish and had attracted his attention. On this he made a most determined assault; and catching it by one end, tried to carry it off,

chattering vociferously, even before a hand was stretched out to prevent him. Query. Did he know he was doing wrong? [Most assuredly he did!] My brother took hold of the other end; but he was determined not to give in, and pulled away most energetically. Nor would he drop it, till I caught him by the tail. He then attacked me, and seemed rather disposed to bite. But at the sight of my handkerchief, which I drew from my pocket, he ran to his box, remaining there till dinner-time.

C. F. T. Y.

Stockleigh Pomeroy, Devon.

(To be concluded in our next.)

[As a companion to the above very interesting tale, we refer those who are fond of this amusing little rogue—so full of love and affection where his heart is lodged, to an article from our own pen, entitled "Domestic Pets." (See Vol. I., p. 113.) The squirrel there described, was the *major domo* in a large house of ours; and pretty havoc he made with some of the furniture and ornaments when our back was turned; cunningly hiding himself in the curtains, to mark our surprise on entering the room! We were then, it hardly needs be said, a bachelor; having every thing our own way, and also *our own way of having it*. Delightful privilege! A-hem! From boyhood upwards, we were *never* without "something" to love and lavish our affections on,—so Skuggy and a very choice pair of goldfinch-mules had the free range of our rooms. "We four" formed a droll but happy quartette. Such breakfasts did we discuss together; and such pranks did we play up the while! But alas! our little friends have perished. We alone survive. Yet does memory fondly cherish all their little endearments, and look back delighted with the innocence and disinterestedness of *that* early friendship.]

NATURE'S OWN CHILD.

A FRAGMENT.

(From the *Sanscrit*.)

And when she spoke—upon the maiden's tongue,
Distilling nectar, such rare accents hung!
The sweetest note that e'er the Koil pour'd
Seem'd harsh and tuneless as a jarring chord.
The melting glance of that soft liquid eye,
Tremulous like lilies when the breezes sigh;
Which learnt it first—so winning and so mild—
The gentle fawn? or Mena's gentler child?
And oh, the arching of her brow! so fine
Was the rare beauty of its pencill'd line—
Love gazed upon her forehead in despair,
And spurr'd the bow he once esteem'd so fair.
Her long bright tresses too might shame the pride
Of envious antelopes on the mountain side.
Surely her Maker's care had been to cull
From all that's lovely the most beautiful;
As if the world's Creator would behold
ALL BEAUTY CENTRED IN A SINGLE MOULD.

SPRING'S FIRST LEVEE.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

Old Winter was passing, when Nature arose,
Revived and refresh'd with her gentle repose ;
And she smiled as she bade him farewell :
For sweet Spring had promised to visit the glen,
To roam with the children of Nature again,
Through forest, dale, valley, and dell.

The snowdrop and crocus first came to engage
The pretty pale primrose to act as her page,
And the cowslip to bear her commands :
The green turf and clover had made for her feet,
A carpet bespangled with daisies—so neat !
Interspers'd o'er the sunniest lands.

She came with a smile (as all happy days come) ;
The grasshopper's chirp, and the bee's busy hum
Resounded o'er valley and plain :
Her courtiers, the Moss-rose, and sweet Migno-
nette,

And delicate Lily all happily met,
And join'd in the numerous train.

Every day brought new visitors splendidly drest—
All welcomed by Nature and her lovely guest,
They made no delay, nor excuse ;
She laid down the plan she would have them pursue,
And pledged them her friendship in bright
sparkling dew,
From golden cups cull'd for her use.

High over the mountains she roam'd with the
day,
And listen'd entranced to the lark's gentle lay,
As he gracefully rose on the wing :
The birds felt her presence, and merrily sang,
Through forest and valley the wild echo rang,
And welcomed the sweet smiles of Spring.

And at eve when the golden sun sank in the west,
And the children of Nature reposed on her breast,
She roam'd by the moon's gentle rays ;
Where the rivulet sang as it rippled along,
And the nightingale warbled his rich mellow song,
Commencing each lay with her praise.

Then the morn came again, and thus time passed
away,
With the smile of the merry, and songs of the gay,
All doubts, fears, and cares were removed ;
The notes of the cuckoo were borne on the breeze,
The gay squirrel leaped from the boughs of the
trees,
And Spring felt that she was belov'd.

She welcomed them all with a soothing caress,
But the sweet violet crept in the folds of her dress,
And timidly feared to offend ;
She pass'd not unnoticed, a fragrance so sweet
Led Spring to discover its shady retreat,
And she claimed it as her "bosom-friend."

And now all was happiness. Gaily the sun
Shed a radiant pleasure on every one,
And showered sweet smiles from above :
All blessings were traced to HIS kind gracious
hand,
Who giveth the increase, enricheth the land,
And crowneth our labor with LOVE.

THOUGHTS ON THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.

WHAT A VAST, ELABORATE, AND BEAU-
TIFUL PORTION of created things are
Vegetables! How diversified their appear-
ance! how varied their uses! Every plant ;
nay, every blade of grass, every leaf, exhibits
in itself so much design and forethought,
and is so replete with wonders, that it were
unpardonable for any one to overlook their
claims on our attention.

Whether we examine *microscopically* the
minutest moss or parasitical fungus (each
magnificent), or cast our unaided vision over
plants of more gigantic proportions ; whether
our minds revert to the luxuriant display
and exuberance of *tropical* vegetation, where
the Palms, "those princes of torrid regions"
flourish in perfection, or dwell on the more
placid and cheerful appearance of our own
woods and meadows green ; or ponder on the
humble mosses of the Arctic circle, which form
part of the Laplander's support—we shall
find plenty to absorb our attention, excite
our admiration, and stimulate our curiosity.

Wherever we turn, there are plants : and
now let us glance at a few of their uses.
They purify the air, by absorbing and assim-
ilating in their tissues the carbonic acid
exhaled from the lungs of animals, and unfit
for their support ; at the same time that they
give off oxygen from the leaves (which
perform the functions of lungs), so essential
to the support of animal existence. Thus
there is a mutual interchange of requisites
and indispensables ; the one consuming the
rejected of the other,—each supporting either,
and maintaining a just equilibrium.

Again, man and most brutes obtain the
greater portion of their sustenance from
vegetables, in one form or another. From
them likewise we have materials for building,
clothing (cotton is the envelope of a seed),
and warmth (coal is fossilated vegetable
matter). And lastly, when sickness attacks
those most dear to us, it is from plants that
most of the remedies are obtained. I say
most ; for glancing my eye round the apart-
ment where I write, the preponderance of
these over medicines procured from either
the Animal or Mineral Kingdom, is
strikingly manifested.

All *parts* of plants are used either as food
or in the alleviation of disease. We have
Ginger, Horseradish, Liquorice, Gentian,
Rhubarb, Sarsaparilla, Dandelion *roots*, and
Arrowroot (a *fæcula* derived from the same
organ); Oak, Cinnamon, and Peruvian *barks* ;
Hemlock, Senna, Tea, Tobacco *leaves* ; Rose,
Elder, Chamomile, Violet, Orange *flowers* ;
Caraway, Flax, Mustard, Coriander, Fennel
fruits (usually called seeds), as well as those
better known as articles of dessert. The *pith*
of a Palm forms Sago, the *stigmas* of a Crocus

are known as Saffron ; Cloves are the unexpanded *buds* of a species of Myrtle ; and *Manna* is the exudation of one of the Ash tribe.

To the proper appreciation of the uses and functions of Plants, a knowledge of Botany is indispensable ; and the foundation of the science may be laid, and the superstructure subsequently raised, with a limited scope for observation and the outlay of a mere trifle. These facts ought to constrain all to become acquainted with the wonders of Vegetable Physiology ; and appear to present no obstacles as a *stimulus* to that acquirement. Nature *invites* attention and examination, and *courts* inquiry ; *yielding* her truths to investigating minds.

When I commenced the study, I rose at four and continued till seven (when business demanded my return) ; and with a small treatise in my hands, and specimen box at my side, I wandered through charming meadows, luxuriant corn fields, by the side of murmuring streams, and adjacent hills ; nor did I forsake marshes and swampy ground and secluded woods, but visited each in turn ; and on my return home arranged my *collections* in the drying press, and afterwards extended them in methodical order in my Herbarium. It was then that I stored up facts, and the major part of what little I know.

Gradually but surely did the hitherto veiled wonders reveal themselves, and imperceptibly I became versed in the relations of organs to each other. Every part—root, stem, leaves, stipules, bracts, appendages, transformations, and elaborations, in turn occupied attention, and were systematically digested. I culled, simultaneously, facts and flowers, heaths and health. The pleasure, too, of seeing the *rising* sun, the *opening* flowers, and the return to animation of reposed nature, the pure air, the cheerful greeting of the birds, and the numberless charms unknown till met with,—formed a treat not dreamt of before, and abundantly repaid my efforts.

Often have I watched two neighboring daisies ; the one warmed by the sun, and in full blow, the other *gradually* opening as his genial rays became felt. Well and truthfully does Mrs. Marcet say, that, "Botany elevates the heart while it enlightens the mind ; and tends quite as much to religious contemplation as to scientific knowledge." It is from *wild* flowers, and *weeds* too, that Botanical truths are gathered, rather than from cultivated nostrosities,—another inducement to the study, as these may be obtained every where ; yes, even in the heart of London there are facilities, if the *will* be paramount.

The natural system is by far the better of the two, for gaining a clear insight ; yet the Linnæan possesses great merits. The former amply repays for the extra time and attention

bestowed on its acquaintance. Plants are divided into flowering and flowerless, and the former into Exogens and Endogens (called also Mono and Dicotyledons, from their having respectively *one* seed leaf, or, if more, arranged alternately, and having *two* seed leaves or cotyledons). Exogens increase by additions of new wood, *exterior* to the last formed ; consequently the centre of the tree is the hardest ; and by a transverse section each layer may readily be distinguished ; and as each one took a season for its deposition, the age of the tree may, by counting, be ascertained. Endogens, on the contrary, grow by depositions to the *interior* ; *this*, therefore, is the softer part, and the circumference is gradually pushed outward. On examination, the contents form an indistinguishable mass ; no concentric deposits being observed as in the former case. The *first* embrace our forest trees, most shrubs, and indigenous plants. The second division is best illustrated by the Palms ; and Grass tribe, seen *in extenso* in bamboos and canes. The flowerless plants comprise Ferns, Algæ, Lichens, Mosses, and Fungi. The *leaves* of Exogens and Endogens, present features whereby each division may be ascertained ; the former having the veins reticulated, they intersect one another and form a net work. The latter have the veins proceeding in lines parallel to each other from the petiole (leaf stalk) to the apex of the lamina (broad green portion). They do not meet and cross one another. The organs of plants are of two kinds—nutritive and reproductive, each possessed of peculiar and important properties. Those of nutrition are—Root and its attendant radicles, Stem, Bark and Leaves. Of reproduction, Calyx, Corolla, Stamens, Pistil, Pericarp, and seed. We purpose giving an outline of each.

The root assumes various forms, tapshaped, fibrous, bulbous, &c. ; and it is by means of the spongioles at the extremities of its fibres that the food is absorbed from the ground ; and by capillary attraction, and a peculiar process, called Endosmose, that this is subsequently distributed through all parts of the plant, forming the sap. The stem is the communicating pipe, is succulent, full of vessels, and of various shapes, composed in the Exogenæ of pith (medulla) Medullary rays, wood in concentric layers, and bark ; and is either annual, biennial, or perennial. The bark is composed of several layers ; the outer called Epidermis, and the inner, Liber. Leaves, as before intimated, perform the functions of lungs. It is through them that the superfluous gases are given off and the necessary ones inhaled. One need only go to Kew to see them in every variety of shape and size. They are usually found disposed in a symmetrical manner on the branches, and

without at present entering into minutæ, I will refer to the Lilac tree, where they are seen in perfection, and singular exactness.

Leaves are attached to the trunk, &c., by means of a stalk, called Petiole, though some are deficient of this connecting link, and are then called Sessile. Sometimes they are beautifully ciliated with hairs resembling floss silk, and are likewise furnished with Stomata, or breathing pores, on one or both sides. If a tree in full vigor be stripped of these organs, it soon perishes. Yet, in winter, such is not the case. This results from the life of the plant remaining dormant in that season, and is a process resembling the hibernation of animals.

Of the reproductive organs, the Calyx is to be first considered. This is the outside whorl of leaves composing the flower; it is formed either of one or more parts called sepals. Next to it, is the Corolla, likewise of one piece or several; this is the gay portion, of a fine texture, and delicately formed. The third whorl is the Stamens, composed of a stalk or filament, and the anther containing the pollen.

Then comes the Pistil—usually of three parts; the ovary containing the vegetable eggs. This forms the base, then comes the style, and on the top of that the Stigma. Sometimes, this latter rests on the ovary, without the intervention of a style, as in the Poppy. These several whorls alternate with each other. Should either be opposite, we consider that one set of organs remains undeveloped.

A single Stamen and Pistil in Botany, forms a flower, even if all other parts are absent. After the flower is fully blown, each part, having performed its duties, gradually dies away. The ovary enlarges, ripens, and contains the now perfected ovules or seeds. It is called the Pericarp, and is of a great variety of shapes, giving the distinguishing characteristic to some natural orders. The seeds ripen, and contain in themselves the rudiments of a progeny, and possess the wonderful property of producing a plant similar to the one from which it sprung.

We have thus slightly sketched the outline of Vegetable Physiology. Much still remains to be considered. Since our countrywomen have devoted their talents to the study, it has become fashionable, and bids fair to become generally appreciated.

What dire necessities on every hand
Our art, our strength, our fortitude require!
Of foes intestine, what a numerous band
Against this little throb of life conspire!
Yet Science can elude their fatal ire
Awhile, and turn aside Death's levelled dart;
Soothe the sharp pang, allay the fever's fire,
And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the
heart,
And yet a few soft nights and balmy days impart.

E. L. M.

A SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

AIR,—“The Little House under the Hill.”

I.

Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning;
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning,
Bent o'er the fire her blind grandmother, sitting,
Is croaning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting—
“Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping,”—
“’Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass
flapping.”
“Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing.”—
“’Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer
wind dying.”

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's
stirring;
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden
singing.

II.

“What's that noise which I hear at the window,
I wonder?”—
“’Tis the little birds chirping, the holly-bush
under.”—

“What makes you be shoving and moving your
stool on,
And singing all wrong that old song of ‘The
Coolun’?”—

There's a form at the casement—the form of her
true love—
And he whispers, with face bent, “I'm waiting
for you, love;
Get up on the stool, through the lattice step
lightly,
We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining
brightly.”

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the
foot's stirring;
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden
singing.

III.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her
fingers,
Steals up from the seat—longs to go, and yet
lingers;
A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grand-
mother,
Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with
the other.

Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round;
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound;
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
The maid steps—then leaps to the arms of her
lover.

Slower—and slower—and slower the wheel
swings;
Lower—and lower—and lower the reel rings;
Ere the reel and the wheel stopped their ringing
and moving,
Through the grove the young lovers by moon-
light are roving!

Dublin University Magazine.

THE LOVER OF NATURE.

He joys—when the sunbeam breaks
O'er field and flood—
And the matin bird awakes
In lyric mood—
To stroll by the murmuring river,
Where the breeze-wooded osiers quiver!

He loves—when the zephyr strays
At bright noontide—
To mark how the fleet bee plays
Each bloom beside;
How from flower to flower it wings,
And sweets from each blossom brings!

He loves—when faint twilight blends
The day and night—
When the bird, outwearied, wends
Its homeward flight—
To muse, how the West enfolds
That monarch the East upholds!

He loves—when Night's spirits wander,
In mystic sheen;
'Mid fair Nature hush'd—to ponder
O'er what *hath* been—
How earth like a charnel seems,
When man, in death's image, dreams!

All these are the charming hours,
With beauty fraught—
When the poet all outpours
His stream of thought!—
Lone hours!—when the song he weaves
Outwhispers the life he breathes!

REVIEW.

THE NATURALIST, NO. 37. Groombridge and Sons.

The opening paper in this popular Miscellany is by our good friend J. M'Intosh, Esq., and embodies some of his keen observations on the Mole (*Talpa Vulgaris*). This useful little animal, often before commented on in our pages, has hitherto been cruelly slaughtered, because of the imagined injury he has done to the ground. It is now clearly demonstrated that he is the farmer's best friend!

As we usually extract *some* interesting matter from this periodical, we can hardly do better than record what Mr. M'Intosh says about

THE UTILITY OF THE COMMON MOLE.

It is a fact well known, that man, from the earliest ages, has been at war with his own class; it need not then surprise us that his arm should be lifted against numbers of his friends and natural allies; but such is the fact. He wages a perpetual war against the *Rook*, the *Owl*, the *Sparrow*, &c., and contrives "artful engines" to entrap the useful Mole, who taught him draining and sub-cultivation, and from whom, some day, he will learn a greater lesson, and call him a prophet; that is, when he has done hanging him. Wherever

I go, I see trees and bushes in the corners of fields, and by gates of plantations, the hedges by the highway side, yea, even at the door-side of some ruthless and ignorant biped, who calls himself "lord of the creation," covered with the dead bodies of poor Moles, killed without mercy or judgment. The only excuse the farmer makes for destroying the Mole is, "that their hills look unsightly;" "that they eat the seed-corn, and destroy the roots of the same in the construction of their hills;" and "that they stop up their drains."

Now, in answer to the first of these charges, I only wish, for the sake of the farmer, and the welfare of his fellow-creatures, that there was nothing more unsightly on the generality of their farms than Mole hills. Look at the essence of their manure-heaps; the effluvia of gas which is suffered to escape from them is not only wasteful altogether, but is lost to useful vegetation, and what is still worse, fills the atmosphere with particles injurious to health, and often destructive to life. The evaporation from the farm-yard robs the farmer of part of his substance, starves his crops, and it is well if it does not, moreover, poison him and his family by its contaminating influence. Some receptacles for manure are so offensive, that if they do not generate typhus fever, in its worst form—which, I fear, is frequently the case—they at least cause languor and debility; and it is a fact well known, that these exhalations, so injurious to animal life, are the essence of vegetable life; and the volatile substance, which offends our senses and injures our health, if arrested in its transit by the hand of skilful industry, may be so modified in the great laboratory of nature, as to greet us in the fragrance of a flower, regale us in the luscious peach, pear, or plum, or furnish the stamina of life in substantial viands from the field and stall of the cultivator. Again, look at the dirty hedges and the filthy ditches, &c., which to me are ten thousand times more unsightly and unprofitable than so many acres of Mole-hills.

I entirely agree with Mr. E. Jesse, in his "Natural History," page 137, when he asserts that Moles were intended to be beneficial to mankind. Sheep invariably thrive better, and are more healthy on those pastures where Mole-hills are most abundant, owing to the wild thyme, and other salubrious herbs, which grow upon those heaps of earth. The healthy state of sheep is particularly remarkable on the extensive pastures of Lincolnshire; and there Mole-hills are extremely abundant. Deer, likewise, appear to be benefited by their existence in their pastures. It is asserted as a fact that, after the Mole-hills had been destroyed in a park which belonged to the Earl of Essex, in Herefordshire, the deer in it never thrived. To use the words of James Hogg, better known as the "Ettrick Shepherd:"—"The most unnatural persecution that ever was raised in this country is that against the Mole, that innocent and blessed little pioneer, who enriches our pastures annually with the first top-dressing, dug with great pains and labor from the fattest soil beneath. The advantage of this top-dressing is so apparent, and so manifest to the eye of every unprejudiced observer, that it is really amazing how our countrymen should have persisted, now nearly half a century, in the most manly and

valiant endeavors to exterminate the Mole from the face of the earth! If a hundred men and horses were employed in a common-sized pasture, say from fifteen hundred to two thousand acres, in raising and carrying manure for a top-dressing for that farm, they could not do it so effectually, so neatly, or so equally, as the natural number of Moles on that farm would do it of themselves." Thus then I have disposed of the first silly charge against this useful and innocent little sub-cultivator. I would further remark, that it is not so wise to throttle him, as you may think.

The second great charge against our "blessed little pioneer," is, "that he eats the seed-corn, and destroys the roots in the construction of his hills." This charge is so utterly absurd, that it carries with it its own refutation. That they eat grain I flatly deny, having examined the stomachs of many. I have never found an atom of a grain in them! But it is stated, and that on good authority, that sixty thousand bushels of seed-corn are yearly destroyed by wireworms (*Elateridae*), some of which, it is well known to naturalists, live in their larva state from four to five years, devouring the roots of wheat, rye, oats, and other vegetables. In some seasons they destroy whole crops. Now it is upon these *Elaterida* that the Mole lives, with other insects, worms (*Vermes*), frogs (*Rana*), with slugs and snails (*Limax* and *Helix*), the two last of which, it is well known, are wholesale destroyers of vegetable life in its young state. How absurd then is it to see these poor Moles hanging gibbeted by the dozen, their clever paddles stopped by cruel ignorance! Well may we exclaim—

"Oh, ignorance! where is thy blush?"

"Prior to my coming to reside in my parish," says the Rev. G. Wilkins, of Wix, in the "Farmer's Magazine," "the land I occupy had been for many years in the occupation of a very old man, who was a determined enemy to every living creature of which he could not discover the benefit; and his enmity was especially directed against the Mole. In my barn, as a kind of heirloom, hung a bundle of Mole-traps, which I at once consigned to the fire. Then came the Mole-catcher for his salary, as he caught my Moles by the year. I paid him his money, and made him stare like a lunatic when I told him he would do me a favor if he would bring me a cart-load of his Moles, and turn them down in my fields. My fields being near a village, where Rooks could not come, swarmed with wireworms. Every year one-third of my crops was quite destroyed by them. One narrow field, surrounded with trees, was nearly useless from them. But at length relief came. I had long hoped to see my favorites the Mole-heaps; and at length, as if by a simultaneous agreement, that little long field was full of Moles, which set to manfully upon the destroyers of my crops, and after some time completely destroyed them. They then passed over into the next field, and the pests in this field shared the same fate as the others. I now verily believe I have not a wire-worm left in my fields; and as the Moles have entirely done their work unsolicited, they have gone off to my neighbors with the same good intention."

The farmers on the Continent, particularly in Belgium, are greatly averse to their being de-

stroyed; and I believe that the most unpopular act in my respected father's life, was the introduction of the English Mole-trap into that country, about the year 1834. Although upon a royal domain, however, and at the command of Majesty itself, all endeavors to extirpate them proved unavailing; and the habits and wise judgment of a gardening and agricultural people were yielded to as an act of expediency. Happy I am to state that both His Majesty and my father have repented them of the evil, and are now numbered amongst the merciful defenders of our useful little sub-cultivator, the common Mole! Thus, then, I hope I have clearly defended "the little culprit" from the second and absurd charge brought against him, to the satisfaction of his accusers!

The third charge brought against the tiny Mole in an agricultural point of view, to those unacquainted with its usefulness, would lead many to sign its death-warrant. Against this I will place the following evidence from the pen of an agricultural gentleman, in the "Agricultural Gazette," for 1844, who says, "I have wet meadows, in which they do me vast service. One of my meadows was so wet, that no Mole worked into it, but only burrowed on the surface, barely deep enough to cover his body with the roots of the grass and weeds, and this only in very dry hot days of August—the only time when worms could be found. I dug a few drains, and the next summer found the Moles worked as deep as the bottom of the drains, and into them. Another year the drains were cut as deep as the fall would allow, and the same result followed. My friends, the Moles, opened scores of their channels into the very bottom of these drains, and the meadow is now firm and sound. In all my meadows, finding the good they do, I never have them disturbed. Only in April I send out a man to level their hillocks, then roll them; and I never have any complaint from the mowers. Depend upon it, they are very beneficial to all lands, particularly to wet bog soil. When four feet drains are made with inch tiles, they cannot enter, but would work at that depth in all directions, and be of the greatest possible use."

On some lands the drainage is wholly effected by the Mole, so far that the farmer might save himself some shillings, nay pounds, to the Mole-catcher. Let us hope, then, that henceforward he may be suffered to live in peace, and die of old age, throughout the length and breadth of our blessed land. To the farmer and the gardener this matter is worthy of more consideration than it has yet obtained.

Among the other papers, is one on the "Common Ring Snake," by Mr. Michael Westcott. This is *not* written in an amiable spirit, and appears to have originated in a morbid desire to attack Mr. John Garland. For some interesting observations of his on a similar subject, published antecedently in the "Naturalist." Mr. Garland has nothing to fear from *such* an antagonist; and will, no doubt, continue to publish his observations on Nature, *sans peur*, whenever he sees fit.

In the "Retrospect," there are two crooked matters set straight—the one referring to a

dispute about the Water Wagtail, the other to the nesting of the Starling. The season has now arrived when each succeeding number can hardly fail to increase in interest.

ZOOLOGICAL RECREATIONS. By W. J. BRODERIP, F.R.S. Small 8vo. H. Colburn.

It is strange but true, that no periodical devoted solely to matters of Natural History has been known to prosper as a pecuniary speculation. It ever was so; ever will be so. To be a lover of Natural History for its own sake,—to have a soul that can appreciate the marvels of Creation, and a refined taste to enjoy all that is provided for our use in the world of Nature,—these are “gifts” which are *not* conferred upon the multitude. The “choice” few are alone in the secret.

Aware of this “great fact,” we have ever made OUR JOURNAL widely discursive in the matters treated of,—the Book of Nature having neither a beginning nor an ending. This causes us to circulate *everywhere*. Those who love Natural History will, in our pages, find it introduced in every fascinating form; whilst all who seek variety, amusement, and general information, are as amply and carefully provided for. Thus do we seek to *win* people to our favorite study; and strive to *create* a love for that which we individually feel to be *so* lovely.

The book now before us is one which should rank second only to the imperishable work of GILBERT WHITE. It is written in a very amiable spirit; and abounds in the most delightful records of animal life, interspersed with endless anecdotes, both original and selected. It is just the book we should like to see in the hands of youth; nor could a teacher make his pupil a more acceptable present. It would act as a seasonable foil to the cheap poison (vending by wagon-loads in green shilling volumes,) which is now doing such serious, such irreparable injury to the public morals and the cause of virtue. It would moreover create a pure taste for the amiable, in contradistinction to the sensual,—now carrying all before its baneful influence.

As it would never do to part from a book like this without an extract, let us introduce some of the author's delightful comments on

THE DOG.

The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart.—LEAR.

Yes, dogs *are* honest creatures, and the most delightful of four-footed beings. The brain and nervous system may be more highly developed in the Anthropoid apes, and even in some of the monkeys; but for affectionate, though humble companionship, nay friendship; for the amiable spirit that is on the watch to anticipate every wish of his master—for the most devoted attachment to

him in prosperity and adversity, in health and sickness, an attachment always continued unto death, and frequently failing not even when the once warm hand that patted him is clay-cold; what—we had almost said *who*—can equal these charming familiars? Your dog will, to please you, do that which is positively painful to him. Hungry though he be, he will leave his food for you; he will quit the strongest temptation for you; he will lay down his life for you. Truly spake he who said, “Man is the God of the Dog.”

Of all the conquests over the brute creation that man has made, the domestication of the dog may be regarded as the most complete, if not the most useful: it is the only animal that has followed him all over the earth. And to see how these noble animals are treated by savages civilised as well as uncivilised; kicked, spurned, harnessed to heavy carriages, half-starved, cudgelled, they still follow the greater brute that lords it over them, and if he condescends to smile upon them how they bound in gladness! if he, by some inexplicable obliquity of good feeling, in a moment of forgetfulness caresses them, they are beside themselves with joy.

From whatever source the dog be derived, he is one of the most sensible of four-footed animals. Gifted with a most retentive memory, he applies his power of observation to the regulation of his conduct so skilfully, that the result has very much the appearance of reasoning; if, indeed, it may not, without violence, be considered as the exercise of that faculty. His intellect, when well developed, is of no common order, and its constant activity is exhibited when, like the Fury in Æschylus, he

“Opens in his sleep, on th' eager chase
E'en then intent.”

Our readers will, we hope, pardon us if we inflict on them a story or two in proof of our assertion.

We remember to have been once particularly struck with the behavior of a dog that had lost his master. This, to us, is always a distressing sight, and enough, in our humble opinion, to have made Democritus himself look grave: but in the instance alluded to, there was food for reflection.

We were walking down a hilly field, whose path terminated at a stile which opened upon a road running due east and west. This road was cut at right angles by another road running northward. A dog passed with his nose close to the ground, keeping the downward path till he arrived at the stile, through which he squeezed himself, and, with his nose still down, he first hunted busily along the eastern branch, and then along the western. He now retraced his steps; and when he came nearly opposite to the northern road, he lifted his head, looked about him for a moment or two, and then set off along that road as fast as he could go, without again putting his nose to the ground, as who should think to himself—“He is not gone that way, nor is he gone that way, therefore he must have gone that way”—an operation of the mind very like a syllogism.

Then there is the well-authenticated story of the dog that was left, in December, 1784, by a smuggling vessel, near Boomer, on the coast of Northumberland; and we shall let Bewick, who records the fact, tell his own tale:—

"Finding himself deserted," continues Bewick, speaking of the abandoned dog, "he began to worry sheep, and did so much damage, that he became the terror of the country within a circuit of twenty miles. We are assured that when he caught a sheep, he bit a hole in its right side, and after eating the tallow about the kidneys, left it: several of them thus lacerated, were found alive by the shepherds, and, being taken care of, some of them recovered, and afterwards had lambs. From his delicacy in this respect, the destruction he made may in some measure be conceived; as it may be supposed that the fat of one sheep in a day would not satisfy his hunger. The farmers were so much alarmed by his depredations, that various means were used for his destruction. They frequently pursued him with hounds, grey-hounds, &c.; but when the dogs came up with him, he laid down on his back, as if supplicating for mercy; and in this position they never hurt him; he therefore laid quietly, taking his rest till the hunters approached, when he made off without being followed by the hounds, till they were again excited to the pursuit, which always terminated unsuccessfully. It is worthy of notice, that he was one day pursued from Howick, to upwards of thirty miles distance, but returned thither and killed sheep the same evening. His constant residence during the day, was upon a rock on the Heugh-hill, near Howick, *where he had a view of four roads that approached it*; and in March, 1785, after many fruitless attempts he was at last shot there."

Now, to say nothing of the *ruse* whereby he regularly saved himself from his pursuers, this was very like communing with himself, and, as a result, taking up the best possible position for his security under existing circumstances, a position which enabled him to baffle his enemies for upwards of a year:—what is this if it be not reason?

One more illustration of this part of our subject. In the West of England, not far from Bath, there lived, towards the close of the last century, a worthy clergyman, who was as benevolent as he was learned. There were turnspits in those days—a most intelligent set they were, and Toby, who was an especial favorite, was a model of the breed, with legs worthy of the *Gow Chrom* himself, upon which he waddled after his master everywhere, sometimes not a little to his annoyance; but Toby was a worthy, and he could not find it in his heart to snub him. Things, however, came at last to such a pass, that Toby contrived somehow or other to find his way to the reading-desk on a Sunday, and when the door was opened, he would whip in, well knowing that his reverend patron was too kind and too decorous to whip him out. Now, though it has been said, that

"He's a good dog that goes to church,"

the exemplary Dr. B., who thought he had traced a smile upon the countenance of some of his parishioners on these occasions, felt the impropriety of the proceeding; so Toby was locked up in the stable on Sunday morning; all to no purpose, however, for he scrambled through the shut window, glass, lead and all, and trotted up the aisle after his annoyed master as usual. Matters were now getting serious; so as soon as

he had on the Saturday caused the beef to revolve to a turn which was to be served cold for the Sunday dinner—for the good man chose that all around him should find the Sabbath a day of rest—Toby was taken out of the wheel, and his dinner was given to him; but instead of being allowed to go at large to take his evening walk after it, Molly, to make sure of him, took him up by the neck, and putting him into the wood-hole where window there was none, drew the bolt, and left him therein. Toby revenged himself, by "drying up the souls" of the whole family with his inordinate expostulatory yells during the whole of the remnant of Saturday and the greater part of Sunday! However, there was no Toby dogging the heels of the surpliced minister, and it was concluded that the sufferings that the doggie and the family had undergone, would have their effect. Well, the week wore on, with Toby as amiable and as useful as ever, and without a particle of sullenness about him—into the wheel went he right cheerfully, and made it turn more merrily than ever; in short, parlour, kitchen, and all were loud in his praise. However, as it drew towards twelve o'clock on the Saturday, Toby was missed. Poor Molly, the cook, was at her wits' end.

"Where's that vexatious turnspit gone?"

was the question, and nobody could answer it. The boy who cleaned the knives was despatched to a distant barn where Toby was occasionally wont to recreate himself after his culinary labors, by hunting rats. No—no Toby. The sturdy thrashers, with whom he used sometimes to go home, under the idea, as it was supposed, that they were the lords of the rat-preserve in the barn, and who, being fond of Toby in common with the whole village, used occasionally to give him

"A bit of their supper, a bit of their bed,"

knew nothing of him. Great was the consternation at the Rectory. Hints were thrown out that "The Tramps" in the green lane had secreted him with the worst intentions, for he was plump and sleek; but their camp was searched in vain. The worthy family retired for the night, all mourning for Toby; and we believe there is no doubt that when the reverend master of the house came down on Sunday morning his first question was, "Any tidings of Toby?"—A melancholy "No, sir," was the answer. After an early breakfast, the village schools were heard—their rewards distributed, not without inquiries for Toby—and when church-time came, it is said that the rector, who walked the short distance in full canonicals, looked over his shoulder more than once. He passed through the respectful country-people collected in the little green grave-yard, who looked up to him as their pastor and friend, he entered the low-roofed old Norman porch overhung with ivy, he walked up the aisle, the well-filled pews on either side bearing testimony that his sober-minded flock hungered not for the excitement of fanaticism, he entered the reading-desk, and as he was adjusting his hassock, caught the eye of Toby twinkling at him out of the darkest corner. Need we say more, than that after this, Toby was permitted to go to church, with the unanimous approbation of the parish, as long as he lived? Now if this was not *calculation* on the part of Toby, we know not what

else to term it, and we could refer our readers to well-authenticated stories *in print*—as our dear old nurse used to say when she was determined to silence all incredulity—that go as far, and even farther, to show that these animals can calculate intervals of time.

We conclude with a very touching anecdote illustrative of

THE AFFECTION OF A WOLF.

The wolf, truculent though he be, is capable of a most cordial attachment to man. We have seen one follow his master about with all the manners of a faithful dog, and doing his bidding as obediently. In the instance recorded by M. F. Cuvier, the wolf was brought up and treated like a young dog; he became familiar with everybody whom he saw frequently, but he distinguished his master, was restless in his absence, and happy in his presence, acting almost precisely as a favorite dog would act. But his master was under the necessity of being absent for a time, and the unfortunate wolf was presented to the *Ménagerie du Roi*—where he was incarcerated in a den—he who had “affections, passions.” Most disconsolate of wolves was he, poor fellow! he pined—he refused his food—but the persevering kindness of his keepers had its effect upon his broken spirit, he became fond of them, and everybody thought that his ancient attachment was obliterated. Eighteen long months had elapsed since his imprisonment, when his old master came to see him. The first word uttered by the man, who was mingled in the crowd, had a magical effect. The poor wolf instantly recognised him with the most joyous demonstrations, and being set at liberty, fawned upon his old friend, and caressed him in the most affecting manner. We wish we could end the story here; but our wolf was again shut up, and another separation brought with it sadness and sorrow. A dog was given to him as a companion. Three years had elapsed since he last lost sight of the object of his early adoration; time had done much to soothe him, and his chum and he lived happily together—when the old master came again.

The “once familiar word” was uttered—the impatient cries of the faithful creature, and his eagerness to get to his master, went to the hearts of all; and when he was let out of his cage, and rushed to him, and with his feet on his shoulders, licked his face, redoubling his cries of joy, because he who had been lost was found; the eyes of bearded men, who stood by, were moistened, His keepers, to whom a moment before he had been all fondness, now endeavored to remove him; but all the wolf was then aroused within him, and he turned upon them with furious menaces. Again the time came when the feelings of this unhappy animal were to be sharply tried. A third separation was effected. The gloom and sullenness of the wolf were of a more deep complexion, and his refusal of food more stubborn, so that his life appeared to be in danger. His health, indeed—if health it could be called—slowly returned; but he was morose and misanthropic, and though the fond wretch endured the caresses of his keepers, he became savage and dangerous to all others who approached him. Here was a noble temper ruined.

EXCELSIOR,—No. 1. Nisbet and Co.

This is a new monthly aspirant for fame, professing to help Religion, Science, and Literature. The first glance at it, aided by the pedantry of its title, tells us at once that it is *not* for the multitude, but for a particular class of people.

Supported, as a periodical like this is sure to be, by a certain *clique*, its success as a speculation cannot be doubtful. It is a medley, however, that can never become generally popular; although it contains some subjects of pleasing interest. The admixture of religion with its other features, is in the most questionable taste; for however good anything may be, there is a time and a place for everything, and cant is *at all times* objectionable. We can afford to speak our mind openly.

Let us, however, turn from the blemishes, to give an example of the beauties. From a very interesting paper on “Life in its lower Forms,” we extract the following:—

WHAT IS LIFE?

There is a mystery couched under that little word, which all the research of philosophers has not been able to solve. Science, with the experience of ages, with all the appliances of art, and with all the persevering ingenuity and skill that could be brought to bear upon it, has ardently labored to lift the veil; but philosophy, and science, and art, stand abashed before the problem, and confess it a mystery still. The phenomena, the properties of life, are readily observable. We take a bird in our hands; a few moments ago it was full of energy and animation; it shook its little wings as it hopped from perch to perch; its eyes glanced brightly, and its throat quivered as it poured out the thrilling song which delighted us. Now, the voice has ceased, the eye is dim, the limbs are stiffening, and we know that it will move no more. Chemical changes have already begun to operate upon its organs; decomposition is doing its work, and soon the beautiful little bird will be a heap of dust. We say that *its life* has gone; but *what* is it that has gone? If we put the body in the most delicate balance, it weighs not a grain less than when it was alive; if we measure it, its dimensions are precisely the same; the scalpel of the anatomist finds all the constituent parts that made the living being; and what that mighty principle is, the loss of which has wrought such a change, alike eludes research and baffles conjecture. We are compelled here to recognise the Great First Cause, and to say, “In Him we live, and move, and have our being.”

The researches of modern science, however, aided by the inventions which it has brought into requisition, though they have been unable to throw a single ray of light on the nature of Life itself, have yet done much to make us familiar with its phenomena. The microscope, in particular, has opened to our inquiry what we may call a world of life, under phases and forms as strange and surprising as they were before unknown. It has enabled us also to separate and analyse the various substances or tissues of which the highest forms

of animate being are composed, and to resolve them into their first elements. Numerous and diverse as are these substances—bones, cartilage, sinew, nerve, muscle, hair, the teeth, the nails of the hand, the transparent lens of the eye,—all are reducible to one kind of structure. This structure is a cell. All organic substances are made up of cells. The primary organic cell is a minute, pellucid globule, invisible to the naked eye, and containing within it a smaller cell, called the *nucleus*, which again contains a still more minute granule, called the *nucleolus*, or little nucleus. Even the highest animals, in the early development of the embryo, are composed entirely of nucleated cells, which afterwards assume the forms peculiar to the various tissues. In the lowest classes of animals, their more simple bodies consist almost entirely of cells of this kind. If we take a minute portion of the gelatinous flesh of a *medusa* or a *zoophyte*, and crush it between two plates of glass beneath the microscope, the substance is presently resolved into a multitude of oval pellucid granules, each of which for a short time maintains a spontaneous motion, sometimes rotating upon itself, but more commonly jerking or quivering irregularly. These are the primary cells, and their motion is, doubtless, to be attributed to the presence of certain hairs, called *cilia*; for we cannot believe that it is at all connected with currents in the fluid that surrounds them, to which it has sometimes been referred.

Cilia play an important part in the economy of all animals. Even in the highest forms, many of the internal surfaces are furnished with them, and nearly all the motions which do not depend upon muscular contraction are produced by them. In the lower tribes, especially those which are aquatic, the office of these organs becomes more important and more apparent, until in the very lowest we find all movement originating with them.

The form of these essential organs is that of slender, tapering hairs, commonly arranged in rows, resembling the eyelashes; whence their name. The base of each hair is attached to the surface of the body to which it belongs, its whole length besides being free. During life each *cilium* maintains a uniform motion of a waving or lashing kind, bending down in one direction, and then straightening itself again. This movement is not performed by all the *cilia* together or in unison, but in rapid succession: for example, the instant after one has begun to bend, the next begins, then the next, and so on; so that before the first has resumed its erect condition, perhaps half-a-dozen of its successors are in different degrees of flexure. This sort of motion will perhaps be better understood by referring to that beautiful and familiar spectacle, the waves produced by the breeze upon a field of standing corn. The motion is exactly the same in both cases. The wind as it sweeps along, bends each stalk in turn, and each in turn reassumes its erect posture; thus the wave runs steadily on, though the stalks of corn never remove from their place. The appearance of the ciliary wave, when viewed with a good microscope, is so exquisitely charming, that even those who have been long familiar with it can scarcely ever behold it without admiration. Let us now speak of the

INFUSORIA.

The most minute and the most simple of all living beings, so far as the powers of the best microscopes have yet reached, closely resembles such a ciliated cell as we have been describing. It has been called the Twilight Monad (*Monas crepusculum*), so named because it is considered to be as it were the unit of existence—the point where the glimmering spark of life first emerges out of the darkness of nonentity. It consists of a tiny speck of pellucid matter rounded in form, and supposed, from its movements and from analogy, to be furnished with a single cilium, by the lashing action of which it rows itself through the water. No words can convey an adequate idea of the size of an animal so minute as this, but the imagination may be assisted by supposing a number of them to be arranged side by side in contact with each other, like the beads of a necklace, when twelve thousand of them would go comfortably within the length of a single inch. Eight hundred thousand millions would be contained in a cubic inch; and as they are found swarming in water to such a degree as that each is separated from its neighbors by a space not greater than its own diameter, a single drop of such water has been estimated to contain a thousand millions of living active beings. If we take a bunch of leaves, of the common sage for example, or a few twigs of hay, and, tying them into a bundle, suspend them in a jar of water, allowing the contents to remain untouched, but exposed to the air, some interesting results will follow. If we examine it on the second day, we shall find a sort of scum covering the surface, and the whole fluid becoming turbid, and slightly tinged with green. If now we take, with the point of a quill or a pin, a minute drop of the liquid, and examine it with a good microscope under a magnifying power of about two hundred diameters, we discover the water to be swarming with animal life. Immense multitudes of minute round or oval atoms are present, which move rapidly with a gliding action. These are animals of the genus *Monas* just described. Among them we shall probably see other bodies still more minute, resembling short lines, most of which are seen to be composed of more or fewer bead-like bodies, united into a chain. These occasionally bend themselves, wriggle nimbly, and effect a rather rapid progression in this manner. The scum, or transparent pellicle, is found to be composed of countless millions of these latter, congregated about as thickly as they can lie into patches. They constitute the genus *Vibrio*. Several may be seen among them briskly wriggling along, which resemble a little coil of spiral wire. Such forms bear the generic appellation of *Spirillum*.

As all infusions of vegetable or animal substances are found to be speedily filled with animals resembling these, in great variety, though not always of the same species, the circumstance has been seized by naturalists to afford a name by which this class of beings should be distinguished. They have been therefore called *Infusoria* or infusory animalcules; a very extensive group, and one which, in the more advanced state of our knowledge, it may be found desirable to divide, since it includes animals of very different grades of organisation. Those of which we have spoken,

are among the simplest of these forms. Every day during which the infusion is allowed to stand, will display fresh forms; and generally those which appeared most abundantly in the earlier stages will be found successively to die out, and be replaced by other species. The more highly-organised kinds will usually be discovered at the later periods.

NUGÆ. BY THE REV. JAMES BANKS, M.A., OF LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD. 12mo. Robert Hardwicke.

We have here a vast number of fugitive pieces, "original and translated,"—being what the author terms "the solace of rare leisure." They are all in verse; and will no doubt find many admirers.

We subjoin a single specimen, being an address to a fair girl on her birthday:—

Thou wilt not, dearest girl, despise
Thy would-be poet's lay;
Nor bid him check the thoughts that rise
Upon thy natal day.

Faint token is the gift he gives,
And faint the votive line,
T' express that all the life he lives,
His thoughts, his hopes, are—thine!

Yet still, as such the gift receive;
And though, alas! 'tis small,
Do thou in kindness, Love, believe
I fain would give thee—all!

May distant years recall to-day,
And each succeeding prove
Of me, the truth I strive to say,—
Of both, our constant love!

There is much feeling in the above; and no doubt the poetical arrow went direct to the heart at which it aimed. Let us hope so!

POEMS. BY WILLIAM MOLYNEUX. 12mo. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

This little volume of poems is dedicated by "a grateful Son" to his "affectionate Parents,"—a noble commencement to a worthy undertaking.

The author has, ere now (see OUR JOURNAL No. 52), appeared in our pages, and shown himself a true poet, possessed of fine feeling. We here find him essaying a higher flight, and presenting us with a variety of the outpourings of his gentle muse. The subjects are diversified,—natural, gay, romantic, pathetic, and descriptive, by turns. The Isle of Wight, Hastings, Arundel, and other favorite spots,—all are visited, and all afford food for the pen; Scotland, too, is laid under tribute.

The list of subscribers, printed at the commencement of the volume, is a pleasing proof of the estimation in which the author is held. The first and second are the Duke

and Duchess of Sutherland, and the third the Duchess of Argyll; whilst there are "Honorables" and "Right Honorables" by the dozen. This is "the" way to publish a book of poems. All other ways are useless.

ELEMENTS OF HEALTH. BY E. J. TILT, M.D. Henry Bohn.

The world we live in is a most ungrateful world. A man spends his whole life in the investigation of matters of vital interest to society; he records his observations; publishes them; and the public buy them, without perhaps ever reading them! They have laid out a few shillings; and here their gratitude (!) ceases.

This book is, of its class, inestimable; addressing itself most forcibly to every parent in the kingdom,—mothers in particular. We have read it with the greatest attention, and marvel at the mass of information that the indefatigable author has thrown together. If people *will* not learn wisdom—on themselves alone be the blame!

On a recent occasion (see vol. iv., p. 368), we penned an article on the still too prevalent custom of confining the female figure in a cruelly narrow prison of whalebone and steel; and we directed special attention to the unceasing efforts of MADAME CAPLIN (Berners Street) to effect a reform in this matter. We dwelt at much length, too, on *the manner* in which this is effected; and showed how many thousands of lives were saved annually by the exercise of only a little common-sense. Unfortunately, this last commodity is not the reigning "fashion;" hence its banishment from society! We are pleased to see that Dr. Tilt quite takes our view of this great question, and that Madame Caplin's almost superhuman efforts to bring people to reason are not lost upon him. Philanthropists are not met with every day, and they deserve the encouragement of all good men and women,—alas, how few!

We had marked a variety of extracts to prove the truth of what we have advanced. As, however, our columns are at present overcrowded, we shall hold them in reserve. A book like this is worth its weight in Californian gold. If people would but read it, and digest its contents—but, alas! this involves "thought!"—what a load of misery would be spared to children yet unborn!

MUSIC.

DAVIDSON'S MUSICAL TREASURY. SONG OF THE DOG. BY ELIZA COOK.—GOD HATH A VOICE. BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

We have before taken occasion to commend the establishment whence issue so many good and cheap pieces of popular music.

The two now under notice are part of the series; the poetry of each being by our own favorite, Eliza Cook,—the music by Henry Aspinall West, R.A.M., who has evidently entered feelingly into the task (pleasure?) allotted him, and acquitted himself well.

Everybody knows the poetry of these popular melodies by heart. Let them quickly become as well acquainted with their musical excellencies!

OBITUARY.

JOHN MARTIN, THE PAINTER.

SO EXTRAORDINARY A MAN AS JOHN MARTIN must not die without leaving behind him, in our pages, some record of his eventful life. A short summary will suffice to do him honor; for his WORKS yet live to speak eloquently of his great and singular talent.

Mr. John Martin, the painter, died at Douglas, in the Isle of Man, on the 17th of Jan. last, in his 65th year. He was born at Haydonbridge, near Hexham, in Northumberland, in 1789, and received his elementary education at the free school of that place. Having from his earliest years "determined to be a painter," and his family having removed to Newcastle, he was, at fourteen years of age, bound apprentice to a coach-builder of that town, on the understanding that he was to be taught the art of coach and heraldic painting; but, being subjected to the mere drudgery of the trade, he, at the end of the first year, resented the non-performance of the stipulation with spirit and success, the magistrates ordering the indentures to be cancelled as he wished.

He was then placed under an Italian drawing-master, Signor Musso, the father of the celebrated Charles Muss, the enamel painter. Young Muss having settled in London as a glass and china painter, encouraged young Martin to come to him, and gave him employment under his firm. He arrived in town in his eighteenth year, in 1806. Whilst working all day at china painting, he spent many hours at night in the acquirement of those branches of knowledge which he deemed essential in the arts, especially architecture and perspective.

In 1809, when twenty years old, he married. About that time the firm to which Mr. Muss belonged was dissolved, and the two friends were employed by Mr. Collins of the Strand. John Martin went on making water-color drawings at night, and even contrived to paint his first oil picture of "Clytie" for the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1810. That year it was rejected, but when again offered the next season it was received, and tolerably well hung in the great room. In 1812 he exhibited his "Sadak in Search of the Waters of Oblivion," the first striking indication of

his genius; and in 1815 he obtained £100 premium at the British Institution for his "Joshua Commanding the Sun to Stand Still." He produced the "Fall of Babylon" in 1819; his "Macbeth and the Witches" followed; and in 1821 appeared his memorable "Belshazzar's Feast," which produced a wonderful sensation, and obtained a premium of £200 at the British Institution. The "Destruction of Herculaneum" was less successful. Then came the "Seventh Plague" and the "Paphian Bower;" the "Creation" in 1824, and in 1826 the "Deluge," which was afterwards exhibited at the French Exhibition.

In the full force of his energies he commenced his "Fall of Nineveh," which came before the world in 1828. For some years subsequently, Mr. Martin's time and industry were chiefly employed in engraving from his pictures; and the ingenuity with which he applied new modes of varying the texture and perspective effects of large mezzotinto plates led to the progressive improvement so conspicuous in that department of art. But whilst thus engaged, he was almost forgotten as a painter, and it was only when he produced his picture of the "Coronation of Queen Victoria" that the world renewed its acquaintance with him. His pictures hung neglected on his walls: none but men of science or artists went to see them, whilst his quarrel with the Royal Academy kept him from exhibiting. But when the Coronation picture once more attracted the fashionable world, praise and patronage returned in full tide. The late Earl Grey first purchased his "Arethusa." The Duchess of Sunderland next gave him a commission for the "Assuaging of the Waters after the Deluge." Mr. Fergusson, Prince Albert, and Mr. Scarisbrook, became purchasers of his finest works.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary amount of industry spent on his pictures and engravings, nearly as much time and the larger portions of his earnings were expended on engineering plans for the improvement of London, the embankment of the Thames, and the drainage of the town; and on the ventilation of mines, lighthouses, and the improvement of our harbours. The money he actually expended on those ingenious projects must have exceeded £10,000, a large sum to be taken from the earnings of an artist, who, though temperate beyond most men, had his house always open to poor relations and a large circle of friends. Mr. Martin was seized with the illness which has terminated his career, on the 12th November. While painting and apparently in the enjoyment of good health, he was suddenly attacked with a paralytic stroke, which deprived him of the use of his speech, and of his right

hand. His family was assured that recovery from the attack was improbable, but hope was held out that he would not be soon taken away.

About a fortnight after the seizure he ceased to take food, except in the very smallest quantities, giving his attendants the impression that in so doing he was acting on some principle which he had accepted in his own mind, though he had no longer the power to explain the why and wherefore. Nothing could induce him to change this system of rigid abstinence, and the consequence was, that nature received inefficient sustenance, and he gradually sank until Jan. the 17th, when he ceased to breathe about six in the evening. Up to within an hour of his death he was conscious, and appeared to suffer no pain. His mind kept its tone, and his hand its power to the last. He was working on pictures illustrative of the Last Judgment within a few weeks of his death—the "Judgment," the "Day of Wrath," and the "Plains of Heaven." On these large works he had been employed for the last four years, and he may be said to have spent on them the last efforts of his genius. He was painting on the "Plains of Heaven" within an hour of his starting for the little island where he breathed his last. Of course these works are left unfinished.

He has left several children—all of them grown up. His brother will be remembered as having set fire to York Minster some years ago, in a fit of mental derangement. Mr. Martin was painter to King Leopold and other sovereigns on the Continent; but there is no picture by his hand in the National Gallery, or in any of our public Collections.

A LOVER'S COMPLIMENT.

Though my heart feels delight at the soft balmy breeze

That comes wafting its perfume to thee,
And the sweet rushing sound, as it sighs through
the trees,

Seems to give us a sense of the free;
Yet it still doth the source of the raptures invade
That belong to thy lover alone,
For the kiss that it steals should be mine, dearest
maid,

And the wealth of thy cheek all my own.

They say that the flow'rs' tender blossoms impart
To the zephyrs the fragrance they bear—
They are Nature's bright dewdrops that speak to
the heart,

So divinely, so silently fair!

But if earth were a desert, dark, barren, and bleak,
On which the bright sun could not shine,
Yet still would the air become balmy and sweet
FROM ITS CONTACT WITH LIPS SUCH AS THINE!

W. H.

THE MORNING OF LIFE.

'Tis pleasant, at the young day's birth,
When first the sunlight gilds the earth,
To stand and paint, with Fancy's aid,
The joys for which the day is made;—

To muse on happiness and health—
Of love and pleasure—honor, wealth,
Which must, to our fond hearts, be found
Amid the glorious scenes around.

We higher climb; the scene grows bright,
Enchanting visions meet our sight;
The air, like voiceless spirit, seems
To breathe into our souls sweet dreams—

Dreams of true friendships—loves, which ne'er
Shall cause a pang, or cost a tear;
Of joys serene—of bliss secure—
Of fame unsullied, lasting, pure.

This is the dewy hour of life,
The hour with morning fragrance rife,
When lofty hope and high desire,
The expanding mind with ardor fire;

And souls from beauty draw delight,
Like stars from yonder sun, their light;
And, basking in the radiance given,
Shed back the light of their own Heaven.

The sun is up within the soul,
And, though light clouds may sometimes roll,
And dim awhile the sunshine there,
They chill no hope, and wake no fear.

They see that some around are gay,
And mark the scant locks, shiv'ring, play
O'er the pale brow—that hands are weak,
And eyes of coming darkness speak.

But what age *means*, young hearts wot not—
Theirs is a bright and sunny spot,
Besprent with flowers, which Hope's fair hand
Still scatters richly o'er the land.

And still they haste, with joyous feet,
The upland scenes of life to greet;
Where Love spreads fair his kindling beams,
And gilds young Passion's gushing streams.

WOMAN'S FAITHFULNESS.

GONE from her cheek is the summer bloom,
And her lip has lost all its faint perfume;
And the gloss has dropped from her golden hair,
And her cheek is pale, but no longer fair.

And the spirit that sate on her soft blue eye
Is struck with cold mortality;
And the smile that played round her lip has fled,
And every charm has now left the dead.

Like slaves they obeyed her in height of power,
But left her all in her wintry hour;
And the crowds that swore for her love to die,
Shrunk from the tone of her last faint sigh,—
And this is man's fidelity!

'Tis woman alone, with a purer heart,
Can see all these idols of love depart,
And love the more, and smile and bless
Man in his uttermost wretchedness.

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE INSECT WORLD IN EARLY SPRING.

THE GNAT.



HERE ARE SO MANY WONDERS IN OUR LOWER WORLD, AND THEY ARE NOW MULTIPLYING SO FAST, that we shall find it somewhat difficult to keep pace with them. However, we will bring them into view, one by one; and what we cannot record on paper, we will assuredly examine in the open air.

Among the early visitants in the insect world we gladly recognise the gnat. The sight of him fills our hearts with rejoicing, as the thought of Spring being at our elbow immediately suggests itself. Long since has he been seen, sunning himself in Sol's golden rays; and many hours of happiness has he had whilst pursuing his giddy exhilarating flight.*

We shall have many a glorious morning during the present month, and no doubt many a quiet stroll where our hero loves to ramble. Imagining ourselves in an oak wood, let us listen to what a very pleasant writer says about the gnat. He is recording his reminiscences of insect life.

Entering the wood, a sprinkle of snow, crisp and glittering, slightly veiled the wood-tracks; and as we trod them, we heard not a sound but the little gems breaking on the spangled pathway. Our spirits were so light, our blood danced so briskly, our heart glowed, like our feet, so warmly, and rose so thankfully to the Great Source of all things, calm and bright and beautiful, that we longed for something animate to join us in our homage of enjoyment. The wish was hardly conceived ere it was accomplished; for on passing beneath a canopy of low, interlacing branches, we suddenly found ourselves making one with a company of gnats—dancing, though more mutely, quite as merrily as they could possibly have footed it on the balmy air of a

* We may here remark, that the first grand day this year for an observation of the birth of gnats, was February 26. The morning was one of extreme loveliness. The sun rose "happily" upon the world; and diffused universal joy over the whole face of nature throughout the entire day. To reckon up the numerous bodies of happy gnats (giddy with ecstasy), that started into life in all imaginable corners, would be an impossibility. The sun's rays performed miracles as we walked along. Bees, flies, gnats, beetles,—all met our wondering eye; nor did vegetation in its turn remain idle. Trees and flowers were busy as the rest; and the earth acknowledged gratefully its obligations to the Author of all good. We shall not soon forget the delights of *that* day: nor the joyousness of our feelings as we contemplated this lovely commencement of Nature's handiwork.—ED. K. J.

summer's eve. Their appearance was welcome to our eyes, not as flowers in *May*, but as flowers in *February*; and we sat down on one of the oaken stumps hard by, to watch their evolutions. Mazy and intricate enough, in sooth, they seemed; yet these light-winged figurantes, little as one might think it, would seem to have "measure in their mirth," aye, and mathematics too; for it is stated as a fact, in Darley's "Geometrical Companion," that no three of these dancers can so place themselves that lines joining their point of position shall form either more or less than two right angles. The set upon which we had intruded was an assemblage of those Tipulidan or long-legged gnats, which have been named *tell-tales*; we suppose because by their presence in winter they seem to tell a tale of early Spring, belied by the bitter east, which often tells us another story when we turn from their sheltered saloon of assembly.

In this single instance, however, these are not the only tell-tales of their kind; for quite as common, at the same season, are some other parties of aerial dancers, one of which we fell in with soon after we had taken leave of the first. These were tiny sylphs, with black bodies and wings of snow-white gauze, and like "choice spirits black, white, and grey,"—for they wore plumes of the latter color—they were greeting the quiet young year with mirth and revelry; and that over a frozen pool, whose icy presence one would have fancied quite enough for their instant annihilation. But though warmed by exercise, these merry mates care so little for the cold without, they are glad enough, when occasion serves, to profit by the shelter of our windows. In ours we often watch them; and you, good reader, had better seek for them, unless you would miss the sight of as pretty and elegant a little creature as any one could desire to look at on a fine summer's, much more winter's day.

We have spoken of the plumes of these winged revellers, black, white, and grey, which dance in the air as merrily as the Quaker's wife in the song; but here be it observed that our gnats' wives, with real Quaker-like sobriety, rarely, if ever, dance at all, and never by any accident wear feathers. They may do work, as we shall perhaps discover by and by; but as for plumes, in poetic phrase, "feathered antlers,"—in scientific, "*pectinate antennae*," these are decorations of vanity exclusively confined among all gnats to the masculine gender. Gnats' balls, therefore, contrary to usual custom, are made up of beaux.

'Tis merry in the hall when beards wag all,
says the morose proverb, steeped in the boozing barbarism of days gone by; and these

ungallant flies would seem still to think it merry in the air when their dames are not there.

Though courting the winter's gleam, everybody can tell that gnats by no means hide their heads with the summer sun, for they seem to rejoice at his setting as much as at his rising,—in his absence as well as in his presence. In short, at every hour, as at every season, "*Dansez toujours*" seems their motto: up and down, in and out, and round about, in the morning, noon, and evening of our day, as in the morning, noon, and evening of their own existence.

But stay! here we are arrived at the end of the dance, nay, at the end of our dancers' lives, without having said a word about their beginning. Well, we have nothing for it but to go backwards, jumping over the steps already made, up to the *premier pas*, our aerial performers' birth and parentage. Everybody, we conclude, has a general notion concerning the passage of a butterfly through the successive stages of caterpillar, chrysalis, and winged flutterer. Then only let it be borne in mind that all perfect insects have passed through three stages corresponding, though not similar, which are yecept by entomologists those of larva, pupa, and imago.

Now for the commencement of the gnat's life of buoyancy, which commences in the water. Man has been believed by the nations of antiquity to have

Learn'd of the little Nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the rising gale;

but he might also have taken a first lesson in boat-building from an object common in almost every pond, though, certainly, not so likely to attract attention as the sailing craft of that bold mariner, the little Argonaut. This object is a boat of eggs; not a boat egg-laden, nor yet that witches' transport, an egg-shell boat, but a buoyant life-boat, curiously constructed of her eggs by the common gnat. How she begins and completes her work may be seen by any one curious enough, and wakeful enough, to repair by five or six in a morning to a pond or bucket of water, frequented by gnats. The boat itself, with all we are going to describe, and all we have depicted from the life may be seen at home, and at all hours, within the convenient compass of a basin filled from an adjacent pond.

When complete, the boat consists of from 250 to 350 eggs, of which, though each is heavy enough to sink in water, the whole compose a structure perfectly buoyant—so buoyant as to float amidst the most violent agitation. What is yet more wonderful, though hollow, it never fills with water; and even if we push it to the bottom of our mimic pool, it will rise unwetted to the sur-

face. This cunning craft has been likened to a London wherry, being sharp and high fore and aft, convex below, concave above, and always floating on its keel. In a few days each of the numerous lives within, having put on the shape of a grub or larva, issues from the lower end of its own flask-shaped egg; but the empty shells continuing still attached, the boat remains a boat till reduced by weather to a wreck.

There let us leave it, and follow the fortunes of one of the crew after he has left his cabin which he quits in rather a singular manner, emerging through its bottom into the water. Happily, however, he is born a swimmer and can take his pleasure in his native element, poising himself near its surface, head downwards, tail upwards. Why chooses he this strange position? Just for the same reason that we rather prefer, when taking a dabble in the waves, to have our heads above water,—for the convenience, namely, of receiving a due supply of air, which the little swimmer in question sucks in through a sort of tube in his tail. This breathing apparatus, as well as the tail itself, serves also for a buoy, and both end in a sort of funnel, composed of hairs arranged in a star-like form, and anointed with an oil by which they repel water.

When tired of suspension near the surface, our little swimmer has only to fold up these divergent hairs, and plump he sinks down to the bottom. He goes, however, provided with the means of re-ascension—a globule of air, which the oil enables him to retain at his funnel's ends, on re-opening which he again rises whenever the fancy takes him. But yet a little while, and a new era arrives in the existence of this buoyant creature;—buoyant in his first stage of *larva*, in his second of *pupa* he is buoyant still. Yet, in resemblance, how unlike! But lately topsyturvy, his altered body first assumes what we should call its natural position, and he swims, head upwards, because within it there is now contained a different, but equally curious apparatus for inhaling the atmospheric fluid. Seated behind his head arises a pair of respirators, not very much unlike the aural appendages of an ass, to which they have been compared; and through these he feeds on air, requiring no grosser aliment. At his nether extremity there expands a fish-like, finny tail, by help of which he can either float or strike at pleasure through the water.

Thus passes with our buoyant pupa the space of about a week; and then another, and a more important change comes "o'er the spirit of his dream." With the gradual development of superior organs, the little spark of sensitivity within seems awakened to a new desire to rise upwards. Fed for a season upon air, the insect's desires seem to have grown aerial.

While a noon-day sun is warm upon the water, as yet his native element, he rises to the surface, and above it, elevating both head and shoulders, as if gasping for the new enjoyments which await him. His breast swells, as it were, with the sweet anticipation; his confining corslet bursts; and the head—not that which has played its part on the stage of being now about to close, but another—all plumed and decorated for a more brilliant theatre, emerges through the rent, followed by the shoulders and the filmy wings which are to play upon the air. But have a care, my little debutant! Thou art yet upon the water; an unlucky somerset would wet thy still soft and drooping pinions, and render them unfit for flight. Now is thy critical moment—hold thee steady—lose not thy perpendicular, or—but why fear we for the little mariner? He who clothes the lily and feeds the sparrow, has provided him support in this his hour of peril. The stiff covering of his recent form, from which he is struggling to escape, now serves him as a life-boat, the second to which he will owe his safety. His upright body forms its mast as well as sail; and in the breeze now rippling the water, he is wafted rapidly along. He will assuredly be capsized from press of sail. But see, he has acquired by this time other helps to aid his self-preserving efforts. His slender legs, hitherto hung pendant, now feel for and find the surface of the pool. His boat is left behind, and, still endowed with an aquatic power, he stands a moment on the water, then rises buoyant, a winged inhabitant of air!

I CANNOT SAY "FAREWELL!"

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

I can bid adieu to grandeur
Without one fond regret,
And part with pomp and pageantry
As gaily as we met.
I think on thee, and o'er my heart
Love weaves a secret spell;
Oh it is hard indeed to part,—
To breathe the word "Farewell!"

In vain I join the happy throng,
My spirit yearns for thee;
The sportive dance, the merry song,
Have now no charms for me.
A sadness o'er my spirit came,
Where joy was wont to dwell;
My lips refus'd to breathe thy name,
To add the word "Farewell!"

I'm pledg'd, e'en with my latest breath
To shield my country's laws;
To brave both penury and death,
In freedom's noble cause;
But ah! I must this subject shun,
I dare not on it dwell;
May Heaven bless thee, dearest one!
I cannot say,—"Farewell!"

OUR EARLY FLOWERS.

THE SWEET VIOLET AND PRIMROSE.

THE SWEET VIOLET has been, from the most ancient times, a favorite of poets, and an object of pursuit to all who can relish simple and innocent pleasures. It eminently unites simplicity, elegance, and modest grace, with a delicious fragrance. Homer places it in the garden of Calypso, and from his time downwards the allusions to it by the poets are far too numerous for us to attempt either enumeration or selection.

The sweet violet grows with us on banks by the sides of fields and roads, often by the borders of streams, generally in considerable quantities together; its characteristic mode of growth, by runners, contributing to extend it where it has once obtained a footing. It requires a pure air, and can hardly be kept alive amidst the smoke of cities. It often flowers in the latter part of February, and March may be considered as its proper period of blooming; but there is a variety now common in gardens, which flowers at nearly all seasons, so that by a little management and protection in the worst weather, a never-failing supply may be obtained. There is a very pretty white or cream-colored variety nearly as common in most parts of England as the purple one, and quite as fragrant. It is strictly the same species, differing only in color, but it appears to be a permanent variety continued by seed, not a mere individual peculiarity. Pale blue, lilac, and red varieties are less common, but occasionally occur.

Both the purple and white are also found double in gardens; and, as in this flower the fragrance arises from the flower-leaves or petals themselves, there is an increased sweetness in the double varieties that gives them a just claim to attention, though the single might, perhaps, be thought more beautiful. The most usual way in which a flower becomes double, is by the organs called *stamens*, which form the third circle, changing into *petals* the parts of the second circle; and this is generally accompanied by an indefinite multiplication of the pieces, whilst any peculiar development of any part of a circle, as one petal of a violet, or a nasturtium running out into a spur, is lost in the double flower. In some instances, the inner circle, consisting of the seed-bearing organs, called by botanists *carpels*, is also changed into colored flat pieces, resembling petals, as in double anemones, where the two kinds of parts in the double flower can be well distinguished. Sometimes, as in the double cherry, the carpels appear as green leaves in the middle of the double flower; but most commonly, as happens in the violet, the inner circle remains unchanged, or is almost suppressed.

The sweet violet, like some others of its family, is liable to another change, the reverse of doubling. Its later flowers are frequently altogether without petals, and these are believed to be peculiarly fertile, the nutriment being all concentrated in the parts which remain. There is, likewise, a variety in which the number of spurs is increased.

The violet has all the four circles of parts, and none multiplied so as to exceed the characteristic number of the class to which it belongs, which is five; the inner circle has, indeed, only three parts. In the exterior or *calyx* circle, we may easily notice that three of the pieces stand a little outside the other two. To these three principal *sepals* (to make use of the very convenient botanical name of the parts of the exterior circle, which, as a whole, is called the calyx, or cup) the three *carpels* correspond; and we must consider the two other pieces of the complete circle as being suppressed from their interior position, and the pressure of the exterior circles, which causes the three carpels to unite by their edges into one seed-vessel.

The sepals are distinct, and but slightly irregular in position and magnitude, resembling small, narrow leaves, and having each of them a leafy appendage at the bottom, which is characteristic of the family. The five petals stand all distinct; the one which, from the position of the flower, is the lowest, receiving the greatest share of nutriment, and being in consequence marked with more color on the nerves, and lengthened out into a hollow spur behind. The *stamens* are broad below; the anther cases open inwards, and they are crested at the top. The same irregularity which causes the lower petal to enlarge into a spur, causes each of the two stamens nearest to it to send down little spurs, which enter that formed by the petal. These are curious, and are perhaps generally overlooked. The irregularity in the violet tribe is slight, chiefly affecting the circle of petals, and by no means extending to all the species.

Where several carpels unite to form one seed vessel, it is much the most common for each one to be folded on itself, like a peapod, which is one carpel; and for the whole number to cling together by their broad surfaces, so that all the seeds, which are always on the edges of the carpels, are brought together in the axis; and the whole seed-vessel, when cut horizontally, shows as many distinct cells as there are carpels, each having its own seeds. The carpels of the violet only join by their edges, so that the whole seed-vessel is but one cell, and the seeds are not found in the axis, but, so to speak, in the walls of the seed-vessel on three lines, where the carpels unite. The union of the carpels is so complete, that when the

seed-vessel dries, and must open, the split is down the middle of each carpel, instead of on the lines of junction; and thus, when the ripe capsule has opened into three pieces, called *valves*, we see the seeds in a line down the middle of each, instead of on the two edges of each, according to their natural position. On carefully opening the little seed, we find a straight embryo in the axis of a fleshy albumen.

Every one is acquainted with the heart-shaped leaves of the violet, nearly free from hairs, with their margins cut in the manner that botanists call *crenate* (the portions of the edge being rounded); standing on long footstalks, and with small, sharp, membranous additional leaves, of the kind called stipules, at their base. The sweet violet is distinguished by not having a branched leafy stem, and by producing runners that form new plants, like the strawberry.

The received botanical name of the sweet violet is *Viola odorata* (*scented violet*). Besides the heartsease, or pansy, which has plainly the characters of a violet, and belongs to the *genus*, there are several wild British species, and three or four very desirable cultivated ones; not to refer to the many little known in this country, the whole genus in 1824 having above 100 species, published in De Candolle's great work; but none of them can rival the sweet violet. Who has not delightful recollections of violet hunting excursions in opening spring—sweet memories of fragrant banks rewarding adventurous search—and of treasures of perfumed loveliness conveyed to dear ones at home, who could not partake in the chase? We hardly know whether the white or the purple variety is most to be admired. As they modestly peep from beneath the shelter of their clustered leaves, their sweet breath first betraying them to the passer-by, both are irresistible in their charms. In our gardens we delight in the double varieties, and of late years we have added to them the ever-blooming sort already referred to, by means of which the metropolis is supplied with sweet bouquets at every season.

We need hardly say that the name Violet is a diminutive form from the Latin *Viola*, which originally belonged to the species of which we are speaking, and is extended as the botanical name for the family, of which it is the most interesting member. Some have derived *viola* from the Latin name for a way—*via*; as if it meant "way-side flower;" but it is manifestly the Latin form of the Greek name *ion*, which is supposed to express the dark purple of the flower. Many words, transferred from Greek to Latin, which, in their original language begin with a vowel, commence in Latin with the semi-consonant *v*; and in giving the name its

feminine termination, which pleased the Latins, instead of the Greek neuter, the liquid *l* was required to keep two vowels asunder. These are familiar and natural changes, and the best etymologists are agreed that the derivation admits of no doubt.

The violets are exogenous plants, with the parts of the three outer circles, a complete single series in each, all distinct, disposed to irregularity, chiefly in the petals; the stamens all perfect, with their anthers crested, turned inwards; carpels three coherent; seeds with albumen. This character belongs to the order violaceæ, but will distinguish the genus also from all with which our readers are likely to compare it. We have already pointed out the marks by which this particular species, *Viola odorata*, is known; and the smell would remove all doubt, if other marks were not clearly understood.

THE PRIMROSE.

In selecting a few familiar and favorite flowers as the subjects of illustration (which we hope may serve at once to extend a knowledge of the true principles of botanical science, and to cultivate a taste for the rational study of the beautiful objects which surround us on all sides), we cannot think of passing by the primrose, a flower of the present season, one which is within almost everybody's reach; since, whilst the hand of Nature plentifully scatters it over the banks and through the thickets, there are few gardens which do not contain it in its natural state, or in some of its varieties; often mingled, too, with kindred forms, which may be profitably compared with it; and even in the heart of crowded cities, the demand for this much-loved flower awakens the industry of some rustic merchant adventurer, who brings round his well-stocked basket of blooming roots, from which the flower-pots and window-boxes of the poor artisan, as well as the borders of the little suburban garden, are cheaply supplied.

It is, perhaps, an additional recommendation to our notice on the present occasion, that the primrose differs widely in structure from the plants which we have previously examined, and thus gives opportunity for explaining the application of the principles we have laid down to forms apparently the most opposed and inconsistent, which will be made to manifest their common relationships, and mutually to throw light on each other.

After the fundamental differences which divide all flowering plants into *exogenous* and *endogenous*, the most obvious distinction consists in the circles of which the flower is composed being single of each kind, or one or more kinds either omitted or multiplied; in these circles being separate, or adhering one upon another; in the several pieces of

each circle remaining separate, or cohering by their edges, so as to seem to form but one; and in the organs of the several circles being equally or unequally developed.

The *winter aconite* belongs to an order characterised by the separation of all its parts, and is likewise regular. The *violet* has its interior circle—that of the carpels, united by coherence into a compound seed-vessel, though the pressure is not very close. It also exhibits irregularity in its petals and stamens. The *primrose* is perfectly regular, but all the circles have their parts coherent, and there is a remarkable adherence of the petals and stamens, including between them an abortive outer circle of stamens, of which in general slight traces remain, but attention to which is nevertheless important for giving a true idea of the flower. The inner or carpellary circle also claims very particular attention.

The primrose has an almost fleshy root with long fibres, numerous leaves spring from the stem immediately above the ground, of an obovate-oblong figure (that is, somewhat egg-shaped, with the larger end outwards, but disproportionately lengthened below), irregularly toothed, soft, downy, and wrinkled, tapering gradually into broad leaf-stalks, with the margin folded back in the younger ones. These leaves decay without dropping off, and the lower portions of the leaf-stalk remaining attached to the stem, swell into reservoirs of nourishment, converting the fleshy stem into what has been called a notched or jointed root, the stem sinking into the ground, and sending forth fresh fibres from above each remnant of a leaf. The flowers proceed, a number of them together, from one common rudiment of a stalk, which is sometimes elevated (especially in gardens) so as to have the appearance of the oxlip or polyanthus. Each flower is large, of the pleasing, pale sulphur color, which takes the name of primrose, with a darker radiating spot in the middle, and sweet-scented.

The calyx, or outer circle, has its five sepals cohering for about two-thirds of their length into a tubular, five-angled cup. The corolla is salver-shaped, with the five petals cohering into a tube, separating only in the border. The five stamens adhere with the corolla, so as to appear to spring from its tube, their insertion being sometimes very low, so that they are concealed from view; sometimes so high as to fill the mouth of the tube, which makes the florist's distinction of *pin-eyed* and *thumb-eyed*, but always *opposite to the petals*. This is a characteristic peculiarity of the tribe; and as the general law is for the parts of the circles to alternate with one another, we are naturally led to seek for some explanation. On examina-

tion, we perceive that the throat of the corolla, above the insertion of the stamens, has a little border of five rounded parts placed *alternately* between the petals and stamens, and unquestionably representing an intermediate circle of abortive stamens, which by pressure is amalgamated with the corolla. In the poorest primroses the stamens are lowest in the tube, and the border of the eye is least developed: hence the enlarged full throat and the thumb-eye are approved by florists in all the primrose tribe, in the auricula and polyanthus as well as the primrose itself.

As we have here proposed a theory to explain the peculiar position of the stamens in the primrose tribe, we will mention in justification of it, that in some species of *Lysimachia*, the loose-strife, which belongs to the same tribe, the five additional organs are seen as a set of pointed filaments more or less approaching the aspect of stamens, inserted between the petals; and in another genus, *Samolus*, they evidently resemble barren or imperfect stamens in the same position. The five carpels cohere so completely to their very points, as to form an ovate seed-vessel with a pin-shaped pistil, appearing like a single organ. The coherence being by the edges of the carpellary leaves, the capsule is one-celled; but what is very remarkable, the seeds, instead of appearing along the line of junction of the pieces, as in the violet, are on the surface of a central receptacle forming a sort of knob. The usual explanation of this structure is, that only the lower part of the carpellary leaf is allowed to perfect its germs; and that these lower seed-bearing portions unite into the central receptacle, while the remaining portion of the leaves forms the seed-vessel.

This explanation is far from being satisfactory; and we are tempted to suppose that the receptacle is a prolongation of the axis of the flowers, that the outer circle of carpellary leaves produces no germs, but merely forms the envelope, whilst each leaf on the produced axis, instead of becoming a carpel, becomes a germ. In fact, if we properly seize and follow out analogies, the rudiment within the seed is a sort of bud, and the seed-case a transformation of its accompanying leaf. Some eminent botanists maintain, that in all cases the seed really proceeds from the axis, not from the border of the leaf. But there are sufficient instances in nature of actual buds being produced on leaves, and in a large class of seed-vessels we take the explanation of the seeds being borne on the margin of the carpels to be indisputable; we must, however, acknowledge that there is no reason why they should not be also produced, like the majority of common buds, upon the axis, and we therefore make it our

inquiry, which view can be best supported in each particular case? Now there are monstrosities of the primrose tribe, in which the seeds are actually transformed into small leaves; and from these we are disposed to conclude that in this tribe the circle of carpels only protects a terminal portion of the axis on which all the leaves become seeds. We are here leading our readers into one of the difficult questions of theoretical botany; but it is curious and interesting, and if, as we hope, we have made our meaning intelligible, they will not be sorry to see how different botany is from a mere science of names, and how much there is to think upon—what various evidence must be weighed, before we understand the structure of a very simple flower.

If any of our readers should compare our description of the primrose with those which occur in books, they will remark material differences in *the language employed*. We have recognised five sepals and five petals cohering together; a point which we cannot but think very important; yet, not to refer to older or less eminent writers, Dr. Lindley, in describing the tribe for his *Vegetable Kingdom*, though really taking in these particulars the view of the structure which we have given, calls the calyx *five-cleft*, and the corolla *monopetalous*—language which implies the singleness of the organ, instead of the union of its pieces; and in the eighth part of De Candolle's *Prodromus*, the very work (continued by his son since his death) of the great reformer of our ideas and language on these subjects, the learned author of the article on the Primrose tribe, DUBY, not only everywhere uses the common inaccurate language, but is guilty of employing the term *monopetalous*, though his eminent master adopted the name *sepals* for the leaves of the calyx, expressly in order to get rid of the misleading term, *one-leaved*, and to make it easy to mark the real structure, whether the sepals in the particular case should be distinct, or in various degrees united. We hope to be excused for endeavoring to correct these oversights of distinguished men, and using words that convey at once the acknowledged truths. Well-instructed men of science are not misled by language which is common, though founded on opinions now abandoned; but if we want to make the truths of science generally intelligible and interesting, we must adopt terms that cannot be mistaken.

The primrose varies in color to white, lilac, various reddish or purple shades, and a deep rich crimson. The best of these colors have also been obtained double, and are beautiful and favorite garden flowers. LINNÆUS thought the primrose, the oxlip, and the cowslip, only varieties of one species, and forms are to be met with which almost seem

to justify this opinion; but it is on the whole more convenient to admit the three plants as distinct. If we had not already exceeded bounds, we could say much of the best known foreign species and cultivated varieties of the primrose, especially the auricula and the polyanthus, but we must not indulge ourselves.

The favorite names, rose and violet, were of very vague and extensive application among our ancestors, and primrose (*prima rosa*) first flower of the season, marks the favor with which this plant was regarded.

The botanical name now received in this country is *primula vulgaris*, but it is the *P. acaulis* of Curtis's London Flora, and the *P. grandiflora* of Duby in De Candolle's Prodromus, a work of great authority, much referred to. The natural order is called *Primulaceæ*, and contains many well known plants—all herbaceous, with a capsular many-seeded fruit, having a free central receptacle for the seeds and the stamens opposite the petals; the straight embryo in the midst of albumen, and lying parallel with the scar.

W. HINCKS, F.L.S.

ZOOLOGICAL FOLK LORE—No. V.

BY J. M'INTOSH, MEM. ENT. SOC., ETC.

(Continued from Page 99.)

No. 44. EGGS.—In North Nottinghamshire there exists a species of superstition against letting eggs out of the house after sunset. The *Nottingham Journal*, alluding to this species of ignorance, says, "A friend of ours the other day, in want of some eggs, called at a respectable farmhouse in East Markham, and inquired of the good woman of the house whether she had any eggs to sell. She replied that she had a few scores to dispose of. "Then I'll take them home with me in the cart," was the answer. To this she somewhat indignantly replied, "No you will not. Don't you know that the sun has gone down? You are welcome to the eggs at a proper time of the day, but I will not let them go out of the house after the sun is set, on any consideration whatever." Can this be true in enlightened 1854?

45. THE RAVEN.—The raven is almost coeval with man. In the best and most ancient of all books, we read (Genesis viii. 7), that at the end of forty days after the great flood had covered the earth, Noah, wishing to ascertain whether or no the waters had abated, sent forth a raven, which did not return into the ark. This is the first notice taken of this bird. Though the raven was declared unclean by the law of Moses, yet we are informed, that when the prophet Elijah provoked the enmity of Ahab by

prophesying against him, and hid himself by the brook Cherith, the ravens were appointed by Heaven to bring him his daily food (2 Kings, xvii. 5—6). The color of the raven has given rise to a similitude in one of the most beautiful strains, which has been perpetuated in all subsequent ages; it is not the less pleasing for being proverbial. The favorite of the royal lover of Jerusalem, in the enthusiasm of affection, thus describes the object of her adoration, in reply to the following question:—

What is thy beloved more than another beloved,
O thou fairest among women?

My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among
Ten thousand. His head is as the most fine gold,
His locks are bushy, and black as a raven.

This ill-fated bird has, from time immemorial, been the innocent subject of vulgar obloquy and detestation!

Augury, or the art of foretelling future events by the flight, cries, or notions of birds, descended from the Chaldeans to the Greeks, thence to the Etrurians, and from them it was transmitted to the Romans. That the practice of augury is very ancient, we learn from the Hebrew lawgiver, who prohibits it, as well as every other kind of divination. (Deut. chap. xviii.) The Romans derived the knowledge of augury chiefly from the Tuscans, or Etrurians, who practised it in the earliest times. This art was known in Italy before the time of Romulus, since that prince did not commence the building of Rome till he had taken the Auguria. The successors of Romulus, from a conviction of the usefulness of the science, and at the same time not to render it contemptible by becoming too familiar, employed the most skilful augurers from Etruria to introduce the practice into their religious ceremonies; and by a decree of the Senate, some of the youth of the best families were annually sent to Tuscany to be instructed in this art. (See Cicero de Divin.)

The ancients were not the only people infected by this species of superstition. The moderns, though favored with the light of Christianity, have exhibited as much folly, through the impious curiosity of prying into futurity, as the Romans themselves. It is true that modern nations have not instituted their sacred colleges for the purpose of divination; but in all countries there have been self-constituted augurs, whose interpretations of omens have been received with vulgar respect by the credulous multitudes. Even at this moment, in some parts of the world, if a raven alights on a village church, the whole fraternity is in an uproar, and Heaven is importuned in all the ardor of devotion, to avert the impending calamity.

On a very recent occasion (See "Notes

and Queries," vol. vii., p. 496), at an ordinary meeting of the guardians of the poor, an application was made by the relieving officer on behalf of a single woman residing in the small village of Altarnun. The cause of seeking relief was stated to be "grief;" and on asking for an explanation, the officer stated that the applicant's inability to work was owing to depressed spirits, produced by the flight of a croaking raven over her dwelling on the morning of his visit to the village. The pauper was by this circumstance, in connection with its well-known ominous character, actually frightened into a state of wretched, nervous depression, which induced physical want.

The poets have taken advantage of this weakness of human nature; and in their hands the raven is a fit instrument of terror. Shakspeare puts the following malediction into the mouth of his Caliban:—

As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feathers from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both!

The ferocious wife of Macbeth, on being advised of the approach of Duncan, thus exclaims:—

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements.

The Moor of Venice says:—

It comes o'er my memory
As doth the raven o'er this infected house,
Boding evil to all.

The last quotation alludes to the supposed habit of this bird flying over those houses which contain sick persons whose dissolution is at hand, and thereby announced. Thus, Marlowe, in the "Jew of Malta," as cited by Malone, says:—

The sad presaging raven tolls
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,
And in the shadow of the silent night
Doth shake contagion from her sooty wing.

46. WELSH LEGEND OF THE REDBREAST. — Far, far, far away is a land of woe, darkness, spirits of evil, and fire. Day by day does the little bird bear in his bill a drop of water to quench the flames. So near to the burning stream does he fly, that his feathers are scorched, and hence he is named Bron-rhuddyn (breast-burnt). The robin returns from the land of *fire*, and therefore he feels the cold of winter more than other birds. Oh! then, in gratitude throw a few crumbs to poor redbreast!

47. THE COCKCHAFER. — In Somerset, Devon, Cornwall, and other counties, this common and injurious insect is known by the vulgar name of oak-web.

*Middle Street, Taunton,
March 15.*

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

No. LIII.—PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN.

BY F. J. GALL, M.D.

(Continued from Page 102.)

WE CANNOT DENY THAT CERTAIN INDIVIDUALS have hereditary propensities to crimes, and even to those of the most atrocious character. Helvetius himself, the great antagonist of the innateness of the qualities of the mind and soul, is obliged to allow "that there are men so unfortunately constituted as never to be happy but in doing deeds which will send them to the gallows." Cardinal Polignac, also, speaks of men "born vicious; for whom crime has actual charms, and who are borne along by a furious passion, which obstacles only irritate."

Thus far, however, the propensities of which I speak are not of the number of those which evince an actual alienation. These propensities render the most energetic measures necessary, and criminals of this description cannot be tolerated in society. The greater part, according to the expression of M. de Sonnenfels, "ought to be slain, as we slay wild beasts, to prevent their destroying the human race."

It has been objected to me, that these persons ought not to be judged by their organisation. It is not pretended that they should be. But it is desirable to prove the reality of these facts, and to explain them by this perverse organisation, that people may cease to accuse the voluntary perversity of these monsters.

Let us quit this painful subject, to notice those cases in which we may pronounce with confidence on the absence of moral liberty; and, consequently, the impossibility of admitting moral guilt, or any kind of responsibility. Such are those cases, in which illegal actions may be considered as done from imbecility of mind, mental alienation, or certain derangements of the natural state of health.

It will, perhaps, be said that the acts of imbecile or deranged persons are not subject to the operation of criminal laws. But my researches on this subject will throw great light on the preceding discussion; and, on the other hand, it appears to me essential to determine with the greatest precision, the circumstances in which one of the cases mentioned really occurs. I shall treat separately of each of these subjects.

Application of my Principles to illegal Acts which result from a peculiar weakness of the Mental Faculties.

I here make use of the expression, *peculiar weakness* of the mental faculties, because I am treating only of actions which are the consequence of a greater or less imbecility of mind. I shall not speak of acts which flow from complete and general stupidity of intellect. These last acts being purely involuntary or automatic, have not even the appearance of moral liberty, and can by no means form the subject of my present researches.

Among the young boys who were brought to us in one of the prisons of Berlin (Stadt-Vogtey), there was one who particularly attracted our attention. We advised that he should not be set

at liberty, because he would not be restrained from a continuance of his robberies. We added that the best thing which could be done, was to keep him always in a place of security. We communicated our reasons to those who accompanied us. They consulted the register, and found, to their great surprise, that this young boy had, from his earliest infancy, shown the most obstinate propensity to theft. Our adversaries availed themselves of this opportunity to place in the strongest light what they were pleased to find frightful and dangerous in my doctrine. "To condemn," said they, "a young boy to perpetual imprisonment, because he has committed a theft; what can be more cruel or revolting to humanity?"

What reason had we then, to give this advice? I have already made evident that we ought to consider man in two points of view; first, as having qualities common with animals; that is to say, those of an inferior order; then, as being endowed with the character of humanity, or with qualities of a superior order. I have also shown that man, by means of his superior qualities, is capable of subduing and directing his propensities of an inferior order. But, if the qualities of a superior order are controlled in an extraordinary manner, to such a degree that their free action is prevented, while those of the inferior order, on the contrary, are active,—then the animal part of the man predominates exclusively, and the flesh, or the brutal desires, hold in subjection the spirit, or the dispositions of the superior qualities, which are hardly developed. With such an organisation for those functions of the soul, which belongs to a superior order, the same happens which takes place in regard to each organ whose development is defective; that is, there results a relative imbecility, and, in consequence, the incapacity of acting morally; while the propensities of an inferior order act with uncontrolled energy. Such an individual finds himself under an absolute necessity to act solely from the impulse of the passion which governs him; and his organisation often places him in a worse state for self-government, than that of a well organised animal. This imbecility does not always exclude other very active properties, which are common to animals, such as that of cunning; so that this same individual, even while abandoning himself to a guilty and irresistible inclination, seems, in this respect, to act with reflection and deliberation. It is thus, that the most stupid idiots often find means the most ingenious to satisfy their brutal wantonness or their mischievous desires.

Such was the condition of the young robber of whom I have just spoken. The superior organs had but a defective development; that organ, on the contrary, whose too great activity leads to theft, had acquired a great degree of development and energy, and this mischievous quality was likewise seconded by the activity of cunning. This man was short and thick-set; his forehead was very low, depressed back immediately above the eyebrows, very sloping laterally above the eyes, but broad and salient towards the temples. His physiognomy announced no attention for reasonable subjects; nothing could be there discovered but cunning and malice. Was it, then, very difficult to conclude from the organisation of this simpleton that he must be incorrigible?

To make evident this species of imbecility, which excludes all moral liberty, I exhibit in my lectures the skull of an individual organised in the same manner. It was a young man of fifteen years, who died in the prisons at Vienna. From his infancy, he had constantly stolen, notwithstanding the severest punishments. His skull is ill-formed, and announces a constitution originally rickety, one of the sides of the cranium projects before, the other behind. The forehead is low and depressed; the anterior lateral parts of the temples are large, but the total cranium is small. What benefit can be expected from punishments and houses of correction in regard to half-human beings like this? We saw in the prison of Berne, a boy of twelve years, ill organised and rickety, who could never prevent himself from stealing: with his own pockets full of bread, he still took that of others. At Haina, the overseers gave us a long account of an obstinate robber, named Fessel-mayer, whom no corporal punishment could correct. In the prison he stole every thing he saw; and they had put on his arm a card which served as a mark of disgrace, warning others not to trust him. Before seeing him, we anticipated what his organisation must be, and our expectation was confirmed at the very first glance. He appeared about sixteen years of age, though in fact he was twenty-six. His head was round, and about the size of a child of one year. This individual was also deaf and dumb, which often happens in cases of mental imbecility.

Thus, although we have nothing to hope from these imperfect beings, it does not follow that we have nothing to fear. On the contrary, it often happens that they are very dangerous; especially if they have the propensity to the sex, or that of killing in a high degree, so that the slightest cause will set the propensities in action. I have quoted, in the first volume of my large work, the example of a young man of fifteen years, who, in a brutal paroxysm of lasciviousness, so ill treated his sister that she died in consequence. I also spoke of another idiot, who, after killing the two children of his brother, came laughing to tell him; of a third, who killed his brother, and wished to burn him for a funeral ceremony; finally, of a fourth who, as Herder relates, having seen a hog killed, thought he might try it on a man, and actually cut his throat. We saw in prison a young man, whom no one regarded as simple, but who, without apparent motive, killed a child. They plied him in vain with questions, and with threats, to find what had led him to commit this act. He merely answered, and repeated without ceasing, that he had seen nothing but black: "Whoever," said he, with a lamentable voice, "was not there, cannot believe me, but God will pardon me." The forehead of this individual is very narrow and depressed, that is to say, low and flat; the top of his head, as in most epileptic idiots, is very high, and the occiput flat and compressed. There was in the prison of Friburg, in Brisgau, a young man of fifteen, half-simple, who had set fire to nine houses in succession. He used to assist in extinguishing the fire, and once saved a child who was on the point of perishing in the flames. When the fire was over, he thought no more of it, which proves that he acted only from animal instinct.

What happens to individuals with respect to theft, murder, and incendiarism, likewise takes place in other individuals, with respect to any other organ endowed with an extraordinary degree of activity. The quality dependent on this organ, then, acts in them mechanically at each impulse, without any reflection, and with very little consciousness. We have seen that the savage simpleton of Aveyron, had the singular propensity of putting everything exactly in its place. Since we saw this savage, we have known a young man whom his parents were very unwilling to regard as simple, because, besides some intellectual faculties which he manifests, he has "order" remarkably developed. He is, however, simple in many respects. M. Pinel speaks of an idiot woman, who had a decided irresistible propensity to imitate all that she saw done in her presence: she repeats, instinctively, whatever she hears, and imitates the gestures and actions of others, with the greatest fidelity, and without troubling herself with any regard to propriety. "We remark," says Fodéré, "that by an inexplicable singularity, several of this class of individuals possessed of such feeble intellect, are born with a peculiar talent for copying, drawing, for finding rhymes, and for music. I have known several who have learned, by themselves, to play tolerably on the organ and the harpsichord; and others who understand, without having been taught, how to repair clocks, and to make some pieces of mechanism. This, probably, depends on the more perfect organisation of the organ with which such an act is connected, and not on the understanding; for these individuals not only could not read the books which treated of the principles of their art, but they were confounded if spoken to on the subject, and never improved themselves." We knew a young girl, idiotic to a great degree, who sings with great propriety, and always follows the tone and the measure.

These examples prove that the talents in question may exist separately; that a particular propensity or talent results from the peculiar activity of an organ, and that there may exist great activity in one organ, while, in regard to other organs, there is actual imbecility.

For the rest, this state having various degrees, we cannot affirm that, for beings so badly organised, all means of correction will always be fruitless. Lavater, however, regards these individuals as incorrigible, and it is in the front that he places the signs of their incorrigibility. "The short foreheads," says he, "wrinkled, knotty, irregular, deep on one side, slanting, or that always incline different ways, will never be a recommendation to me, and will never gain my friendship. While your brother, your friend, or your enemy; while man, though that man were a malefactor, presents you a well-proportioned and open forehead,—do not despair of him; he is still susceptible of amendment." It will be seen that Lavater had noticed the phenomena which I have described, and of which I have cited numerous examples. My doctrine alone gives their true solutions. It would be impossible to explain partial and incomplete imbecility, did we not recognise the fact that the different properties of the soul and mind have each their different organs, and that the manifestation of these properties depends on the organisation.

Though these partially-imbecile individuals are not moral beings, nor consequently, punishable, the care of watching them no less pertains to the police; and it is indispensable to separate from social commerce, all kinds of weak-minded persons in whom strong indications of evil dispositions are perceived.

Application of my Principles to illegal Actions, which are the consequence of Mental Alienation.

Mental alienation is either general, when the functions of all the faculties of soul and mind are disturbed,—or partial, when this derangement takes place only in one or several of the organs. Mental alienation, whether general or partial, may be either continued or intermittent.

General alienation, when continued or permanent, manifests itself in a manner so evident, that there is no room for mistake as to its existence. We thus run no risk of regarding the actions committed in this state as done with moral liberty, and, consequently, of rendering their authors responsible.

It is only to this species of alienation that the definition given by Locke belongs, who says that madness consists in a derangement of the judgment and the reason. Other writers call mental alienation,—the state in which one is not conscious of his own actions. But this definition is evidently false; for,—this absence of self-consciousness cannot be proved in any species of mental alienation. If it be said that the individual, when restored to sanity, has no recollection of his late madness,—I answer, first, that this failure of memory is not uniform; and, secondly, that this want of recollection does not prove that consciousness does not exist at the moment of alienation. I make it a point to rectify these defective or erroneous notions, because they lead us to pass false judgments on several actions. They suppose the culpability of actions, which, when examined with more attention, ought only to be regarded as the consequences of real alienation.

But if I say that there is mental alienation, when the ideas or sensations, either, generally or partially, are at variance with the laws of the functions of a regular organisation, and with the actual state of external things, this definition applies to all species of alienation; and while it indicates that the individual imagines things which are not, or represents things to himself differently from what they are, it justifies the use of the expressions, *mental aberration and alienation*.

I have already said that general permanent alienation cannot be mistaken. But the case is very different when general alienation is periodical, and when the paroxysms, after having ceased entirely, recur, either at irregular periods, or after a fixed interval; or when it is limited to certain qualities in particular, especially when this partial alienation completely disappears from time to time, and recurs, sometimes periodically, sometimes irregularly. Several moral qualities or intellectual faculties experience some derangement during the paroxysm of partial alienation; and in this, as well as in the general intermittent alienation, the lucid intervals manifest no trace of aberration. Neither is partial alienation always

a consequence of the derangement of the intellectual faculties; oftentimes the propensities or the moral sentiments alone suffer, and the mind or intellectual faculties remain perfectly sane. These various considerations render it very difficult to pass judgment correctly on the innocence or the guilt of equivocal actions. I shall, consequently, add some new views on the natural history of mental alienation, considered in its relation to medicine, to jurisprudence, and to legislation.

To enable my readers the better to understand the nature of mental alienation, I shall compare it with other known maladies. Every one knows, that, in intermittent fevers, in attacks of epilepsy, and in many other maladies, the health seems to be perfect as soon as the paroxysm has passed. It is also known, that if the disease has a regular course, the paroxysms manifest themselves under their true form. But frequently the primitive and ordinary symptoms of the same disease change so much, that it declares itself under a form altogether different. Thus, an intermittent fever shows itself sometimes under the guise of a simple stitch in the side, or of a simple tooth-ache. The mask which the disease then assumes does not change its nature; it demands the same treatment which we employ to cure it, when it appears under its habitual form.

On the other hand, each viscus in particular may be diseased while the others remain sound. Each sense in particular may be deranged in function, while the functions of the remainder continue to be exercised without difficulty.

Mental alienation is likewise subjected to the laws of organisation. Sometimes its attack is intermittent; and, in this case, the paroxysm having terminated, it might be thought that the health of the subject was not at all impaired. At other times, the intermittent alienations present themselves under appearances wholly different. Certain periods of development, the approach of certain accidental or periodical evacuations, the difference of ages, the influence of seasons, of temperature, of food, of the place of residence, of the state of the mind; all the causes, in fact, which determine the crises, may produce the most considerable differences in the form and in the symptoms of the paroxysms, according as these cases are variously modified. The individual, who, in preceding paroxysms, seemed a fiery let loose, may, in the following one, devote all his time to the exercises of the most fervent piety; and he, who, to-day, gives himself to the excesses of the most noisy enjoyment, may, to-morrow, be plunged in the deepest melancholy.

Each organ of the qualities of the mind, and, consequently, each faculty of the mind and soul, may also experience derangement, while the rest continue to act in their natural order. In this case, such or such a sensation or idea, alone varies from the natural laws; and, according as this state is permanent or intermittent, we may say that the man has a fixed permanent or intermittent idea, or a fixed permanent or intermittent sensation or inclination. We easily conceive, then, why, in a state of real alienation, the intellectual faculties of a superior order, such as memory, judgment, imagination, often remain untouched.

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A DOG,—No. XXIII.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

(Continued from Page 104.)

IN ORDER, MY DEAR FRIEND, to make the singular scene which terminated my last perfectly intelligible to you, I must explain that "La Nannette" and the mother of Susanne C— were sisters; consequently she was Nannette's niece, and sister to R. C., Nannette's nephew. Nannette had a little heritage, or rather share of an heritage, at Lutry, in the shape of a small vineyard, whose produce was divided between herself and (I think) two sisters. The greater portion, however, belonged to the mother of Susanne C—. Her mother and the other sister and herself were as respectable, honest, and honorable, as Nannette and David were the contrary. Susanne C— was a peculiarly straightforward, upright girl, as well as a sound religious character; unfortunately, her brother R— was a very bad fellow, addicted to many vices which were easily and quickly developed and encouraged under the tutelage of David.

Now the real truth was this, as you will see by the examination. On the very evening, and at the very hour when David and Nannette swore they were at the *Pinte*, they were quietly working in the vineyard at Lutry, with their son and nephew. David and Nannette, out of sheer revenge, had entered into the plans of R—, the *pintier*; and being continually excited and regaled by R—, he got so wild he cared not what he said or did. He compelled his son to confirm falsehoods by fear of punishment if he disobeyed; whilst by bribery he had equally succeeded with his nephew. Nor was he behindhand in trying to snare his niece; but she, like an honest girl, disdained all his bribes. He succeeded, however, in getting her invited by a relation who lived in a little retired village between Vevay and Bulle; thus thinking she would at all events be out of the way. The only other person he had to fear would be out of the way too, as the mother of Susanne C— was not at work in the vine, on that day, and consequently could say nothing.

It so happened, however, that Jean got some scent of all this, and went to Lutry to try and find the girl. He traced her to the village where she had been; but it appeared that, under pretext of a visit to some friends for a week or so, they had removed her; and Jean could obtain no clue to her whereabouts. So he returned next morning; told his story to the "Juge de Paix;" procured a proper warrant; and, in company with an officer whom he well knew and who also well knew the girl, returned to the village where he suspected she was. Jean's engagements, however, did not allow him to remain; so he left his friend, who, to avoid being recognised, went about in plain clothes in all the little villages. At last, the very evening before the trial, he espied her at the door of a little cottage, knitting.

"Well, Susanne, *bon jour!*" said the officer; "I have been looking for you a long while."

Looking for me,—and why?

Being a friend of the family with whom she was staying, he soon explained his business, and guaranteeing her against all harm, he went away and procured a little *char-à-banc*; passing the night

at the cottage, he started next morning early; and arrived before the magistrate, as I have already stated. The unexpected appearance of Susanne, and the certainty of what the consequences would inevitably be, smote these guilty people, and occasioned the scene which concluded my last.

The worthy magistrate, who was well acquainted with the bad characters before him, instantly saw there was something wrong; and desiring Susanne C. to retire for a short time with the officer into the private room for witnesses, called for David's nephew, R. C—. A sour-looking, brazen-faced, clumsy country clown, about twenty, now appeared. He of course was not sworn; but in the most happy unconsciousness of the proximity of his sister, declared he was in the *Pinte* with his uncle, and confirmed him in everything he had said. He looked around for the approval of David, and the *pintier*; but they had not sufficiently recovered their usual effrontery. Nannette, however, managed to grin a ghastly smile at him.

"*Vois tu voir cette vilaine! Bohemienne!*" cried a voice from the gallery.

"*Elle a encore l'insolence de rire. J'espère bien qu' elle aura ce qu' elle mérite,*" bawled out another old market-woman.

"*Silence, s'il vous plaît, là haut!*" shouted the officer.

The Magistrate then said,—“Let David's son step forward. And immediately a little insolent blackguard, a thorough “chip of the old block,” came jumping in.

“Your name, my lad,” said the magistrate.

“Henry, monsieur.”

“David est votre père?”

“Oui, Monsieur.” (Grinning).

What have you to say about this business? Where were you?”

“*J'ai accompagné la mère pour aller chercher le père et j'ai tout vu.*”

“*Vous avez tout vu, voyons!*”

“*J'ai vu Bombyx et Jean. Ils allaient tuer le pauvre R.*”

Magistrate.—“*Comment? en plein jour, ils allaient le tuer?*”

“*Oui, monsieur le juge.*”

Magistrate.—“*Voyons qu'est ce que vous avez donc fait?*”

“*Je me suis sauvé avec le père et la mère. J'avais bien peur.*”

David's brother was next examined, and he declared that Bombyx and Jean grossly ill-treated and furiously attacked R.—who would most assuredly have been killed if he had not forcibly pulled him into the *Pinte*. “They were like two great serpents, monsieur le juge.”

Really said the Magistrate, Bombyx and Jean seem to be very extraordinary people.

“*Ils ont sauté comme des tigres, monsieur le juge. J'étais bien aise de me trouver dans le Pinte. J'avais horriblement peur.*”

“I am not surprised at it,” said the judge.

The whole tribe of R.'s witnesses were now examined in succession, and all more or less (of course) confirmed his statement. The evidence of P—d, cadet, was rather rich, and therefore I must give you a specimen of it.

“Now P—d,” said the worthy magistrate, “what do you know of this business?”

“*J'étais par hazard au Pinte.*”

“*Il paraît P—d,*” said the magistrate, “*que le hazard vous amène assez souvent vers le Pinte.*”

P—d, with a bewitching smile, and passing the fourth finger of his right hand through his frizzling locks, proceeded to whisper out, “*Quelle fois seulement, monsieur le juge.*”

“*Eh bien, continuez.*”

P—d.—“*J'ai vu Monsieur avec ses cassonades!*”

Magistrate.—“*Avec quoi? avec ses cassonades! comment?*”

P—d.—“*Oui monsieur; il était là, avec ses cassonades.*”

Magistrate.—“*Qu'est ce que cela veut dire?*”

“*Je suis perdu,*” P—d, aîné, whispers to him.

P—d,—*cadet* (smiling).—“*Je me suis bel trompé; ce n'est pas cassonades.*”

Magistrate.—“*J'en suis bien aise; quoi donc?*”

P—d, *cadet*.—“*Il y était, monsieur le juge, avec ses deux cannonades.* (Roars of laughter from the gallery, which seemed to infect everybody in court. The worthy magistrate in vain attempted to look grave; it was useless!)”

Officer.—“*Silence, s'il vous plaît. Il est impossible de continuer.*”

Magistrate.—“*Avec deux cannonades? Voyons, P—d,—tâchez de vous expliquer.*”

P—d, *cadet*.—“*J'm suis ben expliqua; monsieur c'est ben vra.*”

Magistrate.—“*Comment deux cannonades—deux cannonades!*”

P—d, *cadet*.—“*Ouia dâ.*”

Magistrate.—“*Voyons donc qui étaient ces deux cannonades?*”

P—d, *cadet*.—“*Jean était un et puis Francois l'autre.*”

Magistrate.—“*Oh! J'y suis. Vous voulez dire deux camarades.*”

P—d, *cadet*.—“*Ah, Diantre, monsieur, a bien raison. Oh! que c'est charmant de savoir parler.*”

He finished, however, like all the others, by confirming R.—'s story, like a true disciple. By this time, Nannette and the rest had got more composed.

“Now,” said the magistrate, “bring forward Susanne C. And forward she came.

“*Eh le diable!*” shouts one. “*Que cela veut dire?*” squeaked another. “*Eh que vois je? la Susanne qu'est ce qu'elle veut ici?*”

Magistrate.—“*Je vous prie, Susanne, de nous raconter où vous étiez tel jour et telle heure.*”

Susanne C.—“*J'étais a Lutry, dans la vigne.*”

Magistrate.—“*Étiez vous seule, ou est ce qu'il y avait qu'elqu un avec vous?*”

Susanne C.—“*Non, monsieur le juge, je n'étais par seule. Il y avait hi mon frère R., mon oncle David, et sa femme Nannette, et mon cousin Henry.*” (Tremendous sensation.)

Magistrate (evidently very much pained).—“*Comment? vous êtes bien sur?*”

Susanne C.—“*Oui, monsieur le juge.*”

Magistrate.—“*A quelle heure ont ils quitté la vigne?*”

Susanne C.—“*Quand il faisait nuit. C'était trop obscur pour pouvoir plus travailler. Ce pourrait être vers les huit heures et quart.*”

(Grumblings and murmurings in the gallery,—

"*Eh le monstre! et la vilaine femme! Elle devait être au fond du loc.*")

Officer.—"*Silence là haut!*"

David hung down his head, and gnashed his teeth.

R—— to David.—"*Nous, nous vengerons.*"

Magistrate to R.—"If you speak one word more, I'll give you a week's imprisonment." This was a *quietus*.

Magistrate to Susanne C.—"Did David or Nannette see you after this?"

Susanne C.—"*Oui, monsieur.*"

Magistrate.—"What did they say?"

Susanne C.—"They told me what they were going to do; and they promised me a new dress if I would come forward and say I was at Court, or invent anything that would not compromise them being at Lutry. I replied, he might keep his dress; for if I was called upon, I would tell the plain truth. I would not tell a falsehood for anybody."

Magistrate.—"Well, what followed?"

Susanne C.—"David and Nannette went to my aunt, near Vevay, and coaxed her to get me to spend a fortnight with her, to help her. I went. After that, I had another invitation to the house of a friend near Bulle,—and there I was when the officer came and found me. I have not received anything for coming here. I have not been promised anything by Bombyx, nor by any one else. Of course I expect my expenses to be paid here and home again."

Magistrate.—"*C'est bien juste.* Now, Henry, come forward and look at your cousin. How dare you say you went with your mother to the *Pinte*?"

Henry.—"*Pardonnez moi, monsieur le juge: pardon! C'est le père qui m'a forcé de le dire. Il a juré qu'il m'enfermerait dans la cave pendant quinze jours, et ne me donnerait rien que du pain sec, si je ne disais pas ce qu'il désirait.*"

"*Eh miserable! que tu es,*" grumbled David, "*de vendre ainsi ton père et ta mère.*"

Magistrate to R. C.—"Come forward, sir, and look at your sister."

R. C.—"*Je n'ai pas besoin de la voir.*"

Magistrate.—"Do as I tell you, sir."

(R. C—— advances, and casts a savage look at his sister, and then turns away.)

Magistrate.—"Now, sir, how could you declare you were in the *Pinte*? What could induce you to act as you have done? Were you, or were you not in the *Pinte*?"

R. C.—"*Non, monsieur le juge.*" (Voices in the gallery: "*A bas avec le vilain!*") Others: "*Allons nous débarrasser d'un pareil crapaud!*"

Magistrate.—"Silence!"

Officer.—"*Silence là haut!*"

Magistrate to R. C.—"*Vous étiez donc à Lutry dans la vigne?*"

R. C.—"*Oui, monsieur le juge.*"

Magistrate.—"How could you come forward and utter such wicked falsehoods?"

R. C.—"*Mon oncle et R., m'ont chacun offert deux pièces et autant de vin que je voulais pour faire marcher cette affaire.*"

R—— (violently)—"*Eh! le Judas, je l'écraserai!*" and, suiting the action to the word, jumped towards him, but was seized by an officer.

After a brief pause, the magistrate proceeded to pass sentence upon the parties, first addressing

them, to the following purport:—"Pray, R——, and you, David, how could you be guilty of such conduct—disgraceful to the name of a 'Vaudois' citizen? And you, Nannette, how could you act as you have done, actually *forcing* your own son to follow your base example? And you, R——, and David, who have just sworn before your God to tell nothing but the truth!" (Not a word of reply—nay, not even a look, save that of detected villany and shame.) "As for you, witnesses, you have all more or less entered into a plot to injure a foreigner whom you were bound by every tie of hospitality to protect. You have plotted, too, to sully the character of Jean, one of the best of citizens. I can hardly trust myself to express my abhorrence of this shameful, this wicked affair. It is now my duty to visit it as it deserves. You, R——, are to pay a fine of 300 francs, in addition to one month's imprisonment, for your gross and aggravated insult. You, David, the same. You, Nannette, R. C——, and H——, each a week's imprisonment; and each of you others a fine of 25 francs. You, policeman, are sentenced to a month's imprisonment, and I have erased your name from the list of public officers. Observe, further, you are all of you separately and collectively bound "*pour les frais.*"

However, at the intercession of Bombyx and Jean, who saw nothing but total ruin in this (as the expenses were not far short of 500 francs), the punishment of imprisonment was, all but nominal, foregone, and a very considerable portion of the fines was remitted.

R—— being obliged to dispose of his *Pinte*, it was purchased by a rich proprietor, whose property it joined; and it was converted by him into a home for his gardener. David received notice from his landlord to quit; and is gone I know not where. The policeman and David's brother wander about, getting work where they can. The remainder, generally speaking, are shunned and disliked by everybody; seeking occupation in quarters where they are little known.

Jean, alas! is no more. François is married to Bombyx's former cook, and has "settled" comfortably: and I think I heard Bombyx say that Susanne C—— is respectably married at Lutry.

Thus ends this first adventure with the policeman. I could have made it a great deal longer, and caused you many another rear of laughter, but I have so much more to tell you of other interesting matters noticed in my travels, that I forbear. My memory calls to mind scenes that I never can forget, and which I will bring before you anon, as vividly as the pen can narrate them. Oh, had you but been with us, my dear friend,—*what* games you would have witnessed! Well, you shall at all events *hear* about it. Such fun! Adieu, *au revoir*. Thine, most affectionately,

Tottenham, March 15.

FINO.

P.S.—How inexpressibly lovely the country has become! I shall soon now be among the butterflies and rabbits from morning till night. Do come down and join in the hunt. [We will, FINO; and have such a jolly ramble together in those golden fields, and hedgerows skirted with daisies! At this season, we revive with the flowers, rise with the lark, run with the lambs, gambol with children in the meads and meadows, and sun our-

self on every bank 'of primroses and violets that comes in the way of our happy feet. Nimble are we yet, as the nimblest, young as the youngest; and our heart—oh, Fino! if you could see our heart!—yearns for the company of those who can enter with us into the feelings inseparable from Spring; feelings pure and holy, such as no tongue can describe, but which are peculiar to all who are true lovers of nature. We would “live” now (if we could) in the open air, and turn our back upon towns, cities, cares, anxieties, and literary drudgery—*for ever!*]

OUR MIRROR OF THE MONTHS.

APRIL.

Now silvery streamlets, from the mountain stealing,
Dance joyously the verdant vales along.
Cold fear no more the songster's song is sealing,
Down in the thick dark grove is heard his song;
And all their bright and lovely hues revealing,
A thousand plants the field and forest throng;
Light comes upon the earth in radiant showers,
And mingling rainbows play among the flowers.

WE ARE ALWAYS DELIGHTED when the time comes round for us to pen down a few of our thoughts on what is going on beyond the walls of cities. It must not be imagined that our life is one of pure sunshine; that we have no troubles, no cares, no sorrows, no anxieties, no perplexities. Alas! very many of these fall to our share; and though we may be imagined to be always gay, yet are the words of our favorite poet often in our mouth,—

“I'm *saddest*, when I sing.”

What a curious compound is man's existence! and the human heart,—what a puzzle!

The month of March has been an eventful month, as regards both public and private individuals. It has marked its progress in a manner never to be forgotten. Deaths innumerable (many of them fearfully sudden) have occurred where least expected. A friend, seen to day hearty and well, has on the morrow been stretched out a lifeless corpse. We have heard of bereavements out of number,—leaving surviving families desolate and destitute. Sounds of sorrow have saddened our heart; scenes of misery have grieved our spirit. We have tried to sing; but our harp has been out of tune. We have tried to be merry; but “the time to mourn” has set aside that feeling. Thus has the past month been, with some sweet exceptions, a trying one to our usually volatile temperament. Would we were singular!

Yet have we not failed to wander abroad and note the passing objects peculiar to the season. We have seen the rooks building; and listened to their happy voices; we have seen little lambs, too, frisking about and enjoying themselves in the sun. We have regarded insect-life awakening from its torpor, and we have gazed intently on the opening flower,—all creating in us feelings of

admiration and wonder. Then our little friends, the birds,—how busy they have been! How sweet the melody of their voices; and how unceasing the preparations for building their nests! Robins, thrushes, blackbirds,—all have eggs, and some have young ones.

What an ever-memorable day was the 12th of March! Was ever day more serene—more lovely? On that day we were in our element; and during a long ramble we experienced once again the joyousness of a heart alive to the expanding beauties of nature. It would fill a volume, were we to note down singly what came under our observation as we walked along. We saw, felt, and enjoyed everything that we beheld; and as all nature was “happy,” we could not be an exception. The gardens, too, during the month of March,—how wonderfully they progressed! How delightful it has been to see green things one by one bursting vigorously through the mould; and to observe, on warm sunny banks, dear little flowers nodding to us with the familiarity of old friends! Pensively sad,—pleasingly happy have we been, whilst greeting these welcomest of all welcome visitors. In their sweet company, innocence reigns supreme and the thoughts become purified. What now lies before us in this way! Is not the coming prospect lovely?

This reminds us that we must wake up from our reverie. Cheerfulness is a pleasing duty; more particularly *now*, when there is little (comparatively speaking,) to make us sad. We are positively in APRIL.

April!—the word, carries with it charms inexpressible. The lovely goddess seems kindly sent by Providence to compensate us for all the little drawbacks to our happiness that have preceded her advent. She unlocks the heart, and stimulates the ear. At sight of her, all nature rejoices, and is full of motion. She smiles, and the bees fly out to welcome her; animal and insect life alike acknowledge her power. Springing up into a new existence, they bound forth and take wing in all the ecstasy of wonderment and happiness.

Spring hails her approach with rapture; and so animates her subjects that they cling to life with a fonder enjoyment than ever. We love to live. We live to love. Are we sad?—April's tears share our sorrows. Are we happy?—her sunny smiles add to our happiness a hundredfold. Smiles and tears hold their court this month. Go forth, young and old, and join the levee. “There is a time to weep, and a time to sing.”

April is this year “forward” in its beauties. The warmth of the sun in March led us to anticipate one of our lovely bygone early Springs; and we hope not to be disappointed. The buds on the trees are now become con-

spicuous; and the lilacs are green, bushy, and thick. They are flushed with half-unfolded leaves; and bunches of the future blossoms stand out amongst them. The rose trees, too, are gradually donning their new liveries; and the peach, nectarine, and pear give lavish promises of beauty and plenty on every bough. Then, do but behold the chesnuts! How every day's sun is adding to the gloriousness of their apparel! But why particularise, when all we see is so full of beauty?

It is now that one revels in the enjoyments of early Spring, and rejoices in beholding the vernal greenness stealing along the sheltered hedgerows, whilst strolling through fields and bowery lanes; the celandine, daisy coltsfoot, cardamine, primrose, and anemone, disclosing themselves bashfully to our view, and making our bosoms glow with rapture at the thought of what is preparing for us anon. Nature loves to provide for us; and feels delighted, no doubt, whilst beholding us gaze with admiration on her handiwork; whilst our very senses "ache" at the rich sweetness of the hidden flowers growing beneath our feet.

We feel, now our heart is warming upon the subject of flowers, buds, and blossoms, that we could be very eloquent in their praise; but, alas! what are words? How infinitely powerless is the pen to set forth even one of Nature's beauties! To enjoy these, let us again urge upon our readers the necessity for early rising. The mornings now are fresh. Dew, like diamonds, hangs upon the buds and branches. The sun is up betimes, shining people into activity, and wooing them forth into the open air. The vernal choristers obey his impulse, and sing themselves awake,—chanting sweetly their morning hymn of praise for a happy night's rest.

Something less than another fortnight will see located amongst us many of our old favorites,—blackcaps, nightingales, swallows, and redstarts, besides other stragglers even now on the wing towards the spot where they were so happy last year. How we do love to recognise, day after day, some well-remembered voice; and to bid our little friends welcome, as one by one they greet us with their song! Only those who are in the secret can understand the feeling we speak of. "Honeysuckle," "Puss," "Lily of the Valley," and other of our choice correspondents, will vouch for this.

Then the Cuckoo,—our garden is his home. How we do rejoice in first hearing of his advent, as announced by himself and mate! The very mention of his name recalls to our memory the sweet lines of Wordsworth:—

O, blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice;

O, Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear,
That seems to fill the whole air's space,
As loud far off as near.

Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring,
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing—
A voice, a mystery.

The same whom in my schoolboy days
I listen'd to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods, and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love,
Still long'd for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet,
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O, blessed bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place,
That is fit home for thee!

How often, how very often have we repeated these lines whilst wandering far, far away, and listening to the love-song of this most singular bird! A recurrence of these happy hours is at hand. We know every likely spot, we can divine places out of number where all our pets will reassemble, and disburthen themselves in song; and where we can listen happily,—ourselves unseen. Then only imagine the skylark just now,—rising fresh at earliest dawn from his bed of dew, bathed in song; and the lovely, tender green, pervading the face of all Nature! What sounds! what a refreshing sight to the eyes after so long a separation! We must not dwell on it here. Words are so inefficient!

We have just been reading a lovely sketch by Miss Mitford. It refers to a ramble of hers, in early Spring, among the mazes of a wood. It is so apposite to the present month, that we must introduce a part of it here:—

Imagine a small forest, full of glades and sheep-walks; surrounded by irregular cottages with their blowing orchards, a clear stream winding about the brakes, and a road intersecting it, and giving life and light to the picture,—you will then have an idea of the wood I speak of.

Every step was opening a new point of view; a fresh combination of glade, and path,

and thicket. The accessories, too, were changing every moment. Ducks, geese, pigs, and children, gave way as we advanced into the wood; and they again disappeared as we became more entangled in its mazes, till we heard nothing save the song of the nightingale, and saw only the silent flowers.

What a piece of fairy-land! The tall elms overhead were bursting into tender vivid leaf, with here and there a hoary oak or a silver-barked larch; every twig swelling with the brown buds, and yet not quite stripped of the tawny foliage of Autumn. Tall hollies and hawthorn beneath, with their crisp brilliant leaves, mixed with the white blossoms of the sloe; and were woven together with garlands of woodbines and wild briars. What a fairy-land!

Primroses, cowslips, pansies, and the regular open-eyed white blossom of the wood anemone, or wind-flower, were set under our feet as thick as daisies in a meadow. And look, there is the wood-sorrel! look at the pendant white flower, shaped like a snow-drop, and veined with purple streaks, and with beautiful trefoil leaves folded like a heart,—some, the young ones, so vividly yet tenderly green, that the foliage of the elm and the hawthorn would look dull by their side; others of a deeper tint, and lined as it were with a rich and changeful purple. See how beautiful they are, and in what profusion! See how the dark shade of the holly sets off the light and delicate coloring of the flower! And only look at that other bed of them, springing from the rich moss in the roots of *that* old beech tree!

Here is a touch of nature for us, that awakens all the finest feelings of the heart. We envy not those who can read such a pure language without being able to understand it, and enjoy the delights which it paints in such vivid yet harmonious colors. All who love the country thoroughly, will appreciate every single word; and long for an early opportunity to make similar observations for themselves. The heart, now, requires expansion.

But we must away. We have had a very long gossip, and it behoves us to go abroad and verify all that we have said. It is a duty we shall gladly perform; for now,—

Heralded by sunbeams golden,
Garlanded with green buds fair,
Modest snowdrops just unfolden,
Toying 'midst her streaming hair,
Comes fair SPRING,—a blushing maiden,
With rich hope and beauty laden!

Over brake and meadow winging,
Breathes she life, and light, and power;
Waking song-birds to their singing,
Calling up the dewy flower!
Winter's sterner looks subduing,
Earth with greener tints imbuing.

In the dell, a dewy bather,
Blooms the golden celandine;
Violets into clusters gather,
Daisies dip their fringe in wine.
Below are humming, bright-hued things;
Above, the lonely wild-bird sings.

Zephyrs greet us, skies grow brighter,
Flashing 'neath the noon-tide ray;
Fair eyes sparkle, hearts grow lighter,
Lambs with gladder impulse play.
Spring brings earth her leaf and flower,
Hearts fresh gladness, minds new power.

Sporting through green lane and meadow,
Laughing half his time away,
Childhood, chasing bee and shadow,
Togeth out the pleasant day.
Limbs all wearied, laughing, sighing,
Slowly creeps he, homeward hieing.

Yes—readers all, hasten to the fields, frolic in the meads, bathe yourselves in morning dew, and *then* see what a true appetite is! Out again after breakfast,—ye who can find the time; range the woods, watch the bee, and chase the shadow; listen to the birds, and gambol with the lambs. You will then come home—

Limbs all wearied, laughing, sighing,
Slowly creeping, homeward hieing,

and thank us for having added—we know not how many—years to your lives!

TO THE DAISY.

[Contributed by a Lover of Nature in humble life.]

I love thee with a Poet's Love,
Thou hardy little flower;
Humblest of the precious gems
That deck fair Flora's bower.
Whether in the new-born Spring
Thou flashest on my sight,
Or the maturer Summer, still
I hail thee with delight.
No flower attracts my wandering eye,
As thou—so simple—wild!
I love thee now, I lov'd thee when
I was a tiny child;
Would run to thee from baby toy,
And laugh and crow with baby joy:

Or roll upon the dewy grass
Like a little birdling free;
And clasp thee to my beating heart
In delightful ecstasy.
On the smooth and velvet lawn,
In the o'er-arching glade,
Many are the joyous games
Together thou and I have played!
While some would call thee "common flower,"
I would call thee "treasure;"
They would gaze with glance of scorn,
I would gaze with pleasure.
Yes, *still* thou art as dear to me
As in my happy infancy!

W. R.

STOP NATURE IF YOU CAN ;
OR,
MY LOVELY COUSIN'S FIRST VISIT.

BY FANNY FORESTER.



NDEED IT WAS A GREAT EVENT—
THAT OF MY COUSIN'S FIRST VISIT
TO US IN THE COUNTRY! Now, we
begged of the clouds to be propi-
tious; and now, we flew to make
the house appear so,—till every
article of furniture had been
arranged and re-arranged at least

half a dozen times; though we were assured
by certain older and wiser individuals that it
had gained nothing by the changes.

Cousin Walter, a curly-headed, laughing
eyed junior, had come home to spend the
summer vacation with us, and, if truth must
be told, neither Walter nor myself felt very
hospitable. We had lived a whole year in
the anticipation of this visit; and now to
have our plans spoiled by the whimsies of a
city belle! Walter hesitated not to declare
that it was *too bad*, and, of course, he could
hold no opinion to which I would not accede,
when I had not seen him before for a whole
year. It will do to contradict those we meet
every day; but living twelve long months in
two—ah! we must be in a hurry then to
act out half the love that is in the heart!
And Walter and myself were very loving
cousins, for we had been rocked in the same
cradle, (I a few years later, true, and some-
times by his own chubby little hand,) and
had eaten bread and milk from the same por-
ringer; aye, and been tied up by the same
string, when we ran away together to play
upon the shaded verge of the mill-pond, as
if to test the truth of the oft-repeated pro-
phesy, that we should surely be drowned.
We were deep in each other's confidences,
too. I knew every little Miss for a dozen
miles around that Walter thought pretty,
and, as in duty bound, I thought them all
pretty too. I knew, moreover, what my
father never dreamed of, that Walter had
no liking for the science of jurisprudence to
which he was destined, and had other and
very mysterious views for himself, of
which even I could only obtain an
inkling.

Then Walter knew exactly the number
and condition of my pretty frocks, and al-
ways assisted in wheedling my mother into
the purchase of a new one. He knew too that
I did not like James Brown, and thought his
velvet cap very ugly; and that I did like
Charley Hill, velvet cap and all, though the
head coverings in question were as like as
two peas. But, notwithstanding this general
knowledge of each other's views, we had at
least a dozen profound secrets to whisper
every day, until Walter was sent away to col-

lege. And is it to be supposed that, after an
absence of three years, Walter would grow dig-
nified, and I reserved and prudish? Ah, no! not
we! We met with hearty kisses, and strolled
arm in arm, all over the fields and woods, and
sat down together under the old trees, or in the
portico, at evening, and were just as confi-
dential as ever. But to have a third in our
conferences, and she a city lady, in all prob-
ability as full of provokingly nice notions
as an egg is of meat! Oh! it was too bad!
But then she was coming per invitation from
my father, and must, of course, be duly
entertained.

However, Walter and I set apart two good
hours that we fairly concluded might be
exclusively our own; one, the first after sun-
rise in the morning, which our guest would
of course waste in sleep; and the other, im-
mediately following dinner, when she was
taking her afternoon's siesta. Walter's fine
saddle horse had been taken from the plough
a full week before his arrival; and my pretty
Zikka (a perversion of Zeke, I suppose) was
certainly born for a lady's sitting, Oh!
what delightful times we might have had
galloping away, side by side! But the
arrival of my city cousin would spoil all, for
there was not another side-saddle in the
neighborhood, and not a horse, save the
halt and the aged, that a lady could mount
with safety. So there was another pleasure to
be sacrificed! But Walter and I resolved to
bear it like two martyrs, and bear it we did.

On the day of 'Bel Forester's arrival, after
I had slipped two or three more choice buds
among the fresh flowers in her room, looped
anew the muslin curtains, and given the last
touch to all the little paraphernalia of the dres-
sing-table, Walter harnessed his own horse,
and assisted me into a nice little "buggy,"
and off we drove in search of my dreaded
cousin. To be sure we did not know her;
but we resolved to step up to the first cold,
formal Miss, with a languid step, drooping
shoulders, and a would-be pretty lisp, and
hail her as *Miss Isabella Forester*. We were
obliged to wait full ten minutes for the
arrival of the cars; and Cousin Walter and I
spent this time in rallying each other out of
our sheepishness, and wondering if our ex-
pected guest would really be pleased with
any of the thousand plans that we had ar-
ranged for her benefit. At last there was a
sudden tinkling of a bell, a rumbling, puffing,
—whish! fiz! 'sh! 'sh! 'sh! and a furious
crazy monster of a run-away *Ætna* whisked
passed us, and came to a stand-still. My
heart was in my mouth, and Walter's might
have been in his eyes, for aught that I know,
for the big orbs became suddenly very
prominent.

"Stay here, Fanny," he whispered, "and
I will go out in search of the lady."

Walter stepped forth, and I seated myself in a position to watch his movements. He walked about a little, and seemed to be making inquiries while the long train was disgorging its contents; but of the crowds of finery that streamed forth upon the pavement, none seemed to belong to my cousin. There was one, a lady approaching thirty, that corresponded with our notions very well; but we had been told that 'Bel Forester was only sixteen. There was a pretty damsel of sixteen, but she was carefully attended by a gentleman somewhat advanced; and there was a sad looking young lady, in black, alone, to whom Walter's hand was extended involuntarily in lieu of the clumsy collector's: but this could not be Cousin 'Bel. I knew that Walter must be sorry that it was not, for she smiled her thanks very sweetly. At length I began to feel relieved, thinking that we might ride back alone, as we came, when the bright vision of a gay face appeared for a moment at a window; then a tall, graceful figure bent from the door-way, and while one small, gloved hand was extended, and the daintiest little foot in the world was balancing hesitatingly just below the hem of her travelling-dress, the lady asked—"Has no one inquired for Miss Forester?" Walter sprang forward, and assisted her descent with both hands, and I—I did not wait for an introduction, I can assure you. Blessings on Cousin 'Bel! how we all loved her at first sight! The bright lady improved the few moments that Walter was gone to give orders concerning her baggage, in making herself acquainted with his history; and I treasured as many as a dozen fine compliments that I fully resolved to repeat to him at the earliest opportunity. The close proximity of three in a "buggy" (hast ever tried it, reader?) is a great enemy to anything like distance of manner or feeling; and before we reached home, we were all on just the happiest footing in the world. A stranger would have thought we had known each other for a lifetime.

There was a crowd of little folks, headed by my father and mother, awaiting us on the portico; and Cousin 'Bel was passed from one to another, with such caresses and words of welcome as are seldom showered upon a stranger, and then borne away upon my father's arm to the parlor. One brought the stuffed rocking-chair, another untied the bonnet, a third removed the hot, dusty shoes, while mamma stood smilingly by, and little Bessie ran to the kitchen to order a cup of nice tea immediately. But 'Bel declared she was not in the least fatigued; and holding her wealth of black ringlets, that had broken away from the 'prisoning bodkin, in one hand, she tripped from window to window, exclaiming at the fine views; then turned to smother the little rogue following her, with kisses;

wondering, meanwhile, that she had never known her dear, dear cousins before, and declaring that the country was a perfect paradise, and she should never weary of its enchantments.

In less than an hour Cousin 'Bel had donned a strong muslin dress, and a simple straw hat; and we were out in the fresh fields together,—Walter leading the way, lowering the fences, where they could be lowered; and where they could not, laughing gaily to see 'Bel spring over them like a young colt, scarcely touching his extended hand. We seemed to have taken a new leaf of our runaway years, and to feast upon these beauties of field and woodland for the first time that day; such a renewing influence has sympathy! Cousin 'Bel was constantly startling us with a joyous cry at what was familiar to us; and she would kneel to smell the rich turf, and frisk about in the delicious clover, just as we had done in years gone by; and she would hush us at every gush of melody from our choir of woodland vocalists, and ask the name of every little winged thing that flitted by; and point away to the hills, marking with joyful surprise the warm light bursting from a cloud, and bathing the green turf; then the coming shadow hovering for a moment on its verge, and finally settling down, rich, dark, and hazy, with here and there a small flake of gold upon it; and then she would dance off after a bee, or butterfly, or a fragment of floating thistle-down, till we were inclined to turn from all wild and gladsome things to Cousin 'Bel, as the wildest and gladsomest of the whole.

For a day or two, never was there a happier trio than my two cousins and myself. Walking, walking, walking constantly! There was everything to see, and we really began to fear the summer would not be long enough for our purpose of showing off its beauties. Rainy days, too, *would* come; but it was no punishment to be confined within doors with such a joy-born spirit as Cousin 'Bel's. Then it gave Walter a fine opportunity to display the tone and compass of a rich, manly voice, and make-known his taste in the choice of fine passages, which I now began to suspect were selected with reference to another ear than mine. We had formerly read from the same page, for the sake of convenience, with an arm around my waist. That last familiarity had of course been abandoned on the arrival of a visitor; but I did think Cousin Walter might favor me with a glance once in a while. Sometimes I had a great mind to show him that an old friend was not to be so neglected for a new face; but then he did no worse than the rest. We all neglected each other for 'Bel. It seemed her due.

There had been a shower early in the morning; but the sun came out laughingly and looked down upon the dripping trees and jewelled shrubbery, pledging to the earth a glorious day. Freshly swept the sweet-scented wind upward, after stooping momentarily to the flowers and grass-blades; and a wild, joy-maddened burst of mingled melodies went up from the woodland, as a crowd of young birds started from their coverts and winged their way Heaven-ward.

It was a cool, delicious hour, and I went in search of Cousin 'Bel, to inquire how it should be spent. She was not to be found, and, furthermore, I discovered that Walter was missing, too. Leaning from the window, I marked footprints on the wet grass, and I followed to the garden. There were low, confidential voices among the shrubbery, and I hesitated to advance; but, standing on tip-toe, I managed to peep through a clump of gooseberry bushes, and there saw—what think you? Why, Walter had brought me home a choice, beautiful rose-bush, and he had been extremely eloquent in his praises of the magnificent flower. There came but one bud upon it, and we had both of us watched its daily growth with intense interest; and now what should Walter be doing but bending that stem as rudely as though it had been the commonest flower in the world! I bit my lips severely, and filled my hands with prickles in my efforts to keep still; for each moment I expected to see my darling, carefully-watched rose-bud, sent like a worthless pebble to the ground. But no such thing. Walter knew well enough what he was about.

"Oh! what an exquisite bud!" silenced his evident scruples; and, before I could have interfered if I had attempted it, the rich, creamy-white of the bursting blossom was mingling with the glossy sable that shaded the brow of Cousin 'Bel. Walter's hand was a little tremulous (well it might be, thieving member that it was!) as he fastened the pretty gift; and 'Bel's face crimsoned—with honest indignation at the shameless robbery, no doubt.

"So ho!" muttered I, as I gathered up my dress in my hand, to prevent its rustling, and stole noiselessly back to the house; "so ho! Mr. Walter! our confidential days are over, eh!"

I could not keep back one little tear—just one, preceded and followed up by smiles; for I felt as though Walter had ill-treated me—and 'Bel too; and yet I could not, for the life of me, have told any one in what particular respect I conceived myself injured. I did ask myself once or twice what right I had to their secrets; and though it was not an easy question to answer, the sense of injury still remained. My two cousins seemed

to be so well entertained that my efforts were quite out of the question; so I drew on my sleeved apron and tied my little morning cap closely under the chin, fully resolved to delight my mother with the display of certain domestic qualities more homely than useless. Fifteen minutes by the clock had gone by (for I was uneasy enough to mark well their flight), when Cousin Walter came into the kitchen with anything but his usual manly air; and really I began to think he felt his sin in the affair of the rose quite deeply enough. He seemed hesitating how to broach some difficult subject, and I had a great mind to begin myself and tell him that it was no matter at all, and even to withhold my chiding for not having been duly informed that he was falling in love with Cousin 'Bel. But suddenly he found words:—

"You are engaged, Fanny?"

"Not particularly; if I am wanted elsewhere."

Walter stammered forth something that I did not quite understand, and looked earnestly out of the window.

"You know, Walter, that I shall not allow anything to take me from you and 'Bel."

This remark was made just as my cousin was turning to me again, and he drew back disconcerted; whilst I, not quite interpreting his confusion, and yet judging that I had a clue to it, proceeded very coolly to wipe off a row of glass tumblers and arrange them on the waiter. Walter looked at me as though he would say something, could he but receive a single glance of encouragement or even intelligence; then turned to the window, fidgeted with the tassel of his cap, and finally, with a peculiarly hesitating, hitching sort of step, proceeded irresolutely to the door. I waited till he was within a step of the threshold; and then, with a light laugh, sprang before him, putting both hands in his—

"Speak out, Walter,—what is it?"

"Confound it, Fan! nothing worth choking about. But it is a glorious day for a gallop on horseback, and you know yours is the only decent beast for a lady in all the country round."

"And so you want me to ride with you? I shall be extremely happy to accommodate you, cousin."

Oh! how Walter's astonished eyes stared at such a display of obtuseness!

"Cousin 'Bel will find no difficulty in amusing herself for just the little time we shall be gone, and then—"

Walter, with a very preposterous laugh, seized my shoulders, and shook them heartily; then, joining the hands that were trying with all their might to push his away, he gave them at least half-a-dozen kisses; and, with a confused *mélange*, in which the words, "mischievous," "sweet," "ingenious,"

"naughty," were quite conspicuous, he gave the shoulders another shake, and dragged poor Fanny Forester very rudely after him out of the room.

In a little while we were all on the portico to see Cousin 'Bel mounted on Zikka; and beautiful indeed was she, with her queenly figure and animated face. Even my heart swelled with pride to see my pretty palfrey so highly honored. And Walter Sleighton! Oh! there was a world of eloquent meaning in his large dark eyes; and right gallantly did he vault into the saddle, and proudly curve his strong arm to draw in the rein, and keep the spirited animal from shooting past its lighter companion.

A low word was spoken, a nod or two, and a profusion of smiles flung back to the admiring group on the portico, and away flew the happy equestrians, almost with the speed of the wind. From that morning Zikka's services were put in requisition every day; and as I had somehow taken a sudden dislike for riding, it soon became quite unnecessary to consult me about the matter at all. Indeed, if truth must be told, poor Fanny Forester became, by slow degrees, a very unimportant personage, slipping about quietly, and for the most part unobserved; now filling up an embarrassing pause in conversation; now absenting herself at a critical moment, when her woman's wit taught her that she was *de trop*; sometimes making a third in the "buggy" and usually, though at a respectful distance, in the walk; always blind, deaf, and dumb, when these qualities could seem to be desirable, and yet not a little piqued by her friends' provoking lack of confidence. To "play third fiddle," and then be deprived of even the crumbs from the table! it *was* too bad! It was no difficult part, however, as far as execution was concerned; for neither Walter nor 'Bel were very sharp-sighted to others' actions. But there were some half-dozen curious, quizzing, mischievous children, belonging to our establishment, who were not quite so considerate; and they had the honor of getting up several embarrassing scenes. Still, neither of my cousins thought proper to entrust me with any confidential communications; and so week after week passed by until the vacation had ended, and Walter was obliged, though reluctantly, to prepare for his return.

After assisting my mother in putting Walter's wardrobe in order, and watching him and 'Bel till they disappeared alone among the shadows of the trees, I went up again to my cousin's room to see that his books and writing materials were all packed. The room was in confusion; and, among the light lumber that strewed the carpet, my attention was particularly attracted by several

loose strips of very fine paper, and I had the curiosity to pick them up. On one was written, very carefully, "My dear Miss Forester," on another, "Dear Isabella," and another address was familiarised into "Charming Bel;" but the writer had evidently been puzzled for words to follow. Cousin Walter had found it no easy matter to indite a lover's epistle! After enjoying these tell-tale scraps to my heart's content, I proceeded to the table; where, lo! I stumbled on just the neatest little parcel that ever was folded,—measured, I was sure, by line and plummet; and addressed "Miss Isabella Forester." So here was the mystery of the note writing all explained. But what *could* be in that snowy envelope? It looked like a book! it felt like one. But Walter, bold, frank, merry-hearted Cousin Walter, would never be so sentimental. No! it was doubtless something else, but what? Ah! there was a whetstone for curiosity! How my fingers sidled toward the knot, and how I felt the pupils of my eyes dilating at the thought that nothing but a thin fold of paper lay between me and the mystery of a genuine love-token! But I resisted the temptation, much as the effort cost; and put back the little package on the table. As I did so, I was startled by the sound of a footstep; and, on turning round, suddenly encountered my Cousin Walter.

"'My dear Miss Forester!' 'Dear Isabella!' 'Charming 'Bel!'" repeated I, with provoking volubility; and then pointed to the little package inquiringly. Walter blushed to the roots of his hair, and looked very foolish.

"Now you shall tell me all about it, Walter—how you argued the case, what she said, and when you are to speak to Uncle Forester."

"Nonsense, Fan! hush! You are wrong; all wrong!"

"And you are quite indifferent to Cousin 'Bel, eh? and she to you?—and these stealthy meetings mean nothing?"

"You and I have been together, so, fifty times, Fanny."

"Aye, because we are cousins—more, brother and sister. But keep your own counsel, Walter, if you will; and throwing down the package, and mustering as much of an air of offended dignity as I could conveniently assume, I passed on to the door.

"Stop, Fanny!" and Walter drew my arm within his; "you shall not be angry with me after—after all you have done. But in truth I have nothing to tell. I have never said a word to your cousin that you, that all might not hear,—there are reasons why I should not. We are both young, and I—' an expression of deep pain flashed across the

countenance of Cousin Walter, and he bent his forehead for a moment upon his doubled hand; "and I am *poor*, Fanny!"

"Poor!" I exclaimed, with the most innocent wonder.

"Aye! poor, Fanny! owing my bread to your father's bounty; and he is not rich, you know, my dear. It would be villanous in me to try to engage the affections of Isabella Forester under such circumstances, and yet I am sure she knows I love her."

"But you are sure of nothing with regard to her?" I remarked, with assumed coldness.

"Do you think so, Fanny? Do you think her altogether indifferent?"

"She has been accustomed to admiration, ever since she knew what it meant."

"True, true!"

"And will be a great *belle* next winter."

"Aye, and forget me, Fanny; it is but right and natural."

"It seems she has but a glance or two to forget."

"What would you have me do?"

"In truth, Walter, I am not a very sage adviser, and perhaps shall, girl-like, speak more from the heart than head; but of one thing I am sure, if 'Bel Forester had a brother, he would be demanding *your intentions*."

"Oh! it would be wrong——"

"If there is wrong, Walter, it has been committed already."

Cousin Walter looked troubled; and thereupon ensued one of those long, confidential communings that 'Bel's coming so entirely interrupted. It ended in unfolding the little package, though Walter blushed as though he had been detected in a crime. He had reason to blush. A full-grown boy of nineteen making a present of a copy of *Lalla Rookh*, and pencil-marked, too! Yes, as I live, along a certain fine stanza commencing,

"There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,"

there was a line drawn quite distinctly. Oh! how closely I held my fingers over my lips to prevent the laugh! But it *would* burst forth; and though Cousin Walter looked exceedingly mortified, he could not but join in it.

I fancied that the country grew rather dull to 'Bel, after Walter left us; and she had really acquired quite a tinge of sentimentality when she was taken home. She has since become a very great belle, as I expected; does not like to talk of her visit to the country; and is very impatient if I chance to mention to her the name of Cousin Walter. She may have forgotten him. I know not, but I *do* know when she opened a little cabinet the other day, containing a few precious keepsakes, I discovered a pretty

volume with an embossed morocco cover, that I had seen before. On taking it up, it opened of itself, and my eyes fell upon the words—

"There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,"

for the pressed remains of my poor rose-bud lay carefully treasured between the leaves.

Cousin Walter is to be admitted next winter; and *then*——a-hem!!

CHOICE FLOWERS,
AND
GOOD FLOWER SEED.

THE difficulty of procuring a bit of good seed of any flower of which collections are grown, is much greater than any ordinary person would conceive. There is not a seed shop in town at which we may not obtain Polyanthus, Pink, Geranium, Dahlia, Pansy, Carnation, Picotee, Verbena, Ranunculus, Anemone; indeed, we may say all the seeds of florists' flowers; yet it is not in the range of probabilities that any one of these could be had good enough to repay the grower, by even a solitary improved flower, for the trouble and pains and labor of growing them. Why is this? Simply because, if there were any chance of valuable acquisitions, the florist who sowed the seeds would have grown all himself. But it may be said that some nurseries grow their own seed. No doubt of it; but there is another strong reason for not parting with seed that gives hope of a good flower. One instance will explain the whole matter; for all cultivators know that it is extremely difficult to save seed from the best flowers, while common ones seed freely. A correspondent, writing in the "*Gardeners' Journal*," says:—I have known that, after taking great pains, not ten pods were saved from a large collection of Pinks, while a neighboring gardener, from single and semi-double sorts only, saved a pound of seed. It is so with everything. Last year, almost every double flower was useless for seed, while the common varieties gave plenty.

Not long since, a friend was desirous of procuring, at any cost, a few good Carnation seeds. A grower, in the country, offered 20 seeds for two guineas, and considered himself liberal; and we recollect, from the pedigree, we thought so too, for not one in a thousand will part with a grain, if they succeed in obtaining a pod from a first-rate flower. Some varieties of Dahlias do not yield a pod of seed to a hundred pounds. Many desirable kinds will not give seed; and a batch of seedlings, three-fourths of which are single and semi-double, yield abundantly, and furnish a good crop for the supply of the shops. In short, it is morally impossible to produce fine seed

of fine flowers in any saleable quantity ; at least with very few exceptions.

Stocks, Asters, Balsams, Hollyhocks, and one or two other subjects, will now and then give a moderate supply : but the very best growers of these things, for sale or market, frequently have great difficulty in keeping up their own supply, and had they not saved a little from former seasons, would have frequently been foiled. Many have failed in their supply of stock-seed, for want of single flowers ; and but for having made a reserve in former seasons, must have been thrown out altogether. We do not see how to mend the fault we have been finding with the seed shops. People order sixpennyworth of geranium seed. What can they expect for the money ? Why, what they get—plants of the common sort, remarkable for nothing but their strong growing and free seeding : no man will part with a grain likely to produce him a valuable improvement. A man must be rather ambitious of name than of profit when he parts with a better quality of seed than can be got elsewhere ; and particularly if it be a subject that he excels in among those who grow for sale. The following is the result of samples had of nine London seed shops (all mixed) :

Geraniums.—Not one good flower—all very common.

Aquilegia.—One pretty and varied, the rest very common single columbine.

Balsams.—All much below an average ; very single, and most of them coarse growers.

Polyanthus.—All very common, colorless, dingy, wild-looking sorts ; very little difference in the complexion of the flowers, and many Oxlips and Cowslips among them.

Verbenas.—All below the average of old sorts, very common, and narrow petals.

Hollyhocks.—Upon an average, half of them all but single, the remainder various grades of semi-double ; not one up to the present average of good flowers.

Hollyhocks (in sealed packets).—In some cases the same grown as served in the bulk to the shops. In one packet of a hundred, thirteen fine double flowers, average stamp of good flowers ; in another grower's hundred, twenty-three ditto ; in a third, forty-three worth saving for a fine collection.

Pinks.—Not a double pink in the whole nine samples ; some very pretty semi-doubles, many like the old single white.

Picotees.—All rough-edge, French-looking varieties. None with more than two rows of petals ; colors all speckled.

Carnations.—Very similar in character, much serrated, and one-third in some cases, two-thirds in other samples, yellow grounds and confused stripes ; but none beyond semi-double.

Primula sinensis.—Nearly every one very narrow-petalled, deeply indented, and very poor ; pale sickly rose color, and ten per cent, white. All very common.

How is this to be otherwise ? What does

every man do who wants a bit of good seed ? He selects the best, if there be only one ; puts it away somewhere for seed, and finds it difficult. He leaves the others to their fate : they give him a good harvest ; he sells the seed to the first shopkeeper he can persuade to buy it, and sows himself the few he can save from the best that he laid by.

It never can be otherwise until we are all taught to love other people better than ourselves. Any man determined to sell the seed of the best varieties, likely to produce better as well as worse flowers than we grow, might, we admit, very soon get a name ; but he must sell in sealed packets, his seed must be identified with himself, even when it reaches the sower's hands. But it is no easy matter to establish confidence to start with ; and if this be not done, he places the buyers of his seed upon an equality with himself before he can reap the advantage. We remember to have seen once a very bad lot of a particular plant bedded out of the pots they were blooming in, and we asked if that was the best lot they had ? "O no !" answered the man who was planting, "these are for seed, and will give a larger and plumper sample than better sorts."

It is so in most things. We have, however, one observation to make. It is not everybody's sealed packets that are necessarily good. We have observed some advertising such a seed, saved from 150 varieties. Those we should avoid. Seed saved from the best half-dozen would be worth fifty times as much as that saved from the collection, even if the good plants were among them ; for in a collection of 150 varieties of anything, no matter what, all the coarse ones would yield plenty ; the better ones very, very few, and the best none—absolutely none. The conclusion we arrive at is this—to do any good, you must buy or select the very best only ; save exclusively from these, sow and bring up the young ones, and you have a chance. Save the best from these to seed again, and do as before, you cannot fail but improve ; but imagine yourself selling your best seed at a shop instead of sowing it, and what recompence would tempt you ? Why, you would require fifty times the sum that you dare ask for it by retail—much less give for it.

How then can any man expect what he calls good seed at seed-shop price ? The thing is impossible. And we should know something more of a man than his growth of a flower to have any faith in obtaining a good new variety out of even his sealed packets ; though we should like a pinch out of what he sows himself. It cannot, we again observe, be expected that a man, who is trying hard for novelties, and sowing every year to obtain them, should part with a single grain of seed that is likely to bring one. And if we are

asked what he is to do with what he cannot sow, we answer, he would rather burn it than let it out to beat himself. On this ground, therefore, we say there is no hope of obtaining from any source Auricula, Dahlia, Pansy, Ranunculus, Anemone, Geranium, Fuchsia, Polyanthus, or any other seed of perennials grown by name, and in collection, likely to produce a good variety; therefore the wisest plan is to buy or select at once a few of the very best only, and excluding all others from these, save your own.

The great raisers of everything did so; but even these retrograded when they got more extensive in their collections, and less select in the plants they saved from. A man may immortalise himself by mixing a first-class flower; that is, a flower that beats all we have, and maintains itself in good collections for a series of years; and yet we see hundreds every year called first-class for the year they are sold out, but never called so again. Let us look at some of the real raisers, who, though dead, are still living in their flowers. Auriculas, the most difficult of all flowers to improve, some of the old standards still head the fancy: Grimes's Privateer, Page's Champion, Lee's Col. Taylor, Taylor's Glory, Booth's Freedom. These stood their ground before the moderns began; yet scores of seedling Auriculas have been shown and had prizes, that were never again heard of.

The principal characteristic of modern flowers is their likeness to something we have had; their only difference being for the worse. This applies to all the original florists' flowers; but in the Carnation, Picotee, the Pink, Pansy, and some others, much good has been done; and steps in advance have been taken and maintained, although there have been hundreds pronounced good that have scarcely survived a season.

There is a vast deal of trickery and fraud practised by the dealers in seeds; and we caution our readers against being duped by their specious advertisements.

WHAT I LOVE.

Give me the twilight hour,
When Nature spell-bound seems;
And 'mid the tuneful vale,
Th' enraptur'd spirit dreams
Of some bright fay-like tale!—
Give me that shadowy hour!

Give me the twilight hour,
When Philomel enchains
The sad and riven heart
With sweet melodious strains,
That welcome balm impart!—
Give me that pensive hour!

R. M.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

[THIS DEPARTMENT OF OUR JOURNAL is one of its most interesting, as well as valuable features. Amusement, Instruction, Mental Improvement, and all the Social Virtues, are here concentrated. Whether the Subjects introduced be on Natural History, Popular Science, Domestic Economy, the Fine Arts, or Matters of General Interest,—ALL are carefully digested, and placed before our readers in the winning garb of cheerfulness, good-temper, and a determination to please. Our amiable correspondents enter readily into our naturally-playful disposition,—hence are their contributions divested of that dry formality which cannot be other than repulsive to a true lover of Nature. Our columns, be it observed, are not exclusive; but open to ALL amiable writers.]

Notes on the Progress of Spring; with Remarks upon Birds, Flowers, and the Modesty of Nature.

—The ready insertion you gave my last lengthy communication, induces me again, my dear sir, to send you a few of my Spring thoughts. As we both take delight in the same harmless pursuits, and the readers of OUR OWN have but one heart and one mind,—apology from me there will be none. What a lovely month has March been! All that you have said and sung about it has *already* been nearly realised. The sun has shown his dear loving head every day; and his sweet face has shone gloriously as the face of an angel. Magical has been the consequence. From the tiniest flower to the largest tree, the influence has been felt and acknowledged. O, thou Great Creator,—the earth is full of Thy Works! Endless is Thy goodness towards us children of men! I have almost lived in the garden during the past month. I have had so much to do,—sowing, planting, tying up, cutting, trimming, beautifying, and arranging! Have I told you that I wear a garden tunic? [No.] I do though. [That's right.] Well; my labors give good promise of being amply rewarded; and when my eye falls upon my pets, all looking so lovely in their innocence, I am more than recompensed. As for the fruit trees,—currant, gooseberry, peach, nectarine, pear, &c., they positively tremble beneath the weight of their sweet drapery and blossoms. How green and gay they look in their Spring dresses; and yet how modest! [This remark of yours, Honeysuckle, charms us. Yes; it is the "modesty" of Nature that is so attractive. Let her ornaments be never so beautiful,—never so varied, yet are they all "set" in such pure, perfect taste, that the heart is fairly fascinated with their attractions. It is an observation of this, that makes our pen so bitter against the prevailing usages of society. To look at the dresses of our men and women,—especially at this season of approaching gaiety, one would imagine their wearers to be insane. And a very charitable excuse would this be for their folly. The word "modesty" is all but unknown amongst us, in its *true* meaning. We talk about it,—insist loudly upon its excellences, and rail extravagantly when any glaring case of immodesty is dragged into the light,—but alas! this proceeds not from any hatred of vice. No. People find it convenient and profitable to

"Assume a virtue, if they have it not;"

and they pass themselves off for paragons of propriety, whilst a single glance at their apparel and general conduct *proves* them to be counterfeit. With all due regard for the fair sex,—our own sex

is not worth a thought,*—we are yet constrained to speak our mind very freely to them. Every day brings under our eye specimens of immodesty in dress, so truly disgusting, that we are unable to characterise it as it deserves. Look, too, at a woman's bare head and brazen face as she parades the streets, proud to be so meretriciously conspicuous; and glorying,—yes, glorying in her shame! This, from the *very highest* to the very lowest. *There is scarcely an exception to be met with.* We are not a misanthrope by nature,—assuredly not; but when we look round, and gaze upon the lax morality of our countrywomen, so universally prevalent (and such little care taken to conceal it), we confess our disgust to be unqualified. Men take their cue from them, of course; and run to an excess, in closely assimilating themselves to brutes. Accordingly, we see hairy-faced savages starting up all over the country, and caricaturing our streets and highways,—the whole world laboring hard to prove (what many naturalists have boldly asserted) that men and apes are only one slight remove from each other. But this is a long digression.] On the 18th of March, we had some most refreshing showers. The rain fell,—not heavily, yet abundantly. It continued to fall during the night of the 18th, and on the whole of the 19th day. The surface of the ground (to use an expression of yours) was “panting” for these reviving showers; and now may be seen the most surprising results. Vegetation is in all its glory. Trees, plants, flowers, buds, blossoms,—all are luxuriating in simple, yet bewitching grandeur. Let me remind you of your promise to “come and see” what *my pen* finds it impossible to describe. [“We never can forget!”] As for my friends, the birds; they are busy as the bees. These last are now out for the season. We have six hives of them. This enables me to study their habits, which are singularly interesting. *You love bees, I know.* [We do indeed.] My robins have now become shy. They are sitting. The thrushes and blackbirds are all at nest. A few young ones are already hatched. The hedge-sparrows, “chinks,” and wrens, too, have begun to look “important.” They are doubtless thinking about family matters; as are also others of our numerous visitors. Meal worms *now* afford but little temptation to our

* A person of sense may be recognised at once by his outward deportment. His appearance (unstudied) tells us at a glance what he is. We never find him guilty of an excess in apparel, nor “remarkable” for his close resemblance to a savage,—a great recommendation now-a-days, and indicating the *depth* of a man's “mind!” Neither do we see him rejoicing in jewellery, perfume, a profusion of hair, and other such ridiculous, disgusting effeminacies. None but fools are ever found *thus* offending. We speak not of women. They have nothing else to set them off, and little else to think about,—thanks to modern education! In our boyhood, Modesty used to be “the” ornament in which they most delighted; and right well did it become them. *That* garment, however, is now *quite* laid aside. “Fashion” has long since banished it, by consent, from all (so called) decent society. “Punch” has truly said—all our women are “bare-faced!”—ED. K. J.

winter pensioners. They find food in abundance, everywhere. The voice of the blackbird is, whilst I write, sweetly distilling from the top of a lofty tree. The thrush, too, is piping away merrily; and the robins are in a perfect ecstasy of song. In a word, all nature is happy. We have had some large flocks of starlings in the neighborhood. How beautiful they look in their flight, as the sun reflects the brilliancy of their gay colors! [Yes; it is a pretty sight. About three weeks since, when approaching Tottenham, along the road known as the “Seven Sisters,” a flock of at least 600 starlings passed over our head. The sun had the same effect as you now speak of.] I have not observed them for the last few days. No doubt they too, have family engagements to arrange; and are gone to “see about it.” We are daily expecting the nightingale, blackcap, and other warblers. But I must not continue gossiping at this rate, or you will vote me a bore. When I sat down to write, I seemed to have a multitude of things to tell you. One half of them, at least, I have omitted! You can imagine me in my garden—my “palace of delights”—and no doubt realise in thought, what my naughty pen cannot reduce (in few words) to writing.—HONEYSUCKLE, *Henley, March 24.*

[You are such a favorite, dear Honeysuckle, with our readers, that we can never use the knife to prune away any offshoots proceeding from your happy fancy. Lovers of Nature, like yourself, are *not* met with every day; so prattle away whenever you will.]

A Day in Devonshire.—It is one of the many advantages belonging to the country over the town, that in the former a day's recreation can be obtained at a trifling expense; whilst the delight to those who can appreciate the beauties of nature, is infinitely greater. To the dweller in the great metropolis, a day's pleasure involves a considerable cost in locomotion; while the more fortunate resident in the country has a larger share of enjoyment for less than the cost of a single meal at London prices. Some time since, I was residing in the suburbs of the ancient city of Exeter, the capital of a most picturesque county, truly styled “the Garden of England.” In the glorious month of September, I had a visit from a London cousin,—a quiet steady man, who had seen nearly fifty years of London life, and was the trustworthy clerk of a celebrated banking-house. He was out for his autumn holiday. While closing one happy day (with the addition to our small party of an Exeter friend, the Dominie of a foundation school), it was mutually agreed that the following day should be devoted to an excursion to the romantic scenery of the Teign. We were to start shortly after daybreak; and the place named for breakfast was a well-known rendezvous for anglers, about seven miles and a quarter distant. For myself, the walk was only a pleasant exercise; but my cousin, being unused to climbing Devonshire hills, and the Dominie being lame in one leg (from an accident of old standing), they were tempted into undertaking the journey by the doubtful promise of a lift on the road being probable. Accordingly, the trio started at six o'clock the next morning. The sun rose gloriously—the day was all before us; and as we ascended the hill from St. Thomas's,

we began to feel the invigorating influence of the pure air. From Little St. John's Cross, we passed through the deep cutting in Pocombe Hill; and, dipping into the valley beyond, crossed the brook, and climbed the opposite hill; from the top of which (for more than a mile) the road proceeds on a ridge, called Long Down, presenting a bird's-eye view of rural scenery on each side—with white farm-houses, just visible among the trees, small fields skirted with tall hedges, patches of coppice, and a gentleman's mansion, backed by a precipitous circular hill, which a local antiquary has discovered to be the site of an ancient military station. Beyond the three-mile stone is a roadside inn, well known to visitors to the Teign as a half-way house; here we paused a short time, for my less active companions to refresh themselves. At a short distance beyond this, a turn in the road (on the same ridge) affords magnificent views. On the left hand lay the estuary of the Exe, with the oblique rays of the sun upon its waters, giving them the appearance of molten silver; and in the far distance, we obtained a glimpse of the ocean, seen between the rising grounds of Exmouth and Langstone Cliff, forming the entrance to the port. On the right hand, looking through a picturesque valley, may be seen the hills of Dartmoor, and the tall Cawsand, said to be the highest in Devonshire, and not less than fourteen miles distant. On descending the hill (about a mile further on), we have a beautiful view of Culverhouse, a mansion in the Elizabethan style, the seat of the Rev. Sub-Dean Stephens, son-in-law of the Bishop of Exeter. The road from this point proceeds along the bottom, skirted by a small brook, on the sides of which are many fruitful orchards; and is bounded by long lines of hills, the fields on which seem to have been recovered from the primeval woods. Close to the five-mile stone is a little cider shop, kept by an ancient dame, and so low that it seems but a step from the roof to the road; and half a mile further, we turn from the main road into a new road to the left, which leads us direct to the river Teign. This last is here crossed by a stone bridge originally of two arches, but which has since been widened by one arch. Turning to the left, down the course of the stream, about a quarter of a mile distant is the Teign House Inn. Arrived here, our first duty was to order breakfast; and, having met with no assistance on the road, I was pleased to find that my friends had accomplished the journey with comparatively little fatigue, though it had occupied nearly four hours (the ordinary allowance for practised pedestrians is two hours and ten minutes). This is perhaps one of the sweetest spots in Devon, but I shall not trust myself to attempt a description; and it has the additional recommendation of an inn, which, for rural refreshments, quantity, quality, cleanliness, and good attendance, may be considered "luxurious." The previous exercise, and the pure air, had acted as incentives to appetite, still further stimulated by the delicious yet homely fare. I never knew one who breakfasted here for the first time, who did not acknowledge himself more than satisfied. We did ample justice to the fair Mary's provision. This consisted of home-made bread, bacon, eggs, butter, cream, &c., &c. We now re-crossed the river by the ivy-covered bridge, near to the house, and proceeded along the banks

down the river—my companions pausing to admire the picturesque beauties around them, while I tried the temptation of flies for the speckled trout with which this river abounds. Our course was, about a mile and a half, through fields and orchards, and over stiles and hedges, until we reached the Fishermen's Inn at Ashton, where the kind-hearted Mrs. Taylor supplied us with a simple refecton by way of lunch. Here I inquired for a miner with whom I was acquainted, and who had long promised to show me a silver-lead mine in the neighborhood. I was informed that he had left that part of the country; but another miner who was present (and whom I had previously known as a skilful fisherman) offered to perform the same kind office. I may mention as an instance of the good feeling borne towards me in this locality (to which I had been a frequent visitor), that this man told me he had saved several mineralogical specimens for me, which he afterwards forwarded to me. The mine was nearly a mile from the inn. After resting ourselves, we proceeded thither, to explore its recesses. Being Saturday afternoon, we found the men leaving work; but the captain was present, and he at once lent us proper dresses, and gave us the use of the count house, where we equipped ourselves in a style which proved efficient disguises even from one another. Taking off merely our upper coats, we put on large canvas trousers, flannel over-coats of most capacious make, and linen caps under hard broad-brimmed hats (to protect us from any falling stones). We were then furnished with candles, stuck in lumps of wet clay; and we seated ourselves in what appeared to be iron boxes, mounted on four small wheels, which ran upon a narrow railway. The mineral treasures of the mine were not approached by a shaft, but through a tunnel. The entrance was from the side of a precipitous hill, running nearly on a level for about three quarters of a mile, and so small that the mouth appeared no bigger than a moderate-sized closet. My cousin and myself were seated in one carriage, crouched together within its narrow sides; the Dominic (in compliment to his lame leg) had a carriage to himself; and each was propelled by a miner. After proceeding about half a mile into the bowels of the earth, and crossing the mouths of one or two shafts, which were driven downwards, we reached a wider space, about the centre of the hill, and proceeded about a quarter of a mile further on foot, occasionally feeling ourselves splashing through water; and stooping to prevent knocking our heads against the superincumbent rocks. On approaching the end, we turned out down a branch cutting; and from heaps of rich lead ore which lay before us, to the extent of several tons, we selected some convenient-sized pieces for specimens, and turned to retrace our steps. On regaining the open air, we found plenty of soap and water, and a little maiden with a towel, by the aid of which we refreshed ourselves; and having regained our attire, returned by the road to the inn where we breakfasted. Here I was anxious to obtain assistance for my companions on the road home; and with reasonable hope, as, owing to the mining enterprise in the neighborhood, it was not uncommon for several vehicles to start in the evening for Exeter. However, on reaching the inn, we found there was but one fly, for which *four* gentlemen (who were seated

in the back parlor) might be considered a reasonable complement. On applying to one of them, the present High Sheriff of Devon, he kindly made room for one of our party, which we decided should be the Dominic; and my London cousin, notwithstanding his unwonted exertions during the day, manfully made up his mind to walk the seven miles that lay before us. On reaching the half-way house of the morning, we made a pause, and listened to the music of the village choir of Holcombe Burnell, who generally assemble here on Saturday evenings, to practise anthems, and the church services for the following day. Nor is it an uninteresting sight to witness a small body of hard-working agriculturists, who with the aid of two violins, a flute, and a violoncello, and their own really melodious voices joining in the music of Handel, Mozart, and other first-rate composers, contrive to produce a good effect. It was refreshing both to mind and body; and I had the satisfaction of seeing my relative little fatigued after a walk, which, in the morning, he did not believe himself capable of performing. It was a day that each of the party will long remember,—rich in the enjoyment of the sweet beauties of Nature, interesting in many ways; affording us ample creature comforts,—and yet the whole expense to each of us was less than half-a-crown.—EPHRA, Birkenhead.

English and Foreign Flowers.—I cannot resist saying a few words with reference to the interesting communication in your last, from "The Lily of the Valley." To my mind it is full of truth; and I rejoice at its being recorded in OUR JOURNAL. There can be no doubt that the flowers which clothe the tropical countries are very magnificent, and very effective; but I must re-quote the words: "For every stem of this kind, we may find *another at home* of equal beauty, and with an equal amount of brilliant colors." With respect to beauty and effect; if, my dear sir, you could see the lovely little plant which bears the name of the contributor of this, growing as I have seen it,—covering a space of some 200 feet square, and all in blossom from the 10th to the 15th of May, I think you would say that, with all the brilliancy of color that the tropical plants may display above ours, the beauty and elegance of growth of the *Convallaria bifolia*, and the loveliness of the little expanded bell-shaped corollas, of such a clear and pure white, so prettily placed on little stalks, half concealed by the sheathing leaf, together with the delicious fragrance which arises from them,—is sufficient to make you re-echo with us that we have flowers of equal beauty and brilliancy *at home*. I say *brilliancy* also; for the effect of these lovely little white flowers is nothing less than *brilliant*. Nor do I value this wee flower the less that it does not come forward (as do many tropical ones), so that you cannot pass by without being struck with its beauty. No. This little specimen of our pretty wild flowers, is so humble and modest, that it is generally concealed from us in the recesses of some deep and dark wood or copse, where it only enjoys the sun's rays for a small portion of time, as they penetrate here and there between the mixed foliage of the varied trees. I could mention other equally beautiful little wild flowers,

but will rest satisfied with having said a few words about this one emblem of "purity and sweetness."

There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower.
In every herb on which you tread,
Are written words, which rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod
To hope, and holiness, and God.

So sings Allan Cunningham; and few, I imagine, of your readers will dissent from such "pure gospel."—AGLIA TAU, *Stoke Newington*.

Fresh-water Molluscs.—One day last week, the water of the Sheffield canal burst into the works of an old coal mine at Sheffield; which must have been worked when that large town was (some two or three hundred years ago) but a small village; the consequence was, great destruction of property by undermining the foundation of buildings; and also that part of the canal (a length of three miles) was nearly emptied. In passing along the canal banks, after having been to see the devastation caused thereby, I was astonished to witness the innumerable quantity of small bivalved shells adhering to the walls of the various bridges and locks. They were about the size of Windsor beans, and the walls were completely crowded with them. What could they be? Not mussels I think, as I always understood they embedded themselves in the mud. Can you tell me the name of them, or refer me to any work which will give me some particulars of their economy? Some of them I have got; and I am keeping them in a glass in order to watch their movements.—JOHN V., *Yorkshire, Feb. 24.*

[If you could contrive to send us in a pill-box (by post), one or two specimens of the bivalves you speak of, we would answer your question at once; but it will be needful to see them before giving a positive opinion.]

The Sun-flower.—Tell me, my dear sir,—do, please, why the large flowers of this annual always face the sun? At sunrise, they are turned towards the east; and at sunset, towards the west. I should very much like to know the cause of this.—LUCY N., *Tottenham*.

[The sun-flower, Lucy, is a fervent, true, and constant lover. She rises betimes to greet the God of her idolatry, and never ceases to regard him so long as his golden features remain visible. This is true love. Our flowers study no "fashion." They are "natural;" consequently, lovely and amiable. Tom Moore has this sweet simile in his "Irish Melodies:"—

Oh, the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose!

Let us take a lesson out of Tom Moore's book, fair Lucy; for constancy and true love are inseparable. The flowers were no doubt sent for our instruction and improvement. They teach us many a profitable lesson.]

Cruelty of Fowls, one to the other.—Can you in any way account, my dear sir, for the marked antipathy shown by certain fowls towards some

one of their (apparently amiable) companions? I have had several hens thus slighted; and have one now, which is so cruelly beaten by her associates that I am compelled to remove her. To *me* she seems perfectly harmless, and good-tempered; but she is nevertheless voted *de trop* by her companions, and has been severely mal-treated.—HONEYSUCKLE, *Henley*.

[Fowls, dear Honeysuckle, like the human race, are full of whims, caprices, fancies, evil passions, and prejudices. The antipathies you speak of, are very common amongst poultry; and when fowls *do* take a dislike, their hatred becomes deadly. No jealous woman ever carried her projects out more surely or more fatally! We have ourself, just now, a very beautiful golden-spangled Ham-burgh hen thus maltreated by her companions. They had nearly "finished" her, when we discovered her misfortune; but we have succeeded in preserving her life. However, she *must* be parted with; or she will inevitably be killed. She *seems* "amiable," so far as we can judge; but her own tribe have condemned her, and our intercessions are of no avail.]

Citrons, Lemons, and Limes; grown in the Open Air.—We have recently given some very remarkable instances of the mildness of the climate of Devon. The papers furnished by our highly-esteemed correspondent, "C. F. T. Y.," Stockleigh Pomeroy, Crediton, throw a light upon the matter that invests it with a more than common interest. But we have something beyond mere assertion to bear our kind friend out in his observations. We have received, during the past month, a basket of fine citrons, lemons, and limes, which were grown in the open grounds of Cliff House, Salcombe, Kingsbridge, Devon. These were most handsomely franked to us by the fair owner of the mansion,—Mrs. WALTER PRIDEAUX; and we here tender that lady our most grateful acknowledgements.* So surprised were we at the sight of such curiosities, that we have publicly exhibited them in a principal thoroughfare,—not thinking it right to withhold from general observation, such "proofs" of the mild climate of Devon. We hardly need say that our surprise has been largely shared by others. The time has now come for these citrons, lemons, and limes, to be "preserved." The receipt for this, has also been considerably forwarded to us; and we live in the hope of sharing with more than one, two, three, or a dozen of our readers, the treat that, at present, is *in embryo*. We learn, in confidence, that *such* preserves are exquisitely delicious,—so that "Honeysuckle," "Puss," "Lily of the Valley," and many other of our "pets" may—look out!—W. K.

There is "Something" to be learnt Daily.—The 1st of Chronicles, chap. iv., is replete with hard names, surrounding one single verse (the 10th), which contains alone the beautiful ejaculatory

* We received, at the same time, a gentle "order" to enroll this esteemed name (for a twelvemonth in advance) among our choice readers. For this we are specially indebted. Few journalists, we imagine, can boast of a family of supporters like those of OUR OWN.—ED. K. J.

prayer of Jabez, calling on the God of Israel. May this not remind us of a botanist, on an interesting tour, coming to a rough and tedious pass, full of hard rocks and barren soil? His first impulse would doubtless be, to avoid this uninteresting spot, and not lose time in endeavoring to overcome the opposing difficulties. *Experience* has, however, taught him that, even amidst all these wild and apparently unfruitful wastes, *some* hidden treasure may lurk, to compensate his toil; some lovely, delicate, and rare flower may meet his languid eye, and amply repay his past exertions.—AGLIA TAU, *Stoke Newington*.

[We quite agree with you in this sentiment. Many a rare jewel is lost, for the want of carefully searching it out. Perseverance rarely goes without its reward. The only difficulty is, to get people to believe this. "Nil sine labore" is a saying treated with supreme contempt now-a-days!]

Ardent Spirits fatal to Health.—It is a very well-known, though little cared-for fact, that ardent spirits kill twenties of thousands amongst us yearly. Beer, too, slays its votaries in immensely-large numbers. A very interesting lecture to prove this, was recently given by Dr. Carpenter, who most satisfactorily showed that health instead of being sustained, was impaired in its activity by the use of alcoholic liquors. Alcohol stopped the process of elimination of everything that ought to be carried away; impeded the body from getting rid of its effete and used-up matters; curdled albumen, which was one of the greatest constituents of the blood; and prevented the removal from the tissues, of the inert fatty matters which accumulate about them. He quoted a remarkable circumstance, which had been told him by a friend who had commanded a ship from Sydney. Shortly after leaving Australia, a leak was discovered in the vessel; and, unable to put in at the Cape of Good Hope, they were obliged to sail homewards, keeping the men night and day at the pump. When each man's work was over, he was allowed a good quantity of grog for his extraordinary physical endurance. But, as the men would not take their proper quantity of food and fell off, the captain stopped their grog, and ordered them a mess of cocoa, biscuit, and meat. They turned in hearty, awoke fresh, regained the flesh they had lost, and came into port as fine a crew as ever was seen. In noticing the effects that alcohol had upon the mind, the lecturer said that *it weakened the power of the will*; and, although by stimulating the automatic tendency of the mind, it produced extraordinary activity *for the time*, yet it weakened and, if continued, destroyed external control; that no man who had taken to a habit of drinking could concentrate his mind on a subject as he used to do; nor could he even properly direct his mental powers to any object on which he wished to exercise them.—E. W.

A Pretty Garden at a nominal Cost.—There are, I believe, many possessors of a small garden who feel the expense they deem necessary to its fertility; although the labor bestowed upon it is all their own. To such I would divulge the plan

by which, at no cost save the work of my hands, I have made the most unpromising team with luxuriance. In the most out of the way corner, I dig a hole about three feet square and eighteen inches deep. Into this are thrown grass, weeds, decayed plants, and all the vegetable waste of the house, as well as soap suds, &c.; until the hole is full. I then cover it with a layer of garden mould, and dig a similar pit adjoining. By the time the second pit is filled, the first is ready to be emptied. I effect this, by digging a garden bed a foot deep, and depositing a layer of the contents of the pit, about six inches in depth, covering it with six inches of earth,—so proceeding until I have emptied the first pit, which is then used as before. In the meantime, the ashes from the house are sifted in a corner of the garden, and intimately mixed with the mould. This is again sifted, and spread over the surface of the bed, giving it a neat, blackish appearance. In this, I plant or sow; and the roots, in time, find the rich nourishment provided for them at bottom. I have thus a plentiful and constant supply of manure without cost; and I have always found it successful in producing me abundant crops of fruit, flowers, or vegetables. I have therefore, generally, a luxuriant-looking garden, at an outlay of a few pence for seeds. I can quite appreciate your love for small birds. I love them too; and have always a supply of bread crumbs for them on a window-sill, which attracts numbers of little visitors.—EPHRA, *Birkenhead*.

Insects.—*Sogines Punctulatus*.—On the evening of the 30th of last October, I had occasion to visit a young friend of mine, who resides about ten minutes distance from our house. It was nearly eight o'clock; the evening was star-light, and slightly foggy, the thermometer marking 53. Whilst walking along the gravel walk, in my friend's garden, I was attracted by a sort of phosphoric light—similar to that emitted by a glow-worm. As it changed its place rapidly, it was evident it must proceed from some insect. I thought it might be *Geophilus electricus*; but on approaching it, I easily saw, by the aid of its brilliant light, its six legs; though I could not see the upper part of its body. This clearly proved that the light must have been emitted from the sides, or lower part of the body. I stooped to seize my little friend, but it ran off; leaving an interrupted, intermittent, phosphoric light on its track of passage. There was no difficulty in following and securing it; and on examination next day, it turned out to be *Sogines Punctulatus*. I know full well that many beetles emit a phosphorescent light; but I am not aware that this peculiarity has been before observed in the one I have just described. I therefore beg a corner for its insertion in OUR JOURNAL.—BOMBYX ATLAS.

A Woodcock's Eggs hatched by a common Hen.—I am anxious to record in the columns of OUR JOURNAL, a very pretty as well as curious fact, for the truth of which I can vouch. In July last, the gamekeeper of J. Crawshaw, Esq., of Ottersham Park, near Chertsey, discovered in a neighboring wood, the nest of a woodcock. In it were three eggs. These he removed, and by way of experiment placed them under a common hen.

Strange to say, they were all hatched; and by feeding them on worms, &c., they were all reared. They are now remarkably fine birds; very tame, and running about in the enjoyment of perfect happiness.—JAMES HINTON, 6, *Coleman Street*.

[This is perhaps, of its kind, the most interesting and curious fact ever recorded—the woodcock being a “bird of passage.”]

The Milk-tree.—Mr. Wallace, in his interesting “Travels on the Amazon,” thus writes:—We felt much interest in examining several large logs of the masseranduba, or milk-tree. On our way through the forest, we had seen some trunks much notched by persons who had been extracting the milk. It is one of the noblest trees of the forest, rising with a straight stem to an enormous height. The timber is very hard, fine-grained, and durable, and is valuable for works which are much exposed to the weather. The fruit is eatable, and very good, the size of a small apple, and full of a rich and very juicy pulp. But strange of all is the vegetable milk, which exudes in abundance when the bark is cut. It has about the consistence of thick cream, and, but for a very slight peculiar taste, could scarcely be distinguished from the genuine product of the cow. Mr. Leavens ordered a man to tap some logs that had lain nearly a month in the yard. He cut several notches in the bark with an axe, and in a minute the rich sap was running out in great quantities. It was collected in a basin, diluted with water, strained, and brought up at tea-time and at breakfast next morning. The peculiar flavor of the milk seemed rather to improve the quality of the tea, and gave it as good a color as rich cream. In coffee it is equally good. Mr. Leavens informed us that he had made a custard of it, and that, though it had a curious dark color, it was very well tasted. The milk is also used for glue, and is said to be as durable as that made use of by carpenters. As a specimen of its capabilities in this line, Mr. Leavens showed us a violin he had made, the belly-board of which, formed of two pieces, he had glued together with it applied fresh from the tree, without any preparation. It had been done two years. The instrument had been in constant use; and the joint was now perfectly good, and sound throughout its whole length. As the milk hardens by exposure to air, it becomes a very tough, slightly elastic substance, much resembling gutta-percha; but, not having the property of being softened by hot water, is not likely to become so extensively useful as that article.—LECTOR.

Artificial Flower-making.—Artificial flower-making is not an insignificant trade. An inquiry was made into the industrial statistics of Paris in 1847, which lets us into a little secret in this matter. The total manufacture of cambric flowers in that year was prodigious, amounting in value to more than £400,000 sterling. We, in England, only took £12,000 worth of this value; for we pride ourselves on being able to make our own “artificial flowers.” The cambric, muslin, gauze, velvet, silk, and other materials were procured from St. Etienne, St. Quentin, and Lyons; the dyes and colors were prepared expressly for the purpose by manufacturing chemists; the buds, leaves, petals, stamens, pistils, and other com-

ponent parts, were made in small workshops by persons who each attended to only one part of a flower; while the whole were fitted together in other workshops. Even these workshops are frequently limited to one single kind of flower each; so completely is the division of labor carried out. There were about 50 small manufacturers of petals and stamens, and other component parts, employing about 500 persons; while there were nearly 600 dealers or vendors, who employed nearly 6000 persons in building up the various integers into whole groups of flowers. Of this immense number of persons, about 5000 were women, whose average earnings were estimated at 1s. 8d. per day. Several of the manufacturers effect sales to the amount of £10,000 a year each. We must, therefore, regard French flower manufacturers as commercial men of notable import.—J. W. T.

[We here see borne out—what we have so long been harping upon—the fact of the “artificial” prevailing over the natural to a fearful extent. Artificial flowers are, by the multitude, preferred *before* garden flowers! It is so with everything else. To be natural, is to be “unfashionable;” consequently, it constitutes a crime!]

Tight Lacing.—The evils of tight lacing have recently been *again* very properly exposed. Among several cases of severe illness brought on by the pernicious practice, one *death* has been recorded; the coroner observing, that he feared the practice would *never* be out of date. Women’s ideas about symmetry and beauty are strangely *unnatural*!—JOHN C.

[We have done *our* duty in warning our fair countrywomen of their folly; but the coroner is right—the practice of pinching the machinery of the body into an undue space, will *never* be out of fashion. Health and fashion hate each other. The number of pale, cadaverous faces that pass us daily, fully confirm the truth of what we say. Our women rather exist than live.]

The World!—What an insignificant syllable is this! and yet how important and imposing in reality! It is one to which all bow the knee in adoration; subjecting themselves to its influence, and being fearful to violate its rules and regulations. It is at once the inciter to good, and to evil; the giver, and the destroyer. In all our transactions, whether relating to business or pleasure, the world is first consulted. Every one stops to consider what the world would think, do, or say; and each regulates his actions accordingly. The world occupies the chief position in every bosom. Everything is the world, and the world is everything! Follow the steps of the “Man of Fashion.” Deaf to the voice of reason and prudence, he makes himself disagreeable, gives utterance to vain unmeaning flattery; in short, passes life in one dull, sickening round of dissipation. And why? Not on account of the pleasure it affords him, not because he prefers it to a more sensible and natural mode of life; but because he dreads to draw on himself the displeasure of the fashionable circle! For the same reason, men countenance hypocrisy and disguise poverty. Even lovers will shun each other’s society when in its dread and awful presence. Thus are mankind incited alike

to acts of charity or to deeds of darkness. True, the conflicts between reason and prejudice are numerous, but the victory is most frequently on that side to which our constitutional opinions lean; or those of the certain world with which we are brought into contact. In ages past, present—and most probably in those yet to come, the world has been, is, and will be condemned, and deprecated by a few; who, shaking off its shackles, shine forth like brilliant stars. Still, the great mass remains unchanged; and the opinions, sentiments, and actions of mankind (whether critical, hypocritical, hypothetical, comical, democratical, universal, natural, or practical,) may be comprised in that most unequivocal, and comprehensive of all terms,—“The World.”—ALFRED HETTERINGTON.

Bells.—The great bell of St. Paul’s, London, weighs 8400; the great bell of Lincoln 9894 pounds. Great Tom, in Christ Church, Oxford, the largest bell in England, weighs 17,000 pounds. The bell in Palaz Vecchio, at Florence, suspended 295 feet from the ground, weighs 17,000 pounds. The great bell of St. Peter’s, at Rome, weighs 18,600 pounds. The bell at Erfuth, 28,200. But large as are these bells, they shrink considerably when compared with those of Russia. The bell in the tower of St. Ivan, in Moscow, weighs 100,000 pounds; and the fallen great bell which lies at the foot of the same tower, 443,772 pounds. Its height exceeds 21 feet, and its diameter at the rim is 22 feet. The metal in it is estimated to be worth about £70,000.—B.

Peculiarities of the Pigeon.—About two months ago, a pigeon-fancier, who resided next door to us, removed. He took with him all his pigeons save *one*; and nothing can induce that one to quit the premises. It has haunted the house ever since; nor can any kindness of mine win the creature from the spot. I feed it regularly every day; and at the sociable meal of “tea” it is sure to present itself at the window. If not immediately perceived, it announces its presence by a tap at the glass, with its bill. I accidentally discovered that this bird was very fond of bathing. Accordingly, I provided a small tub for him, and this I fill regularly with water. You *should* see how he enjoys his bath! and he is *so* grateful for it! A few weeks since, a day passed away without my little friend making its appearance. This caused me much anxiety; however, on the morning following there it was again, and a companion with it! They “kept company” together for several days; and both came regularly to the window to be fed. However, the stranger began to feel dull, and away she went. Not so the other. It has been with me ever since, dividing its time between me and its desolate empty home. One thing puzzles me exceedingly; and that is—where my friend passes the night. There is no hiding place near; nor can I trace its place of retreat. How it escapes those midnight assassins, the cats, is little short of a miracle; for these vermin haunt our neighborhood as thickly as they *used* to do *yours*, until you commenced “thinning them out.” Is it usual for pigeons thus to become attached to their old quarters?—JANE W., *Mile End*.

[Yes, Jane, it is quite usual, and “natural” to

the pigeon so to cling to the place of its birth. We have known some remarkable instances of it; nor could any kindness entice the birds away. We would recommend you to have a small pigeon-house made, with two holes,—the cost will be trifling. Then procure another pigeon, and let the two become choice friends of yours. It is evident that your tender heart has fairly captivated the one; the other would as naturally yield to the same sweet influence. Kindness and affection, we know of old, are your chief characteristics. You are a "pet" of ours (this we hardly need tell you); although it is so long since we have received a communication from your pen. We hope the next is not far distant.]

Observations on the Weather at Barnsley, during February.—The quantity of rain or snow which fell in the month of February is small, averaging but $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, falling on twelve respective days, but sometimes in barely perceptible quantities: the greatest amount fell during the night of the 19th, one fourth of an inch; this had been preceded by a good fall of snow, on the 17th, followed by a sharp frost, on the 18th, producing ice on the shallow pools, from seven to thirteen inches thick. The barometer has ranged high; its greatest elevation being 30-50 inches, on the 13th and 14th; its lowest was twenty-nine inches, on the 17th; the general state of the weather has corresponded with that of the barometer. The lowest recorded position of the thermometer, in the town was 31° , on the 17th, in the country about 29° , lower probably during the night, the highest was 51° at mid-day on the 6th. The wind has been variable, the quarters from which it has principally blown are the W., NW., and N. by W.; often from these points with great force; we have had also S. by E. and SW. winds. In the month that is just gone by, there has been an interchange of cloudy and bright days; during some of the latter, in the intervals of the boisterous gales, there was a joyous Spring feeling, with which our resident warblers have gladdened the woods and fields. The concerts of redwings and starlings had been occasionally noted, by the practised ear, through the winter—the small birds being generally silent—but when

"The thaw-air breathed, first noiseless as a dream,
Then a sweet voice, like Hope's, when long
deferr'd

The promise comes, burst from a new-wak'd bird,
Piping glad notes o'er Winter's hoary bier."

This herald of the woodland chorus was "sweet robin," on the first day of the thaw, January 17th, followed by the grey linnet, the common bunting, the hedge-warbler or duncock, the skylark, the titmouse or bluecap, and the thrush—all before the month closed. The lengthening days of February ushered in successively the strains of the jenny wren, the storm-cock (both probably heard earlier by other observers), the goldfinch (a treat never experienced by me, to hear this beautiful bird here in its free state—such havoc the gunners and netters make with our rarest birds!) and, lastly, as coming within my notice, the merry chaffinch or "spink," and the pleasing but monotonous yellow-hammer. All our resident songsters, except the blackbird, have been heard; and doubtless his

mellow note has cheered some districts. Young naturalists will do well to master the notes of these our home birds, to prepare for the Spring visitants after the close of the month, now commenced with such bright promise.—THOMAS LISTER, *Barnsley, March 10th.*

A Peep at "April."—April is the year just verging into maidenhood, and still wearing something of the same girlish look; but a little more staid and shy than when she went romping about with the mad, wild winds of March. She wears a dress of sweet Spring green, that sets becomingly upon her round and budding form, and shows how graceful and comely she will be in the full Summer of her beauty. She is now called by the endearing name of Spring, and her delight is to wander abroad and watch the red and white blossoms of the fruit-trees open, and to see the bees issue forth in quest of the early flowers, while she listens to their low, melodious murmur; or to note what new birds come over the sunny sea every day, to that great mustering of music which is now awakening the echoes of our old English woods. Children, when they see her, rush out in the city streets, and on the village roads, and cry aloud, "Sweet Spring has come again;" while around her head the returning swallows twitter, and the bees make a buzzing about her feet among the violets, which are "sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes;" though not more blue and beautiful than her own, in which the light shifts and changes, just like her ever-changing April skies. Her long green garment is fringed with anemones and the white dew-like lilies of the valley; and spotted all over with silver daisies, which show like stars upon the ground of green; while her golden ringlets fall upon the blue-veined ivory of her neck like the flowers of the acacia stirring in the wind, and sparkling in the sunshine; and the hue of her fair complexion outrivals the red and white of her own April apple-blossoms. All her tastes are elegant, all her amusements innocent; and though changeable at times, and pouting her lips, while the tear, ever ready to fall, swims in the azure of her eye, still she is young and fair and beautiful, and all these changes become her well—for the tear that at one moment melts into sorrow, the next glitters in the sunshine of her smile. Her voice is so sweet, that it allures back the birds; and the silver-tongued nightingale when he hears it, thinking it is his mate who calls, hurries back to the bowery hollows, which are haunted with old memories of music and love. Now the bullfinches, though they reward us with a song, are busy among the buds and blossoms, selecting only the fruit-buds to feed upon; and the destruction they cause to the fruit is very great, as may be perceived by looking under a tree on which they have been feeding, when the ground will be found strewn with the refuse of the buds they have rejected; they are called "pick-a-buds" in many places, on account of their destructive habits. Anglers sally forth with fishing apparatus, this month, to the breezy river-sides, and the running streams that flow clear as silver through the daisy-diapered meadows. Pleasant it is to listen to the waving of the willow, the lapping of the water, the murmur of the bees, and the singing of the birds on a sunny morning in April, while standing on the river-banks and watching

the ever-changing clouds that are mirrored in the water; or to see the reeds bending and bowing to one another, as if in play; while some huge fish rises and dimples the water, and sends the extending circle to the very shore, where the ripple rocks every wild plant that touches the current.—T. MILLER.

Little Children.—No man can tell, says Jeremy Taylor, but he who loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of these sweet pledges. Their childishness—their stammering—their little anger—their innocence—their imperfections—their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society.—C. A. T.

The Dormouse.—Much as you have recorded about the history of the Dormouse, I yet thirst to know more of its *natural* habits. Do they feed by day, principally; or do they *prefer* eating by night? Do they, when in confinement, suffer like ferrets, rabbits, &c., by having water given them to drink? I give *mine* water, and it grows fat upon it. Is this proper? She eats oysters too, if she can get them; and enjoys them more than I can tell you. Perhaps some of your readers will be able to tell us all about this.—MIMOSA.

[Nuts, almonds, canary seed, bread soaked in milk and afterwards squeezed nearly dry,—these are the staple food of dormice; but no doubt "tid-bits" of *all* kinds are welcome now and then. We shall be happy to insert any reply to the queries here put.]

Things made only to be Looked-at.—I observe the following sensible remarks in one of your contemporaries, and I think them so adapted for the columns of OUR OWN, that I crave a corner for their reception:—"We sometimes catch ourselves wondering, how many of the young ladies whom we meet with are to perform the part of housekeepers, when the young men who now eye them so admiringly have persuaded them to become their wives? Taper fingers and lily-white hands are very pretty to look at with a young man's eyes; and sometimes, we have known the artless innocence of practical knowledge displayed by a young Miss, to appear rather interesting than otherwise. But life is full of rugged experiences; and the most loving, romantic, and delicate people must live on cooked or otherwise prepared food, and in homes kept clean by tidy and industrious hands. And for all practical purposes of married life, it is generally found that for the husband to sit and gaze at a wife's taper fingers and lily hands, or for a wife to sit and be looked at and admired, does not make the pot boil or put the food in the pot."—There is much good sense in the above, if people would only take a hint, kindly offered. What a pity it is, that usefulness should be accounted vulgarity; and outside appearances pass for virtue!—AMICUS.

Royal Panopticon of Science and Art.—The Saracen building in Leicester-square, with its two minarets "pointing to the skies," has long been an object of curious interest to passers-by, and the scientific wonders of the interior are now revealed.

Entering the porch, in Leicester-square, we find ourselves in a vestibule beautifully ornamented with encaustic tiles and English alabaster; and passing through the inner porch, we come at once into the principal hall of the building,—a beautifully proportioned and brilliantly decorated rotunda, 97 feet in diameter within the walls, and the same in height to the top of the dome, which, surmounts the centre. This dome, which is 72 feet in diameter, contains in the centre a circular light of 32 feet diameter, with sixteen smaller lights beneath; forming, with other glazed apertures, apparently ample provision for the admission of daylight. All these windows are provided with blinds, which are moveable by an ingenious application of pneumatic power. In a very brief space the daylight was completely excluded, and the effect of the building exemplified by gaslight. It is perhaps under this aspect that the interior appears to most advantage, as the varied and glittering ornamentation is softened and mellowed by the artificial light to a tone of subdued richness. The first object to strike the eye on entering, is a fountain of great dimensions and power. The base exhibits a beautiful specimen of enamelled slate, inlaid with gold mosaic bands; while the fountain itself consists of several jets, each playing upwards of 40 feet: with a central column of water, which is thrown to the extreme height of the dome. If the fountain first attracts the eye of the visitor, the grand organ at the east end of the rotunda will not fail, should it be playing, to assert and maintain its claims to be considered the great feature of the building. This magnificent instrument presents but a small appearance, as compared with its real magnitude and capabilities; the greater portion of the works being dispersed on each side, so as to leave a space in the centre through which the lens of the optical diorama will cast its rays. Among the next objects of importance are,—the gigantic electrical machine and Leyden battery of Mr. E. M. Clarke (the managing director of the institution), Sicard's diving apparatus, and the ascending carriage, by which visitors are conveyed up to the photographic rooms. Encircling the rotunda are two light galleries, occupied by stalls, containing various articles for sale; thus blending somewhat of the character of a bazaar with the other attractions of the place. Ample provision for carrying out the objects, appears to have been provided in the construction of lecture-rooms, laboratories, camera, and photographic rooms with extensive apparatus, and numerous models and machines,—a detailed description of which is beyond the limits of a single visit.—FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

The Religion of Convenience.—All men profess to have a conscience; and no doubt they get sundry twitches if they do not at all events make *anoutside show* of being good. Yet does daily observation prove their hypocrisy in the matter. Family worship is a mere bug-bear; the very servants ridiculing their masters and mistresses for their farcical attempt at sanctity—put off and on at will! Thackeray exposes this, charmingly, in "The Newcomes." At the sound, he says, of the 8 o'clock bell, the household is called together. The urns are hissing, the plate is shining; the father of the house standing up, reads from a

gilt book for three or four minutes in a measured cadence. The members of the family are around the table, in an attitude of decent reverence; the younger children whisper responses at their mother's knees; the governess worships a little apart; the maids and the large footmen are in a cluster before their chairs, the upper servants performing their devotion on the other side of the side-board; the nurse whisks about the unconscious last-born, and tosses it up and down during the ceremony. I do not sneer at that—at the act at which all these people are assembled—it is at the rest of the day I marvel; at the rest of the day, and what it brings. At the very instant when the voice has ceased speaking, and the gilded book is shut, the world begins again; and for the next 23 hours and 57 minutes, all that household is given up to it. The servile squad rises up and marches away to its basement, whence, should it happen to be a gala day, those tall gentlemen at present attired in Oxford mixture, will issue forth with flour plastered on their bright yellow coats, pink breeches, sky-blue waistcoats, silver lace, buckles in their shoes, black silk bags on their backs, and I don't know what insane emblems of servility and absurd bedizenments of folly. Their very manner of speaking to (what we call) their masters and mistresses, will be a like monstrous masquerade. You know no more of that race which inhabits the basement floor, than of the men and brethren of Timbuctoo, to whom some among us send missionaries! If you met some of your servants in the streets (I respectfully suppose for a moment that the reader is a person of high fashion and a great establishment), you would not know their faces. You might sleep under the same roof for half a century, and know nothing about them. If they were ill, you would not visit them; though you would send them an apothecary and of course order that they lacked for nothing. You are not unkind, you are not worse than your neighbors. Nay, perhaps, if you did go into the kitchen, or take the tea in the servants' hall, you would do little good, and only bore the folks assembled there. But so it is. With those fellow Christians who have just been saying "Amen" to your prayers, you have scarcely the community of charity! They come you don't know whence; they think and talk you don't know what; they die, and you don't care, or *vice versa*. They answer the bell for prayers, as they answer the bell for coals; for exactly three minutes in the day you all kneel together on one carpet—and, the desires and petitions of the servants and masters over, the rite called "family worship" is ended! There is much truth in these observations: and they hit hard, right and left. The professing world is full of these "performances;" hence the all but universal hypocrisy amongst high and low, rich and poor.—PHŒBE, Brighton.

[These religious farces, Phœbe, are, you know, "fashionable" as well as profitable!]

Peculiarities of Glass and Porcelain.—These substances, though among the worst conductors of heat, generally feel cold to the touch. Dr. Lardner explains this as follows:—He says,—When the surface of glass is first touched, in consequence of its density and extreme smoothness, a great number of particles come into con-

tact with the skin; each of these particles, having a tendency to an equilibrium of temperature, takes heat from the skin; until they acquire the same temperature as the body which is in contact with them. When the surface of the glass, or perhaps the particles to some very small depth within it, have acquired the temperature of the skin, then the glass will cease to feel cold, because its bad conducting power does not enable it to attract more heat from the body. In fact, the glass will only feel cold to the touch for a short space of time after it is first touched. The same observation will apply to porcelain and other bodies which are bad conductors, and yet which are dense and smooth. On the other hand, a mass of metal, when touched, will continue to be felt cold for any length of time; and the hand will be incapable of warming it, as was the case with the glass. A silver or metallic teapot is never constructed with a handle of the same metal; while a porcelain teapot always has a porcelain handle. The reason of this is, that metal being a good conductor of heat, the handle of the silver or other metallic teapot would speedily acquire the same temperature as the water which the vessel contains; and it would be impossible to apply the hand to it without pain. On the other hand it is usual to place a wooden or ivory handle on a metal teapot. These substances being bad conductors of heat, the handle will be slow to take the temperature of the metal; and even if it does take it, will not produce the same sensation of heat in the hand. A handle, apparently silver, is sometimes put on a silver teapot; but, if examined, it will be found that the covering only is silver; and that at the points where the handle joins the vessel, there is a small interruption between the metallic covering and the metal of the teapot itself, which space is sufficient to interrupt the communication of heat to the silver which covers the handle. In a porcelain teapot, the heat is slowly transmitted from the vessel to its handle; and even when it is transmitted, the handle, being a bad conductor, may be touched without inconvenience. A kettle which has a metal handle cannot be touched, when filled with boiling water, without a covering of some non conducting substance, such as cloth or paper; while one with a wooden handle may be touched without inconvenience.—PUSS.

A Word about the Draft in Chimneys.—When a fire is lighted in a stove-grate, the air in the chimney over it becomes heated by the fire, and is therefore lighter than the external atmosphere; consequently, it ascends. Thus is produced what is called a draft in the chimney, which is merely the upward current of air produced by the ascent of the heated air confined in the flue. When a grate has remained for some time without having a fire in it, the chimney, grate, &c. become cold; and when the fire is first lighted, it does not heat the air fast enough to produce a current necessary for the draft. Then, as the smoke will not ascend, it issues into the apartment. This effect is often attributed to the supposed foulness of the chimney, instead of the above cause; for after the grate and flue become warm, the draft is restored, and the chimney ceases to smoke.—CHARLES D.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.

The morn is up again,—the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contain'd no tomb,—
And glowing into day.

BYRON.

HENCE, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy INNOCENCE.

SHAKESPEARE.



VERY ONE AMONGST US IS ENTITLED TO FREEDOM OF THOUGHT, AND FREEDOM OF SPEECH. In this matter, ours is a land of liberty. Whilst, therefore, we marvel greatly at the expressed thoughts of the many, we claim the right to differ

from them in sentiment, and to declare our opinion, with our usual frankness.

The world we live in is a complete puzzle to us. Its inhabitants seem, for the most part, unwilling to be happy. They are for ever grumbling; never satisfied, quarrelling with all the bountiful provisions of Providence, and always preferring to look on "the night side of nature." Mrs. Crowe has written a book bearing this very title; and a pretty picture she has drawn of darkness visible! Let those read it who will; and whilst they fatten on the noxious weeds that grow freely in the poisonous atmosphere of their morbid imaginations and depraved hearts, we will examine "the cloud with the silver lining," which, passing lightly over our heads with an occasionally-oppressive shadow, yet anon bursts upon us with a radiance that fills us with rejoicing. The light and shade that attend our path through life, are mercifully allowed to alternate; so as to keep us in our proper position. Mankind are not constituted to bear, patiently, either prosperity or adversity in excess. We see lamentable proofs of this daily; and can join heartily in the prayer of the good man, who said,— "Give me neither poverty nor riches!" It is a safe aspiration; and no doubt that prayer was truly acceptable in the sight of God.

The subject we have selected to gossip upon.—for we dare not go deeply into it, is one in which, as a philanthropist, we feel greatly interested. In our wanderings hither and thither,—in town, out of town, from family to family, in public and in private,—we find everywhere prevailing a restless spirit of dissatisfaction. No person appears to be in a state of repose. There seems to be no desire to live to make one another happy. Selfishness all but universally prevails; whilst ill-natured remarks banish benevolence from the bosom. All life is a deception. The love of gold holds men in its iron grasp. Brothers and sisters are we in name, yet little better than heathens in

heart.* Every day declares it. Sympathy! Where is it?

Philosophy would be puzzled to give any defined reason for all this. The clergy tell us, the human heart is naturally depraved and desperately wicked. It would indeed seem so! Others assure us that the Prince of Darkness is for ever assaulting us in our weakest points, and that we are *unable* to resist his influence,—that we are at best but poor creatures, and easily overcome, &c., &c. Thus do some reconcile their consciences to the performance of "what they cannot help," whilst others morbidly grovel among the quicksands of Fate, Destiny, and other fallacious doctrines. At last, the grave convinces them (too late) of their error. They die; are forgotten; and tens of thousands follow on in their steps.

What most excites our surprise, and rouses our anger, is,—that the people of whom we speak profess to worship one God, and acknowledge the Sacred Volume as their "rule of life;" whereas all they do is a complete contradiction to its wholesome precepts, and *their lives are in direct opposition* to the Great Example for which they express (in words) such profound reverence! So much for the "dark side" of nature,—a picture but too familiar to all who are given to reflection.

But what of the "bright side of nature?" What indeed! No tongue can tell, no pen can describe, what yet an honest heart can *feel* of the many things that are *worth* living for. It was never intended that we should lead a vain, idle, unprofitable life. That we should be selfish in our enjoyments, exclusive in our feelings, and distant in our approaches towards each other. Assuredly not. We have been harping upon this string for a number of years; and not without the happiest results; for our pen has been eloquent enough to make many a convert to our opinion. "Odd" as our sentiments were considered at first,—a constant perusal of them from time to time has had the desired effect. We live in the hearts of many,—formerly strangers, but strangers no longer; and they also live in our heart. They will die there,—to live again let us fondly hope, in a better world, where there will be no separation.

Something the heart *must* have to cherish,
Must love, and joy, and sorrow learn;

* There are few of us to whom that noble allegory, the "Pilgrim's Progress" is unknown. Do our readers remember the surprise of "Pilgrim" on beholding a miser raking in a gutter, on the chance of finding something of mean value, —an angel the while offering him a crown of gold? He would not "look up;" he *preferred* the use of the muck-rake. Is not our world full of these wretched, grovelling men?

Something with passion clasp, or perish—
And in itself to ashes burn.

It is very gratifying for us to observe, that our sentiments and habits of life are daily becoming more universally known. We find, now, smiles awaiting us on every side; and the right hand of fellowship extended to us by many of whom previously we had no knowledge. This favors our fond remark, that cheerfulness and goodnature (thank God, these are constitutional with us) carry weight with them. No person can say (whatever our load of care or sorrow of heart) that our face is ever "long," or our brow clouded. Nor will we permit these disfigurements of the human countenance to prevail where we are. True philosophy will ever conceal sorrow. That is a morbid feeling which would make others unhappy because *we* are so.

To prove our sincerity, let us here make a little confession. No man living, perhaps, has seen more of the "dark side of nature" than ourself. We have been singularly tried throughout a long life. Year after year, have troubles innumerable rolled over our head,—troubles that would have placed thousands *hors de combat*,—"finishing" them completely. Nothing daunted, though suffering painfully in mind, we have ever risen superior to all this. Nor have we dared to blame kind Nature. Why should we? *She* was not in fault. We have borne our sorrows manfully; and put on a smiling face,—of course. This is true philosophy. "Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." For example's sake we are always cheerful, and have a face round as a top. To "Laugh and Grow Fat," as a fair correspondent tells us in another page of OUR JOURNAL, is the true philosophy of life. We believe it firmly,—and practise it.

It is a wise provision of Nature,—*all* Nature's provisions are wise—to usher in a change of seasons. As *they* change, so, most assuredly, do we. Only think of the season that now awaits us! Every latent principle of good in the human system *must be* operated upon. The sun never shines, never smiles in vain. What we deplore is,—that these good feelings, once excited, should be so evanescent. They ought to outlive the season, because of the pure delight they afford; and they would do so, in many instances, were it not for the trammels of "Fashion," which so thoroughly hates all that is good, pure, and natural.

To see, in our summer rambles, how some persons are irresistibly unbent by circumstances to admire the country,—how they dare venture to pronounce this lovely, and that beautiful, and to give way to the impulses of generous feeling exhaled by the genial influences of spring and summer,—

how we do rejoice in all this! It shows that the heart is *not* naturally "bad," but made bad by contact; and that in a pure soil (if not again transplanted) it would flourish and blossom luxuriantly. This, as regards men, women, and children.

We would, at this season, have all good people up *early*. The lark sets such a noble example! When Aurora first peeps, and dissipates the shades of night, we seem to enjoy a new creation. The soul is in a pure element of joy and freshness. The faint streaks that mark the eastern horizon soon become more and more vivid. The morning breaks with the richest beauty. Now do we begin to distinguish the verdure of the hills, the opening flowers, and the pure streams that water the meads. Our spirits become joyous, our frame receives an increase of strength and vigor. We are "happy."

And now the horizon becomes more luminous. The clouds assume the most beautiful tints. The charms of the distant valleys open upon us. The breath of the hawthorn is "achingly" sweet. The dewdrops upon the flowers show the pure lustre of pearls, sapphires, diamonds; and Nature rejoices in her existence.

And see where the first sunbeam darts from behind the mountains that skirt the horizon, and plays upon the earth! More succeed; and the brilliancy increases, till the disc of mighty Sol, encircled in glory, becomes visible. Then, bursting in full refulgence, he gains the mid-Heaven, till no eye can sustain his glory, though they feel its influence.

Of this, and of flowers, and of birds, and of the happiness of all creation, we could fain gossip on for hours; but we can do no justice to such subjects; and therefore refrain. If our pen has uttered any wholesome thoughts, if our heart has suggested any amiable impressions, we leave them as "bread upon the waters"

All we have ever labored at—all we ever shall labor at,—is, to make men good, wise, and happy. That the world is *not* generally happy, everybody knows. We wish everybody to know also, that if they are not happy it is their own fault. Our Creator has provided bountifully for us; and made the world expressly for our sakes. Is it not so? Let us, then, one and all, turn over a new leaf; and ever behold with thankful hearts,

"THE BRIGHT SIDE OF NATURE."

A PLEASING EXPERIMENT.

NEVER return home without having *in some way* benefited society during the day,—either by good counsel, good example, an act of disinterested kindness, or a gentle word to soothe grief. Then will you sleep soundly, and rise happy. Try it!

IT IS SPRING! IT IS SPRING!

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

It is Spring! it is Spring! bright, gay, cheerful
spring;

The cuckoo is merry, the happy birds sing;
Their care by affection and love is repaid,
And thousands of voices enliven the glade.
From the glen and the forest their kind welcomes
ring,
And they chirp as we pass,—“It is spring,—
lovely spring!”

All hail! charming season, thrice welcome art thou
To the dear little birds on the tree's lofty
bough!

It is Spring! how delicious the fresh breath of
morn,

The fragrant perfume by the light breezes borne
From the bed where sweet lilies and violets
repose

And dewdrops recline on the leaves of the rose!
Rich clusters of thorn breathe a fragrance most
sweet,

While daisies and buttercups dance at our feet.
All hail! lovely Spring! thou art welcome indeed
To thy faithful attendants o'er valley and mead.

It is Spring! the bold sun proudly rides in the
sky,

And nears his bright summit of glory on high;
Now playfully hiding himself for a while,
Then cheering our path with his bright happy
smile.

Oh, Nature! dear Nature! how fondly we cling
Unto thee when thy heralds proclaim—“It is
Spring!”

And welcome the season of sunshine and showers,
The songs of the birds, and the smiles of the
flowers!

It is Spring! hark, the echo replies—“It is
spring;”

The trammels of care to its victims we'll fling.
Where rivulets murmur, oh let us away
To bathe in the dewdrops that dance on the
spray

Or chase the fair blossoms that pass with the
breeze,

Where nodding plumes meet on the proud chest-
nut trees;

And the grey dawn of morn calmly steals o'er
the lea,—

Then, Spring, lovely Spring! we will wander with
thee!

It is Spring! with what pleasure we welcome
the scene

When valleys are clad in a mantle of green;
And gay swallows skim o'er the slumbering lake,
While young birds are chirping from bower and
brake;

Or when evening has set on a star-spangled sky,
And Philomel warbles a soft lullaby;

When fairy elves dance in the charm'd magic
ring,—

How fondly we welcome thee,—bright, happy
Spring!

MY FRIEND JACK;

OR,

THE LIFE OF A TAME SQUIRREL.

(Concluded from Page 148.)

AFTER THE CLOTH was removed, and the
dessert placed upon the table, we let Mr.
Jack out again; nor was it long before he
seated himself among the good things. The
apples, walnuts, &c., took his fancy amaz-
ingly!

On one side of the table was a small glass
dish, containing some brandied cherries.
These seemed to absorb his attention com-
pletely, and he was not long devouring two
or three. Fearing lest he should injure him-
self, we put them out of his way; but he
found a glass in which some of the cherries
and brandy had been left; and quickly over-
turning it, he licked it out most greedily.
(What would Father Mathew say to this?)
He then took up the largest apple that was
in the dish, and endeavored to carry it to
his box. On reaching the edge of the table,
the weight of the apple pulled him over, and
down he went. Still he would not let it go,
but dragged it (for it was too heavy for him
to carry) to the stand on which his box was
placed. Now came the most amusing scene
of all. He could not climb up to his box
with the apple in his mouth, for it was so
large that he was unable to use his paws. So,
after two or three attempts (at each of which
he fell down, the apple being too heavy for
him), he seemed to have hit upon a plan
that would overcome his difficulty. Climbing
up *backwards* (still holding the apple in his
mouth), he got it safely into his box; and
when he had stowed it away, he again made
his appearance. Mounting the table, he
inspected every plate and dish. In one of
the plates he found a cherry stone; this he
immediately seized, and commenced working
his way into it. He would not give it up,
so we let him eat it. When he had finished
his cherry stone, he commenced an active
search in my pockets; in one of which he
found an acorn. This he soon got hold of;
and taking it out, commenced eating it—sitting
the while on the edge of the table, close by
my side, and uttering at the same time a low
chirruping, his invariable practice when
pleased. This over, he went to his box, and
remained there quietly until tea-time.

When the tea-things were brought into the
room, he would immediately shift his position,
and make his “revolver” turn towards the
table in opposition to his usual way, which
was towards the window. This he invariably
did when he wanted to be let out. On the
tea being made, we let him out; and he would
run to my mother, and get on her arm, waiting
patiently until she gave him a teaspoonful
of cream (of which he was particularly

fond). This he would lap with great gusto. His cream being all consumed, he would try to get at the milk jug, and always appeared uneasy until he had his proper quantity of bread and milk. After he had eaten it, he would begin to play about the room; and no kitten could cut more capers, or play up more antics than he.

One moment, he would be on his back, playing with his tail, or a scrap of paper, or anything he could find. The next he would be on the cornice, over the curtains, stamping and growling as if angry. Then he would descend, and amuse himself by overhauling any work-basket or box that was left in the room. My mother's basket (containing the keys, &c., appertaining to the housekeeping department) was an article to which he was very partial. It generally stood on a side-table, near my mother's chair; and many were the capers he had, on making his inspection. Sometimes, we would place it near the edge of the table; and as soon as he commenced pulling about the things that were in it, down he would come, with a terrible rattle. Nothing could overcome his desperate inquisitiveness; in fact we sometimes thought he ought to be recommended to the Custom-House authorities, in order that they might learn how to make a thorough overhaul; though "possibly" some of your readers may think *this* unnecessary!

One evening, my mother's work-basket was in the room, and in it was a large sheet of cotton wadding. This, "Jack" soon found; and we were not a little startled by the scream with which he hailed his discovery. He forthwith commenced hauling it out of the basket; and when he had it on the floor, crammed as much of it as he could into his mouth, and then tried to make off with it. Unfortunately for him, the sheet was so large, that when he began to walk off with it, it got under his feet; and at each step, he bumped his head on the floor. This provoked him exceedingly, and made him chatter much; still his "bump of invention" suggested the means of overcoming this difficulty. He actually pulled it into small pieces, and cramming as many as he could into his mouth, made the best of his way to his box. In about half-a-dozen trips he had secured the whole in his berth, and then he commenced making up his bed.

I now approached his box very gently, to see what he was about. But he did not approve of an inspector, and forthwith dropped his employment; regarding me steadfastly with no very friendly eye, especially when I attempted to remove his wadding. Finding me persevere, he laid himself on his back, growling and screaming outrageously; at the same time striking at me with his fore paws. Having had some little experience

of the manner in which he used his teeth, and remembering that "bought wit is longest recollected," I thought I would let him alone, and therefore fastened him in for the night.

As the summer had now set in, and the weather was beautifully warm, we used to put him out of doors all the day, which doubtless contributed to keep him in health. His diet at this time consisted of acorns, nuts, chesnuts, fir cones, and the twigs and tender shoots of the spruce and other fir trees. During the time he was out, he was continually in his "revolver," which he was now able to spin with such velocity that one could hardly see it revolve. Sometimes he would stop it and jump and roll about in it, just like a kitten at play. So far from seeming uncomfortable in it, he would growl furiously if he were prevented spinning it.

One day, it got fixed (with some of the twigs of the fir that he had had for food), and would not turn. During this time, (certainly not more than an hour), he had disfigured it very much, and had gnawed it all over. I heard him growling and chattering, as he always did when anything displeased him; and on coming to see what was the matter, found him as described. I immediately freed it; when he commenced spinning away as fast as it would turn, uttering his peculiar cry of pleasure.

Sometimes we would bring in the branch of a tree, which I had fastened to a block of wood, and set it up in the room. On letting him out of his box, he would run to it, and commence a series of the most rapid movements imaginable,—up, down, round, and every way in an instant. His agility was indeed wonderful.

Now was the time he would play with the cats (of which we had two); jumping on them and teasing them, and then running up his branch. The cats were at first inclined to hurt him; but on experiencing a taste of his "ivory," they could not be induced to have anything further to do with him; and after a few minutes, the play was entirely on his side. In fact, the cats were quite afraid of him.

One day, a respectable farmer who lived in the parish came to see my father on business, and brought with him some acorns for "Mr. Jack." We accordingly took him to the room where "Jack" was amusing himself. As soon as the farmer had seated himself, "Jack" approached him; rather warily at first, but he soon climbed up his legs. The farmer sitting quite still, "Jack" commenced examining his pockets. First, he searched his coat, getting so far into the pocket as to be out of sight. Here he found nothing; but he next directed his exertions to his waistcoat, in one of the pockets of which he discovered some acorns. After eating one

(which he did on the farmer's knee, to his vast delight,) he began carrying the rest to his box, where he stowed them carefully away.

So well did he recollect this ever afterwards, that whenever he came to the house he would search his pockets for acorns, two or three of which the farmer always provided himself with whenever he called in. After having had him for a year and a half (during which time he had enjoyed good health, and made a host of friends), he one day was observed not to have eaten his food, neither did he make his appearance at breakfast. This induced us to open his box, to see what was the matter with him. Alas! we found him nearly dead, and looking very stupid. We tried (vainly) to make him take some warm milk, but he was past all recovery. Ere the day had closed, "poor Jack" was no more.

It was a very long time before we felt reconciled to our loss. We missed the pretty little tricks of our interesting friend more than I can describe in words. However, lamentations were useless; and as we do not know the cause of his death, we are not inclined to keep another, lest a similar mishap should again befall us.

C. F. T. Y.

Stockleigh Pomeroy, Devon.

[Some day, we promise ourself the pleasure of writing a little volume entirely devoted to our experience with "Domestic Pets," amongst which SQUIRRELS have played a very prominent part. We shall not fail to include the foregoing as corroborative of what otherwise might savor of "romance." Kindness to animals leads to delightful results.]

SILENT LOVE.

THOU askest me, my fair-hair'd love,
Wherefore my lips are still;
While love within me dwelling—
Silence
My heart doth fill!

Do then the flames go singing
Their Heaven-aspiring will?
Then send their sparks up high and red—
So high, so red,
And yet so still!

The rose, too, nought can utter
When blooming into light;
She glows, and breathes the fragrance forth—
Voiceless forth!
Upon the night!

So, too, my rapture uses;
Since thou my love hast crowned,
It glows and blooms within my soul,
Deep in my soul!
BUT MAKES NO SOUND!

SEASONABLE ENJOYMENTS.

SPRING.

IN THE "HYPERION" of PROFESSOR LONG-FELLOW, are some very beautiful fragments, well deserving a place in the columns of OUR OWN. I propose sending you an extract or two occasionally, feeling sure that you will give them a ready insertion. I now forward you his first chapter on

SPRING.

It was a sweet carol which the Rhodian children sang of old in spring, bearing in their hands, from door to door, a swallow, as herald of the season:—

"The swallow is come!
The swallow is come!
O fair are the seasons, and light
Are the days that she brings.
With her dusky wings,
And her bosom snowy white!"

A pretty carol, too, is that which the Hungarian boys, on the islands of the Danube, sing to the returning stork in spring:—

"Stork! stork! poor stork!
Why is thy foot so bloody?
A Turkish boy hath torn it;
Hungarian boy will heal it,
With fiddle, fife, and drum."

But what child has a heart to sing in this capricious clime of ours, where spring comes sailing in from the sea, with wet and heavy cloud-sails, and the misty pennon of the east wind nailed to the mast? Yet, even here, and in the stormy month of March even, there are bright warm mornings, when we open our windows to inhale the balmy air. The pigeons fly to and fro, and we hear the whirring of wings. Old flies crawl out of the cracks to sun themselves, and think it is summer. They die in their conceit; and so do our hearts within us, when the cold sea breath comes from the eastern sea, and again

"The driving hail
Upon the window beats with icy flail."

The red flowering maple is first in blossom, its beautiful purple flowers unfolding a fortnight before the leaves. The moosewood follows, with rose-colored buds and leaves; and the dogwood, robed in the white of its own pure blossoms. Then comes the sudden rain storm; and the birds fly to and fro, and shriek. Where do they hide themselves in such storms? At what firesides do they dry their feathery cloaks? At the fireside of the great hospitable sun,—to-morrow, not before;—they must sit in wet garments till then.

In all climates spring is beautiful. In the south it is intoxicating, and sets a poet beside himself. The birds begin to sing: they utter a few rapturous notes, and then wait

for an answer in the silent woods. Those green-coated musicians, the frogs, make holiday in the neighboring marshes. They, too, belong to the orchestra of nature, whose vast theatre is again opened, though the doors have been so long bolted with icicles, and the scenery hung with snow and frost like cobwebs. This is the prelude which announces the opening of the scene. Already the grass shoots forth. The waters leap with thrilling pulse through the veins of the earth; the sap through the veins of the plants and trees, and the blood through the veins of man. What a thrill of delight in spring time! What a joy in being and moving! Men are at work in gardens; and in the air there is an odor of the fresh earth. The leaf-buds begin to swell and blush. The white blossoms of the cherry hang upon the boughs like snow-flakes; and ere long our next-door neighbor will be completely hidden from us by the dense green foliage. The May flowers open their soft blue eyes; children are let loose in the fields and gardens. They hold buttercups under each others' chins, to see "if they love butter." And the little girls adorn themselves with chains and curls of dandelions; pull out the yellow leaves to see if the schoolboy loves them; and blow the down from the leafless stalk, to find out if their mothers want them at home!

And at night, so cloudless and so still! Not a voice of living thing,—not a whisper of leaf or waving bough. Not a breath of wind—not a sound upon the earth, nor in the air! And over head bends the blue sky,—dewy, and soft, and radiant with innumerable stars, like the inverted bell of some blue flower sprinkled with golden dust, and breathing fragrance. Or if the Heavens are overcast, it is no wild storm of wind and rain, but clouds that melt and fall in showers. One does not wish to sleep, but lies awake to hear the pleasing sound of the dropping rain. It was thus the spring began in Heidelberg.

There is something very lovely in the foregoing, my dear sir, is there not? Those who are true lovers of nature will readily appreciate it—at this season more particularly, when we can *feel* all that is here so sweetly described in words.

AUBEPINE.

[We thank you, gentle Aubépine, for this proof of friendship; and we shall ever be glad to receive at your hand any similar tokens of love. What you have sent us is very acceptable. There is a freshness about it that is perfectly delightful. Early spring has charms of peculiar interest to all who love nature; and when these "blossoms of hope" expand, who shall declare their beauties?]

DEVONSHIRE AND ITS ATTRACTIVE BEAUTIES.—No. IV.

A WALK FROM SALCOMBE TO HOPE.

(Continued from Page 132.)

About twenty yards from the copper mine described in our last, is a most admirable and abundant chalybeate spring, moderately impregnated, and very pure. In combination with the advantages of marine air, and water, sea bathing, the fisheries, climate, scenery, &c. this spring is inestimable; and ought to be the means of drawing to the vicinity a host of wealthy invalids, valetudinarians, and others, thus making the neighborhood of Hope and Salcombe rich and populous.

It is to be lamented that in these days of speculation and enterprise, none have been found sufficiently enterprising to avail themselves of the advantages afforded by this spring, the beautiful scenery, and climate (which is far superior to Torquay, as from the absence of limestone there is none of that intense heat to which Torquay is subject during the summer, and which makes the least change of temperature quickly apparent,)—to form a sort of spa, which might easily be done by means of a company. Stone of an excellent quality, admirably adapted for building purposes, may be raised *ad libitum* on the spot, and limestone can be brought from Plymouth at a merely nominal cost; whilst at Hope (about a mile distant) are two large limekilns, from which any amount of lime can be obtained. Thus it is manifest, that the *commoner* necessities, for the construction of a pump-room, hotel, dwellings, &c., are extremely abundant, and that only *one* thing is wanting—viz., *money*. The whole of the property belongs to the Earl of Devon, by whom every reasonable facility would be doubtless afforded to any enterprising speculator.

Resuming our progress, we come to the "Gray Stone," a huge and very lofty rock, rising from twenty to thirty feet above the top of the cliff, and forming a grand and majestic object. Hereabouts, begins "Bolt Down" (or as it is generally called, "The Bolt") where Kingsbridge races were first held (from 1768 to 1771). These have now merged into Totnes races, which are held annually at that town. On this down are two barrows, which appear to have been opened. The whole of this land belongs to the Earl of Devon.

A little distance westward, is "Ramillies Cove" near which is the famous cavern called "Ramillies Hole." These names are derived from the dreadful wreck of H.M.S. Ramillies, of 74 guns, and 734 men, on the 15th Feb., 1760, the account of which I have condensed as follows:—In the dreadful hurricane of the 15th Feb., 1760—so disastrous both

at sea and on shore—the *Ramillies*, a fine ship of 74 guns, and 734 men, commanded by Capt. Taylor, was lost here, about three miles westward of the Bolt Head, where she was embarked in consequence of mistaking the "Bolt Tail" for the "Raine Head," and erroneously conceiving that they were driving into Plymouth Sound. Finding (when too late) that they were driving ashore, they let go their anchors and cut away their masts; riding safely till the evening, when the gale increased to such a degree that the cables parted, and she drove upon the rocks. Out of a crew of 734 men, only one midshipman, and twenty-five men were saved. These jumped from the stern of the ship on to the rocks; as the cliffs just here are not very steep they managed to make good their landing.

Having seen the tremendous seas that, during an *ordinary* gale of wind, dash so terrifically on this iron-bound coast, I have often wondered how it was possible for any human being to be saved; and though there have been many vessels wrecked within my recollection under these cliffs, there have never been any of the crews left to tell the tale. *Ramillies Hole* is so peculiarly situated that it can only be entered by boats at certain tides and winds, in very calm weather, when there is no swell on the sea. It cannot even be seen from any part of the cliffs. Some of the guns of this ill-fated ship may yet be seen near the mouth of the cavern, at very low spring tides, when there are not more than five or six fathoms of water.

The cliff westward of this place is called "Whitchurch;" next to which is "Redthroat Cove." Both take their names from the color of the strata on the sides of the cliff. A few yards from the edge, is a very lofty barrow, having a large pit on the top, as if it had been opened, though possibly it might have been used as a watch-station.

We now come to the "Bolt Tail," a large area containing many acres of sheep pasture. This area formed a noble and strong fortification, of great simplicity, apparently impregnable; being defended on the north, south, and west, by the sea, and by an immensely strong rampart and ditch to the east against the land. Leaving the Bolt Tail, we enter "Hope Cove," in which is situated the little village of Inner Hope (in the parish of Marlborough), so justly renowned for its lobsters and crabs, the largest of which may be purchased here at from 1s. to 1s. 6d. each. There is a splendid sandy beach in the form of a half moon, nearly half a mile in length; and further westward are innumerable masses of dark rocks of every shape and form that can be conceived.

At the other end of the Cove, is the village of Outer Hope, situated in the

parish of South Huish. On a lofty promontory is the signal staff of the Coast-Guard Station; and under the cliff, the preventive house, with the residences of the officer and men. Leaving these, and walking further round the bay, into the parish of Thurlstone, we come to a remarkable perforated rock, standing some distance from the shore, known by the name of "Thurlstone Rock." It is thirty feet high, forty feet long; and the archway twenty feet high by ten broad. At low water it is sometimes left dry; but at high water the sea often breaks over it. In a south-west gale, the noise of the wind and the sea dashing over it, may be heard at a considerable distance; this is regarded by the inhabitants as indicative of approaching rain.

The curiously-arched rock on the coast of New Zealand, of which an engraving is given in Cook's Voyages, does not appear to be more extraordinary or of greater dimensions than this on the Devonshire shore. In the summer of 1803, some of the volunteer artillery in the neighborhood amused themselves by firing at this rock; but fortunately its resistance was superior to their ill-judged attempts. At the bottom of Bigbury Bay, at the mouth of the river "Aune," or "Avon," stands St. Michael's Rock, commonly called "Bur" or "Burrow" Island. It is several acres in extent, and about a quarter of a mile long, by the same in breadth; rising with a steep ascent from every side to the centre. Camden mentions the ruins of a chapel as having once stood there; but these have long since vanished, and are supplanted by a pleasure-house, of one room, which crowns the summit. The island swarms with rabbits; and may be approached at low water by a dry path. A pilchard fishery was established here some years since, by a company of respectable persons residing in the neighborhood; and is still carried on with great success.

At the east end of this parish, and about half a mile to the north of Marlborough Church, is an entrenchment in the shape of an egg, the ellipse being rather more flattened at one end than the other. This entrenchment commands the roads leading from Kingsbridge as well as from Modbury and Plymouth, to Marlborough, Salcombe, and Fort Charles, (an account of which was given in KIDD'S JOURNAL, for February:). Its length from east to west, is thirty-six perches; and from north to south at the widest part, twenty-two perches. The north-west parts of the ditch are thirty feet broad at the top, and five or six deep. The east and south, from three to four feet wide, and ten to fifteen in depth. The south-west end of this excavation is now planted with apple

trees. In the year 1789, a silver coin of Charles I. was ploughed up near the south end of it; from this it may be conjectured, that this intrenchment was thrown up during that prince's unhappy wars; and yet it is no less singular than true, that not the smallest traditionary account of it can be met with in the vicinity. It should seem likely that it was an advanced post, to oppose the approach of troops from Plymouth towards Fort Charles; and it is well chosen for that purpose. It is probable that it was thus occupied by a royal force, when Sir Thomas Fairfax or Colonel Welldon marched to besiege the castle at Salcombe.

About twenty yards south of this entrenchment, towards the top of the hill, a walled cave was discovered in the year 1788. On digging it up, nothing was found in it. The length was twenty feet, the breadth seven, and the depth between ten and twelve. I propose to conclude this present paper by transcribing the minute made on the 29th October, 1799, by Mr. John Cranch of Kingsbridge, a great local antiquary. This was *not* the celebrated African traveller, but his cousin. Mr. Cranch, who went with Captain Tuckey on the expedition to the river Zaire, died in Africa on the 4th of September, 1816, aged 31; and was buried at Embomma, by the permission of the king, in his own burial ground, where he was laid with military honors by the side of his fellow traveller, Mr. Tudor, who had been interred with a like ceremony only a few days before. A more particular account of Mr. Cranch may be seen in the introduction to Captain Tuckey's narrative of the expedition to the river Zaire.

"We opened a barrow about north of the entrenchment, by digging a section of three feet wide, about N.W. and S.E. In the middle of this barrow, placed on the natural or original surface of the ground, we found a structure which we called a British or Druid sepulchre. It was formed of four massy stones, one for each side, and one for each end; making an oblong square area, three feet three inches long, one foot eight inches wide, and one foot two inches deep. This area was covered by three longish stones, placed parallel across it; the whole was surmounted, covered, and kept firm together by a single stone, four feet two inches long, two feet eight inches wide, and one foot two inches deep. This stone we think might weigh from six to seven cwt.

The cavity was very carefully uncovered; and its only contents were a few fragments of human bones and some charcoal and ashes, which we conceive, time, and the access of water through the crevices, had adulterated with earth; the general substance of it appearing of a dark earthy compound. We

found no teeth, nor hair, nor any weapons or instruments, nor, in short, any other vestige of humanity. It was stated to us, that in another barrow, which had been lately dug for stones to mend the roads, an urn had been discovered; but it was immediately broken to pieces and scattered by the unthinking and ignorant persons who dug it up."

C. F. T. Y.

Stockleigh Pomeroy, Devon.

[The "Beauties of Devonshire," and its never-ending attractions, will not, we hope, stop here. We have a host of readers in that lovely country (where so many cherished welcomes await our royal person, when time will permit us to render them available); and we trust that many of them, aided by their friends, will continue to furnish "something" new to our treasury. To our esteemed contributor C. F. T. Y., we tender our best thanks; he has set a noble example, and created much interest for "the land we o ve."]

COME!—DO COME!

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

Come to the trysting tree

At break of day;

Spring holds her revelry,

Oh haste,—away!

Where gentle zephyrs as they pass

Kiss the bright dewdrops on the grass.

Come where the fragrant rose

Smiles when we meet;

And opening leaves disclose

The calm retreat

Of violets sweet that deck the dale,

And lovely lilies of the vale.

Come! hear the lark repeating

His hymn of praise;

And mark the social greeting

Nature conveys,

When sparkling on the forest green,

The sun's bright happy smile is seen.

Come when the bee is bearing

Its precious store,

With every flowret sharing,

O'er hill and moor;

Humming a love, faithful and true,

Quaffing its fill of the honey-dew.

Come where Laburnum gay

Bends with the breeze;

Where clustering wreaths of May

And lilac trees

Vie with the HONEYSUCKLE sweet

To render Nature's dress complete.

Come! let us welcome Spring

Where lambkins browse,

And merry warblers sing

On dancing boughs;

Where every flower that decks the sod

SPEAKS OF THE LOVE OF NATURE'S GOD!

“OUR WILD FLOWERS.”

No. 1.—INTRODUCTORY.

WE HAVE READ SO MUCH, my dear sir, about our Wild Flowers, in the pages of OUR OWN JOURNAL, that it appears to me to be a favorite subject with your readers collectively. I therefore propose originating a series of papers on the Wild Flowers of Great Britain and Ireland. And here let me offer a few preliminary remarks.

The “British Flora” is divided into “*Flowering* and *Flowerless Plants*”; consequently the subject being “OUR WILD FLOWERS,” I must confine myself to the first of these divisions,—viz., that of the “FLOWERING PLANTS.” Dr. Lindley in his admirable work, the “Vegetable Kingdom,” divides these Flowering Plants into five classes; to four of which we have in England representatives among our wild flowers. Hooker and Arnott, in their “British Flora,” class our plants under the heads of *Exogens*, *Endogens*, and *Flowerless*. The two first of these classes contain the *Flowering* plants; the third (as before mentioned), the *Flowerless* plants.

I will not enter into the characters of each plant separately, nor into the precise distinctions of each order; but give a brief account of the plants peculiar to each order, as they stand enrolled; endeavoring to make the subject interesting to all the friends of OUR JOURNAL, so that they may be led hereafter to take a further interest in this most agreeable and delightful study.

FIRST CLASS.

EXOGENS (Leaves netted). To this subclass, the greater number of our wild flowers belong, and they likewise have a more perfect organisation than those belonging to the

SECOND CLASS.

ENDOGENS, which have their leaves *parallel-veined*.

Taking the orders belonging to the *Exogens*, we will commence with the

Ranunculaceæ.—Belonging to this order, we have plants, the greater number of which clothe our fields in spring and summer. Some few are aquatics, and others, although not aquatics, yet always choose for themselves places near running streams, or where water overflows every year. Some few deck our woods with their spring blossoms, and here and there they may be seen amongst our hedge-plants.

The greater part of the plants belonging to this order are either remarkable for their acidity, or even in some cases are very poisonous. Among the first of these, our field plants, I will mention the common Buttercup (*Ranunculus bulbosus*), and its like, which are so well known to all young people.

It is indeed a beautiful sight to behold all our fields clothed early in the year with myriads of these pretty little cup-shaped, rich yellow flowers. We have again, in our corn-fields, yet rarely to be met with (I very much doubt whether they deserve to be called “our Wild Flowers”)—the common Larkspur (*Delphinium consolida*) and the “Pheasant’s Eye” (*Adonis autumnalis*); the bright blue of the former, and the (minimum) fine red of the latter, when found growing together in these fields, being sufficient to render them easily observable to the Botanist. The first has a spur to its flower, as its name implies; the other, from the beautiful red of the corolla, and its black centre, has received the name of the “Pheasant’s Eye.” Among the aquatics of this order, no doubt you have observed the beautiful effect produced by one or two of the Crowfoot (*Ranunculus aquatilis* and *pantothrix*), in our ponds and streams. Instead of beholding, as in our fields, a carpet of gold, we have all over the ponds (whilst you can only here and there see the water) a covering of snow-like little flowers. The effect is certainly very peculiar. Those which patronise the damp and submerged fields, are the “Celery-leaved Crowfoot” (*Ranunculus sceleratus*), which has a thickish stem, and small flowers, and which also grows frequently on the edges of ponds; the Great and Lesser Spearworts (*Ranunculus Lingua* and *Flammula*), which bear large flowers and have spear-shaped leaves; the “Common Marsh Marigold” (*Caltha palustris*), which may easily be recognised from the flowers being of a deep golden yellow color, and the leaves dark green, heart-shaped, and crenate. This handsome flower blooms early in the month of May; it may be met with on the banks of rivers and in moist meadows.

Another very beautiful flower,—which takes the same fancy of growing along the banks of rivers and streamlets, only confines itself to the mountainous parts of England,—is the Globe Flower (*Trollius Europæus*). This flower well deserves its name, for it is quite globular, from the converging of the sepals into a globe. The effect of these golden flowers is very pleasing; I greatly enjoyed the sight of them, last summer but one. I found them growing all along the banks of the “Sour Milk Gill,” which rushes down from Eastdale Tarn, into Grasmere in Westmoreland. It is a lovely spot altogether. The Common Meadow Rue (*Thalictrum flavum*) is found along the banks of ditches and rivers, in parts of England. There are, however, some other species of the “Meadow Rue,” which are confined to the mountains.

A plant which is well known to us by the name of the “Wolfsbane,” or “Monkshood”

(*Aconitum napellus*)—a violent poison, grows along the banks of the Teme, in Herefordshire, and in a few other parts of England. The helmet shape of the flowers has caused them to receive the name of "Monkshood." It has also received the name of "Wolfsbane," by reason of the violence of its poisonous properties. Numberless cases are recorded of poisoning by this plant. The "Traveller's Joy" (*Clematis vitalba*) is a very elegant climber, and may be seen in most hedges. In July, it bears pretty white flowers, growing in forked panicles. These are succeeded in autumn by most delicate feathery *Achanes*, quite silvery, and which greatly ornament our hedges. The exact reason for this plant receiving the name of the "Traveller's Joy," I do not know. There are a few others belonging to this order, that I have left unnoticed; but they are too interesting to be allowed to pass without a few words. They are such as frequent our woods and thickets—viz. the "Common Wood Anemone" (*Anemone nemorosa*), &c.

Nothing can be more lovely to behold, than our woods in spring (we shall not have to wait long for a renewal of this beautiful sight), studded throughout with the pretty little flowers of the Wood Anemone. The blush-colored tinge on the under surface of the pure white flowers, is quite, or nearly concealed from us when they are in full bloom. It is only when their little heads are drooping that we see the beautiful pink tinge. There are a few lines of Mary Howitt's, that completely express my feelings with respect to the gratitude we owe to God, for giving us minds and hearts capable of understanding and learning something from all his wondrous works of creation :

"God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,—
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all;
He might have made enough, enough
For every want of ours—
For luxury, medicine, and toil—
And yet have made no flowers!

* * * *

Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to MAN,
To beautify the earth,
To whisper hope—to comfort man
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For whose careth for the flowers
Will care much more for HIM!

Besides this little Anemone, we have the "Pasque Flower" (*Anemone pulsatilla*), the "Blue Mountain Anemone, (*Anemone Apennine*), and the "Yellow wood Anemone," (*Anemone ranunculoides*). These are rarely met with in our country; but are yet considered indigenous to Great Britain. I

should think there can be no doubt as to the first of these belonging strictly to our "Flora." There appears to me such gracefulness of growth and simplicity of blossom in all the Anemones, that I fancy they draw us to the contemplation of them by their modesty and simple beauty. If I happen to find myself alone in a wood surrounded by these lovely flowers, I always feel happy, for they bring to my mind these lines :

"With holy awe I cull the opening flower,
The hand of God hath made it, and where'er
The flowret blooms, there God is present also."

Another plant that is occasionally met with in parts of England, in hedges and coppices, is the "Columbine" (*Aquilegia vulgaris*). It is well known, from its spurred petals, and is often cultivated in our gardens. It is a handsome hedge-plant; nor must we forget that the "Green and Fetid Hellebore" (*Helleborus viridis et fetidus*) belong to this order of plants. There is certainly a lurid appearance about these two plants, which would almost make one think they were of a dangerous species to tamper with; and so they are very poisonous; the principal parts which are poisonous being the leaves.

The Christmas rose, which has just ceased from blossoming altogether, and which is generally in perfection about the middle of January, is a species of *Helleborus*. The *H. viridis* has flowers something resembling our Christmas roses with respect to shape; but instead of being white, they are green. The *H. fetidus* has pendulous, globular flowers of a green color; generally, when quite in bloom, tipped with pink. They have a nasty rank smell. I have not seen them much in our country, but in Switzerland they are very abundant. I hope at some future time to send you a few papers on the wild flowers of Switzerland, as I have been there during so many years. We will, however, see first, what numberless interesting species we possess without going out of Old England. I have purposely avoided using any botanical characteristics with regard to our wild flowers, because if any of the readers of "OUR OWN JOURNAL," who are non-botanists, should take an interest in our pretty wild flowers, I think and hope they will wish to become more fully acquainted with the delightful study of Botany, which I am sure if persevered in, will prove better and more agreeable and improving to the mind.

Let me here add a few words more about the remaining genera,—*Pæonia* and *Actæa*. The first of these, the entire-leaved Pæony, or (*Pæonia corallina*) is rarely found in England. It is an herbaceous plant, and blooms in May and June. As everybody is acquainted with the Pæony, I need scarcely say more about

it here; but will just remark that this species is characterised by having its leaves biternate and glabrous. It is called the "entire-leaved," with reference to their segments being entire. The Baneberry, or Herb Christopher (*Actæa spicata*) is a plant of the height of 1½ feet; with leaves similar to those of our common Elder. It is found in thickets and copses, in the north of England. The berry is black and poisonous. The little plant called the "Mousetail" (*Myosurus minimus*), from the elongated receptacle of the seed vessels which is met with in some of our fields, is also one of this order. It bears a little yellowish-green flower.

AGLIA TAU.

Stoke Newington.

(To be Continued.)

I LOVE THE NIGHT!

BY ALFRED H. HETHERINGTON.

I love the night, when silence reigns
O'er vaulted hills and fertile plains;
When feather'd warblers sink to rest,
And nestle in fair Nature's breast;
When stillness dwells with all around,
And earth and air send forth no sound,
Save when the gentle nightingale
Tells to the moon his plaintive tale.

I love the dreaded midnight hour,
When Superstition wields his power
O'er many a dark and dreary land,
With fancied phantoms hand in hand;
When awe-inspiring darkness stalks
Abroad to take his midnight walks;
Or, guided by the restless wave,
A dirge sings o'er the seaman's grave.

I love the night, calm and serene,
When gentle Luna, beauteous queen,
Attended by her starry train,
Casts her soft beams o'er land and main;
When zephyrs sigh, and gentle gales
Whisper their love to flowery vales,
And waft the fragrance they impart
With soothing influence o'er the heart!

I love the night, when howling winds
A requiem sing; and darkness finds
Congenial spirit with the cloud
That wraps the pale moon in a shroud;
When angry tempests' deafening roar,
With wild waves dash along the shore;
And echoing hills repeat the crash
In answer to the lightning's flash.

I love the night;—when others sleep,
I wander forth, but not to weep
O'er blighted love, and constancy;
Or task my treacherous memory
With cares deserted long ago,
Or griefs that cause my tears to flow,
Or murmur at affliction's rod—
But to commune in thought with God!

NOTES ON PHOTOGRAPHY.

No. II.—HOW TO TAKE A PICTURE.

(Continued from Page 134.)

I SHALL NOW, MY DEAR SIR, proceed to describe the process for taking a collodion "negative" picture on glass, which can afterwards be either retained as a "negative," and serve (as I shall show in another article), to print any number of pictures on paper from, or be turned at once into a "positive" picture.

The first thing to be attended to, is cleaning the glass plate destined for the reception of the picture. After being carefully washed in pure water, a few drops of liquid ammonia should be poured on each side, and well rubbed over it; then, more water. It must lastly be dried and rubbed with a clean cotton or linen cloth kept for the purpose. When cleaned, the plate should be left (till wanted) covered with the cloth; as the rubbing electrifies it for a few seconds, and causes it to attract any particles of dust that may be floating in the air.

The next operation is coating the glass with collodion. To be able properly to perform this, the beginner must see it done by a skilful person. Hold the plate by one corner with the forefinger and thumb of one hand; and the bottle in the other: then pour on the glass a quantity of collodion; inclining the plate in different directions so that the fluid may run to, *but not over*, the edges all round; when this is completed, return to the bottle as much collodion as will drain off. The whole of this operation should not take longer time than the reading of this sentence; for the collodion very soon hardens, and will not run. Care must be taken not to touch the film on the glass with the fingers; for any substance (even a slight touch) will disturb it and render the plate unfit for use. Any dry bits round the neck of the collodion bottle should be carefully removed before using; as anything hard running on the glass with the collodion will cause a speck on the picture. The plate may be thus coated in daylight, but all subsequent operations must be conducted in the darkened apartment.

The plate is now to be excited in the nitrate of silver, which has been placed in the gutta percha bath. The glass being laid on the dipper, which is previously wetted, in order that the moisture may make the plate adhere, it is lowered gently, but without break or hesitation, into the liquid. Any stoppage would cause a line across the picture. After being left in this bath for about two minutes, the plate (still in the dark or twilight) is fitted into the camera slide, which has been laid ready to receive it, with the collodion side down; as, when exposed, that side must be nearest the lenses.

The plate is now ready for exposure to the image to be impressed upon it; but this part of the operation I cannot properly describe. It must really be seen to be understood. Delamotte in his lately-published and useful work, says, "Any one who is unacquainted with the use of the camera, should ask for directions from the person of whom he purchases it, as no written instructions can easily explain how to set the camera on the tripod (a stand which is *not* indispensable, and which therefore I did not include in my list), how to obtain the focus for a view, or a portrait, or how to expose the sensitive surface." After being exposed for a time, which varies with the state of the day, the time of the day, the place operating in — the plate is again removed to the dark chamber; and being taken out, is put into the developing solution, No. 3. This solution is put into one of the porcelain trays, and the plate laid therein; care being taken to have the collodion side uppermost. A few seconds generally suffice to "develop" or bring out the picture; but the longer it stays in, up to a certain point, the darker the shades become. The glass should now be well washed, by allowing pure water to run over it; taking care not to injure the film.

It is now ready for "fixing." This is effected by placing it in No. 4., the hyposulphite of soda bath. This should be put into the other porcelain tray and the plate being plunged in should remain until all the iodide of silver, not acted upon by the light when exposed, is dissolved. As the iodide is of a yellowish appearance, it may be easily known when this is done; and the plate being again well washed with clean water, the "negative" picture is finished. It should now be visible when held over a dark surface; if held between the eye and the light, the darks or shades should be transparent and all the lights opaque.

It must now be put away to dry: if intended to make a "positive," that is ready for framing, it should be coated on the *collodion* side with "black varnish" (to be had of the dealers) which is applied exactly as the collodion was directed to be done. If intended for printing from, the plate should be run over with "crystal varnish," which is quite transparent, and is put on simply to prevent the film from being scratched in the printing process, which I shall fully describe in my next. In the meantime, I beg to repeat that any queries that may be made shall have my immediate attention.

GLENELG.

[We are right glad to notice the "fashionable" progress of this pleasing domestic pastime. Young ladies, and their everlasting, useless, silly crochet, may now be lawfully divorced; and sense take the place of motley nonsense.]

FASHION'S LOOKING-GLASS,
OR
SOCIETY ANALYSED.

There is no vice so artless, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on its *outward* parts;
Hiding the grossness by DECEPTION.

THAT THE WORLD IS PURELY ARTIFICIAL we have satisfactorily proved, long ago. Nothing is genuine,—neither the food we eat, nor ourselves who eat it. All appears fair to the eye, until tested; and *then* the deception becomes manifest. Man has very little that is natural about him,—nor has woman either.

In former numbers we have, by the aid of a friend who contributes largely to "Bentley's Miscellany," painted a picture of the fashionable world which is universally acknowledged to be "perfect." We propose to add a few additional touches to-day, from the same master hand. The canvass is large enough to admit of it. The subject is,—Society, inhabiting the world we live in.

SOCIETY (says our friend), according to Johnson, means fraternity. Refer to the letter F for fraternity, and you will find that it means society. So that, strictly speaking, society means nothing more nor less than that best of all compacts, a brotherly one. Look for society in the world, and you soon discover that it means *anything but* fraternity; and that poor human nature has chosen an inappropriate word to designate its mixings and political minglings with the every-day world.

Good society, *in fashionable parlance*, does not strictly mean a moral and instructive companionship with the highly gifted or good; but a clique surrounded by a barrier of titles or riches, deeply learned in escutcheons and the "Court Guide," and very particular about knowing only particular people. Not one, according to the existing codes of good society, can by any possibility be admitted into the charmed circle without having the hall-mark of the "fashionable few." This rule is rarely departed from, except in the case of a Lion. Here the creature, either from fear or love, although plebeian, is admitted for a season to be stared at or stare, that he may lay a soft paw on his flatterers if he be literary, or autograph and sketch in the avalanche of albums if he be a painter.

Good or fashionable society admits of very little fraternity, as the world is understood by lexicographers; for the youth even of this society are never permitted to, what is termed, "come out," before they have, by the aid of experienced tutors, been fully instructed in the manners and habits of their seniors, "how" to salute, smile, &c.—in fact, come out little ready-made men and women.

This freezing-up of all the channels to the heart is called "etiquette;" which also teaches them to look upon the world as a show-room, through which they have to walk and talk according to the prescribed rules of "their order;" and, above all, never to allow this highly-polished mask to be disarranged before the multitude.

The lady of ton, or high fashion, ("ton" means a certain number of people where there is no society) goes through, with charming nonchalance, the warmth of her friendship. This calls for a very little exertion of those vulgar things called "feelings." A scented billet invites her to some dear friend's *soirée*. Her amanuensis answers in acceptance; and she goes as late as she can on the appointed evening, when she crawls up a crowded staircase into a mobbed saloon, where she smiles most bewitchingly on her dear friend, the hostess. The hostess returns another equally charming smile as she perceives her; quite delighted to see her so crushed and crowded, as it adds to the *éclat* of her party. New arrivals thrust them asunder; and the lady guest departs with the determination to outshine her friend at her own approaching party by the number of her invitations,—in hopes that they may not be able to get into her house, though they are sure all to get into the *Morning Post*, where she would really rather see them than in her house; the fact being that they are only in the one that they may be in the other. With this amiable intention of rivalry, she flits and smiles through a few more parties during the night, with exactly the same results; until, overcome with *ennui*, she seeks her pillow, delighted with the number of her invitations, —meaning nothing.

The man of ton lives in nearly the same routine, slightly varied by unmeaning dinners, where he is invited to come as late as he can; to go away as soon as he can, that he may attend the opera, and a few slight engagements where he really must just "show himself," which gives his tiger time to turn his cab round and take him up again, that he may "show himself" somewhere else.

In the most serious, as well as the most trifling things, does the society of ton commit extraordinary acts of folly, with the air of sincerity; for a kind of tacit understanding exists, that they shall *appear* to receive all as "real" which they know to be "false." A female tonnist, for instance, is expected to be fully conversant with all the tricks of card depositing and morning calls, invented for the sole purpose of getting rid of the surplus time of the fair unemployed. She accordingly enconces herself in her carriage if she intends to make personal calls, and bowls round to the doors of her intimates. *It is not her intention* to go farther, at an hour when they are

not visible, "or not at home," as the fashionable lie goes. Here her show footman knocks insane knocks, which is the principal thing in his education; makes sweet inquiries; receives the expected answer; leaves a card; mounts his perch; and passes on to another and another, where he goes through the same forms. All this time his mistress is reading quietly the last new novel, as if perfectly unconscious of what the man was about. This game at "cards complimentary" is one of vital importance to the well-being of this kind of society. Any lapse by any of its members of the proper distribution, at the proper time, would embroil them in some bitter feud; or, in some cases, the expulsion from the much envied ranks of ton.

When a death occurs in this high and delightful society, the distressed members (to flatter the dear defunct as long as he or she remains above ground) send, most punctiliously, their servants, carriages, and horses, to "mourn," with becoming decorum, in the procession to the grave. Everybody sees that this is an empty compliment in every sense; yet it is done that the world may see "what a many carriages the body knew."

Notwithstanding the emptiness of all this, we find the next grade in the scale, "the little great people," waste their lives—and sometimes their fortunes, in imitating it. The word "society" is constantly in their mouths; which means precisely all the foregoing. Not being so well defended from the approach of the mixed, they are dreadfully tenacious in their invitations, and indignant at a "one-horse person" claiming acquaintance with their "pair-horse" eminence. You must be out of business, or you are never in their lists: unless, indeed, you call yourself a "merchant," and no one ever saw your counting-house. They are troubled with a curious monomania, which makes them believe "that the middling class" is the one just below them. This, number two ton apes in every way—much to the annoyance of number one; its bowings and card leavings; ceremonious parties and coldnesses. Thus, in its struggles to reach the society above, passes a life of continued heart-burnings and disappointments.

The great mischief of all this ambition as to station in society, falls most injuriously upon that class who, owning themselves the middling class,—men of business, &c.,—still strive vainly to place, as it were, one foot upon the step above them; and, in the struggle, often meet with a total overthrow,—ruining themselves by attempting too much, and, when done, deceiving nobody; looking at the same time with a smile of derision upon their neighbors, for doing the very same thing in which they themselves so signally fail!"

There is nothing ill-natured in the foregoing; yet does it give a very correct though modified idea of what is called "society,"—a race of beings who consider "thought" vulgar, and whose only happiness centres in habitual deceit,—ever appearing, in fact, what they are *not*.

We are all too ready to censure those whose grade in life is lower than our own,—quite forgetting that they are following, as closely as may be, the example we set before them.

It would be well to reflect upon this; for, when our habits of life are analysed, there really is not much to be said for us as a "civilised nation." In our behavior towards one another, we are indeed every thing *but* natural.

THE HAPPINESS OF CHILDREN.

IF WE BE WISE, we shall never attempt to "improve" the happiness of children. We may attempt it; but we shall not succeed.

"Pretty little dears!" said a good-looking old gentleman one day, as he looked at a group of children at play, "how I love the little innocents! Here, get a penn'orth of apples, and share them amongst you."

He walked on, but, yielding to a feeling of curiosity, we remained to watch the event. The apples were soon obtained—the game was stopped, of course. One having claimed rather a larger share than his companion, a fight ensued. His opponent, getting the worst of it, retired in tears to the mother of the stronger one, who soon appeared on the scene, and, having cuffed him soundly, took him home for punishment.

A third soon disappeared, like the black boy, with the stomach-ache in his countenance; while a fourth, dissatisfied with his allowance, remained on the field giving sorrow vent. The apples of discord had been effectually dropped into their Elysium; the whole appeared suddenly transformed from enlightened children into men of the world. Selfishness had appeared amongst them, and had not forgotten to bring his companion Misery, whom, although he heartily despises, he seldom travels without.

The happiness of a child is, perhaps, the only perfect earthly pleasure. Do not attempt to improve perfection, or you will certainly destroy it. If you see a child unhappy, you may readily interfere, perhaps with good effect; but when he *is* happy, in the name of humanity let him alone.

The cares of life will soon enough cloud his horizon. Therefore let him, in his early days, seek happiness in his own childish way. Children have a language of their own, and habits of their own. Often do we gaze on

them, ourself unseen, and take great delight in witnessing their childish performances. How small a matter pleases them!

ONE OF OUR GREATEST BLESSINGS.—

THE POST.

THERE is, perhaps, no possible event that would cause so great a revolution in the state of modern society, as the cessation of the post. A comet coming in collision with the earth, could alone cause a greater shock to its inhabitants. It would shake nations to their centre,—it would be a sort of imprisonment of the universal mind, a severing of the affections, and a congelation of thought. It would be building up a wall of partition between the hearts of mother and child, and husband and wife, brother and sister. It would raise Alps between the breasts of friend and friend; and quench, as with an ocean, the love that is now breathed out in all its glowing fervor, despite of time or place.

What would be all the treasures of the world, or all its praise to a feeling heart, if it could no longer pour out its fullness to its chosen friend, whom circumstances had removed afar off? What could solace the husband or the father, during his indispensable absence from the wife of his affections, or the child of his love, if he had no means of assuring them of his welfare and his unalterable love? and what could console him could he not be informed of theirs? Life, in such circumstances, would be worse than a blank—it would be death to the soul, but without its forgetfulness.

"Write soon—pray do write soon and often"—are among the last words we breathe into the ear of those we love, while we grasp the hand and look into the eye that will soon be far from us. What other consolation or hope is left us, when the rumbling wheel or swelling sail is bearing that beloved being far from us, while we stand fixed to the spot where the last adieu was uttered? The post is the most perfect system of intercourse that has ever been devised—it scatters wealth and happiness in a thousand directions. No place is too distant for it to reach—no village is too insignificant for it to visit. Like the sun, dispensing delight, it goes its daily journey. The heats of summer and the cold of winter are not allowed to intercept or retard it. It carries on the important business of courtship, and leads to matrimony, whether "for better or worse." It solaces the lover's sorrow, and transmits hope through many a cruel league.

The bashful bachelor, who has not the courage to make a personal declaration, may do it through the medium of the post; nay, if he prefers it, he may even put "the last

question" itself into the hands of the postman. What an agony of suffering is thereby spared him! He may say, in words, "written," what would have choked him outright if he had attempted to "speak" them aloud. How many "little secrets," too, known but to "two" fond hearts, pass through the post!

The postman, in a word, is a valued friend of ours. He holds in his hand, daily and hourly, what makes our life not only an endurable but a "happy" one. We ever greet him with a smile; and whenever we meet him, we delight to do him honor.

THE DISADVANTAGES OF GAS.

NOT HALF A CENTURY HAS PASSED since the announcement of an invention which may be said to have brought London, for at least half the twenty-four hours, out of darkness into light. The feeble glimmer of oil lamps, the glare of torches, the shouting of linkboys, and the lanterns always at hand with the greatcoats and umbrellas—themselves then a novelty—were in full force fifty years ago, but have now given way to a nightly illumination, splendid, and happily adapted to great cities.

When the discovery had been appreciated and adopted; and when the smell, the headaches, the drowsiness, the closeness, the injury to the eyes that appeared to attend the use of gas, had seemed for a time to qualify its value, a fresh triumph came in the discovery of means by which it could be thoroughly purified and divested of its injurious properties. We were assured that it could be made comparatively harmless to the eyes and to the lungs, and certainly there was a great improvement, and a great difference between good and bad gas.

But now comes the experience of fifty years. We have competition, we have gas used for everything, in quantities hardly imagined by the sanguine inventors. We have thousands of miles of gaspipes, and almost as many jets as there are lungs in the metropolis. It is time we should ask whether the system is perfect. Is our gas as good as it might be? Have we duly availed ourselves of the means discovered for its purification? We may also ask whether so great a boon is not necessarily attended with some drawbacks? Nobody can have seen the paving of our streets disturbed, as it all is disturbed once or twice a year, without perceiving with dismay that the whole subsoil of the metropolis is saturated with some black, stinking ingredient, of a most sickening nature. It tells its own tale; for common sense assures us that, where the effluvium from such soil can reach the lungs, it must impair strength and shorten life.

As to its effect on vegetable life, we have heard repeated instances of healthy trees suffering by the approach of this underground foe. As the evil is cumulative, what will it come to? The question has recently been answered in some remarks by Dr. Letheby, addressed to the City Court of Sewers, on the subject of his report on the City Gas Companies. "Then, again," he says, "there is a quantity of ammonia, which holds in solution a large quantity of tar, and whenever there is a leakage in the streets, it oozes out. During the last fifty years, where it has got into the public roads, it has rendered the soil near to it so offensive, that you can hardly move the pavement without doing a great deal of harm. What it may be in twenty years hence I cannot say, but *I think it will be almost unsafe that you should then disturb the pavements at all.*" In twenty years, or at all events at the end of this century, we shall not be able to move the ground under our feet without the same results as if we were opening a common sewer; but, as waterpipes, drains, and, more than all, the gaspipes themselves, are frequently in want of repair, the ground must be disturbed, in winter or summer, as may be, and that for whole streets at a time.

Thus far it has been found impossible to prevent this leakage, on account of the continual, but unequal subsidence of the soil in which the pipes are laid. The only thing to be done is to take the most stringent measures to compel the utmost possible purification of the gas itself. Perhaps a still more palpable proof of the deleterious properties of the gas now in use is to be found in its effects upon many substances in rooms where it is used. Dr. Letheby says, "There is not a library in the metropolis the books on the upper shelves of which are not tumbling to pieces from this cause!"

The destructive effect of gas on furniture and perishable substances, is a matter of universal complaint, and is only tolerated because furniture in London is commonly changed very soon, and few shopkeepers keep large stores of perishable substances. It is the oil of vitriol that does the mischief; and Dr. Letheby says, that so highly is the gas of one company charged with sulphuret, that he has obtained 21 grains of oil of vitriol from 100 cubic feet of gas. Now, if the gas of this metropolis be so destructive to inert matter, how much more must it be so to the vital organs! It is true that gas is only one of the many deleterious agents at work in this metropolis. Dr. Letheby finds the snow itself, apparently so fresh from the purer regions of the sky, charged with sulphuric acid in combination with ammonia; and he has found the same with regard to the leaves of trees. But if mischiefs are so

rife about us, that is only the reason why everything should be done to diminish their number and influence. Gas is becoming one of the most formidable. It assails us everywhere. It oozes from the soil, it rises from every area, and fumes out of every neglected basement. What with leakage, imperfect combustion, and the original bad quality of the gas, it is seldom used without forcing itself on more senses than one. This is a heavy penalty to pay for an evening's illumination, and there is no real occasion why we should have to pay it.

If Dr. Letheby's account of the gas be correct, it is high time that Parliament interfered to neutralise the subtle poison we have admitted into our atmosphere, and into the very ground that we tread on. The most dangerous poisons are those which accumulate, and only act when the quantity present in the system has reached a certain point. We may go on poisoning London with comparative harmlessness in our time; but we shall leave it scarcely habitable to our children.

"LAUGH AND GROW FAT!"

DON'T you love a good laugh, my dear sir? To be sure you do; you would be a very uncomfortable sort of a being if you did not. All people who have the smallest spark of happiness or jollity in their composition *must* dearly love a good laugh. Now, I don't mean what some people call laughing,—a sour, satirical, miserable affair, that comes between a chuckle and a grunt; nor that stereotyped grin which is only called into use to display a fine set of teeth, when, at the same time, the heart is as cold and free from mirth as an icicle. I mean a hearty, downright, real piece of business, that brings tears to your eyes, and shakes you till you are fairly obliged to hold your sides; and just as you fancy you have brought matters to a conclusion, off you go again as fresh as if you were but just beginning.

That's the sort of laugh that does one good! It shakes out all the puckers and crumples of one's face, and is "warranted to preserve a fine healthy complexion." There is a certain class of folks (who, for charity's sake, shall be nameless) that would not laugh on any account,—because it looks so foolish, "betrays vulgarity," &c., &c. Fudge! let 'em alone: *they* haven't got it in them, or they'd give all they possessed to experience the pleasure. *They* can't see "what people find to laugh at." Of course they can't; and never will! All their senses and ideas are so wrapped up and centred in themselves, and they stick up such comical ideas of "propriety," that they not only debar themselves this luxury, but they make every one

who would otherwise enjoy themselves feel uncomfortable in their society. But as they cannot form an idea of the genuine pleasure derived from a hearty laugh, they have no right to interfere with those who can.

Avoid one who never laughs; for, depend upon it, no good, or kindly feeling exists where a long face is always kept. So, laugh while you may, and be happy in the enjoyment of it; and let those who will, wonder "what people can find to laugh at!"

VILETTA.

Devon, April 15.

[Never did we answer a question more heartily; or meet with a correspondent of whom we could feel more justly proud. Yes, "Viletta," we do indeed love a good laugh, and we love those, too, dearly, who are the advocates of that most natural, rational, wholesome, and true way of giving utterance to the honest, frank, and noble feelings of the heart. Prudery, pinched-up features, pursed-up mouths, long faces, demure looks, and the patrons of stiff, starched, "fashionable" propriety,—away with the whole lot! Nature's children hate hypocrisy, and love innocence. Long faces in May! Horrible thought,—dishonoring to our Creator! Why the meads are now all glittering with dew—the meadows are carpeted with every variety of pattern grateful to the eye—the lovely flowers are everywhere telling their hearts' wishes to the breeze—the birds making every tree vocal with melody—all nature is clad in its modest vernal green; whilst everything that has breath (man excepted) is praising God. And WE not laugh! Hark'ee, fair Viletta; we have some pressing "invites" in your immediate vicinity. Our heart lies that way. So look out! We will assuredly have a "laugh" together,—such a laugh! And if we do not "grow fat," *whose* fault will it be?]

NEVER GIVE UP.

Never give up! There are chances and changes
 Helping the hopeful a hundred to one;
 And through the chaos High Wisdom arranges
 Ever success—if you'll only hope on.
 Never give up! for the wisest is boldest,
 Knowing that Providence mixes the cup;
 Of all maxims the best, as well as the oldest,
 Is the true watchword of—Never give up!

Never give up! Though the grape-shot may rattle,
 Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst;
 Stand like a rock—and the storm or the battle
 Little shall harm you, though doing their worst.
 Never give up! If adversity presses,
 Providence wisely has mingled the cup;
 And the best counsel in all your distresses,
 Is the stout watchword of—"Never give up!"

MARTIN TUPPER.

NOTES ON THE FEATHERED TRIBES.

OUR SPRING VISITORS AND THEIR FOOD.

Of Birds I sing; great Nature's happy commoners,
That haunt in woods, and meads, and flowery gardens;
Rifle the sweets, and taste the choicest fruits,
Scorning to ask the lordly owner's leave.

ROWE.



BEHOLD THE SEASON ARRIVED
THAT WAITS TO OUR SHORES
THE MANY HAPPY VOICES
AND LITTLE BODIES which,
year after year, have caused
us so much delight and hap-
piness! Day by day, some
fresh visitor is dropping in,

to swell the throng, and to distil upon us the dew of his flute-like song. They well remember *us*; and we as readily recognise *them*. Let us, whilst they are at muster, talk a little of their late and present movements.

The spring movement of the feathered tribes, as accompanying, or rather as following, the apparent declination of the sun, is not only one of the most marked features of the vernal season, but it is one which, more than most others, proves to us that the provident goodness of the Great Creator extends equally to every portion of our globe, and to every creature by which any one portion of it is inhabited. At the time when the birds begin their northward movement, food for them has failed in the extreme south, in consequence of the long-continued heat and drought of the antarctic summer. They therefore begin to move northward, guided, no doubt, by the supply of food, just as sheep are guided along the more verdant parts of an extensive hill pasture, where they shun those places that afford them no subsistence, and follow the lines of the fertile ones, however crooked these may be. These birds proceed by stages; and though the movement extends a considerable way southward of the equator, it has, in different species of birds, its beginning over a very extensive range of latitude. When driven southward by the severity of the winter, the bird makes no voluntary journey: *it is impelled by natural circumstances*, and it moves not an inch farther than those circumstances impel it.

In the winter movement southward the birds are, generally speaking, congregated into flocks; and those flocks always alight at the first place which can furnish them with a supply of food; and there they remain until that supply is exhausted, or until it is cut off from them by the weather. When either of these happens, they make another stage southwards, and so continue till they reach a place where they can find a supply even in the depth of winter. The line of distinction

between birds which migrate from country to country, in the direction of north and south, and those which migrate between the warm and the cold latitudes, in the same country, without any particular reference to north or south, or any other direction, is not, however, so well defined as that we can distinctly separate the one from the other. We might expect this, because the birds follow their food; and as some of them will naturally follow it in one direction and some in another, we can easily see that the flock which originally moves from a high northern latitude, by being frozen out, must naturally leave a portion in the favorable grounds of each country over which it passes. This must hold true, whatever be the latitude of the most northerly or summer station of the birds; and thus during the winter they are distributed over all places where a supply of food for them is to be found, so that nothing is lost. There is a considerable difference of this southward movement in different seasons. If the winter is comparatively open and mild in the north, the migrants are fewer, and they do not extend their excursion so far toward the south. If, on the other hand, the winter is uncommonly early and severe, they migrate in greater numbers, and extend farther. Those winter excursions necessarily have very considerable influence upon the opposite migration in the spring, especially as to the time at which the spring birds arrive. *This* year they arrived unusually early—some weeks earlier than is their wont.

We need not say that if the severity of the weather drives the birds farther to the south in one winter than in another, they must be later in returning northward in the spring; and this is one of the reasons why calendars stating the particular day of the arrival of any bird can never be accurately supplied.

When the winter is very severe, heavy snows fall, and continue in much more southerly places than when the winter is milder. But though the early setting-in of those storms may injure the late crops, which are not then gathered in, it must not be thence inferred that they bring nothing but desolation and ruin. The early winter comes with its chilling frost, which alone would destroy the more tender vegetation; but along with the frost there comes the mantle of snow to be thrown in merciful protection over the suffering earth. It may thus happen, and it certainly often does happen, that a severe winter is followed by a season of extraordinary plenty both for man and animals. Among others, the birds are often driven far and long from the regions of the north; in order that the feast which nature provides for them there, may be more abundant on their return.

In considering the movements of the fea-

thered tribes, we must not lose sight of these circumstances; and we must also bear in mind, that while they are driven southwards by the cold, they are invited northwards by the returning heat, which brings a supply of food northward while the southward supply is diminishing.

By far the greater number of migrant birds, whether they come to us in summer or in winter, feed chiefly upon animal matters; in great part insects, and small animals. The winter, even with us, cuts off the land supply of these to a very great extent. Very many of them die off entirely at the end of the season, and exist during the winter only as eggs, which the parent insects have deposited in the places best adapted for being hatched by the returning season. A vast number of these are deposited on plants; but they are, generally speaking, too diminutive for being seen by birds, or for affording any considerable supply of food, even though they were seen. Others exist in the earth, the waters, and the mud at the bottom of the waters, in the state of larvæ; or, as we call them in common language, grubs or caterpillars. It is for the purpose of feeding upon those larvæ, that many water-birds quit the north in the winter, and resort to the fens, the pools, the streams, and the oozy banks of the estuaries of rivers in this country. Several individuals hide themselves in the mature state, in holes and crevices; where they hybernate, or remain inactive, without feeding or motion, during the winter. In short, we can hardly name a situation in which the rudiment or the means of life, in insects and other small animals, is not treasured up during the winter, in order to be ready for the renovating influence of the spring. In severe weather they are all dormant, however, and not to be found by the birds. This is the more complete the higher the latitude, and consequently the colder the winter; and the display of insect life is long, in proportion to the duration of the summer.

The number of insects, independently of other small animals which are in concealment during the winter, is immense. Britain, as compared with other countries, has an under rather than an over supply; and yet the species which have been discovered in the British islands amount to at least ten thousand, of which a full third are beetles; and it is impossible to say how many additional species may yet be discovered. The rapidity with which some of these multiply is beyond all imagination; and were the facts not well-authenticated, one would not believe them. Of these insects, it is often the very small ones which are most destructive of vegetation; and the destruction is perpetrated, not when they are in the perfect or last stage of their being, but chiefly when

they are larvæ, or in the first stage from the egg. There are no doubt exceptions to this, but it is the general rule; and the time when the spring-visiting birds are with us is the great time for those larvæ.

Of creatures so numerous in species, and so utterly countless in individuals, it is not possible to convey any adequate notion here. We may mention, however, the spring exertions of a single female of some of the species. The extent of these exertions shows that they must commence their labors betimes in the season. Very many of the colonies of wild bees, which make their nests in holes of the earth, or collections of moss, and which construct waxen cells, and collect honey with so much assiduity during the summer, die away; with the exception of a few females, which creep into hiding-places, and remain dormant there till the warmth of the new season calls them forth. These females are, however, left by nature in such a condition that each of them can found a colony and rear a brood. The little creature has to find her own food, to make her nest, to construct cells fit for the hatching of her eggs; and all this in a very short time, and without the slightest assistance. Generally speaking, however, she succeeds; and her first care is to rear a working family, which shall farther assist in the labors; and it is not till the season be somewhat advanced that matured males and females are produced in the nest. The labors of many other insects are as severe as these; and some of their structures are highly curious, far surpassing anything which occurs among the larger animals.

One of the most singular races are the *aphides*, which, of different colors, and under different names, infest various species of plants—such as the rose, the cherry, the common bean, and a variety of others. The colonies of these, like those of the last-mentioned, generally proceed from a single female, or from an egg which produces a single female in the spring. Some idea of the numbers of these little creatures may be formed, when we consider that several species consist of at least twenty successive generations in the course of the summer; and that the number of even the fifth generation of these twenty has been ascertained to amount to very nearly six thousand millions.

Indeed, when we consider that the rudiments of insect life, and of that of other small animals, are scattered everywhere over the land, throughout the waters, and upon everything which the land produces, we are constrained to think that this is the portion of nature which is prepared and fitted for the action of the spring. The individuals in all these cases are of comparatively small size; but this is made up by the amazing fertility and the rapid succession in which the power

of this fertility is exercised. Upon a subject so much above even our comprehension, it is impossible to state with numerical precision what would be the result of this production if insects were not restrained, by their being made to support other departments of nature. It is not, however, too much to say that, if all the eggs of insects which are deposited upon the leaves, and other parts of plants, in this country, were to come to maturity, they would not leave a single green leaf upon a tree. If those which are deposited in the earth were in like manner to come to maturity, they would not leave a single herb upon its surface; while if those which are deposited in the water, and remain there, were all to come to maturity, and continue their increase, they would thicken every pool and stream to the consistency of mire. Even this is a very slight and imperfect view of the amazing energy of life which is possessed by these little creatures; for it is no exaggeration to say that, were their powers to be exerted to the full extent for only a very few years—and were such a result possible from the nature of its substance, they would, in those few years, convert the whole matter of the earth itself into insects.

It is true that this tremendous power is never worked to the full measure; but that is no argument against its existence. The powers wherewith the Almighty has endowed matter, in order that it may accomplish the purposes of his will, are not subjects which we can measure with a line, weigh in a balance, or sum up by our imperfect and limited arithmetic. They are ordained by him to control matter, to work it into those combinations, and mould it into those shapes which he has ordained. As he has appointed them, so has he given them strength for the perfect accomplishment of their labors. This strength, no resistance of merely inactive matter can successfully oppose; and therefore he has wisely set the one of them to regulate and control the other, and preserve them in those bounds which are conducive to the greatest good of the whole.

Such are the germs of provision, which lie ready to be called forth in such abundance as not only to continue their own species to the full amount which nature requires, but to furnish an ample store for many resident animals of a larger growth, and also for those migrants which come from distant lands. The fresh-water fishes, many of the small mammalia, as well as many of our resident birds, are supported during the season of their greatest activity upon this provision of insects and other small animals; for those birds which during the winter season collect seeds in the fields, or wild berries and other little fruits from the hedges and bushes, feed their young almost exclusively, and themselves in

great part, upon insects and small animals, during the nesting time, when their labors are most severe. But notwithstanding the abundant portion which is thus afforded to the larger inhabitants of the earth, the waters, and the air, the numbers of insects and small animals that is left is great everywhere; and it is so immense in some places, that they literally encumber the atmosphere, and darken the sun, as if they were thick clouds of driven snow. Over some of the marshes in Canada, when the heat of the summer sun beats strongly upon that country of extreme seasons, woe to the man who takes shelter under a marsh tree, from the fervor of the burning sun! Gnats and mosquitos are congregated there in myriads; so that, before he can effect a retreat, every naked part of his skin is tingling and smarting, and his clothes are so loaded with the little pests, that it is not without great difficulty he can shake them off. In the marshes of polar Europe the numbers are not quite so great; but still one who visits those marshes when they are bound up in the ice and snow of winter, and again after the heat of the sun has awakened the germs of life which then lay dormant, would be quite astonished at the transition.

In the case of winter, there is not a living thing—not one little wing in the air. The sun has set for the long night of winter; and the dominion of that season is complete and tranquil. There is not even a perceptible particle of moist in the atmosphere; for as the sun, which is the grand agent in its ascent, has totally withdrawn his beams for the time, winter has congealed every atom of water, and added it to the snowy mantle wherewithal those lands are protected, to be ready for the powerful action of their brief but vigorous spring. In summer, again, the sun which awakens those germs of insect life is constantly present for some time, and nearly present the whole day for much longer; therefore the powers of life in the waters are worked to their full extent, and the mighty swarms to which we have alluded are the result.

In such places it is the waters chiefly which bring forth this seasonal life. Trees are but few there; and the soft bud and tender leaf which support the caterpillars of butterflies and moths in such a country as Britain, are hardly known. Hence the abundance of such countries for the supply of birds is by the margins of the morasses, the pools, and the other waters; and therefore the birds which move northwards, to breed there, are mostly either water birds or birds of the margins of the waters.

This abundant supply in the polar lands draws such birds northwards in vast flocks;

and they leave the more southerly places as a provision for others.

If such latitudes as our own are considered, the water or shore birds which migrate to us in the spring, are exceedingly few, though those which feed upon land insects and their larvæ, in the trees, on the ground, or in the air, are numerous.

The air visitants which feed upon insects are among the most characteristic, or at all events the best marked of the whole. They are of smaller size, and their prey is different; but still there is some resemblance between them and the birds of prey, properly so called. Like those, they are divided into day-feeders, and feeders during the night, or at all events during the twilight. The former are the swallow tribe. The swifts are at the top of the sky, incessantly on the wing during the season of their labor, seldom alighting on the ground, and quite incapable of walking upon it. They generally build their nests in the most lofty situations, such as towers, steeples, and the crevices of lofty cliffs. The fleetness of their wings is such that they have little to fear in their proper element, the sky, while they do not interfere with what is going on at the earth's surface. The swallow, known from the rest by the deep fork of its tail, even when it is on the wing, occupies the next highest position. It builds in chimneys and other lofty places, though not so high as the swift. The house-martin is one of those birds which claim the closest neighborhood with the human race. The corner of the window, the projecting eaves of the roof, and such situations, are those in which it builds its curious clay castle; and it is understood that this interesting little favorite returns again and again for many successive years to the same spot. The other is the sand-martin, which excavates holes in the banks, in which its nest is lodged with great safety. The surfaces of pools and streams are the places where the martins and the swallows find the greater part of their food, though the house-martin rids those with whom it lodges of great numbers of house-flies; and for this, as well as for the familiarity of its manners, the ingenuity of its architecture, and its personal neatness and beauty, it is a bird which is usually protected.

The only night or twilight bird at all allied to these, is that which in common language is very improperly called the goat-sucker. It is improperly so called, because, instead of sucking goats, its bill is so constructed that it cannot suck at all. This bird, in its plumage and its whole structure, only that it has no weapons that could injure another bird, resembles the owls. It feeds on night insects, which it catches in the air, not at a very great height. The prey con-

sists, of course, chiefly of moths and twilight beetles.

Though this division of our birds is brought to us by the spring migration, no one of them comes to us in the spring as it stands in the calendar, unless it be in the very warmest districts in the south. The martins are generally the first to arrive, then the swallows, and lastly the swifts and the goat-suckers, which very rarely make their appearance in any part of Britain before the middle or even toward the end of the month of May. Our true spring months are March, April, and May; and in the northern and upland parts of the country, spring may be said to extend into June; for among the mountains it is not uncommon to meet, in the beginning of that month, with those brief snow showers and sunny gleams between, which characterise April in more southern parts, and indicate that the contest between the two great seasons of the year is at its height.

The birds of which we have spoken delay their coming until there shall be food for them on the wing. The insects which are bred in the water, and spend the greatest part of their brief existence in sporting over its surface, are the first to make their appearance; and as the martins and swallows feed chiefly in such places, they come before the swifts and the goat-suckers, the former of which hawk in the upper air, and the latter near the surface, but still over the land rather than over the water.

None of these birds utter anything which bears the least resemblance to a song. In some states of the atmosphere, the swifts screech in a harsh and piercing key; and the goat-suckers utter a booming or jarring sound as they fly along; but none of these are very agreeable. Still this family of birds is of great service to vegetation: for they eat full-grown insects, just when they are in a condition for depositing their eggs: and thus they tend more to keep down the numbers than those birds which feed upon caterpillars. The goat-sucker, in particular, is highly useful; for its chief food, at least at one season of the year, consists of those large beetles known by the name of *chafers*, because the full-grown insects injure the leaves of trees and other plants; and the larvæ of the chafers are among the most destructive to the roots of grass and corn.

Our other summer birds which come to capture indiscriminately insects and their larvæ, upon trees, upon the ground, or in the air, are far more numerous; and the services which they render are of course far more important. They come earlier than the birds which hawk in the air; because the caterpillars are hatched before perfect insects appear. Some come earlier and some later, according to the nature of their food; and

they also divide the land among them, one taking one locality, and another another.

They are our song birds by way of eminence; for, though many of our native birds sing pleasantly, there are none that are equal to these; and besides, the songs of our native birds have rather begun to abate before these little strangers arrive, and they are not resumed till the strangers have departed, though some of our native birds, the males of the year's breed especially, sing in the autumn, and occasionally even in the winter. The bold and familiar redbreast, for example, often sings sweetly from a tree close by the window, at times when there is not another song uttered by any individual of the feathered race. Those birds, which are so very characteristic of the maturity of the vernal season, are very differently distributed in different parts of our country. Being all birds which retire to more southerly latitudes when the supply of insects begins to be over, they are of course more numerous in species, as much as in individuals of the same species, in the southern parts of the country than in the northern. Some, and those the sweetest songsters of the whole, never reach the north or even farther than the middle of the country, and where they do come they are not found in the hilly parts. This is the case with that sweetest, and probably least seen of all our songsters, the nightingale, whose cheerful song of encouragement and joy has been so ridiculously fabled as a voice of lamentation, for bereavement, uttered by the widowed female! The female of this species does happen to sing a little sometimes, though but seldom, and not very well: but the male is the grand songster, and his is anything but a song of sorrow.

To those who visit the fields and the groves during the spring, for the purposes of breathing the healthful breeze, studying the beauties of nature, and admiring the wisdom and goodness of Nature's Author, those visitant birds which come to us in the very blush of the blooming season, and give voice to nature when decked out in the choicest ornaments of the year, are among the most delightful subjects connected with the time.

But the study of them goes much farther than this; and when we examine them aright, we do not fail to perceive that their usefulness is even greater than the pleasure which we derive in listening to their songs. This, indeed, is a general truth in nature, and clearly proves to us that there is nothing there which merely serves to feast our eyes with an unmeaning spectacle, and our ears with an unavailing sound. In what man produces by art, the beauty and the utility are sometimes separated; but this is never the case in nature. There is not a substance or a creature which God has made, or an event

brought about by those natural causes which he has appointed, that entices us by its beauty, without involving something which will repay in usefulness the attention we bestow upon it. No doubt there are many cases in which we remain ignorant of this usefulness; but in every such case the fault is in ourselves and not in nature; and the connection between the fair and the valuable has been so clearly established in so many cases, that it holds out the strongest inducement for us to follow up, by the most diligent inquiry, every natural subject which presses itself strongly upon our attention. The book of Nature is fair and ample; it is spread wide before us. We are endowed with the capacity of reading it, if we will but learn; and therefore we stand not only inexcusable, but self-condemned, if we go down to our graves in ignorance of the many enjoyments which God has thronged around our temporal condition, to humble our vanity, to alleviate our suffering, and to bring us back to the knowledge of how insignificant we and all our boasted doings are in comparison with the smallest work of Him who created the Heavens and the earth, and endowed us with discernment and understanding.

In the case of these summer birds, the discovery of their usefulness is a matter of no difficulty. We see with our own eyes the ravages which many species of caterpillars commit where there are no birds to consume their numbers, where they are not accessible to birds, or where they breed so rapidly, owing to particular states of the weather, as that the birds are unable to keep them within due bounds. How often do our turnips, our hops, and numerous other cultivated plants, nearly or totally fail in consequence of the ravages of some minute insect, which cultivators popularly know by the name of "the fly!" How often are whole orchards left, not only without a fruit to ripen, but without a leaf, and with the twigs wrapt up in the nets of caterpillars which have feasted for their time, and undergone their transformation! and how often do the larvæ of insects invade our dwelling-houses and spoil our provisions, our clothes, our books, and many other articles!

Now, if only a slight stagnation of vegetable growth, occasioned by a bleak dry wind from the east or any other cause, can produce effects so disastrous wherever that cause operates;—if this happens (and that it does so to some extent or other, every season bears witness), let us just consider what would be the condition of us and all our possessions if the whole of these insect plagues were let loose upon us, without any controlling power to regulate their numbers. Were such to become the case, all that would remain for us would be to be wretched for a part of one summer.

and never to behold another. To save us from this, the birds have, among other instruments, been appointed by Him who guides us in all matters wherein we cannot guide ourselves.

But how stands it with the insects, from whose ravages these birds come to protect us? Are they destroyers, and nothing but destroyers? It cannot be, for they are part of the creation by the same God as we ourselves; and we have it upon a record which cannot lie, that when the work of creation was finished, by the sixth mysterious day of the great work coming to a close, "God saw everything that he had made, and behold it was very good."

Now, in the case of these insects, and of all the little animals which we are apt to consider as noxious to us, there is as much evidence of His goodness as there is in any other created thing. The quantity of matter cast off by the living world, and passing into a state of corruption, is very great at all times; and in the warm season especially it is so abundant, that if there were not some means of changing its form, and making it wholesome for the time, the living world would be buried in its own rubbish. To prevent this is the general purpose of those insects and small animals; and it will invariably be found that they congregate in the greatest multitudes where their labors are most necessary. Even when they attack and destroy a crop, they act in the manner which is best for the passing time, how short soever the duration of that time may be; and it is only when they interfere with man's artificial arrangements that he can consider them as hurtful. The whole system of nature is a system of mutual support; and every portion of it is conducive to the perfection of the whole.

In this matter of the summer birds and the summer insects, there is an accommodation of one part of nature to another, which is equally worthy of our study and our admiration;—our study, for the instruction which it affords; and our admiration, as a specimen of that unity and harmony which run through the whole system of nature.

The latter part of the spring and the early part of the summer, according as the months run in the calendar,—though the real spring, in as far as its effect upon nature is concerned—is the busy time with the birds, a time at which their labors are proportionably greater than those of any other animals at any one season of the year. The mammalia have little else to do than to find their own food. A few, no doubt, dig burrows, and form beds of withered vegetables for their young. But their labors in this respect bear no proportion whatever to those of the birds in the construction of their nests, many of which are so

elaborately made, that human art cannot imitate them. The incubation, too, is a severer task than the mammalia are called upon to perform; and nature provides food for their young in the early stage, not only without effort on the part of the parent animal, but absolutely with pain to her, if it is not consumed. The bird, on the other hand, must feed its young on the produce of its labor; and as that produce is in very small quantities, and often difficult to be procured, while the young are in general exceedingly voracious, and require a vast deal of feeding, the labor is very severe; such, indeed, as nothing but a winged creature would be able to endure, and which not even that could endure, unless some preparation were made expressly for it.

The insects and other small animals of the season are exactly such a preparation. With the exception of those which establish colonies, construct nests, and build cells, the insects and other small animals have no labor to perform at this season, except the finding of their own food; and the juicy bud, the soft leaf, and the readily-flowing sap of plants, supply them with abundance, easily accessible, and of the most nutritious quality. It is true that many of those caterpillars make nests for themselves, by spinning webs, rolling up leaves, and various other operations; but these are trifling labors compared with the labors of the birds: and while they are in the state of caterpillars, the state in which birds feed most abundantly upon them, they have no labor to perform but such as tends to the maintenance of the individual. The labor, if labor it can be called, which is the mere depositing of their eggs, is, in the annual ones, performed in the previous autumn; so that one may say that those eggs have no more self-exertion in coming to maturity than a seed has in sprouting or a fruit in ripening.

The more abundant insects and small animals are, during the breeding season of birds, as compared with what they are at other times of the year, the more completely are they seasonal; and the less labor is required of any one single species for the production of their myriads. They are the children of the season, called forth by the genial warmth of the sun; and if that warmth did not come upon them and excite them, they would lie dormant for centuries; indeed, for ever. It is true that every germ is from a parent; for without this there can be no production of even the smallest animal; but still the germ would be nothing availing without the excitement of the season.

R. M.

[We most strongly recommend a careful perusal of this article. Casual observers will find in it many of their lax notions kindly corrected.]

THE DAY DREAMS OF YOUTH.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

A bright and a beautiful season is youth,
 With gay hope beaming;
 Of joyous innocence and truth,
 For ever dreaming;
 Merrily chasing away ev'ry sorrow,
 And dreaming, still dreaming, of joy for the
 morrow!

How pure are the smiles that often appear
 Where tears are streaming!
 Yet the sweetest are those that e'en chase away
 fear,
 Still fondly dreaming
 Of joy, as the fragrant perfume of a flower;
 Of care as a cloud, or a light passing shower!

Hope gives the eye its gay lustrous brightness,
 Like sunshine gleaming;
 Health guides the step with buoyant lightness,—
 Of pleasure dreaming!
 And love,—oh, it happily beams on the soul,
 And sheds a bright radiant light on the whole!

The words are not lost that sages instil,—
 "Trust not to seeming;"
 But the heart is too warm for a thought to chill;
 Yes, it is dreaming
 Of the merry songs that the wild birds sing.—
 Of a beautiful world in the gay-dress of spring.

And who would annihilate scenes so pure,
 With pleasure teeming—
 To make e'en sorrow premature,
 When Hope is dreaming
 Of early affection's gentlest ties,
 AND FAITHFUL LOVE THAT NEVER DIES?

ZOOLOGICAL FOLK LORE—NO. VI.

BY J. M'INTOSH, MEM. ENT. SOC., ETC.

(Continued from Page 168.)

No. 48. EXTRAORDINARY SUPERSTITION IN DEVONSHIRE.—A woman living in the neighborhood of Holsworthy, having for some time past been subject to periodical fits of illness, endeavored to effect a cure by attendance at the afternoon service of the parish church, accompanied by thirty young men, her near neighbors. Service over, she sat in the porch of the church; and each of the young men as they passed out in succession, dropped a penny into her lap; but the last, instead of a penny gave her a half-crown, taking from her twenty-nine pennies, which she had previously received. With this half-crown in her hand, she walked three times round the communion table, and afterwards had it made into a ring, by the wearing of which she believes she will recover her health.

49. POPULAR SUPERSTITION CONNECTED WITH GOOD FRIDAY.—It was formerly the custom of English monarchs on this day to hallow with great solemnity certain rings,

the touching of which was believed to prevent cramp and falling sickness. A writer in 1579 refers to the custom of "creeping to the cross with eggs and apples." William Rathe, in 1570, says, "that on this day the Roman Catholics offered unto Christ (!) eggs and bacon, to be in favor till Easter Day was past." A French writer, in 1679, observes, "that he has known people who preserve all such eggs as are laid on Good Friday, which they think are good to extinguish fires, in which they might be thrown." He adds, "Some imagine that their loaves baked on the same day, and put into a heap of corn, will prevent its being devoured by rats, mice, weasels, or worms!!" In England, but one sort of eatable "remains in association" with this day—namely, "hot-cross-buns."

"One a penny, buns, two a penny, buns;
 One a penny, two a penny, hot-cross-buns."

Cross-buns resemble, in some respects, the consecrated loaves bestowed by the Western Church on those who, from any impediment cannot receive the Holy Eucharist. These are made from the dough from whence the Host itself is taken, marked with the cross, given by the priest to the people after mass, just previously to the departure of the congregation, and are kissed before they are eaten. The loaves of the Greeks were signed with a cross from the earliest periods. Two loaves, with an impression of the cross, within which were four other lines, were found in Herculaneum. In the homes of some ignorant people, a Good Friday bun is preserved "for luck;" and sometimes they are hung from the ceiling till the next Good Friday as a preservative against fire!!

50. HUNTING THE WREN.—This barbarous exercise originated in the Isle of Man, and is thus described by Mrs. H. G. Bullock in her "History of the Isle of Man":—"In former times, a fairy of uncommon beauty exerted such undue influence over the male population, that she at various times seduced members to follow her footsteps, till, by degrees, she led them into the sea, where they perished. This exercise of power continued for a great length of time, till it was apprehended the island would be exhausted of its defenders, when a knight-errant sprung up who discovered some means of counteracting the charms used by this syren, and even laid a plot for her destruction, which she only escaped at the moment of extreme hazard, by taking the form of a wren; but though she evaded instant annihilation, a spell was cast upon her, by which she was condemned on every succeeding New Year's Day, to reanimate the same form—with the definitive sentence, that she must ultimately perish by a human hand. In consequence of this well-authenticated (!) legend, on the

specified anniversary, every man and boy in the island (except those who have thrown off the trammels of superstition) devote the hours between sunrise and sunset, to the hope of extirpating the fairy; and woe be to the individual birds of this species who show themselves on that fatal day! They are pursued, pelted, fired at, and destroyed, without mercy; and their feathers preserved with religious care,—it being an article of belief, that every one of the relics gathered in this laudable pursuit is an effectual preservative from shipwreck for one year; and that a fisherman would be considered as extremely foolhardy, who should enter upon his occupation without such a safeguard.”

50. IF A STRANGE DOG follows you, it is considered good luck in this country!

51. IF YOU PASS UNDER A LADDER, you are sure to be hung!!

52. AFTER EATING AN EGG, you must break the shell, or the ships at sea will sink! The Hollanders say, if you do not break the shell, the witches will sail over in them to England.

53. SPIDERS.—The small spiders called “money spinners” prognosticate good luck; in order to propitiate which, they must be thrown over the left shoulder.

54. MICE.—The sudden influx of mice into a house, hitherto free from them, denotes approaching mortality among its inhabitants.

55. THE CROW CHARM.—The following is very commonly repeated in Scotland and in the north of England by children:—

“Crow, crow, get out of my sight,
Or else I'll eat thy liver and light!”

56. THE LADY-BIRD CHARM.—With respect to this insect, the children of the north place it upon the hand, and repeat the following lines until the insect takes to flight:—

“Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home,
Thy house is on fire, thy children all roam;
Except little Nan, who sits in her pan,
Weaving gold-lace as fast as she can.”

57. IF YOU WEAR A SNAKE'S SKIN ROUND YOUR HEAD, you will never have the headache!

58. OMENS OF DEATH.—The sight of a trio of butterflies, the flying down the chimney of swallows or jackdaws;—and swine, are said to give their master warning of his death by giving utterance to a certain peculiar whine, known and understood only by those who are initiated in such matters!

59. IF YOU SHAVE ON A SATURDAY, after the candle is lighted, you will on Monday see some stranger you have never seen before.

“If you marry in Lent
You will live to repent.”

This is a very common rhyme throughout

England [and, no doubt, there is much truth in it].

(To be Continued.)

Middle Street, Taunton, April 19.

THE DELIGHTS OF SPRING.

From yonder azure gap between the snow
Of bedded clouds, a loud and rapturous strain
Falls through the still air headlong to the plain,
And many a sweet throat echoes it below:
’Tis thine, blest Lark! Spring summons thee to

go
High as thy wings will bear thee, and again
To hushed and listening earth proclaim her reign.
Rejoice thou at rough Winter's overthrow!
Nerve thy brave pinions for a lofty flight,—
And, like a spirit, through the archèd blue
Rise, till thy quivering form be lost in light!
—Now thrush and blackbird their glad songs
renew;—

A myriad throats conspire to greet fair Spring,
And far and wide shout joyous welcoming.

Season of bursting buds, and opening flowers!
Of emerald-springing blades, and laughing skies!
Of birdy births and bush-born melodies!
Soft gales, and gleams, and fertilising showers!
Thy hand roofs o'er the pillared wood; embowers
The lane with pleasant greenery; and ties
The fleecy clouds in gossip companies.
At thy sweet will, the gracious Naiad pours
A richer flood from her bloom-wreathèd urn:
Narcissus peeps again into the stream;
Gay Hyacinthus trims his purple hair:
The orchard whitens; honeyed breath is borne
From many a woodbine gadding in thy beam;
And Mayflower cloy the breezes everywhere.

Daisies, and kingcups, and pale cowslip-bells,
In knots and crowds upon the grassy leas;
A snow of clustering wood-anemones,
That lightens up the thicket-floor and tells
Of every passing breeze that softly swells;
Marsh-marigolds in flame-like liveries;
Sweet violets, and starry primroses;
And many a flower besides, that yields the cells
Of honey-seeking bees a large supply;—
All bud and bloom at my command, O Spring!
And huddle close in sweet conspiracy,
With banded strength and intermingled sheen
O'er hill and dale to lay rich coloring,
And rob the wide earth of one half its green.

Come, little children! troop it to the meads,
Through lanes and pleasant paths, by cot and
farm;

Rosy battalions! take our fields by storm,
And wreath victorious garlands round your heads.
Choke up each leafy, winding way, that leads
To grassy plots and leas where wild flowers swarm
Like bees at hiving time—a potent charm—
And snatch the brilliant wonders on all sides.
Bind up the buttercups, ye merry elves,
In bunchèd gold; with blue-bells deep as Heaven;
Daisies, and lady-smocks, and May branch-riven.
Deflower the hedgerows, and the sheeted green
Of knee-deep pastures; then, in files be seen,
Bearing home posies bigger than yourselves!

P. P.

CHARACTER OF THE RUSSIANS.

AT THE PRESENT MOMENT, anything that can throw a light upon the habits of the Russian army and navy, will be perused with interest. It would seem that intelligence and vigor form but a small part of their character; although *in numbers* they are formidable opponents.

The following are abridged from the "Knout and the Russians," by Germain de Lagny.

THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

For nearly thirty years the Emperor has been making unheard-of efforts to inculcate in the hearts of his troops what is called a military spirit. Up to the present time he has not succeeded, and he never will succeed, *because such a thing is not in accordance with the character of his people.* His army is not, and never will be, aught but a troop of automata, tricked out in various costumes, which he moves according to his whim, and causes to sink into the earth beneath an irritated look. No noble sentiment ever vibrates in these souls, stultified by serfdom, debauchery, and depravity.

The Russian army is not intelligent. Beneath the European costume in which it is tricked out it still betrays its origin. Look at it; it presents so heavy and singular an appearance that the least practised eye immediately recognises the disguised peasant, the savage tamed but yesterday, hardly knowing how to march, and studying, to the best of his power, his part of soldier, for which he was not intended. It is only redoubtable by its masses; which, however, can be very efficaciously acted on by grape-shot, as we have seen at Austerlitz, Friedland, and other places. The Russian soldier is not easily shaken. He does not possess that cool energy and contempt of danger, nor that powerful reasoning of true courage, which characterises the French army, and makes heroes of men; he is merely a machine of war, which never reasons, and is cumbersome to move. His hopes, moreover, foster in him the idea that he is invincible, and that the bullet or the cannon-ball, destined to kill him, will reach him quite as well from behind as from before; but that, nevertheless, if he turn his back to the enemy, and is spared by death, he will be beaten with the stick and with the knout.

Europe stands, therefore, face to face with a million and a half of armed men, whose number, in a few months, the Czar could double or treble, according as the necessity of the case should be more or less imperative. It is, most certainly, not a penury of men that will ever embarrass Russia. That is not the cause of its perplexity. What disquiets and worries the Czar is money and credit. But

money and credit are not the only things which trouble him, and of which there is a scarcity; that which he cannot obtain or buy at the greatest sacrifice, neither with the knout nor with the stick, is *military intelligence*; that unquenchable fire, in a word, of all free nations, the honor of the flag; this he finds it impossible to inculcate in his people.

THE RUSSIAN NAVY.

Russia wants the first, and indeed the only vital element for a navy—seamen. The reason of this is simple enough; she possesses no merchant navy. The population of Finland, Courland, Livonia, and Esthonia does not amount to more than a million and a half of inhabitants. That of the Black Sea provinces does not exceed five hundred thousand. It is therefore only from this limited number, most of whom too devote themselves to agriculture, that Russia can raise her levies. Even those who are sailors are engaged in the coasting-trade, which they follow in the daytime alone; sheltering themselves at night behind the girdle of island and eyots which line all the Russian coast.

To man its ships, the Russian Government is obliged to fall back on the inhabitants of the interior of the country. In this way it has, up to the present time, formed an army of sailors, who are frightened at the sea, which the majority of them never saw before. The levies for the navy, like those for the army, are composed of the strangest and most heterogeneous elements; and it is therefore a very difficult task to prepare them for the rough calling for which they are intended. Neither the whip nor the knout will ever be able to bend the rebellious and antipathetic nature of the Russian to this kind of service.

The cold and fanatical indifference of the Russian soldier on land, before hundreds of cannons belching out death, abandons him entirely on board a ship. The Russian, in his tastes, his disposition, his manners, and his indolence, is eminently Asiatic. Like the Arab and the Persian, the Cossack and the Tartar, he has a profound feeling of horror for the sea. Besides this, he is destitute of vigor; idle, and without muscular strength; for the muscles beneath his flabby skin, so often lacerated by the rod, are not capable of any great exertion. An Englishman or Frenchman is two or three times stronger, and more active in his movements. A Russian ship consequently requires twice as many men as one of our vessels does, to make up its full complement.

Again, it is not on board a number of pontoons, imprisoned in the ice or laid up in dock for the greater part of the year, that sailors are formed, or crews receive the practical instruction which it is necessary for them to acquire. Every year the Baltic is blocked

up by the ice, from the month of October to the end of April at least; and even the Black Sea is not always free from a similar state of things; while, during the summer, the navigation of both seas is so dangerous and difficult that there is a ukase, punishing with degradation and death every officer who has not returned with his vessel before the equinoxes, or who happens to lose it from stress of weather. In addition to all these considerations, good sailors are formed only by long voyages; and I repeat, the Russians of the Black Sea, as well as those of the Baltic, are employed merely in the coasting-trade.

The Czar, who is always just and clear-sighted, has so plainly perceived the inaptitude of his people for maritime pursuits, that he has been under the necessity of confiding all the important posts to English and Swedish officers, whom he has induced to enter his service.

Of the Emperor himself, we are not called upon to speak. His character has long been known to all the world. Even my Lord Aberdeen must *now* feel ashamed to call him "friend." WE regard him as a fiend.

TO THE SOUTH WIND.

O SOUTHERN WIND,
 Long hast thou linger'd midst those islands fair,
 Which lie like jewels in the Indian deep,
 Or green waves, all asleep,
 Fed by the summer sun and azure air.
 O sweetest Southern Wind!
 Wilt thou not now unbind
 Thy dark and crowned hair?

Wilt thou not unloose now
 In this—the bluest of all hours—
 Thy passion-colored flowers,
 And shaking the fine fragrance from thy brow
 Kiss our girls' laughing lips and youthful eyes,
 And all that world of love which round them
 lies
 Breathing, and warm, and white—purer than
 snow.
 O sweet Southern Wind,
 Come to me and unbind
 The languid blossoms which oppress thy brow!

We, whom the northern blast
 Blows on from night to morn, from morn to
 eve,
 Hearing thee, sometimes grieve
 That our brief summer days not long must last;
 And yet perhaps 'twere well
 We should not ever dwell
 With thee, sweet spirit of the sunny South
 But touch thy odorous mouth
 Once,—and be gone unto our blasts again,
 And their bleak welcome, and our wintry snow;
 And arm us (by enduring) for that pain
 Which the bad world sends forth—and all its
 woe.

CHARLES LAMB.

REVIEW.

HIMALAYAN JOURNALS. By J. D. HOOKER,
 M.D. 2 vols. Murray.

This work professes to be,—“Notes of a Naturalist in Bengal, the Sikkim, and Nepal Himalayas, &c. It therefore comes immediately within our province as an admirer of Nature.

Dr. Hooker is not only a man of observation, but he records his adventures in a very pleasant manner. He has, moreover, enriched his volumes by a number of illustrations, from his own pencil, of those objects that struck him as being more particularly worthy of note.

A work like this is sure to be universally read. We shall, therefore, rest content with a few choice extracts, in accordance with the character of OUR JOURNAL. Let us commence with the author's description of

THE SCENERY OF NEPAL.

On the left I passed a very curious isolated pillar of rock, amongst the wild crags to the north east, whose bases we skirted; it resembles the Capuchin on the shoulder of Mont Blanc, as seen from the Jardin. Evening overtook us while still on the snow, near the last ascent. As the sun declined, the snow at our feet reflected the most exquisitely-delicate peach-bloom hue; and looking west from the top of the pass, the scenery was gorgeous beyond description, for the sun was just plunging into a sea of mist, amongst some cirrhi and stratus, all in a blaze of the ruddiest coppery hue.

As it sank, the Nepal peaks to the right assumed more definite, darker, and gigantic forms, and floods of light shot across the misty ocean, bathing the landscape around me in the most wonderful and indescribable changing tints. As the luminary was vanishing, the whole horizon glowed like copper run from a smelting furnace, and when it had quite disappeared, the little inequalities of the ragged edges of the mist were lighted up and shone like a row of volcanos in the far distance. I have never before or since seen anything, which for sublimity, beauty, and marvellous effects, could compare with what I gazed on that evening from Choonjerma pass. In some of Turner's pictures I have recognised similar effects, caught and fixed by a marvellous effort of genius; such are the fleeting hues over the ice, in his “Whalers,” and the ruddy fire in his “Wind, Steam, and Rain,” which one almost fears to touch. Dissolving views give some idea of the magic creation and dispersion of the effects; but any combination of science and art can no more recal the scene than it can the feelings of awe that crept over me, during the hour I spent in solitude amongst these stupendous mountains.

The moon guided us on our descent, which was to the south, obliquely into the Yalloong valley. I was very uneasy about the coolies, who were far behind, and some of them had been frost-bitten in crossing the Kambachen pass. Still I thought the best thing was to push on, and light large fires at the first juniper we should reach. The change,

on passing from off the snow to the dark earth and rock, was so bewildering, that I had great difficulty in picking my way. Suddenly, we came on a flat, with a small tarn; whose waters gleamed illusively in the pale moonlight. The opposite flanks of the valley were so well reflected on its gloomy surface, that we were at once brought to a stand-still on its banks. It looked like a chasm, and whether to jump across it, or go down it, or go along it, was the question; so deceptive was the spectral landscape. Its true nature was, however, soon discovered, and we proceeded round it descending. Of course there was no path, and after some perplexity amongst rocks and ravines, we reached the upper limit of wood, and halted by some bleached juniper-trees, which were soon converted into blazing fires.

I wandered away from my party to listen for the voices of the men who had lingered behind, about whom I was still more anxious, from the very great difficulty they would encounter if, as we did, they should get off the path. The moon was shining clearly in the black Heavens; and its bright light, with the pale glare of the surrounding snow, obscured the milky way, and all the smaller stars; whilst the planets appeared to glow with broader orbs than elsewhere, and the great stars flashed steadily and periodically. Deep black chasms seemed to yawn below, and cliffs rose on all sides, except down the valley, where looking across the Yallooring river, a steep range of mountains rose, seamed with torrents that were just visible, like threads of silver coursing down broad landslips.

It was a dead calm, and nothing broke the awful silence but the low hoarse murmur of many torrents, whose mingled voices rose and fell, as if with the pulsations of the atmosphere; the undulations of which appeared thus to be marked by the ear alone. Sometimes it was the faintest possible murmur, and then it rose swelling and filling the air with sound; the effect was that of being raised from the earth's surface, and again lowered to it; or that of waters advancing and retiring.

In such scenes, and with such accompaniments, the mind wanders from the real to the ideal, the larger and brighter lamps of Heaven lead us to imagine that we have risen from the surface of our globe, and are floating through the regions of space, and the ceaseless murmur of the waters is the Music of the Spheres.

We will now turn to a graphic sketch of

THE LOWER HIMALAYAS.

The sub-tropical scenery of the lower and outer Sikkim Himalaya, though on a much more gigantic scale, is not comparable in beauty and luxuriance with the really tropical vegetation induced by the hot, damp, and insular climate of these perennially humid mountains. At the Himalaya, forests of gigantic trees, many of them deciduous, appear from a distance as masses of dark grey foliage, clothing mountains 10,000 feet high. Here the individual trees are smaller, more varied in kind, of a brilliant green, and contrast with grey limestone and red sandstone rocks and silvery cataracts.

Palms are more numerous here; the cultivated *Areca* (betel-nut) especially, raising its graceful

stem and feathery crown, "like an arrow shot down from Heaven," in luxuriance and beauty above the verdant slopes. This difference is at once expressed to the Indian botanist by defining the Khasia flora as of Malayan character; by which is meant the prevalence of brilliant glossy-leaved evergreen tribes of trees (as *Euphorbiaceæ* and *Urticeæ*), especially figs, which abound in the hot gulleys, where the property of their roots, which inoculate and form natural grafts, is taken advantage of in bridging streams, and in constructing what are called living bridges, of the most picturesque forms. *Combretaceæ*, oaks, oranges, *Garcinia* (gamboge), *Diospyros*, figs, Jacks, plantains, and *Pandanus*, are more frequent here, together with pinnated leaved *Leguminosæ*, *Meliaceæ*, vines and peppers, and above all palms, both climbing ones with pinnated shining leaves (as *Calamus* and *Plectocomia*), and erect ones with similar leaves (as cultivated cocoa-nut, *Areca* and *Arenga*), and the broader-leaved wild betel-nut and beautiful *Caryota*, or wine-palm, whose immense decomposed leaves are twelve feet long. Laurels and wild nutmegs, with *Henslowia*, *Itea*, &c., were frequent in the forest, with the usual prevalence of parasites, misseltoe, epiphytical *Orchideæ*, *Æschymanthus*, ferns, mosses, and *Lycopodia*.

We have also an interesting description of

THE FLORA OF THE HIMALAYAS.

Rhododendrons occupy the most prominent place, clothing the mountain slopes with a deep green mantle glowing with bells of brilliant colors; of the eight or ten species growing here, every bush was loaded with as great a profusion of blossoms as are their northern congeners in our English gardens. Primroses are next, both in beauty and abundance; and they are accompanied by yellow cowslips, three feet high, purple polyanthus, and pink large-flowered dwarf kinds nestling in the rocks, and an exquisitely-beautiful blue miniature species, whose blossoms sparkle like sapphires on the turf. Gentians begin to unfold their deep azure bells, aconites to rear their tall blue spikes, and fritillaries and *meconopsis* burst into flower. On the black rocks the gigantic rhubarb forms pale pyramidal towers a yard high, of inflated reflexed bracts that conceal the flowers, and, overlapping one another like tiles, protect them from the wind and rain; a whorl of broad green leaves edged with red spreads on the ground at the base of the plant, contrasting in color with the transparent bracts, which are yellow, margined with pink. This is the handsomest herbaceous plant in Sikkim: it is called "Tchuka," and the acid stems are eaten both raw and boiled; they are hollow, and full of pure water. The root resembles that of the medicinal rhubarb, but it is spongy and inert; it attains a length of four feet, and grows as thick as the arm. The dried leaves afford a substitute for tobacco; a smaller kind of rhubarb is, however, more commonly used in Thibet for this purpose; it is called "Chula." The elevation being 12,080 feet, I was above the level of trees, and the ground was covered with many kinds of small flowered honeysuckles, berry, and white rose.

Our next selection shall be from that part of the work which treats upon the

HIMALAYAN REPTILES AND INSECTS.

I have seldom had occasion to allude to snakes, which are rare and shy in most parts of the Himalaya. I, however, found an extremely venomous one at Choongtam—a small black viper, a variety of the cobra di capello, which it replaces in the drier grassy parts of the interior of Sikkim, the large cobra not inhabiting the mountain regions. Altogether I only collected about twelve species in Sikkim, seven of which are venomous, and all are dreaded by the Lepchas. An enormous hornet (*Vespa magnifica*, Sm.), nearly two inches long, was here brought to me alive, in a cleft-stick, lolling out its great thorn-like sting, from which drops of a milky poison distilled. Its sting is said to produce fatal fevers in men and cattle, which may very well be the case, judging from that of a smaller kind, which left great pain in my hand for two days, while a feeling of numbness remained in the arm for several weeks. It is called Vok by the Lepchas, a common name for any bee. Its larvæ are said to be greedily eaten, as are those of various allied insects. Choongtam boasts a profusion of beautiful insects, amongst which the British swallow-tail butterfly (*Papilio Machaon*) disports itself in company with magnificent black, gold, and scarlet winged butterflies of the Trojan group, so typical of the Indian tropics. At night my tent was filled with small water-beetles (*Berosi*) that quickly put out the candle; and with lovely moths came huge cockchafers (*Encerris Griffithii*) and enormous and foetid flying bugs (of the genus *Derecteria*), which bear great horns on the thorax. The irritation of mosquito and midge bites, and the disgusting insects that clung with spiny legs to the blankets of my tent and bed, were often as effectual in banishing sleep as were my anxious thoughts regarding the future.

The author's description of his sufferings by the attacks of insects well deserves chronicling:

INSECT LIFE,—A BUSY SCENE.

The weather continued very hot for the elevation (4000 to 5000); the rain brought no coolness; and for the greater part of three marches between Singtam and Chakoong, we were either wading through deep mud, or climbing over rocks. Leeches swarmed in incredible profusion in the streams and damp grass, and among the bushes; they got into my hair, hung on my eyelids, and crawled up my legs and down my back. I repeatedly took upwards of a hundred from my legs, where the small ones used to collect in clusters on the instep; the sores which they produced were not healed for five months afterwards, and I retain the scars to the present day.

Snuff and tobacco leaves are the best antidote; but when marching in the rain it is impossible to apply this simple remedy to any advantage. The best plan I found to be rolling the leaves over the feet, inside the stockings, and powdering the legs with snuff. Another pest is a small midge, or sand-fly, which causes intolerable itching and subsequent irritation, and is in this respect the most insufferable torment in Sikkim; the minutest rent in one's clothes is detected by the acute senses of this insatiable bloodsucker, which is itself so small as to be barely visible without a microscope. We

daily arrived at our camping-ground streaming with blood, and mottled with the bites of peepsas, gnats, midges, and mosquitos, besides being infested with ticks.

As the rains advanced, insects seemed to be called into existence in countless swarms; large and small moths, cockchafers, glowworms, and cockroaches, made my tent a Noah's ark by night, when the candle was burning; together with winged ants, May-flies, flying earwigs, and many beetles; while a large species of *Tipula* (daddy-longlegs) swept its long legs across my face as I wrote my journal, or plotted off my map. After retiring to rest and putting out the light, they gradually departed, except a few which could not find the way out, and remained to disturb my slumbers.

A CURIOUS LIZARD.

Mr. Theobald (my companion in this and many other rambles) pulled a lizard from a hole in the bank. Its throat was mottled with scales of brown and yellow. Three ticks had fastened on it, each of a size covering three or four scales: the first was yellow, corresponding with the yellow color of the animal's belly, where it lodged; the second brown, from the lizard's head; but the third, which was clinging to the parti-colored scales of the neck, had its body parti-colored, the hues corresponding with the individual scales which they covered. The adaptation of the two first specimens in color to the parts to which they adhered, is sufficiently remarkable; but the third case was most extraordinary.

We cannot afford room for further extracts; and therefore take our leave with a well painted picture of

A MOUNTAIN PASS.

No village or house is seen throughout the extensive area over which the eye roams from Bhomtso, and the general character of the desolate landscape was similar to that which I have before described as seen from Donkia Pass. The wild ass grazing with its foal on the sloping downs, the hare bounding over the stony soil, the antelope scouring the sandy flats, and the fox stealing along to his burrow, are all desert and Tartarian types of the animal creation. The shrill whistle of the marmot alone breaks the silence of the scene, recalling the snows of Lapland to the mind: the kite and raven wheel through the air, a thousand feet over head, with as strong and steady a pinion as if that atmosphere possessed the same power of resistance that it does at the level of the sea. Still higher in the Heavens, long black V-shaped trains of wild geese cleave the air, shooting over the glacier-crowned top of Kinchinjhow, and winging their flight in one day, perhaps, from the Yaru to the Ganges, over 500 miles space, and through 22,000 feet of elevation.

One plant alone, the yellow lichen, (*Borrera*) is found at this height, and only as a visitor; for, Tartar-like, it emigrates over these lofty slopes and ridges, blown about by the violent winds. I found a small beetle on the very top, probably blown up also; for it was a flower-feeder, and seemed benumbed with cold.

THE NATURALIST, No. 38. R. Groombridge and Sons.

There are papers this month on Rare Animals occurring in Aberdeenshire, the House-Sparrow, the Woodcock, the Coleoptera, round Exeter; and others of minor interest. There is also an article on the Habits of the Fox, by A. S. Moffat. From this, we borrow a few anecdotes:—

In the spring of 1838, the woodman at Beanley Plantation discovered the breeding-earth of a fox, at the mouth of which he placed a trap, and caught the old mother; and afterwards, with the assistance of two or three neighbors, dug out the young cubs, five in number, about the size of half-grown rats, and covered with dark brown fur. I became possessed of one of these, which for several days at first was very discontented with its new situation, and kept almost constantly calling out in a sort of quick yelping bark. It however lapped milk readily, and soon became reconciled, and so tame, that until it was twelve months old, it had its liberty about the dwelling-house the same as a dog, which in many points of character it closely resembled.

When more than half grown, it used to follow me about the garden and village, and frequently made little excursions amongst the cottages by itself, popping into the houses to investigate their larders, to the no small terror of the old women, who regarded it with as much admiration as a Yankee regards the skunk; and frequently have I seen them, to my no small amusement, endeavoring in vain to drive him out with a broom; but Reynard, not to be ousted in this manner, would contrive somehow or other still to pop past them with the most impudent effrontery imaginable; and not leave the house, in spite of every friendly invective, until it suited himself.

At this period of its life, it did not seem to evince that extreme distrust towards strangers which was so strongly marked when it arrived fully at maturity—nor did it seem ever to desire at that time to resume its native habits,—while its affection for all the members of our own family seemed to be even stronger than is generally witnessed in dogs. Every night while it remained as an inmate of the dwelling-house, it slept upon a mat at the foot of the staircase in the passage; and as each member of the family came down in the morning, it used to meet them half-way, and express its joy by leaping against them, and uttering a sort of hoarse scream, much after the manner of an affectionate dog, and fanning its tail in the same way—only the expression of its satisfaction seemed more extravagant.

When nearly full-grown, Reynard's natural predilection for poultry manifested itself one day, with his being met by the servant carrying in his mouth a turkey hen, which he had abstracted from her nest in the yard, for which act of felony he was ever afterwards confined by a chain in a grass area behind the house, with a dog-coop for shelter. This house made by man, he very seldom inhabited, and preferred a hole of his own digging which he generally lay in. His confidence and affection for every member of our own family was never in the least impaired by his confinement; but his disposition towards strangers was

much altered: he seemed now so distrustful and suspicious of any one with whom he was not acquainted, that his eye was never for a moment removed from them, so long as they were in sight; he watched them with the most intense attention, and on their approach ran into his hole, from which it required great force to drag him. On the other hand, if any of ourselves went towards him, he would bound to meet us at the stretch of his chain, so as almost to strangle himself; uttering at the same time a peculiar hoarse scream indicative of satisfaction, which was the only vocal sound I ever heard him use. I have even seen him leave his meal to welcome my youngest sister, who was an especial favorite; and what was most singular in an animal naturally so wild, he would allow me to open his mouth, place my fingers in it, even extending to the throat, as often as I pleased, without once attempting to bite. I could also at any time take him up in my arms—liberties I should not like to take even with the quietest dog.

A remarkable trait in his character was his fondness for the society of dogs; he would pull at the chain till half-exhausted to get at them, no matter whether strange ones or not, and on their approach, he began fanning his tail, whining, laying back his ears, smelling at their mouths, and betraying other signs of a desire to play with them. I have seen him for hours gambol with a terrier I had, as also with many strange dogs; and, what was equally singular, I never saw any dog manifest the least dislike or ill-nature towards him. The woodman had at that time a strong terrier celebrated for killing vermin, and I have seen this dog go forward, smell at him, and then turn quietly away.

I will here notice a point of dissimilarity in manner between this fox and dogs in general, which, though trivial in itself, serves to indicate a difference of disposition: it will be remarked that when two dogs meet (strangers to each other), it is their invariable habit to smell at each other, *a tergo*, while the fox always snuffed at the mouth. I kept this fox between two and three years, when, having slipped his collar, which he sometimes did, and taken to a neighboring wood, he was fallen in with by a pack of harriers, and killed, much to my regret.

EVENINGS IN MY TENT. BY THE REV. N. DAVIS. 2 Vols. Hall, Virtue, & Co.

This is a very interesting work of African travel; and as it tells us much of what is very little known, it will be read with great avidity.

The information furnished, is the result of a six years' residence in various parts of the North of Africa; and we may take an early occasion of calling attention to some of the rev. gentleman's excellent observations on what he witnessed during his long sojourn in those parts. To day we can only make room for a very touching case of affection, evinced for each other by two slaves. Affection is common to every shore. Our fair readers will peruse it; and weep over it, no doubt:—

A TOUCHING TALE OF LOVE.

As we were going one morning through the inner court-yard to the *harem* of a Moorish house of distinction, two remarkably fine figures, among some newly-purchased blacks—a beautiful woman and a well-looking man—arrested our attention. By their gestures it was easy to perceive that they labored under some very deep distress: the moment, therefore, our first compliments on meeting the family were over, we inquired the history of these unhappy people, and the reason of their present apparent despair. We were told they had given a great deal of trouble to the merchant's family, so that they were obliged to be watched day and night, and all instruments put out of the way, as they were at first continually endeavoring to destroy themselves, and sometimes each other. Their story will prove that there is friendship and fidelity to be found even among savages.

The female, who is certainly very beautiful for a black, is about sixteen; her hair long, full, and shining like jet, her teeth beautifully even and small, and their whiteness more wonderfully striking from the contrast of her face, which is of the deepest black complexion. Her stature is tall, and fuller than that of the blacks in general. She is esteemed to be handsomer than any one that has been brought here for years. This beauty (probably the admiration of her own country) had bestowed her heart and her hand on the man who is now with her. Their nuptials were going to be celebrated, when her friends, one morning, missed her, traced her steps to the corner of an adjacent wood, and immediately apprehending she had been pursued, and that she had fled to the thicket for shelter (the common and last resource of escape from those who scoured the country for slaves), they went directly to her lover, and told him of their distress. He, without losing time to search for her in the woods, hastened to the sea-side, where his foreboding heart told him he should find her in some vessels anchored there for the purpose of carrying off slaves. He was just easy enough in his circumstances not to be afraid of being bought or stolen himself, as it is in general only the unprotected that are carried off by these hunters of the human race.

His conjectures were just. He saw, with distraction, his betrothed wife in the hands of those who had stolen her. He knelt to the robbers who now had the disposal of her, to know the price they demanded for her; but all he was worth did not make him rich enough to purchase his female friend, on whom the high price of two hundred mahboobs (near a hundred pounds) was fixed. He therefore did not hesitate a moment to sell his little flock of sheep, and the small bit of ground he was possessed of, and then disposed of himself to those who had taken his companion. Happy that they would do him this last favor, he cheerfully accompanied her, and threw himself into slavery for her sake. This faithful pair were sold, with other slaves, to the African whose house we were in. The woman was to be sent off from this place, with the rest of the merchant's slaves, to be sold again, she having, from her figure and beauty, cost too much money to be kept as a servant. The merchant meant to keep the man, on whom a much less price was fixed, as a domestic in his only family.

This distressed pair, on hearing they were to be separated, became frantic. They threw themselves on the ground, in the way of some of the ladies of the family, whom they saw passing by; and finding one was the daughter of their master, they could not be prevented from clinging round her to implore her assistance, and their grief could only be moderated by this lady's humane assurance that she would interfere with her father not to part them. The master, too compassionate in so hard a case to make use of his right in keeping either of these unfortunate slaves by force, expostulated with the man; showing him how easy his own blacks lived, and telling him, that if he remained with him, and was deserving, he should have many more indulgences.

But the Black fell at the merchant's feet, and entreated him not to keep him, if he sent his companion away, saying, if he did, he would lose all the money he had paid for them both, for that, though knives and poison were kept out of their way, no one could force them to eat, and that no human means could make them break the oath they had already taken, in presence of the Deity, never to live asunder. In vain the merchant told this slave that the beauty of his companion had raised her far above the price of those bought for menial servitude, and that she must soon become the property of some rich Turk, and consequently be separated from him for ever. This barbarity, the slave replied, he expected, but still nothing should make him voluntarily leave her; adding, that when they were parted by force, it would be time enough for him to die, and go, according to their implicit belief, to their own country, to meet her, as in spite of those who had her in their power, he knew she would already be gone thither and waiting for him to join her. The merchant, finding it impossible to persuade him by words to stay, would not detain him by force, but has left him at liberty to follow the fortunes of his companion.

Among a number of these newly-purchased slaves, ordered into the apartment where we were, was the beautiful female black. For some time her attention was taken up with us, but the novelty of the sight did not keep her many minutes from bursting into the most extravagant grief again at the thought of her own situation. She ran from us, and, hiding her face with her hands, sat down in a corner of the gallery; while the rest of her companions, standing round her, frequently pulled her violently to partake with them of the sight of the Christians, at whom they gazed with fear, amazement, and admiration; while their more polished countrywomen, who had been longer in the family, laughed at them for their surprise and terror. But in these slaves, just dragged away from their native soil, hunted like wild animals from the woods, where they had taken shelter, and enticed from their dearest connexions, the sight of white people must naturally inspire every sentiment of disgust and horror. However, by the time they were a little convinced that their dread, at least of the Christians' presence, was needless, some of them became quite pacified, and were ordered to make up a dance. About twenty of them stood up. The ablest amongst them took the lead, the rest, touching the tip of each others' hand and foot, according to the

manner of dancing, formed a long line, when each with the greatest exactness, and the utmost grace imaginable, repeated the steps and actions of their leader in perfect time.

But neither entreaties nor threats could prevail on the unhappy black to join in this dance. She sat inconsolable by herself, and continued many days in the same sullen condition; and all we could learn on leaving the house, concerning this unfortunate female, lately so happy in her own country, was, that she was destined, with her husband, or rather lover, to embark in a few days on board a merchant vessel, the owner of which had bought them both, with several others, to sell them at Constantinople.

Oh, the horrors of slavery! What a day of retribution awaits all who have had a hand either in establishing, or maintaining it!

A POPULAR HISTORY OF BRITISH SEA-WEEDS. By the Rev. D. LANDSBOROUGH, A.L.S. Reeve and Benham.

All who take delight in an investigation of the lovely handiwork of Nature will prize this volume as it deserves. We only wish, for the author's sake, that good-people, properly so called, were a more numerous body. We speak feelingly. A man, now-a-days, may kill himself in the endeavor to benefit society, whilst they "do but wonder at his folly."

The beauties existing in Sea-Weed, and marine *algæ* generally, are innumerable; and a work like this, compiled from first-rate authorities, and profusely illustrated with colored specimens by Fitch, ought to become universally popular. Mrs. Griffiths, Dr. Greville, and Professor Harvey, are the principal authorities quoted, and they are a host.

The very sight of this volume makes us long for summer, and a stroll by the sea-side. With *such* a companion, we could wander about happily for weeks and weeks,—being quite satisfied with the choiceness of our company. Oh, that we could turn our back upon cities, and with eyes upraised, sun ourself in the open air—far, far away!

How often we forget all time, when lone,
Admiring Nature's universal throne,
Her woods, her wilds, her waters,—the intense
Reply of hers to our intelligence!

Live not the stars and mountains? Are the waves
Without a spirit? Are the dropping caves
Without a feeling in their silent tears?
No, no. They woo and clasp us to their spheres;
Dissolve this clog and clod of clay before
Its hour; and merge our souls in the great shore.

The world we live in, puzzles us excessively. Few people seem to care for anything beyond the present hour. They are purely animal; selfish,—uninquiring. Wonders upon wonders lie at their very feet, cross their path at every step they take; and yet there is no heart to feel, no soul to enjoy what God has wrought. It would seem a crime to be

natural; but WE shall ever say with the amiable Milton:—

The desire which tends to know
The works of God thereby to glorify
The great work-master, leads to no excess
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise,
The more it seems excess.
Yes WONDERFUL indeed are all His works
Pleasant to know, worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance ALWAYS WITH DELIGHT.

Oh, that we had the power, as well as the inclination, to make people feel as WE feel! Then would they be purely "happy."

THE CABINET OF BRITISH ENTOMOLOGY.
BY C. WEIGHTMAN HARRISON. NOS.
1 AND 2. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

The Natural History of Insects is now becoming an interesting study; and a work like this cannot fail to make it increasingly so. Mr. Harrison is thoroughly master of the science of Entomology, and he labors hard to make it extensively understood.

The work before us (devoted to our native Insects) is intended to be compressed into the limits of about six or eight volumes,—being also divided, for the convenience of purchasers, into several parts, each complete in itself. The arrangement adopted, is that of the Tarsal system of Latreille, now in general use among Entomologists. This, from the ease of its application, is considered superior to all other modes of classification.

The two first numbers contain (each) three plates of Beetles,—admirably drawn and beautifully colored. They are as correct in their details as it is possible to be; and they afford convincing proof that no expense will be spared to render the work worthy of universal support.

The descriptions are equal to the plates,—being perfectly simple, distinct, and useful. Mr. Harrison deserves all the honest praise we are anxious to accord him; and we shall look for forthcoming numbers with interest. The work is beautifully printed, and on excellent paper.

FERGUSON'S RARE AND PRIZE POULTRY.
PARTS 6 AND 7. J. Culliford, Southampton Street.

This work progresses well. The two parts before us are devoted to the Malay and the Game Fowl; both which have ample justice done them. The author spares no pains to make himself thoroughly understood; and writes with all the energy of a man fond of his subject, and thoroughly acquainted with it in all its details.

The animals figured are well defined, and nicely colored. The game-cocks in particular take our fancy. They are noble birds.

Music.

NOTTURNO; FOR THE PIANOFORTE. COMPOSED AND INSCRIBED TO HIS FRIEND H. L. DE LA CHAUMETTE, ESQ. BY JOSEPH THOMAS COOPER. Cramer, Beale, and Co.

This composition evinces, throughout, much originality; the minor cantabile being well introduced, and causing a pleasant interruption from the original melody, which is again resumed, in a more complicated form, towards the latter part of the piece.

Much talent, too, is shown in the concluding page of Notturmo, in the endeavor to suit to it an appropriate finale. We are not surprised at its being so popular with the musical world of professors and amateurs.

HELP FOR THE TURK. BY THE SAME AUTHOR. WORDS BY J. ST. CLEMENT. John Shepherd, Newgate Street.

This appropriate song for the times in which we live, speaks for itself in flaming colors; and has already found its way into many of the music shops of our metropolis. The good and loyal feeling that is comprised in the words, together with the bold martial airs adapted to them, are quite sufficient to render it worthy of notice here.

THE SWEET VESPER BELLS OF ANCONA. DEDICATED TO MISS RUSHBROOKE. COMPOSED BY JOHN PARRY. Cocks and Co.

We can readily enter into the feelings of the composer of this lovely melody. There is a calm simplicity prevailing throughout that is perfectly delightful. The words and the music are worthy,—the one of the other. The imitation of the tinkling of the vesper bell is skilfully introduced, and the conclusion of each verse is wound up with a beautiful Ave Maria.

HAVE STILL SOME KIND WORD FOR ME. BALLAD. BY THE SAME AUTHOR. Cocks and Co.

The words of this ballad (by J. E. Carpenter, Esq.) are, as in the last-noticed, in unison with the music. There is not much character in it, perhaps; but there is a tone and a thoroughly good style about it not generally met with in compositions of the present day.

THE VESPER BELLS. VOCAL DUET. Cocks and Co.

Much fun and frolic predominate in this lively duet. We may not admire the style, and yet cannot help feeling pleased with it as a whole. It is sung by the Misses Jolly, in Mr. Carpenter's popular entertainment, "The Road, the River, and the Rail."

THE DREAMS OF YOUTH. Ballad. Cocks and Co.

This is a sweet melody, and will doubtless become popular. The words, by W. J. Robson, have inspired the composer, J. W. Cherry, to produce something of which both may feel proud.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

WHEATSTONE'S HARMONIUM.

We cannot resist the opportunity to notice, under the general head of "Music," the very great perfection to which the "Harmonium" has been brought.

We recently had occasion to visit the establishment of Messrs. WHEATSTONE & Co., Conduit Street, when one of these beautiful instruments (with their latest improvements) was being performed on; and were quite charmed with the effects produced. The peculiar richness of the tone, and the precision with which each note answers to the touch, are qualifications alone sufficient to secure its popularity.

Wherever there is a pianoforte, *there* should there be an Harmonium also; for what is deficient in the one, in the other is immediately obtainable; so that the power of a band may be commanded at will.

For devotional music, for churches, chapels, or the private chamber, no instrument could be more appropriate. It can be modulated at will, or increased in compass; it requires no tuning; is compact in size; easily transportable; handsome in appearance; and obtainable from ten guineas upwards.

NATURE'S VOICE.

I have leared

To look on Nature,—not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity;
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of men,
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts
And rolls through all things; therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows, and the woods,
And mountains; and of that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear; both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thought, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart and soul,
Of all my moral being.

WORDSWORTH.

OUR EARLY FLOWERS.

THE HYACINTH AND HAWTHORN.

Go, mark the matchless working of the power
That shuts within the seed the future flower;
Bids these in elegance of form excel,
In color these, and these delight the smell;
Sends Nature forth, the daughter of the skies,
To dance on earth, and charm all human eyes.



THE FLOWER TO WHICH WE SHALL NEXT INVITE ATTENTION IS NOT ONLY BEAUTIFUL AND FRAGRANT; IT IS A DOMESTIC PET, as well as a florist's favorite and a garden ornament. Hyacinth glasses are a part of the furniture of our parlors. The gradual development of the root, leaves, and flowers, and the little attentions necessary for complete success, afford familiar lessons in vegetable physiology; whilst the oriental splendor of the gorgeous colors, and the rich perfume which breathes around, adorn and enliven the humblest home, as well as the luxurious halls of grandeur and wealth.

The plants we have hitherto examined all belong to the great *Exogenous* class, so that with the hyacinth we enter on a new field, and are led to the contemplation of plants differing in the structure of the seed, of the stem, of the leaf, and of the flower, as well as in their general aspect and habit, from any that have yet come before us. We enter on the *Endogenous* division of the vegetable kingdom, characterised by the single seed-leaf, the absence of any distinction between bark and wood, the parallelism of the venation of the leaves, and the tendency to the number three in the circles of parts forming the flower. In the hyacinth the true stem is reduced to a mere plate, from which, underneath, the roots proceed; and on the upper surface of which is a bud, known as the bulb, and popularly, though very erroneously, regarded as the root. The coatings of the bulb are transformed leaves. When duly stimulated by moisture and warmth, it sends forth leaves, and a flower-stalk. Each separate flower is, properly speaking, produced in the axil of a leaf; but the leaves accompanying flowers are commonly reduced to a very small size, and transformed in appearance. Botanists give the name of *bractes* to these and all other leaves which are changed in form or appearance by their connexion with the flower, but do not form parts of the floral circles.

The hyacinth flower seems to be a bell, consisting of one piece divided into six radiating and reflexed parts towards the extremity; six stamens growing out of the interior of the bell, and a seed-vessel standing in the midst. Careful inspection will, however, make it manifest that three of the

divisions of the flower lie within the other three; and a comparison with other flowers of similar structure shows that we have here, in fact, five successive circles of three parts each, of which the four outermost are combined together. The exterior circle may be recognised by its tendency to produce nectariferous tails, something resembling that of a violet, which may be seen in strongly-grown hyacinths. This is, properly speaking, a calyx of three united sepals. Alternating with them, are the three petals of the corolla, so combined with the outer circle as to form with it but one bell. Then follow two circles of stamens, alternating with each other, but forced by pressure into a complete union with the parts already described. Very little observation is necessary to ascertain that the seed-vessel is formed by the union of three capillary leaves, whose edges meet in the axis, and whose mid ribs are as strongly marked as the lines of junction, producing the appearance of six parts. On the young seed-vessel are said to be found nectariferous pores, the presence of which is part of Linnæus's technical character of hyacinths, but which nevertheless are not often found in the plant we are describing, and not at all, we believe, in the other species which Linnæus included in the family; so that the mention of them is only an embarrassment to the student.

The natural color of the hyacinth is the rich dark blue which is so often seen in it; but numerous varieties are common, as various shades of blue, from almost black to very pale, pink and flesh color, pale yellow, and white. Each color is also occasionally produced double. Florists value the flowers for the clearness and brilliancy of their colors, the number, size, and regularity of the bells. The double ones are very rich and splendid; yet the single, if good in color, size, and growth, are not accounted much inferior. The number of distinct named varieties which are increased by offsets from the bulbs, and retain their separate characteristics, is very great; but many of them are scarcely different, being similar seedlings raised and named by different persons, and a collection of twenty-five or thirty sorts would exhibit all that are really worth notice. The hyacinth is very successfully cultivated in Holland, from which country the bulbs are imported to satisfy the demand amongst us.

The hyacinth of the ancient fabulists appears to have been the cornflag (*Gladiolus communis* of botanists), but the name was applied vaguely, and had been early referred both to the great larkspur (*Delphinium Ajacis*), on account of the similar spots on the petals, supposed to represent the Greek exclamation of lamentation, *Ai, ai*, and to the hyacinth of modern times. To the latter it was in

the progress of time exclusively appropriated. The hyacinth was already in our gardens in old Gerard's time, and has continued ever since to enjoy the highest favor, nor does it seem exposed to much risk of being superseded, many as are the attractive novelties which solicit our attention. In order to trace it to its place in a general system, we will first set aside from the rest of the ENDOGENS all the *glumaceous* plants, which have alternate leafy bractes, instead of proper flowers, and which are known as the grasses and sedges. We may next separate all those with the flowers attached to a peculiar organ, termed a spadix; the palm tribe, and the endogenous water-plants. The rest may be divided according as the calyx adheres upon the seed-vessel so as to place it under the flower, or is free so as to enclose the seed-vessel within the flower, to which latter division our plant belongs. Excluding successively all the *tripetaloid* flowers in which the appearance of the calyx is distinct from that of the petals, all those with separate carpels, and those whose flowers have the green herbaceous character of the rushes, we have only left the group which forms Dr. Lindley's alliance of *Liliales*, which contains four natural orders. One is characterised by additional exterior circles of parts. Another may be known by the anthers opening outwards, or being turned from, instead of towards, the centre of the flower. Another, easily known by its habit, but which we have not much opportunity of bringing into comparison, is distinguished by the fading pieces of the flower rolling themselves up something in the manner of a young fern leaf, instead of lying flat, and the albumen of the seed being mealy. Setting these aside, the subject of our examination is found to belong to the great order, *Liliaceæ*, the lily tribe. Among the numerous sections of this extensive order, some of which have been, and probably may again be, raised to the rank of orders, but whose true limits are as yet very little understood, we easily fix on the *Scilleæ* of Lindley as the immediate connexions of *Hyacinthus*, and among these the generic character is sufficient to guide us.

Our wild hyacinth, which contributes so much to the beauty of our woodland scenery during the spring, may be regarded as a transition species between *Scilla* and *Hyacinthus*: the form and drooping habit of its flower connecting it with the latter, whilst the six pieces that form the two outer circles being separate to the base, gives it the technical character of the former. It is still called by some *Hyacinthus non-scriptus*—hyacinth without those marks on the petals which the fable represents as the lamentations of Apollo. Since, however, the true hyacinth equally wants the inscription, this name

is singularly inappropriate; and since the coherence of the parts of the flower is strictly the distinctive peculiarity of the hyacinth genus, Sir James E. Smith was right in referring the wild plant to *Scilla* and calling it *Scilla nutans*, to express the graceful bend of the flower-stalk, which is one of its distinctions. Mr. Babington adopts the genus *Agraphis* for the intermediate species; but this plan of burdening science with new names for mere transition species is very objectionable, and it will hardly be pretended that *Agraphis* is in itself a natural genus. While acknowledging, then, that the English name, wild hyacinth, is founded on a very close affinity, we must decide in favor of *Scilla* as the systematic name for this sweet and lovely flower.

The grape, or starch hyacinths, now form the genus *Muscari*, distinguished by the six pieces of the two exterior circles cohering almost to their extremity into a globular or cylindrical flower, contracted at the mouth, with the points like teeth. The botanical name of the hyacinth is *Hyacinthus orientalis*, which applies equally to all the varieties of color, size, and fullness.

THE HAWTHORN, WHITETHORN, OR MAY.

Hardly one of our native flowers is more universally known and loved than the hawthorn. Its employment as the principal living fence to our fields brings it within everybody's view. The profusion of its gay and fragrant flowers attracts every one's attention; and whilst in its blossoming season it perfumes the vernal air, and enlivens the May-day garland, its rosy buds are amongst the first symptoms of reviving nature; and its berries look cheerful even during the desolation of winter, supplying a large portion of their food to those of the feathered tribe who do not desert us during the dreary season. Allowed to reach its full size as a tree, the hawthorn richly adorns many of our old parks, and many a dell and hollow in our southern downs, where its gnarled stem and wide spread branches add to its effect; and the abundance and sweetness of its flowers, collected together in such masses, and seeming to cover the whole tree, make it an object that cannot be contemplated without admiration. The double and pink varieties are introduced into our shrubberies, where they are universal favorites; and, altogether, it would be difficult to name the floral object which has collected round it a greater number of pleasing associations, or which belongs more completely to our English life, than the hawthorn.

We will endeavor to give a correct idea of its structure, and to explain its affinities, so as to create fresh interest in observing and

studying it. We find in the hawthorn all the four circles of parts belonging to the flower; the sepals and petals, each five in number, the stamens numerous, and the carpels from one to three. The sepals cohere in the lower portion, and the united part is lined by the *torus*, or common base of the petals and stamens, so that these parts seem to grow out of the calyx. The carpels, which are uncertain in number—only one being often found, frequently two, and occasionally three—are enclosed by the cohering sepals which adhere upon them, producing an inferior fruit. They become hard and bony, forming the stone of the haw. The stamens are twenty in number, being five complete circles pressed closely together; the awl-shaped filaments bent inwards, the roundish two-lobed anthers at first pink, but growing nearly black before the flower fades. The fruit is mealy and insipid; dark red, or occasionally yellow.

The tree is hard-wooded, the branches having lateral, sharp thorns. The leaves are smooth, dark green, wedge-shaped below, three or five-lobed, and cut above; the stipules or auxiliary leaves crescent-shaped, cut. The flowers are corymbose, on smooth stalks, white, with a pinkish cast when fading; produced in great abundance. The botanical name now generally received is *Cratægus oxyacantha*. *Oxyacantha* is a name used by Theophrastus and Dioscorides for some plant of the kind, it is now believed for the *Cratægus Pyracantha* (a well-known shrub commonly trained on walls), but which by the earlier modern botanists was supposed to apply to the hawthorn; hence Linnæus adopted it as a specific name. *Cratægus* is also an ancient name found in Theophrastus. It is explained as referring to the *strength* of the wood of the plant which bore it; but perhaps the more probable interpretation is *goat's head*, from some fanciful resemblance which we could not now undertake to justify. It is probable the name belonged to a kind of thorn-tree, and it was adopted by Linnæus as a generic name for a family nearly allied to the apple and pear, and which includes the hawthorn. All those plants which have the five sepals united into a tube, embracing and adhering to the carpels, which do not exceed five in number—the common basis of the stamens and petals spreading over the calyx beyond its union with the carpels, and usually appearing as a fleshy disk, form the border of which five petals and about twenty stamens grow, the plants being shrubs or trees not unfrequently thorny—form the natural order of *Pomaceæ*, by many regarded only as a section of *Rosaceæ*, to which it is closely allied. The distinctions of the genera are chiefly founded on the fruit. *Cratægus* has the carpels indurated, closely

pressed together, completely imbedded in the calyx tube and concealed by it, the whole forming an oval berry. The species, which are numerous, are pretty constantly thorny. *Mespilus*, the medlar, is known by the five indurated carpels being imperfectly covered by the calyx, producing a top-shaped fruit, the flat open summit being bordered by the remains of the sepals.

Pyrus, the apple, pear, and service, has the carpels (five in number) cartilaginous, instead of indurated, completely enclosed in the calyx tube, and each producing not more than two seeds, whose covering is also cartilaginous; whilst *Cydonia*, the quince, has the carpels, which in other respects resemble those of *Pyrus*, many-seeded, each seed being covered by a mucilaginous pulp. We have here only contrasted a few of the principal genera of *Pomaceæ*, of which the distinctions may be readily understood. It will be seen at once how the various sorts of thorn trees, of which many are seen in our shrubberies, are known from the medlars; why the genus *Pyrus*, as botanically defined, includes the service-tree and the mountain-ash, as well as the apple and pear; and why the beautiful early-flowering tree, whose crimson blossoms adorn our walls, and which has been introduced from Japan, is rightly named *Cydonia Japonica*, not, as it is vulgarly called, *Pyrus Japonica*. As its fruit often grows to a good size, it is easy for any one to observe for himself that the plant is a true quince. Indeed, the fruit may be ripened with a little care, and might be used as a substitute for the quince. The mountain-ash being so nearly allied to the apple as to be usually placed in the same genus with it, those who are acquainted with this fact will be prepared to dismiss the common notion, which is but a vulgar error, of its berries being poisonous. It has originated, without doubt, from ignorantly classing them with other red berries which are poisonous; but there is no fruit of the pomaceous tribe which is pernicious. Some are insipid and worthless; even the wild apple, known as the crab, is too austere to be agreeable. The acid of the mountain-ash is mingled with bitter and is not very pleasant to most people; but it is often found refreshing, and in Scotland the berries are deemed worthy of being made into a conserve. Common plants which are really dangerous ought to be familiarly known, that they may be eradicated where it is possible, and that children may be put on their guard against them; but prejudices against harmless plants ought to be removed. We might almost as well imagine the haw poisonous as the mountain-ash berry. Neither possesses much value as a fruit, but they at least need excite no apprehension.

If we ever take a rose as our subject, we may have an opportunity of connecting the structure of Pomaceæ with that of Rosaceæ, and of the whole rosal alliance. At present we return to the hawthorn, to observe that the tree bears cutting remarkably well, and is only induced by it to throw out a fresh multitude of branches, which quality eminently fits it for its old English use in constructing hedges. Our modern agriculturists seem disposed to grudge the space and the nourishment required for them; but when they are well kept, the waste is not great, and it is abundantly overpaid by their beauty. The gratification of our taste for beauty and fragrance is a real good obtained, and it is a false estimate of utility which only counts the food and clothing which the country may be made to yield.

Far distant be the day when our sweet hawthorn hedges, marking the picturesque forms of our old fields, breaking the dull uniformity which characterises an unenclosed country, and producing every returning spring a fresh harvest of delight to old and young, rich and poor, among the people, as well as feeding our feathered songsters during the severity of winter, and usefully marking the boundaries of land, and protecting enclosures—must give place to the inroads of a too-encroaching cultivation, and be superseded by dead partitions, which will occupy less space, and neither abstract nourishment from the soil, nor so much interrupt the passage of light and air to the produce of the field. A prosperous people is always willing and anxious to pay something for ornament; and if we lost our hawthorn hedges, we should find their value too late, and wish for them again at any price. Let us keep them, and value them as a part of the rural beauty of our country, to which we have a national attachment; and let those who would destroy them for the sake of a few feet of land be made sensible that they are hurting the feelings and forfeiting the good-will of their neighbors for a paltry gain.

Our hawthorn hedges are a national taste; and as the fragrant bloom bursts out upon them in the sweet month of May, which gives to it a popular name, our whole population hastens to gather its portion for the bouquet or the garland, delighting to select amongst the clustered branches, and to breathe the perfumed air. The hawthorn is a part of our national conception of the loveliness of May; and it would be a sad change which should leave us to depend on what may still find a place in the park or the shrubbery, instead of meeting it everywhere, by the wayside and around the fields.

W. HINCKS, F. L. S.

THE FIRST OF MAY.

BY A. SMITH.

This is the day of merriment! Upon the village green
I see arrayed the rustic swains; I see the May-day Queen,
Commingle in the festal throng, I see the village fair,
With silk embroider'd sandal'd shoes, and smoothly braided hair.
Young hearts are beating joyously; and old ones, young again,
Are smiling on the gladsome scene, forgetful of their pain.
This is the day of merriment, and mirth shall have the sway,
Nor sorrow on our sports intrude upon the First of May.

This is the day of merriment—see! see! the dance begins;
How happy is the favored youth, the Queen's fair hand who wins!
Light feet are moving gracefully across the shaven lawn;
Love lends to each his angel wings, and all are upward borne.
Scorn, Scorn! withdraw thy chilling looks; Care, hide thy wrinkled brow!
I would not that this happy band should be less happy now.
This is the day of merriment; and mirth shall have the sway,
And sadness from the mind be chas'd, upon the First of May.

This is the day of merriment. In days that are no more,
My mother in the selfsame place the Queen's gay vestments wore;
I've heard her many times and oft, with simple, honest pride,
Her feelings on that festal day to my young heart confide.
But time has passed, and she has grown a thoughtful matron now;
The bloom has fled her altered cheeks—the lustre left her brow.
But 'tis the day of merriment, and mirth shall have the sway,
And vain regrets be banished hence upon the First of May.

This is the day of merriment! All nature swells the song;
Her loud responsive choral notes the harmony prolong:
The cuckoo tunes her merry voice as overhead she flies,
The lark sings high till lost to view 'mid the ethereal skies,
The linnet and the blackbird sing from copse, and brake, and bower,
While zephyrs waft their odor sweet from bud, and leaf, and flower.
This is the day of merriment; and mirth shall have the sway,
And sorrow leave no lasting trace upon the First of May.

DAISIES.

BY ELIZA CRAVEN GREEN.

Green leaves are on the Lilac tree,
And May-buds on the briar;
The daffodil and crocuses
Light up their golden fire.

The Pansies in the garden plot
Lift up their starry eyes
And velvet blooms, as painted by
Moonlight and purple skies.

The Linden in the dim court-yard
Shakes out its silvery green:
Thus even in the busy town
The Beautiful is seen.

The children gambol in the streets;
I bless them in their glee;
But daisies on a little grave
Are all Spring gives to me!

OUR MIRROR OF THE MONTHS.

MAY.

Now apple-trees in blossom are,
And cherries of a silken white;
And king-cups deck the meadows fair,
And daffodils in brooks delight.
Now golden wallflowers bloom around,
And purple violets scent the ground,
The lilac shows her lovely bloom,—
And all proclaim that MAY is come.

WERE IT NOT OUR WONT, and a pleasure in addition, to gossip a little with our readers upon the progress of the Months,—we should assuredly be dumb on the present occasion. To sing of MAY, and its endless attractions, requires a more powerful pen than ours; albeit we imagine a more tender heart to *feel* all its beauties, could not easily be found.

This is just the time of year to test what material we are all made of; and if anything good be in us,—however torpid, *out* it must come. The whole world is now full of beauty:—

Beauty, immortal and undying! thou
Hast ever filled the living world—as now.
The universal face of Nature seems
Flushed with the glory of thy summer dreams;
Headland and valley, tree, and herb, and flower,
Feel evermore thy mastering, quickening power.
The insect floating in the listless air;
The monster crouching in his cruel lair;
The scaly dweller of the fickle sea,—
All that has life owes life itself to thee.
Beauty is love! each creature in its kind
Sees fair proportion with its being twined;
And pants for fellowship with what it sees,
And yields to its o'ermastering sympathies.
Where is *not* beauty? where not crowning love?
Go, ask the eagle or the gentle dove:
The one sails upward to his mountain nest;
The other trembles to a trembling breast.

Birds, flowers, beasts, insects,—one and all
are loud in praise of their Creator; and now

if ever, our harp is in tune to sing to the glory of the God of the whole earth:

All the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity;
And with the heart of MAY,
Doth every beast keep holiday.

It is in May that strong contrasts oppose themselves. London is now full of eccentric Meetings; whilst Nature's children seek the quiet shade. It is now that the eloquent orator shines in our Modern Babylon, and that people rush from all parts in countless numbers to applaud him to the echo. Enthusiasm and excitement quite get the better of discretion; whilst the kernel is lost among the shells. Fiery zeal now crushes meekness under foot; gentleness is displaced by noisy egotism; bigotry rides rough-shod over childish simplicity; whilst superstition overlays innocence, and practical virtues are considered a blot. Verily, we "Protestants" are a paradox.*

We are always glad when the performances of May are over. The annual return of that army of pale-faced, misguided young men, in dirty-white expansive chokers, hurrying down the Strand to join the mixed multitude, liketh us not. Careworn are they, and half crazy. The mania, however (thank God), is not of long duration. Men, women, and children, regularly go mad for about a month; and "something new" then leads them forth to a more wholesome amusement. Man and his Maker! The sweet relationship,—how little understood!

But let us away into the fields. The cuckoo is here, singing merrily. The swallows are here, skimming the air. The nightingales are here, full of love; and the joyous blackcaps are here. The two last were over on the second of April. Remarkably early, this. Other Spring visitors, too, are daily arriving; and the woods are becoming quite vocal. We listen to these well-known sounds with perfect rapture.

We have had many a delightful walk during the past month, among birds, flowers, and insect life; and, in our rambles, not few have been our cogitations touching the future interests of OUR JOURNAL. About this, ere long, we shall have a word or two to say. The "machinery" by which it is worked, is beginning to wear out fast; and mental exertion cannot much longer keep

* We would not be misunderstood. We love devotion to a good cause; and we also love those who labor in it righteously. It is cant that we hate. Fulsome adulation on the one hand, and loathsome self-glorification on the other, never can (so we think) be an acceptable service to God. Whether these "Great Exhibitions" effect any present or permanent good, remains yet to be seen.

pace with the increasingly - heavy,—alarmingly-heavy duties. We must have a furlough. One head, and one pair of hands, *have done* “wonders” year after year. *Now*, the human frame begins to totter. This by the way:

The charms of MAY are perfectly indescribable in words. The lovely maiden is for ever blushing at the innocent consciousness of her own unrivalled beauty. To use the graceful language of Thomas Miller—she is the bud of the year that will soon burst into the sweet rose of June; and which, when it opens to the sun, *can never become a bud again*. What a pretty idea!

“The very winds visit her gently, whilst facing her maiden beauty; as if they felt that she was the embodied loveliness of the year—the sweet nymph, whose zone the sun has not yet unbound, who is not yet too old to sport with the lambs, nor too young to sit alone by the brook that reflects her beauty, and dream of love. The cuckoo singing in the tree is enamored of her loveliness, and all his cry to her is “Come, come!” but she shakes her sweet head in token of refusal, and by the motion shakes down a shower of May-buds, which fall about her like a veil of flowers, and wholly conceal her charms.

She sets down her thoughts in the cowslips, and they grow up into letters, which she alone can read, but which to us bear only the form of flowers scattered over hill and dale; though to her they have a meaning of their own. She knows every word the butterflies whisper into the hearts of the blossoms on which they alight with folded wings. The language which the bees murmur to the bells and buds, is as familiar to her ear as the love-notes of the birds; and when the long leaves talk to one another in the breeze, she hears all they say. She is seated in her trellised arbour, amid the long green leaves which ever wave and flicker, and throw a golden network on the rounded whiteness of her arms, and the peach-like bloom of her delicate cheeks.

Beautiful does an English village now look, that stands beside a river, on the banks of which a long line of trees are planted—their shadows thrown upon the moving ripples below! Such a one now rises upon the picture chamber of the mind, with its range of hills in the distance, round the base of which the river sweeps like a belt of silver, partly crowned with a wood, whose trees in this sweet May-month are “musical with bees.” On the opposite bank the lowing of oxen is heard, and the jingling of sheep-bells; which, mingling with the rippling of the river, give a voice to the landscape that falls soft and soothingly upon the air.

Perchance at some bend of the river an angler takes his patient stand in a dark pic-

turesque dress, his figure resting upon a grey background formed by the light-colored stone jetty, from the interstices of which a green creeper here and there hangs down, like a dash of agreeable color. Far as the eye can reach, a long train of sunshine, like a pathway of gold, runs trembling along the river, and seems at last to unite with, and be lost in the flood of glory that streams from the sky—the blaze of light that flashes from the unclouded face of Heaven. The swallows skim to and fro, and are ever laving their white breasts in the water; while somewhere near at hand there is a noise of rooks, and the sound of the cooing of ringdoves from some adjoining copse. Others may boast of the sunny skies of Italy, the grandeur of mountain scenery, the wide wild prairies of America, the citron and orange groves of the East; but nowhere can such a scene be found excepting in green old homely England.”

To enjoy all this, requires one to be possessed of a soul. Without geniality of feeling all objects become tame. Pleasure must be shared, to be thoroughly relished; and when two hearts, cast in the same mould, *do* come together, how great their happiness!

May is termed the Queen of the Year. Such is she, truly. Hill, and wood, and vale, contribute to her lovely wardrobe. Behold her hair pranked with daisies; the pansy, “frecked with black,” pressed into her bosom, where dwells, beneath, heartsease—in happy innocence. And see! her lap is full of yellow cowslips and pale primroses. And what a robe! It is of emeralds, sprinkled with the gold and silver spangles of the buttercup and daisy:—

Born in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold;
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow;
For thee descends the sunny shower;
The rills in softer murmurs flow,
And brighter blossoms gem the bower.

Light graces deck'd in flowing wreaths,
And tip-toe joys their hands combine;
And Love his sweet contagion breathes,
And laughing, dances round thy shrine.

Warm with new life, the glittering throng
On quivering fin, and rustling wing,
Delighted join their votive song,
And hail thee “Goddess of the Spring!”

Oh May! May! lovely May! the “sweet season,” “the savorous time,”—the month of love and jollity, when everything grows gay, and the malicious cuckoo “mocks married men” with his two ominous notes. What a hard-hearted muckworm must he

be, who does not feel this delicious part of the year tingle along his nerves like sparkling champagne! So sings Eliza Cook; so sing we.

Yet, alas! such there are, who know not what it is to offer up a fervent prayer in the face of Heaven, to Him whose beautiful works surround us; while the dews of the morning descend blandly, as if they were a visible answer, assuring us that the breathings of a sincere and simple heart are never rejected by the Great Father of all! What man or woman, of the least sensibility, would not feel reinvigorated—nay, created again anew, as it were, by the western breeze—the odoriferous breath of Spring blowing briskly in his or her face, clearing the eyes, and causing them to gulp down whole draughts of freshness, bracing and stimulating beyond expression!

The motley blossoms of the orchard-trees hang over us as we stroll along green lanes, between high hedges of the sweet hawthorn and the elegant wild briar,—whilst the sight of their banks, soft with thick young grass, and “cowslips wan, that hang the pensive head,” invite us, with dumb but most potent eloquence, to take a roll. “To take a roll!” Yes; this is the best idea, after all, that we can give of the overwhelming beauty of the landscape. Yet only think of rolling under a hedge, like a little boy, or a cow!

Well, suppose we *are* caught in the act, —yet might we do worse than smother our face in a watery bed of cowslips, wet with May dews. Let us away then, at once!

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

No. LIV.—PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN.

BY F. J. GALL, M.D.

(Continued from Page 170.)

IN ORDER TO ENABLE MY READERS TO JUDGE of the cases in which a man, in relation to his illegal actions, ought to be regarded as really insane, I shall take into consideration first, intermittent alienations, during the paroxysms of which certain faculties manifest themselves with great energy; second, partial alienations; third, the alienations called reasoning ones; fourth, the alienations accompanied with visions; fifth, the alienations which lead their subjects to attempt the lives of their friends, of their children, or of other persons who have not offended them.

Of Intermittent Alienations, during the access of which certain Faculties or certain Propensities manifest themselves with great energy.

Some madmen, whose malady is intermittent, manifest, during their paroxysms, a peculiar energy in certain moral or intellectual faculties. This is proved by the following examples. M. Pinel speaks of a madman who, at all other periods, and in his long intervals of tranquillity,

was only an ordinary man; but who, in his paroxysms, discoursed on the events of the revolution with all the force, dignity, and purity of language which could have been expected from the most accomplished scholar, and from the soundest judgment. The same author repeats, from Perfect, that a young person of very delicate constitution, and subject to nervous affections, had become insane; and that, in her ravings, she expressed herself with facility in very harmonious English verses, though she had never before shown any sort of disposition for poetry. Van Swieten relates that a woman, during her paroxysms of mania, showed a rare facility of versification, though, till then, she had been solely occupied in manual labor, and her understanding had never been improved by cultivation.

The facts given, thus far, exhibit only a more energetic manifestation of certain faculties for things, in themselves indifferent; but other examples show that madmen may also experience a great degree of irritation in their mischievous qualities. M. Pinel repeatedly observed that men, who were very sober in the calm intervals of their periodical mania, gave themselves up to an irresistible propensity to drunkenness on a return of the paroxysms; that others, in the same circumstances, could not abstain from stealing and committing all sorts of roguery, whereas, in their lucid intervals, they were cited as models of probity; that mild and benevolent characters were changed in consequence of insanity, into turbulent spirits, quarrelsome, and sometimes wholly un-social. He speaks of a man affected with very inveterate periodical mania. His paroxysms ordinarily continued from six to eight days of each month, and offered the most striking contrast to the natural state of the same individual. During his lucid intervals, his physiognomy is calm, his air mild and reserved, his answers are modest, and full of propriety: he shows urbanity in his manners, a severe probity, the desire of obliging others, and expresses an ardent desire of being cured of his malady; but at the return of the paroxysms, which is especially marked with a certain redness of the face, by an intense heat in the head, and by burning thirst, his gait is hasty, the tone of his voice bold and arrogant, his looks full of menace, and he experiences the most violent propensity to provoke all who approach him, to irritate them, and to contend with them to the last. Another madman, says M. Pinel, of a mild and peaceful character, seemed, during his paroxysms, to be inspired with the demon of malice. His mischievous activity had no rest; he shut up his companions in their cells, provoked and struck them, and, on all occasions, raised subjects for quarrels.

Of Partial Alienations.

Nothing is more common in insane hospitals, than to see individuals insane with respect to a single idea, or a single propensity, and sensible in all other respects. One of these madmen so imposed on a magistrate who was visiting the hospital at Bicêtre, and succeeded so well in persuading him that he was a victim of the cupidity and cruelty of his relations, that the magistrate had serious thoughts of examining his complaints, and of setting the injured man at liberty.

But, just as he was bidding the madman farewell, promising to return shortly with good tidings, "Your excellency," said he, "will always be welcome, except on Saturday; for, on that day, the Holy Virgin makes me a visit."

A commissary came to Bicêtre to set at liberty those who were considered as cured. He questioned an old vine-dresser, who allowed no incoherent expression to escape him in his answers. The statement of his condition is prepared, and, according to custom, given him to sign. What was the surprise of the magistrate to find the madman give himself the title of Christ, and indulge all the fancies suggested by this idea. A goldsmith imagined that his head had been changed. He also thought he had discovered the perpetual motion. Tools were given him, and he went to work with the greatest activity. He did not discover the perpetual motion, but he made the most ingenious machines, implying profound reflection, and the most just combinations. We often see individuals, sensible in other respects, who believe themselves, one to be a general, another a minister or monarch, another God himself. All works on alienation contain a number of these examples. It is sufficient for me to remind my readers that there are partial alienations, with respect to malevolent propensities, which lead to illegal actions, as there are with respect to the other faculties. The evidence of this may be found in several of the examples which I have cited, and in others which I shall relate hereafter.

Of the Reasoning Alienations.

We give the name to those cases in which the insane individuals are really reasonable in all which does not concern their disease, and in which, even in regard to the alienation, they act in the most consistent manner, and with consciousness. A person whose intellectual faculties were generally sane, believed herself possessed of a demon; she yielded, however, to the urgency of her father, who entreated her to consult me as to her disease. She declared that she had consented to this only from filial duty, and added, with a smiling and confident air, that it was useless for me to give myself the trouble to ask her so many questions; that her disease could not be natural, since so many physicians who had promised to relieve her could not succeed. As she answered very pertinently to whatever was said to her, I tried by all sorts of reasoning to make her change her opinion. But she persisted in her mode of answering with the same consistency which she would have shown had her state not been imaginary. She expected absolutely nothing from the aid of men, and had recourse only to prayer.

In this *reasoning* madness, it is likewise possible that the propensities may become injurious by too great a degree of energy. Madmen of this species answer questions with precision and accuracy; we observe no disorder in their ideas; they employ themselves in reading and writing, and engage in conversation, as if their moral and intellectual faculties were perfectly sound. Yet, at the same time, they will tear in pieces their clothes and bed-linen, and they have their fixed ideas and desires. But, although such madmen act in as consistent a manner as if they were sane, and in

all other respects are reasonable, they are not the less mad as respects the illegal act. Some examples will set this matter beyond doubt.

At Berlin, M. Mayer, surgeon of a regiment, showed us, in presence of M.M. Heim, Finney, Hufeland, Goergue, and others, a soldier in whom sorrow for the loss of a wife whom he tenderly loved, had greatly enfeebled the physical powers, and induced excessive irritability. At length he had every month an attack of violent convulsions. He was sensible of their approach, and as he felt by degrees a violent propensity to kill, in proportion as the paroxysm was on the point of commencing, he was earnest in his entreaties to be loaded with chains. At the end of some days the paroxysm and the fatal propensity diminished, and he himself fixed the period at which they might without danger set him at liberty. At Haina we saw a man, who at certain periods felt an irresistible desire to injure others. He knew this unhappy propensity, and had himself kept in chains till he perceived that it was safe to liberate him. An individual of melancholic temperament was present at the execution of a criminal. The sight caused him such violent emotion, that he at once felt himself seized with an irresistible desire to kill; while at the same time he entertained the utmost horror at the commission of the crime. He depicted his deplorable state, weeping bitterly, and in extreme perplexity. He beat his head, wrung his hands, remonstrated with himself, begged his friends to save themselves, and thanked them for the resistance they made to him.

M. Pinel has also observed, that in furious madmen there is often no disorder of the mental faculties. Hence he likewise declares himself against the definition which Locke has given of mental alienation. He speaks of an individual whose mania was periodical, and whose paroxysms were regularly renewed after an interval of several months. "Their attack was announced," says he, "by the sense of a burning heat in the interior of the abdomen, then in the chest, and finally in the face; then redness of the cheeks, an inflamed aspect, a strong distension of the veins and arteries of the head; then fury, which led him, with irresistible propensity, to seize some weapon, and kill the first person who came in his way, while, as he said, he constantly experienced an internal contest between the ferocious impulse of his destructive instinct, and the deep horror inspired by the fear of crime. There was no evidence of wildness in the memory, imagination, or judgment: He avowed to me, during his close confinement, that his propensity to commit murder was absolutely forced and involuntary; that his wife, notwithstanding his affection for her, had been on the point of becoming its victim, and that he had only had time to warn her to take to flight. All his lucid intervals brought back the same melancholy reflections, the same expression of remorse; and he had conceived such a disgust for life, that he had several times sought, by a final act, to terminate its course. What reason, said he, should I have to murder the superintendent of the hospital, who treats us with so much humanity? Yet in my moments of fury I think only of rushing on him, as well as the rest, and burying my dagger in his bosom. It is this unhappy and irresistible propensity which reduces me to de-

spair, and which has made me attempt the destruction of my own life."

Another madman experienced paroxysms of rage, which were periodically renewed for six months of the year. The patient himself felt the decline of the symptoms toward the end of the paroxysms, and the precise period when they could without danger restore him his liberty, in the interior of the hospital. He himself requested to have his deliverance deferred, if he felt that he could not yet govern the blind impulse which led him to acts of the greatest violence. He confessed, in his calm intervals, that while the paroxysm continued, it was impossible for him to repress his fury; and then, if any one appeared before him, he imagined that he saw the blood flowing from that man's veins, and experienced an irresistible desire to taste it, and to tear his limbs with his teeth, to render the suction easier. We see that these examples refer themselves at once to what I have said of reasoning madness, of excitement, and of the manifestation of malevolent propensities and of partial alienation.

In reasoning madness, the subjects know their situation, and judge with accuracy of the disorder which reigns in their propensities, sensations, and ideas; they even experience remorse, immediately after the malevolent action. "A young mad woman," says M. Pinel, "experiences every morning the access of maniacal delirium, which leads her to tear everything she lays her hands on, and to exercise acts of violence on all those who approach her, so that they are forced to confine her with the straight jacket. This kind of control soon calms her violence; but she preserves so painful a recollection of her past extravagance, that she testifies the greatest repentance, and believes herself to have merited the severest punishment."

In a species of periodical madness, in which the subjects are drawn irresistibly to murder, M. Pinel remarks, as diagnostic signs, that these subjects have the consciousness of the atrocity of their actions, that they answer correctly the questions put to them, and show no derangement in their ideas or in their imagination. Thus a consistent manner of acting, a capacity of maintaining correct conversation, just answers, whether in the lucid periods or at the moment of the illegal act—do not prove the absence of all insanity.

The most embarrassing cases are those in which the alienation manifests itself without the symptoms which usually accompany it, such as convulsion, heat, thirst, redness, fury; for then the faculties of the mind and soul do not appear at all deranged. A young man, having received a considerable wound near the temporal bone, was trepanned by Acrell. When the wound was cured, he could not abstain from theft, though before he had no such propensity. Acrell knew that it was only to be attributed to the lesion of the head, and had him released from prison. This phenomenon is not rare in pregnancy. We know four examples of women, who, in their ordinary state, have not the least propensity to theft, but who, during pregnancy, are impelled to it by violent inclination.

As the nature of reasoning madness is not very generally known, it happens that malefactors, who

belong to this class, and who are seen to act and reason in a consistent manner, are in some countries condemned to imprisonment or death, while in others they are consigned to insane hospitals.

Of Madness, accompanied with Visions and Inspirations.

Mental alienation sometimes is accompanied with visions and inspirations; and this peculiar symptom shows that the malady has acquired its greatest degree of exaltation. The unfortunate subjects conduct themselves in the most consistent manner in the pursuit of the project they have formed; they act, as M. Pinel remarks, with a firm determination, and in the most uncontrollable manner. Such a madman, conscious of the support of a higher power, despises all the efforts made to dissuade him from his purpose, and places himself above all human considerations. His conduct is often calm: he hardly judges other men worthy of being the confidants of his secret motives. He hopes nothing from their assistance; he fears not their threats. He who has experienced, were it only for a moment, the effect of visions and inspirations, and who is not very familiar with the knowledge of nature, can hardly be persuaded, when he returns to a regular state, that all he has experienced is unreal. Do these visions continue? Does the madman hear incessantly, or at different times and places, this imagined voice of authority which addresses him? How shall we, then, find means to restrain him, except by relieving the irritation and the derangement within?

ANOTHER SONG IN PRAISE OF SPRING.

When the wind blows
In the sweet rose tree,
And the cow lows
On the fragrant lea,
And the stream flows
All bright and free,—
'Tis not for thee, 'tis not for me;
'Tis not for any one here, I trow:
The gentle wind bloweth,
The happy cow loweth,
The merry stream floweth,
For ALL below!

O, the Spring! the bountiful Spring!
She shineth and smileth on every thing!

"Where come the sheep?"
To the rich man's moor.
"Where cometh sleep?"
To the bed that's poor.
Peasants must weep,
And kings endure;

That is a fate that none can cure.
Yet Spring doeth all she can, I trow;
She brings the bright hours,
She weaves the sweet flowers,
She dresseth her bowers
For ALL below!

O, the Spring! the beautiful Spring,
She shineth and smileth on EVERY THING.

BARRY CORNWALL.

MERCY FOR THE UNFORTUNATE.

The greatest attribute of Heaven is MERCY ;
And 'tis the crown of justice, and the glory,
Where it may kill with right, to SAVE with PITY.

[In our last, we penned a somewhat forcible article on the adamant hearts of women generally, who, towards the unfortunate of their own sex, never show pity ; but would positively see them die, without lending a helping hand. We remarked, moreover, how prone they themselves were, individually, to fall *whenever temptation beset them*. Our remarks have excited considerable attention, and, amongst others, the following lines on the subject have been sent us, with a request for their insertion. How gladly do we circulate them over the ends of the earth !]

THINK gently of the erring ;
Ye know not of the power
With which the dark temptation came,
In some unguarded hour.
Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggled, nor how well,
Until the hour of weakness came,
And sadly thus they fell !

Think gently of the erring ;
Oh, do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet !
Heir of the self-same heritage,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring ;
For is it not enough
That innocence and peace have gone,
Without thy censure rough ?
It sure must be a weary lot
That sin-crushed heart to bear ;
And they who share a happier fate,
Their chidings well may spare.

Speak kindly to the erring ;
Thou yet may'st lead them back
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not *thou* hast often sinned,
And sinful *yet* may be ;
Deal gently with the erring one,—
AS GOD HAS DEALT WITH THEE !

[The much-esteemed correspondent who sent us the above, is a Christian in every sense of the word. Yet does he plead in vain. 'Tis said that

"Hate shuts her soul when dove-eyed MERCY pleads."
It may be so with certain of mankind ; but *women*, alas ! never did, never will make any allowance whatever for an erring sister. No. Their hatred pursues her even beyond the grave. Sad, but true.]

FLOWERS.

They bring me tales of youth and tones of love,
And 'tis and ever was my wish and way
To let all flowers live freely, and all die,
Whene'er their genius bids their souls depart,
Among their kindred in their native place.
I never pluck the rose : the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank,
And not reproach'd me : the ever sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath, between my hands,
Felt safe, 'unsoil'd, nor lost one grain of gold.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

To study God, God's student, MAN, was made,
To read him as in NATURE's text conveyed ;
Not as in Heaven, but as he did descend
To earth, his easier book—where to suspend,
And save his miracles, each lesser flower
And lesser fly show his familiar power.

SIR W. DAVENANT.

That we are progressing in knowledge,
cannot be denied ; but is that knowledge
what it ought to be ?

This is an age for reading ; and people
will read something. Universal is

The wish to "know" (the endless thirst,
Which even by quenching is awak'd) ;
But it becomes or bless'd or curs'd,
As is THE FOUNT whereat 'tis slaked.

The huge loads of printed matter that travel weekly throughout the land (by post, by sea, and by rail), tell a tale that few can be ignorant of. Mental poison is prepared without limit for the million ; and they as greedily swallow it. The "consequences" come before us in the newspapers.

Many bulwarks have been raised, to try and check the dissemination of so much moral impurity ; but in vain. The human heart is fallible ; and artful men know but too well how to get access to it. Hence are all efforts, made with a philanthropic view, comparatively abortive. Amusement is preferred before instruction, and the animal passions are allowed to prevail to the exclusion of the pure graces of the mind.

It is quite clear then, that *our* mission must be a very restricted one ; for by speaking the truth we get to ourselves enemies. This daunts us not. Whilst we do hold the pen (the time may be very short), we will faithfully carry out the principles we have so steadily advocated thus far ; and the "choice few" shall share our heart.

A correspondent, whose ideas we have embodied above, has written to us, requesting insertion for some remarks on Natural History, that have just appeared in a contemporary.* We readily comply with his wishes ; and desire as heartily as himself that the study may become more and more popular. The system of education adopted among us, is indeed, as he remarks, faulty ; and to it may be attributed the comparatively little desire there is to admire the wonderful productions of nature. Superficiality, selfishness, and exclusiveness, set aside all the finer feelings of the soul. Nature is now almost universally sacrificed to Art.

But here let us append the observations to which our attention has been drawn.

When one hears mention made of "Science in the Provinces," the mind naturally reverts to the exhibitions of "incandescent charcoal

* The Critic.

burnt in bottles of oxygen," so humorously described by the adventurer of Mont Blanc. Or if any other image be presented to the mind, at the mention of natural history, it is that of some isolated enthusiast, being viewed with a degree of suspicion by some, with a few grains of pity by others, but with no small amount of contempt by all; whether he be an entomologist chasing a butterfly through brake and briar, a botanist searching in a ditch for common weeds, or a geologist breaking stones in a quarry.

Yet, let us hope that *such* imaginations are fast becoming obsolete; for among the many departments of human knowledge, together with the advantages resulting from their culture, which have been illustrated and developed during the last half-century, few, if any, display a more remarkable and important progress than physiology, whether animal, vegetable, or material. And with this advance among the professed students of science, there has also been spread among the community at large a considerable appreciation of the utility and absorbing interest of such pursuits, *though very far from what could be desired, or, indeed, from what might really be effected, were a better system of education more generally diffused.* All real and permanent improvement, however, must be gradual. Men who have never been taught in youth, when the faculties were ripening, and the thoughts untrammelled by the sterner realities of life, cannot be expected, unless in exceptional cases, to devote attention to things of the kind in after years, when business, with its excitements and all-engrossing cares, has eaten away, like a canker-worm, all that was fresh and spirit-stirring in their imaginations, and ennobling in their hearts.

"Until lately," said the Rev. W.S. Symonds, at the meeting of the Cotteswold, Woolhope and Malvern Naturalists' Field Clubs, June 7, 1853, "the value of natural history as a part of education has never been recognised in England; and I am sure that there are many present who will acknowledge with myself, that we closed our educational career without ever once having our attention drawn to those studies which are, after all, the noblest and the most intellectual. . . . Far be it from me to disparage the value of classical and mathematical literature; it is the one-sided system which is to be lamented, and the absurdity of confining the acquisition of University honors to those subjects alone.

"There is still, amongst a certain class of persons unacquainted with the facts of science, much popular fear lest some branches of natural history may tend to scepticism. That prejudice is disappearing, as men begin to grapple with subjects that at first were of necessity visionary and dim."

It is something to have arrived so far,

that there is gradually becoming diffused an impression of the *utility* of such pursuits; for, perhaps, after all that may be said of their elevating and ennobling character, this would fail to draw so much attention as the circumstance of direct personal interest,—the *utile*, in our *prosaic* country, ever taking precedence of the *dulce*,—if not in theory, yet most certainly in practice.

Happily, enough is known to most men on this point, to spare a lengthened detail of the real good arising from a knowledge of the natural sciences. Men, we hope, have learned not to look for coal in places where the most elementary knowledge of geology would convince them it could by no possibility be found, and are beginning to see that the practice mentioned in the address we have just quoted, of sinking marl pits on marl soils, to manure marl land, is "very analogous to giving a schoolboy bread to his bread or cheese to his cheese." So when we read of a naturalist who has been able, by his researches on the olive-fly, so far to check the ravages of that insect, that the quantity of oil produced in the south of France was increased in value, some four or five years since, to the average annual amount of £240,000, we cannot but hail him as a benefactor to mankind.

It is obvious that, for the successful following out of these pursuits, a most important element is *observation*; and this, an observation not to be made hastily, or by a few individuals only, but a regular and persevering system of inquiry carried on simultaneously in different districts. Much as this is called for in geology, it is equally necessary in those sciences that treat of animal life; and, if possible, still more in botany. But in no case will these investigations contribute to the desired end, if those who undertake them be not fitted for the task by accurate knowledge and unflinching diligence.

A geologist, ignorant of natural history, is constantly liable to errors in organic remains; and a man that would call himself a botanist, who has not an extensive and correct knowledge of species, deserves no better name than that of a pretender to science. Certainly, this accurate knowledge of species, requiring, as it does, little more than observation and comparison of minute physical differences, with a fair share of judgment in discrimination, is not of itself sufficient; but it is incontestable that all those leaders in science who have put forth broad general views, have formed their generalisations on the basis of sound specific knowledge, and they are ever found insisting on its importance.

Botanical geography, including the interesting details of the dependence of plants on climate and other circumstances, rests wholly

on this basis; and it would not be too much to say, that those who are most in the habit of questioning its utility, are really anxious to conceal or excuse their own ignorance by depreciating the labors of those who have been more energetic and persevering than themselves.

Yet these simultaneous investigations lose much of their importance and value from the isolation of those who conduct them. A student of the natural sciences, to make regular observations, must be a constant resident in rural—often in remote districts, where intercourse with other men of science is rare, and where all libraries and other means of obtaining information regarding the progress made elsewhere are inaccessible; and if his resources do not allow him to obtain for himself continual supplies of the most recent publications bearing on the subject of his pursuit, and if, moreover, he have not his time in a considerable degree at his own command—it is impossible that he can keep pace with the general advance; still less that he can expect to contribute materially to the general stock of information. He may be diligent and enthusiastic; but, if he be *alone*, many of the most valuable results of his observation are unavoidably lost. Again, if there are several such men, residing perhaps not many miles distant from each other, and pursuing the same inquiries independently, if they possess no facilities or systematic plan of communication—much waste of time must ensue; since one may be slowly and patiently struggling to arrive at a conclusion which another has already attained.

Hence arises the importance, it might almost be said *necessity*, of co-operation, which has been met in several counties by the establishment of local associations, whose utility, when judiciously conducted, is unquestionable. There are no doubt instances where they have not met with success, and where a temporary blaze of enthusiasm has died out, leaving behind no trace that it ever had existence; but, in most of such cases, this has arisen from the fact that they were established on a wrong basis. Public libraries, museums, and formal *soirées* are very desirable and very important in their proper place—that is, where a town contains a sufficient number of persons interested in science to keep them up with spirit and success; but where, as is frequently the case, the members, or those that should be members, are dispersed over a large county, all these things are of little real value.

The kind of society of the greatest actual importance under these circumstances is what is termed a "Naturalists' Field Club," whose members, not of necessity compelled to maintain libraries and museums when they

can but rarely make use of them, are afforded opportunities of occasionally meeting and combining their local investigations into one common fund.

There is, however, an essential difference in the object of associations of these two kinds; they may exist simultaneously, but they should be separate in constitution. What is usually implied by a provincial "Athenæum" is not so much the extension of the existing limits of science, as the diffusion among the general public of what is already known; while naturalists who meet in an independent club, take for granted what is made the subject of exposition in popular lectures, and go farther and deeper, aiming not so much to teach as to discover—their Society, as compared with the others, being a Columbus set against a teacher of navigation.

Having thus endeavored briefly to explain the nature and general objects of these interesting associations, we propose, in a future number, to enter into further detail—to give an outline of the rules laid down by some of them, to notice what has been done and is now doing among their members, and to offer a few suggestions towards the further development of the system.

Meantime, we should esteem it a favor if such of our readers as are connected with "Naturalists' Field Clubs" will communicate any particulars of interest connected with them, and aid us in our attempt to promote their welfare.

NO! "WHY" SHOULD I?

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Shall my cheeks look pale with care
If another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she think not well of me
What care I how fair she be!

Shall a woman's goodness move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her worthy merits known,
Make me quite forget my own?
Be she kinder, meeker than
The lovely dove or pelican;
If she be not so to me
What care I how kind she be!

Be she kind, or meek, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die e'er she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I woo,
I will scorn, and let her go;
If she be not made for me,
WHAT CARE I FOR WHOM SHE BE!

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A DOG.—No. XXIV.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

(Continued from Page 174)

THIS HAS BEEN A MOST LOVELY MONTH, and an old dog like myself feels sensibly its genial influence. Right glad am I to bid adieu to cold—I cannot say *cheerless*—winter; for where my old, dear old master is, it *must* ever be cheerful; more particularly so should the severity of the winter threaten to press his little dependant favorites sorely. Then the old boy redoubles his kind care of all. But Spring is coming. Young shoots are pushing forth. Spring flowers are again upholding their lovely heads. Insects of various sorts are once more disporting their beautiful little bodies. Old black spiders creep out of their hiding places, as if to reconnoitre their whereabouts; the insect world is wonderfully alive and moving; and I hope soon the water of the Lee will be warm enough to allow me to enjoy a good swim. This will be quite invigorating, and then I shall be quite ready for May 1st. [*Mais taisez vous, Fino!*] I heard all you and Bombyx said the other evening, although you fancied I was fast asleep!

For my own dear Helvetia, too, this is the month for cracking Easter eggs, and making what we call “Poissons d’Avril,” but what you call “April Fools.” It is very amusing, my dear friend, to stroll the market-place (*la Veille de Pâques*) and see the old “Savoyard” market women, with their large oval *corbeilles* of various-colored eggs,—blue, green, yellow, crimson, violet, &c., “*seulement demi-batz la piece.*” They soon disappear. Every body who has got a half batz in his pocket must exchange it for an egg. You continually see two jolly *paysans*—with a five-batz piece—go off with ten eggs. One holds the narrowest end of his, upwards. Crack goes the other, with the narrowest point of his egg. Change sides: crack again! “*C’est à moi*” “*Parbleu oui!*”

Generally speaking, these eggs are boiled quite hard before they are stained; but sometimes, in the hurry of getting ready, this very necessary precaution is not sufficiently attended to; and then, only fancy offering to try your chance with some fair friend, who holds the egg in her little white hand! The unfortunate crack would send the contents of the egg-shell not only over her hand, but probably her face and dress would get a benefit unlooked for. It is anything but amusing; but I have often known it to occur. I think I can see you, my dear friend, challenging either of your amiable correspondents, “Puss” or “Forestiera,” with one of these unlucky eggs! I should rather you than I.

A much better and safer style of egg for our beloved ladies, never fails to be seen in the windows of the best confectioners. It is composed of chocolate, ornamented in the most elegant manner. Some are really most elaborately finished, and if you or any of your friends wish to know where to get them, go to Madame Blanchet, Rue de Bourg, Lausanne, with my love; then come and tell me if old Fino is a dog destitute of good taste.

This custom, however, of having colored eggs at Easter, is originally German; and a very pretty custom it is. I know I used to enjoy going among the old market girls on Easter Eve. I re-

member one fat, jovial, old Savoyard in particular. Such a good-tempered old girl with “*ma bella Filletta!*” What a quantity of eggs old Bombyx used to bring home! Oh! if you could have seen how pretty the breakfast-table looked on Easter morning! But I must now have a glance at the *Poissons d’Avril*. Bombyx really used to enjoy this kind of fun. He was quite like a boy. I never laughed more in my life (although I was myself a “Poisson”) than at a thorough good one of my old master. One first day of April, some few years ago, it happened to be a bitter cold Saturday morning; and there was one of those cutting *bizes*—peculiar, occasionally, at this season of the year, to my native town. I fancy I feel it now. It was indeed sharp: a *bize noire*—unmistakably so. Now, Jean was as fond of going to market with Bombyx as Bombyx was of seeing Jean; and it so happened that Jean came up that very morning for the purpose of going to market.

A thought came across old Bombyx as he spied Jean, and saw by his countenance that he was not the least up to the 1st of April. So after Jean had had his *tasse de café*, Bombyx came up to him with a nice clean cloth (it was about seven o’clock in the morning).

“*Bon jour, frère Jean! il y aura joli marché aujourd’hui.*”

“*Je crois bien,*” said Jean. “*J’ai déjà arrêté deux petites salades pour Monsieur.*”

“*Bravo, Jean! quelle heure avons nous? sept heures et demi, pas encore—non, sept heures à peu pres.*”

“*C’est bon. Nous avons tout le tems. Jean, faites moi le plaisir de prendre la nouvelle Hodda et d’aller vit chez Monsieur P—t. Il est arrivé Jeudi de Frybourg par Vevay, et il a acheté deux magnifiques fromages; un pour lui même, et un pour nous. Je lui ai payé cinq batz et un kreutzer la livre. Croyez vous que c’est cher?*”

After a few minutes’ thought, Jean replied,—“*Certainement, il est bien bon marché. Badoux en ferait payer 7 batz; et cela pour de fromage inférieur. Monsieur a pris tout le fromage.*”

“*Si—ils pesent 70 livres 68 Jean.*”

“*Bon! je m’en vais desuite et je serai de retour pour accompagner Monsieur au marché. Allons, Carlo! Allons, Fino! allons chercher la fromaza;—et je pense que vous en gouteriez un petit morceau ce soir!*”

“*Ah qui si,*” said Bombyx, smiling, but not knowing which way to look for fear of an explosion; and right glad he was to see Jean, and my brother, and myself depart. Off we went, Jean walking at his usual deliberate pace, till we turned round the corner of the theatre, and arrived at the residence of our friend P—t, who occupied the ground floor of a large house, well known by the name of *Maison Mercier* (it being the property of a very wealthy tanner of that name).

When Jean arrived, M. P—t was still in bed, and his better half had only just crawled out. The servant opened the door, and Jean inquired for the cheese. Now it was quite true that M. P—t had just returned from Frybourg; but beyond that, it was a *Poisson*. The servant went to her mistress; and she reported to M. P—t. After a while, she returned; declaring that M. P—t

knew nothing at all about a cheese from Frybourg, for Bombyx.

Now, there was a long passage up to M. P—t's door, and Jean called rather loudly, "*Le fromage que Monsieur P—t a fait venir de Frybourg!*" Upon this, a number of idle coachmen and grooms from an adjoining mews, hearing the loud voice of Jean, came to see what was the matter. At last, Mrs. P—t *tout en deshabelle*, and *sans* stockings, made her appearance; and again declared that her husband had not brought home any cheese whatsoever.

"*C'est bien embetant,*" said Jean, "*Monsieur lui a payé pourtant hier matin, quand il est venu donner ces leçons pour un fromage de 68lbs. a 5 btz. et 1 kreutz; et vous allez me dire de retourner sans fromage. Je n'en sais rien, je vous assure, mon bon homme. J'irai encore voir mon mari.*"

As she returned down the passage, a sudden gust of wind compelled her to gather her dressing-gown tightly around her; whilst her cap was carried some yards before her, *en guise d'avant-courier*; and her loose grey locks floated before her in anything but graceful curls. She half opened M. P—t's door. He, however, was still in bed.

"Auguste! Auguste! *qu'y a t'il donc?*" muttered old P—t.

"*Et le fromage de Bombyx, ou l'as tu placé?*"

"*Le quoi? que veux tu?*"

"*Le fromage!*" calls out Jean, loudly. "*Il fait diablement froid ici. Mons. P—t, ayéz la complaisance, s'il vous plaît, de me faire donner le fromage.*"

"*Je n'ai point de fromage. Morbleu! ma femme, tu rêves.*"

Seeing the door open, my impudent brother led the way; and in half a moment he was upon M. P—t's bed, and I was sniffing about the room.

"*Morbleu! Oui dà. Sortez ces chiens,*" then began Jean. "*Carlo! Carlo! Fino! Fino! allons, il faut bien que je retourne et je dirai à Bombyx que vous ne savez pas ou est le fromage, ce n'est pas tant joli pourtant. Nous pourrions bien avoir encore un mot à dire, car Monsieur a bien payé passé dix pièces.*"

Jean left, not in a very good humor; and had just got as far as the little cake-shop by the theatre, when he heard somebody calling, "Jean! Jean!" and, looking round, there was M. P—t, all shivering and shaking. He had just slipped on an old, long, rusty-brown coat, and a pair of pantalons and slippers, equally fashionable.

"*Jean, vous direz à Bombyx, que je ne sais rien de tout de ce qu' il demande. Il ne m'a jamais donné la commission pour un fromage. Je n'en sais rien.*"

"*Ah, oui!*" replied Jean. "*Nous allons voir.*"

Just then, a tremendous storm of hail came suddenly on, and punished poor little P—t's bare ankles most severely. Also, at the same moment, some friend of Jean's, who had witnessed part of the fun, whispered to him, "*Ne sais-tu pas que c'est aujourd'hui le 1r. Avril?*"

A general burst of laughter followed, in which M. P—t joined most cordially, and begged Jean to come in and partake of a second *déjeuné* after his cold visit,—not forgetting to put some

"kirschenwasser" in the coffee, as well as a nice warm soup for myself and my brother.

When Bombyx spied Jean walking slowly up the road, stroking his nose and regaling it with an extra supply *de tabac*, you may imagine what a laugh he had; and on meeting M. P—t in the market, it really *was* fine fun. He absolutely appeared to enter into the joke more than even Bombyx himself. *Entre nous*, I have remarked that my old master can never enjoy any of these kinds of humorous mirth in this country. No; everything here is too formal,—too unyielding, too artificial. People now are too "refined,"—too "polished." I have often heard Bombyx express the wish, that nature (not art) should polish the manners of mankind; and that acts of mutual kindness and beneficence should polish their hearts to the total exclusion of the cold hypocritical forms of society, as now pretty generally constituted. How different would everything then be! and truly, speaking for myself, I think we poor dogs should very much benefit by such a happy change. When I say *we*, I speak of my race in general; for my dear old master has always got a friendly eye over all *his* pets, and I promise you I am in no way the *least* on the list.

Somehow or other, my dear friend, my pen moves slowly this month; but I have suffered from the toothache caught during the last frosty days; and then I was so much excited when I heard yourself and Bombyx talk all about those anticipated doings at the "*Peahen*." This, by-the-by, made the recollection of a certain *Peacock* strike my conscience so forcibly (you shall know all about it one of these days) that I did not sleep for three whole nights!

Just tell me, do; is it true? Is the day decided upon, to be the first of May? Oh, what a glorious day we shall have! Hurrah! for the "*Peahen!*" St. Albans! Epping Forest! &c., &c., &c. Always your faithful old dog,

FINO.

Tottenham, April 17.

[FINO! you are a trump card; and we will keep nothing from you. Yes; OUR JOURNAL will see the light on May 1; and when WE see the light of that day, we shall be, D.V., stretching far ahead towards St. Alban's, with yourself, your good old master, and one of the rising branches of his family tree,—*all* of us happy, "jolly fellows." Then, we shall go to Epping Forest; and we know not where. As for the "*Peahen*,"—*taisez vous encore une fois*. There will be something *there* awaiting us, that *you* little dream of; but you shall share both the surprise and the delight.]

POULTRY.

To keep poultry has now become a fashion; some find pleasure; in it, others look more for profit. In either case, however, it is well to know as much as can be known about the best breeds.

The following, by a practical man, will be read with interest:—I hardly need tell you, sir, that most of the essays and books upon

the subject of Poultry are more fitted for the amateur and fancier, who have plenty to spend, and do not care for profits, than for tenant farmers. Being doubtful upon the subject, I determined to try whether they were profitable, and which were the most useful kinds. I found that they most certainly are profitable, and that the black Spanish fowl, upon the whole, was to be preferred. My objections to the other kinds I will state in order, before going further into the subject. First come the—

Cochin-China fowls. They are difficult to get pure, and the crosses are indifferent eating. They are most voracious eaters, consuming more than their under-sized eggs are worth. It is said that they lay a large quantity of eggs; but I never found the number exceed, or even equal, that of the Spanish hen. The Dorkings are a good kind of fowl, but well known to be bad layers. Game fowls are inadmissible into the farm-yard, on account of their pugnacious habits. The Dutch and Hamburg fowls lay a large number of eggs; but they are small, and the fowls are not to be easily got pure. There are many other kinds of fowls, but I think they are little known save by bird fanciers and amateurs.

The good points of the Spanish fowl are these:—It is a decidedly handsome bird. It is sufficiently numerous to be easily obtainable. A cross in the breed is easily detected. It is as easily kept as any kind of fowl, and lays a large, well shaped egg; and when put upon the table, it is not to be surpassed by any for the quantity and delicacy of the flesh. As table birds they hold a place of the first rank; their flesh being particularly white, tender and juicy, and the skin possessing that beautiful clear white hue, so essentially requisite for birds designed for the consumption of the gourmand. The flavor of their eggs is also very good. They have one great drawback, which is, that they are notoriously bad sitters and nurses; in fact they can hardly be found in a sitting mood.

Having now stated what I have found to be the most profitable kind of fowl, I will describe what I consider the most profitable management. As to the number of fowls to be kept upon a farm, I think about 40 or 50 to the 100 acres sufficient: if more are kept, the extra food they require will soon tell upon the profits, except near a town where the profits are high. The number I have mentioned, if allowed their liberty (except during harvest), will pick up sufficient food to keep them in good condition with but little extra keep. But they should not be left entirely to chance for their food; they should be fed regularly twice a day. The food I have found most profitable is light oats, about a horse-feed to fifty hens. Besides which, I had always a box (made so that they

could not get into it with their feet) which was filled every morning with boiled turnips and waste potatoes mixed with oat-dust or bran. With this keep they will lay well, and always be in good condition for the table. In the neighborhood of a large town, where large prices are to be got, it would perhaps pay to give them extra food; such as inferior or spoilt wheat or rice, &c. I may mention that I kept forty Spanish hens for 15d. a week, giving them only boiled turnips and potatoes mixed with oat-dust. The profits stood thus:—

	£ s. d.	
40 hens at 15d. a-week	3 5 0	a-year.
Sold 120 eggs a-week, at 6d. a doz., } for ten months.....	10 0 0	
Profit	£6 15 0	

We had always sufficient eggs for the house, besides the chickens, which were not sold for want of a market.

In the number of fowls I have mentioned, 40 for 100 acres, there should be four cocks. In addition to these, there ought to be half a dozen pure Dorking hens to do the hatching part. As nurses they are not surpassed by any breed; and the cross between them and the Spanish fowl is very good. About thirty or forty should be reared, and never more than 100, as the extra feeding of so many chickens becomes a serious business on a farm. The crosses will be first ready for killing, and they should all be killed during the first season; then the extra cocks, and lastly the pullets which are not required to recruit the stock. The old hens should be killed before they are three years old, as after that they are almost worthless. I need not mention the rearing of the chickens, as every good housewife has a way of her own. With the management I have mentioned, the owner of a few dozens of Spanish layers and a few Dorking nurses will always have plenty of eggs to sell, and no scarcity of good chickens.

As to turkeys, I would recommend the Black Norfolk variety, being most easily reared, large, and well-flavored.

Ducks are very profitable, being easily kept, if there are not too many: from six to a dozen is plenty about a farm. The finest kind I know is the White Aylesbury duck.

Geese are also profitable in localities suited to them; but I know little of their habits and management.

Pea-fowls, guinea-fowls, and such like, are troublesome and useless pests about a farm. And here let me state, that no kind of fowl will be found profitable, unless they are well cared for. The hen-house should be airy, warm, and as clean as hands can make it.

G. B. B.

Whilst on the subject of Poultry, we cannot refrain from bringing under the notice of our readers some very useful and necessary observations furnished by a correspondent of the "Poultry Chronicle." The faults herein pointed out, are almost universally committed:—

When men lived in a state of nature, ailments among them were less numerous; and so it is with poultry. In a natural state they have few diseases; with us they have many, *because we have forced them into an unnatural state of life.* Pheasants, wild-fowl, and poultry (where they are wild, as in India), are always healthy; and the scars and seams, well known to all those in the habit of plucking them, testify to the condition that enables them to recover from the most serious wounds. Our feeding then, should most resemble that of the wild bird, if we would seek the same result both in condition and feather. We should also seek to give the same food as the bird would find if left to its own resources.

The faults of modern feeding are, *giving meat*—feeding out of vessels of any description—throwing down large heaps of food—irregularity—and too often *the substitution of anything that is "cheap" for that which is wholesome.* Meat is an unnatural food for poultry. It was extensively given during the Cochin mania, in order to make weight; and many are the buyers who have paid from ten to twenty pounds each for very heavy hens, so unnaturally fatted by this process that they could never lay a perfect egg, and numbers died in the attempt. *A fowl is not provided with digestive organs for meat.*

In a state of nature, fowls run over a great extent of ground before they get a crop-full. They pick food grain by grain, and with it small pieces of dirt, blades of grass, and other things that all help digestion. What, then, can be said of the various feeders in use? Placed before the fowls filled with barley, the birds do in five minutes that which should be the work of two hours; they eat a greedy fill, and suffering from unnatural repletion, they have recourse to drink. The corn swells in the crop, and the sufferers, instead of walking cheerfully about, hide in corners, and squat about to the detriment of their health. This applies to the equally bad practice of throwing down the food in heaps.

In a natural state, at break of day all birds are in search of food, and they find it. What an evil it is then for them to be fed one day at seven, next day at nine, and sometimes not till mid-day. A still greater evil is, to endeavor to make up for previous neglect by an extra quantity.

Among the improper food given to fowls we include two rather popular articles, viz., Indian corn and rice. The former makes fowls extremely fat, but it makes no flesh.

We consider the latter worthless; no good is ever done either in condition or feather when the birds are fed with it. To keep a yard in really good plight, the fowls must be out at daybreak, and should be fed directly with oatmeal slaked and thrown down to them. Let it be so mixed, that when cast down it will crumble. As soon as they cease to run after it, leave off feeding. At mid-day give some whole corn, wheat is best; but throw it as far, and scatter it as much as you can—throw it among the grass; you will see the fowls spreading about in a natural way, and seeking the stray grains. In the afternoon, feed again as in the morning. Our system then is, regular feeding three times a day, and no food, save what they can find, at any other time. It will cost no more than the systems we have blamed, and the condition of the fowls will amply compensate for the little extra trouble.

You may take it for an infallible rule, that all white-feathered poultry are tender, save Aylesbury ducks.

If people would only exercise a little judgment and would reason upon the fitness of things, our numerous books upon poultry would find no purchasers. But then, if all were as wise as we are (!) how could the world live?

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

When cold and drear the short'ning day,
And threat'ning vapors fly,
'Tis sweet to see a sunny ray
Athwart the wintry sky!

When wand'ring in some forest lone,
While night the earth enshrouds,
'Tis sweet to see the blessed moon
Come forth from murky clouds!

And 'midst our ling'ring frosts and snows,
To simple loving eyes
How sweet the hardy flowret shows
That first dares tempt the skies!
When lightnings cease, and clouds retreat,
And scarce is heard the rain,
The glorious bow of Heaven is sweet
That tells 'tis peace again!

And sweet, when on a foreign soil,
Far, far from all most dear,
In sorrow, or in wasting toil,
Our native speech to hear!
When tempest-toss'd upon the main,
Their compass lost, and way,
How sweet to seamen's eyes again
The pole-star's guiding ray!

But sun, nor moon, nor polar star
In dark, tempestuous skies,
Nor native speech, nor flowret fair,
Nor rainbow's glorious dyes,
Are sweet—as when heart meets with heart,
And fled are doubt and pain;
When those Distrust had doom'd to part
Love bids to meet again!

THE ORIGINAL ARTIST.

In every secret glance he stole,
The fond enthusiast sent his soul.

SCOTT.



NE FAIR and very warm morning, as I was lounging on the Levee at New Orleans, I chanced to observe a gentleman whose dress and other accompaniments greatly attracted my attention. I wheeled about, and followed him for a short space, when, judging by everything about him that he was a true original, I accosted him. But here, kind reader, let me give you some idea of his exterior. His head was covered by a straw hat, the brim of which might cope with those worn by the fair sex in 1830; his neck was exposed to the weather; the broad frill of a shirt, then fashionable, flapped about his breast; whilst an extraordinary collar, carefully arranged, fell over the top of his coat. The latter was of a light green color, harmonising well with a pair of flowing yellow nankeen trousers, and a pink waistcoat, from the bosom of which, amidst a large bunch of the splendid flowers of the Magnolia, protruded part of a young alligator, which seemed more anxious to glide through the muddy waters of some retired swamp than to spend its life swinging to and fro among folds of the finest lawn.

The gentleman held in one hand a cage full of richly-plumed nonpareils, whilst in the other he sported a silk umbrella, on which I could plainly read, "*Stolen from I,*" these words being painted in large white characters. He walked as if conscious of his own importance, that is, with a good deal of pomposity, singing, "My love she's but a lassie yet," and with such thorough imitation of the Scotch emphasis, that had not his physiognomy brought to my mind a denial of his being from "within a mile of Edinburgh," I should have put him down in my journal for a true Scot. But no:—his *tournaire*, nay, the very shape of his visage, pronounced him an American, from the farthest parts of our eastern Atlantic shores.

All this raised my curiosity to such a height, that I accosted him with—"Pray, Sir, will you allow me to examine the birds you have in that cage?" The gentleman stopped, straightened his body, almost closed his left eye, then spread his legs apart, and, with a look altogether quizzical, answered, "Birds, Sir, did you say birds?" I nodded, and he continued, "What do you know about birds, Sir?"

Reader, this answer brought a blush into my face. I felt as if caught in a trap, for I was struck by the force of the gentleman's question; which, by the way, was not much

in discordance with a not unusual mode of granting an answer in the United States. Sure enough, thought I, little or perhaps nothing do I know of the nature of those beautiful denizens of the air; but the next moment vanity gave me a pinch, and urged me to conceive that I knew at least as much about birds as the august personage in my presence. "Sir," I replied, "I am a student of nature, and admire her works—from the noblest figure of man to the crawling reptile which you have in your bosom." "Ah!" replied he, "a-a-a naturalist. I presume!" "Just so, my good Sir," was my answer. The gentleman gave me the cage; and I observed from the corner of one of my eyes, that his were cunningly inspecting my face. I examined the pretty finches as long as I wished, returned the cage, made a low bow, and was about to proceed on my walk; when this odd sort of being asked me a question quite accordant with my desire of knowing more of him. "Will you come with me Sir? If you will, you shall see some more curious birds, some of which are from different parts of the world. I keep quite a collection." I assured him that I should feel gratified, and accompanied him to his lodging.

We entered a long room; there, to my surprise, the first objects that attracted my attention were a large easel, with a full-length unfinished portrait upon it, a table with pallets and pencil, and a number of pictures of various sizes placed along the walls. Several cages containing birds were hung near the windows, and two young gentlemen were busily engaged in copying some finished portraits. I was delighted with all I saw. Each picture spoke for itself; the drawing, the coloring, the handling, the composition, and the keeping all proved, that, whoever was the artist, he certainly was possessed of superior talents.

I did not know if my companion was the painter of the picture, but, as we say in America, I strongly guessed; and, without waiting any longer, paid him the compliments which I thought he fairly deserved. "Aye," said he, "the world is pleased with my work; I wish I were so too, but time and industry are required, as well as talents, to make a good artist. If you will examine the birds, I'll to my labor." So saying, the artist took up his pallet, and was searching for a rest-stick, but not finding the one with which he usually supported his hand, he drew the rod of a gun, and was about to sit; when he suddenly threw down his implements on the table, and, taking the gun, walked to me, and asked me "if I had ever seen a percussion-lock." I had not, for that improvement was not yet in vogue. He not only explained the superiority of the lock in question, but undertook to prove that it was capable of

acting effectually under water. The bell was rung, a flat basin of water was produced, the gun was charged with powder, and the lock fairly immersed. The report terrified the birds, causing them to beat against the gilded walls of their prisons. I remarked this to the artist. He replied, "Hang the birds!—more of them in the market; why, Sir, I wish to show you that I am a marksman as well as a painter."

The easel was cleared of the large picture, rolled to the further end of the room, and placed against the wall. The gun was loaded in a trice, and the painter counting ten steps from the easel, and taking aim at the supporting pin on the left, fired; the bullet struck the head of the wooden pin fairly, and sent the splinters in all directions. "A bad shot, Sir, said this extraordinary person; "the ball ought to have driven the pin farther into the hole, but it struck on one side; I'll try at the hole itself!" After reloading his piece, the artist took aim again and fired. The bullet this time had accomplished its object, for it had passed through the aperture, and hit the wall behind. "Mr. —, ring the bell, and close the windows," said the painter; and turning to me he continued, "Sir, I will show you the *ne plus ultra* of shooting." I was quite amazed, and yet so delighted, that I bowed my assent. A servant having appeared, a lighted candle was ordered. When it arrived the artist placed it in a proper position, and retiring some yards, put out the light with a bullet. When light was restored, I observed the uneasiness of the poor little alligator, as it strove to effect its escape from the artist's waistcoat. I mentioned this to him. "True, true," he replied, "I had quite forgot the reptile, he shall have a dram;" and unbuttoning his vest, unclasped a small chain, and placed the alligator in the basin of water on the table.

Perfectly satisfied with the acquaintance I had formed with this renowned artist, I wished to withdraw, fearing I might inconvenience him by my presence. But my time was not yet come. He bade me sit down, and paying no more attention to the young pupils in the room than if they had been a couple of cabbages, said, "If you have leisure and will stay awhile, I will show you how I paint, and will relate to you an incident of my life, which will prove to you how sadly situated an artist is at times." In full expectation that more eccentricities were to be witnessed, or that the story would prove a valuable one, even to a naturalist, who is seldom a painter, I seated myself at his side, and observed with interest how adroitly he transferred the colors from his glistening pallet to the canvass before him. I was about to compliment him on his facility of touch, when he spoke as follows:—

"This is, Sir, or I ought to say, rather, this will be the portrait of one of our best navy officers, a man as brave as Cæsar, and as good a sailor as ever walked the deck of a seventy-four. Do you paint, Sir!"

I replied, "Not yet."

"Not yet! What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say: I intend to paint as soon as I can draw better than I do at present."

"Good," said he, "you are quite right; to draw is the first object; but, Sir, if you should ever paint, and paint portraits, you will often meet with difficulties. For instance, the brave commodore of whom this is the portrait, although an excellent man at everything else, is the worst sitter I ever saw; and the incident I promised to relate to you, as one curious enough, is connected with this bad mode of sitting. Sir, I forgot to ask if you would take any refreshment—a glass of wine, or—"

I assured him I needed nothing more than his agreeable company, and he proceeded:—

"Well, Sir, the first morning that the commodore came to sit, he was in full uniform, and with his sword at his side. After a few moments of conversation, and when all was ready on my part, I bade him ascend this throne, place himself in the attitude which I contemplated, and assume an air becoming an officer of the navy. He mounted, placed himself as I had desired, but merely looked at me as if I had been a block of stone. I waited a few minutes, when, observing no change on his placid countenance, I ran the chalk over the canvass to form a rough outline. This done, I looked up to his face again, and opened a conversation, which I thought would warm his warlike nature; but in vain. I waited and waited, talked and talked, until my patience—Sir, you must know I am not overburdened with phlegm—being almost run out, I rose, threw my pallet and brushes on the floor, stamped, walking to and fro about the room, and vociferated such calumnies against our navy, that I startled the good commodore.

He still looked at me with a placid countenance, and, as he has told me since, thought I had lost my senses. But I observed him all the while, and, fully as determined to carry my point as he would be to carry off an enemy's ship, I gave my oaths additional emphasis, addressed him as a representative of the navy, and steering somewhat clear of personal insult, played off my batteries against the craft. The commodore walked up to me, placed his hand on the hilt of his sword, and told me in a resolute manner that if I intended to insult the navy, he would instantly cut off my ears. His features exhibited all the spirit and animation of his noble nature; and as I had now succeeded

in rousing the lion, I judged it time to retreat. So, changing my tone, I begged his pardon, and told him he now looked precisely as I wished to represent him. He laughed, and returning to his seat, assumed a bold countenance.

"And now, Sir, see the picture."*

* From "Audubon's Ornithological Biography."

HOW "MAY" WAS FIRST MADE.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

As Spring upon a silver cloud
Lay looking on the world below,
Watching the breezes as they bowed
The buds and blossoms to and fro,—
She saw the fields with Hawthorns walled;
Said Spring, "New buds I will create!"
She to a Flower-spirit called,
Who on the month of May did wait,
And bade her fetch a hawthorn spray
That she might make the buds of May.

Said Spring, "The grass looks green and bright,
The hawthorn hedges too are green,
I'll sprinkle them with flowers of light,
Such stars as earth has never seen;
And all through England's girdled vales,
Her steep hill-sides and haunted streams,
Where woodlands dip into the dales,
Where'er the Hawthorn stands and dreams,
Where thick-leaved trees make dark the day,
I'll light each nook with flowers of May."

"Like pearly dewdrops, white and round,
The shut-up buds shall first appear,
And in them be such fragrance found
As breeze before did never bear;
Such as in Eden only dwelt,
When angels hovered round its bowers,
And long-haired Eve at morning knelt
In innocence among the flowers,
While the whole air was every way
Fill'd with a perfume sweet as May."

"And oft shall groups of children come,
Threading their way through shady places,
From many a peaceful English home,
The sunshine falling on their faces;
Starting with merry voice the thrush,
As through green lanes they wander singing,
To gather the sweet Hawthorn-bush,
Which homeward in the evening bringing,
With smiling faces, they shall say—
'There's nothing half so sweet as May!'"

"And many a poet yet unborn
Shall link its name with some sweet lay,
And lovers oft at early morn
Shall gather blossoms of the May,
With eyes bright as the silver dews
Which on the rounded May-buds sleep;
And lips whose parted smiles diffuse
A sunshine o'er the watch they keep,
Shall open all their white array
Of pearls ranged like the buds of May."
Spring shook the cloud on which she lay;
And silvering o'er the Hawthorn spray,
She showered down the buds of May.

OBITUARY.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

A word or two, *en passant*, about a man who in his lifetime has delighted so many thousands, cannot be out of place in OUR JOURNAL.

PROFESSOR WILSON died in Edinburgh on Monday the 3rd ulto. in his 65th year. He was the son of an extensive manufacturer in Paisley, where he was born in 1788. At the age of 13 he commenced his studies at the University of Glasgow, and four years afterwards entered at Magdalen College, Oxford, where the genius of which he was possessed soon manifested itself, and enabled him, among other honors, to carry off the Newdegate prize for an English poem.

At the end of that period he left Oxford; and having purchased the estate of Elleray, beautifully situated on Windermere, he cultivated the acquaintance of Wordsworth, and became, in latter days, the "Admiral of the Lakes," acting as such when Bolton entertained Canning and Scott with a splendid water *fete* on Windermere. In those days, Prof. Wilson played many wild feats. He attended all the fairs, fights, running matches, races, and so forth, in the country. He was a capital boxer, singlestick-man, and wrestler; no great sportsman, except as an angler, and now and then in pursuit of red deer.

For some time he took up his abode among the gipsies, learned a great deal of their slang, and adopted their costume and habits. Afterwards he partially settled down, and went to study law in Edinburgh. As might be expected, little profit resulted from this experiment; but he took to literature, and produced several isolated works, such as the "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," which attained great popularity; and the "Trials of Margaret Lindsay," a pathetic Scottish story. In 1818 the professorship of Moral Philosophy in the University became vacant, and "Blackwood's Magazine" was established. John Wilson immediately became a candidate for the one, and a contributor to the other. Sir Walter Scott's patronage mainly contributed to his success in the first, his own abilities won the second.

It is unnecessary to add, that his connection with "Blackwood" for years after identified him with all the brilliant fancy and exquisite taste with which its pages, and especially the "Noctes" were adorned. The productions of his eloquent pen were, in 1842, published in a collected form, under the title of "Recreations of Christopher North," and which in many respects manifest that true poetry with which his other works were characterised. The chief of these are the "Isle of Palms," and the "City of the Plague," the former published in 1812, and the latter in 1816.

In person Professor Wilson was a stout,

tall, athletic man, with broad shoulders and chest, and prodigiously muscular limbs. His face was magnificent; his hair, which he wore long and flowing, fell round his massive features like a lion's mane, to which, indeed, it was often compared, being much of the same hue. His lips were always working, while his grey flashing eyes had a weird look which was highly characteristic. In his dress he was singularly slovenly, being, except on state occasions, attired in a threadbare suit of clothes, often rent, his shirts frequently buttonless, and his hat of the description anciently called shocking.

His professorial costume was just as odd. His gown, as he stalked along the College terraces, flew in tattered stripes behind him; and, altogether, Professor Wilson, with all his genius, was personally one of the most eccentric of the many eccentric characters existing in his day in the Scottish metropolis. He continued in the Chair of Moral Philosophy till the close of the session of 1850-51, when advancing years and declining health compelled him to resign. Rest and retirement brought, however, little relief, and he has gradually sunk into the grave, to be honored and regretted wherever the English language is known.

THE SKY-LARK.

BY FREDERICK TENNYSON.

How the blithe lark runs up the golden stair
That leads thro' cloudy gates from Heaven to earth,
And, all alone in the empyreal air,
Fills it with jubilant sweet sounds of mirth!
How far he seems, how far,
With the light upon his wings!
Is it a bird, or star
That shines, and sings?

What matter if the days be dark and frore?
That sunbeam tells of other days to be;
And singing in the light that floods him o'er,
In joy he overtakes futurity.
Under cloud-arches vast
He peeps, and sees behind
Great summer coming fast
Adown the wind!

And now he dives into a rainbow's rivers,
In streams of gold and purple he is drown'd,
Shrilly the arrows of his song he shivers,
As tho' the stormy drops were turned to sound;
And now he issues through,
He scales a cloudy tower,
Faintly, like falling dew,
His fast notes shower.

Let every wind be hush'd, that I may hear
The wondrous things he tells the world below:
Things that we dream of, he is watching near;
Hopes that we never dream'd he would bestow,
Alas! the storm hath roll'd
Back the gold gates again,
Or surely he had told
All Heaven to men!

THE FEMALE FIGURE.

WOMAN is the lesser man.

TENNYSON.

Tennyson is a rash fellow, to make the above assertion. Dressed as women are now, and with fronts of brass, how can he affirm they are smaller than men? They are *far* too expansive in bulk for one to attempt to get near them; and as for looking at them, they would stare us *quite* out of countenance were we to attempt such a thing. Our modesty, therefore, "turns abashed away." If they *be* men, they are large men!

To get a peep at the delicate, noble, and real shape of a woman is a delightful rarity. When we say the real shape, we mean the natural shape; to conceal and distort which appears to have been woman's sole aim for countless years past. Her success has been complete!

Apropos of this subject, — curiosity induced us recently to pay a visit to Madame Fontaine's establishment in Jermyn Street. Madame Fontaine, or rather Madame VALLOTTON (for she needs not be ashamed of her name), received us very courteously. Her physiognomy won our heart in an instant.

The object of our call was to investigate certain claims put forth by this lady, wherein she avers that she can, by means of certain corsets (aptly termed *plastiques*), enable a symmetrical person to enjoy uninterrupted health. Such a combination of the *utile* and the *dulce* being something out of the common way, our attention was of course arrested; and we gladly report, *pro bono*, what we saw.

This we can do in few words. There are always kept in stock *eight* distinct sizes of corsets. These are numbered, consecutively, 1, 2, 3, &c. There are also no fewer than *eighteen* varieties of *each* size; one and all adapted for immediate alteration, so as to *fit exactly* any woman, of any size, or any shape. When adjusted on the person, the whole figure is flexible, the spine free, the lungs unoppressed, and all the functions of the body at full liberty to act as God ever intended they should act. All this; and, in addition, an elegant figure. It is not our province to unfold the simple mystery of *how* this is done.

Our interview with Madame Vallotton was not a long one. She was too much occupied to be able to afford us much time for gossip; but an honest grip of her hand at parting, must have convinced her that we regarded her as a public benefactor.

We do not despair *yet* of saving the lives of many women, who are at present madly bent on the suicide,—if not of themselves, at all events of their children unborn.

A GENTLE WHISPER.

BY THE SOUTH WIND.

THERE is a plant, which in its cell
All trembling seems to stand,
And bends its stalk, and folds its leaves,
From each approaching hand.

And thus there is a conscious nerve
Within the human breast,
That from the rash and careless hand
Sinks, and retires distressed.

The pressure rude, the tone severe,
Will raise within the mind
A nameless thrill, a secret tear,
A torture undefined.

Oh! you who are by nature form'd
Each thought refin'd to know,
Repress the word, the glance that wakes
That trembling nerve to woe.

And be it still your joy to raise
That trembler from the shade;
To bind the broken, and to heal
The wound you never made!

Whene'er you see the feeling mind,
Oh, let this care begin;
And though the cell be ne'er so low,
Respect the guest within.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

[THIS DEPARTMENT OF OUR JOURNAL is one of its most interesting, as well as valuable features. Amusement, Instruction, Mental Improvement, and all the Social Virtues, are here concentrated. Whether the Subjects introduced be on Natural History, Popular Science, Domestic Economy, the Fine Arts, or Matters of General Interest,—ALL are carefully digested, and placed before our readers in the winning garb of cheerfulness, good-temper, and a determination to please. Our amiable correspondents enter readily into our naturally-playful disposition,—hence are their contributions divested of that dry formality which cannot be other than repulsive to a true lover of Nature. Our columns, be it observed, are not exclusive; but open to ALL amiable writers.]

The World of Fashion; a Dissolving View; and Prospects of the Coming Season.—It was quite right of you, my dear Sir, to take upon yourself the responsibility of those remarks on the fashionable world which were interwoven in my last communication to you. Whatever my thoughts might have been, I should not have dared so to commit them to paper. However, you are to be highly commended for so kindly and honestly speaking out for your countrywomen's good. If, as you have frequently remarked, there be a desperate wound, the surgeon must probe it to the bottom. Should it be only slightly healed, it would but break out with increased virulence, and perhaps terminate fatally with the sufferer. Let me tell you that your observations have already produced a good effect in our neighborhood. OUR JOURNAL is in great repute here; and its Editor's unceasing endeavors to benefit society are highly estimated. Let us hope that good sense will induce people to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest what you have said for their good. Then will all their past follies be buried in oblivion,

and melt away in (what you playfully call) "a dissolving view." Nobody can justly say that you are personal in your strictures, or that the shadow of ill-nature pervades your remarks. You war with measures rather than with men, although the latter are very properly responsible for the former. Since you were here (more particularly within the last few days), our garden has gone on increasing in beauty. The apple-blossoms, pears, and cherries, are presenting a most delectable appearance. How infinitely diverse are they! There are no two alike. They are all beautiful in degree, one surpassing and outvieing the other. Yet is there not one which does not possess some beauty peculiar to itself. Some trees present us with flowers of a pure white. Others have streaks of red, and varied shades; and add, moreover, to beauty and elegance the most exquisite fragrance. These, just now, stand still (as it were) for a short season, to be admired. Anon, they will vanish, again to come before us in another pleasing form. As for our darling flowers, they are springing up everywhere in choice variety,—although a few genial showers would enhance their already numerous charms. These, in due course, will be sent us. You seemed pleased at what *you* saw, but every day since has produced something still more bewitchingly attractive; and in June, I hope to be able to astonish you with our roses. They promise *much*. Those tame hedge-sparrows have brought their young family abroad. The robins have commenced *another* nest in the greenhouse! We have four families of young blackbirds, and three of young thrushes. The swallow is here; also the redstart, the merry cuckoo, blackcap, and nightingale. An evening walk by our river-side, is now a treat,—the air is so full of sweet sounds! The bird-trappers have been down,—of course; and we have lost several blackcaps and nightingales. I *hope*, however, the choice few that haunt our sequestered grounds will be safe. I shudder at the thought of what *may* be their fate. But it is of little use to keep on talking of birds and flowers. It must be everybody's business now to *associate* with them. I need not tell *you* on whose side the advantage will be! Human nature ought to come oftener into contact with such goodly company. We should then be all very different from what we are now. At this season every field is a temple, where we may offer up the incense of a grateful heart, and the thanksgiving of a virtuous mind, to the Giver of all Good, whose gracious power is as visible in the smallest blade of grass as in the motion of the Heavenly bodies. The lark—*you* heard him,—begins the universal hymn of praise, and wakes the feathered choir. Obedient to the summons, *all* join in cheerful harmony. No discord breaks upon the ear; all is sweetest concord. Then comes the golden sun, with his dear, glorious face, sharing in and contributing to the joy and gaiety of all nature. Then commence the raptures of creation generally, when the smallest and the greatest of living things have each their full measure of delight. Morning after-morning do I rise betimes, to *see* what I hint at; and I think I told you even *more* of my particular fancies, when you were with us. At your request, I have transcribed a few stray thoughts, though they are

not worthy of insertion in your pages. Such as they are, however, you are welcome to them. I still live in the garden,—my “palace of delights;” where you saw me :—

Here do I love to be,—
My eye fondly delights to dwell
Upon the loveliness and purity
Of every bud and bell.

My garden and OUR JOURNAL are my two pets *par excellence*. They both seem animated by one spirit; and we three never by any chance fall out. —HONEYSUCKLE, *Henley, April 22.*

[Again, fair maiden, the pruning knife is laid aside. We cannot remove a single leaf. You may keep on planting and sowing; only give us *the benefit*.]

Nervous Debility.—I am a martyr to what is called nervous debility; and although comfortably off as regards this world's requirements, I am yet unable to enjoy myself. What with depression of spirits, morbid fancies, frequent sickness, and other ailments, life becomes a burthen. Can you tell me of anything likely to rouse me from this distressing visitation? I imagine it to be curable, under proper treatment.—JOHN A.

[Read a little Treatise, published by Houlston and Stoneman, called “Neurotonics.” In a very plain and intelligible manner, it exhibits a new view of health and disease in relation to the nervous system. It speaks eloquently, too, on the subject of mental emotions, and shows their peculiar influence upon the body. The origin of chronic diseases is also traced. The author, Duncan Napier, possesses the art of strengthening the nerves; and the way he does it, is said to be very simple and efficacious. Take our advice and read this book.]

Failure of the Salmon Ova, or Spawn, sent to New South Wales.—Mr. Boccus, we are told by the “Sydney Morning Herald,” has quite failed in his experiment of transporting the ova of salmon trout from England. Fifty thousand were shipped in London on board the *Columbus*, Jan. 31, 1852. Of these not one came to maturity! Let us hope that some more practical man may undertake the next experiment,—for the matter is one of importance, and should not be played with.—R. F., *Windsor*.

Motion.—The common watch, it is said, beats or ticks 17,160 times an hour. This is 411,840 a day. 150,424,560 a-year, allowing the year to be 365 days and six hours. Sometimes watches will run, with care, 100 years. In that case it would last to beat 15,042,456,000 times! The watch is made of hard metal; but there is a curious machine which is made of something not nearly so hard as brass or steel—it is not much harder than the flesh of one's arm—yet it will beat more than 5,000 times an hour, 120,000 times a day, and 43,830,000 times a year. It will sometimes, though not often, last 100 years; and when it does, it beats 4,383,600,000 times. One might think this last machine, soft as it is, would wear out sooner than the other; but it does not. One thing more. We have this little machine about us. We need not feel in our pocket, for it is not there. It is in our body,—we can feel it beat; it is—our heart!—Q.

The Salubrious Air of Kent.—The air of certain parts of Kent,—near Seven-Oaks, to wit; Farnborough, Tonbridge, Bromley, &c.,—is notorious for its beneficial effects upon invalids; and for its tending towards longevity in those who reside under its healing wings and genial influences. We have seen remarkable proofs of this. A few days since, an excellent friend of ours invited us to make one of a select party to visit his estate at KNOCKHOLT, in the vicinity of Seven-Oaks. The tempting offer of a seat for “Self and Co.” in an open landau, nicely “furnished,” settled all scruples in an instant. The morning dawned,—oh how fine! All nature was in an ecstasy. Our steeds, rampant with joy, chewed their bits (they *had* breakfasted), tore the ground with their feet, and away we all scampered. We will not tell—simply because we cannot—of all the pretty scenery, flowers, blossoms, birds, and happy faces, that met us and passed us on our way; nor will we prate about the picturesque little garden-plot where we halted to “take in water,” &c. (!) to generate steam for a pursuance of our journey. No; these matters, delightful to share in and enjoy, fall short of effect in description. Suffice it, we reached Knockholt *à la bonne heure*; and found an entertainment awaiting us there, provided by a Mr. BUTCHER and his hospitable angel of life, that fairly doubled us up with amazement. Now Mr. Butcher, be it known, is in his 70th year; and heartier by far, and more jolly, than we who are nearly a quarter of a century younger! What a mind too he has; and how sensibly he talks and reasons! Let us confess we are *every way* his debtor. But then he lives in Kent—and “*the air of Kent is so wonderful!*” So it is. His domestic angel, too: nimble as a fairy, busy as a bee, what did not *her* gentle art conjure up on that lily-white coverlid! What a spread! If we were to attempt seriously to chronicle *all* we saw, tasted, and enjoyed, we might be voted a glutton. Oh that ham! *and* that cream! But—only think, good people, of “*the air of Kent!*” Really, all was allowable. We saw these old folk (and their truly amiable, good, attentive domestic) hearty, well, jolly: and with such an “example” of “green old age” before us, how could we help “following suit?” A lovely day was that; and some first-rate “curious” wines (supplied, we were given to understand, by our prince of wine merchants, and kindest of kind friends, JOHN AMOR, Esq., of New Bond Street), assisted not a little in making, keeping, and sending us home happier than a king. Kings are *not* to be envied,—we were! We shall not tell of our amiable companions nor speak of our rambles over the beautiful estate; its lovely grounds—splendid views, extending so many miles over this fairy land—nor of the many conveniences prepared for the “happy family” who may hereafter become owners of the mansion (recently vacated by its late resident). We only wished we were “one” of the members! “The air of Kent (here particularly) is *so* charming!” We throw off these random thoughts, with a view to induce people generally, at this sweet season, to *make* a day's holiday occasionally. It is good for body and soul; for whilst the latter is refreshed and made cheerful, the former *must* melt with gratitude, if not radically bad (which God forbid!) towards Him who in his

great goodness has so lavishly provided all that heart can desire to make us purely happy. O, if our pen could only express what the hand that holds it would gladly instil into it (if possible), then would our readers know more of us, and of that which we call "happiness." In July we shall in many places (D. V.), personally explain what here may appear vague. Proximity adds a charm to sympathy, and the union is then *most* sweet!—W. K.

Simplicity in the Nineteenth Century.—A few days ago, I was returning by train from the Caledonian Road to Kingsland—"en route" for my own dwelling. Among the passengers was a stout and uncommonly jovial looking, elderly matron, somewhat about my own age. She was accompanied by her equally portly, jovial daughter,—“Priscilla,” and I imagine it must have been the first time they had ever trusted their goodly personages to this rapid mode of conveyance. On alighting at Kingsland, the mamma began to shake her capacious dress and arrange the sides of her enormous bonnet. Miss Priscilla did the same. Neither of them were votaries of the present style of bonnet, I assure you. “Prodigious!” exclaimed mamma. “Awful!” ejaculated Priscilla,—“Never was so horrified in all my life!” Just at that moment, an empty coal-train rushed past. The mouths of both were now wide open, and their eyes staring with amazement. Presently mamma looks at Priscilla,—“Bless my soul, darling! did you ever?”—“No, ma,—I never did! What is that?” “Why, my loveliest, that *bes* the express train.” “I thought it was! Oh dear, I’m so terrified!” In order to be quite certain, mamma grasped the arm of one of the porters. “B’aint that the express train, man?” “That’s a coal-train—ma!—” “Oh, wonderful!—I thought so. Here, Priscy dear, that was the express train to Cole. You can tell aunt you’ve seen an express train. B’aint you delighted love?” “I’m over pleased, ma. *How* lucky we are, to have just met the express train! I’ve heard such a talking about those awful *hinges*, and now I’ve seen one. Who would have thought we should see the express train to Cole?” Here the portly couple ascended the staircase to continue their journey; and no doubt they *did* astonish aunty, with their great good luck!—BOMBYX ATLAS, *Tottenham*.

Superstition in the South of Devon.—They have a curious custom in this neighborhood (South Devon), of firing into apple-trees on old twelfth-night, in order to make the trees bear well in the coming year! During the greater part of the night, you may hear the guns firing in different orchards. I have in vain endeavored to ascertain the origin of the custom, which is, doubtless, very ancient. The only answer I can get is, that it is a kind of *entertainment* the young men keep up. Or, “it is a superstition.” Yet are these same farmers, who so readily designate it a superstitious rite, very reluctant that their trees should lose the benefit of it! Perhaps some of your readers can tell us what the superstition is.—A CLERGYMAN’S WIFE.

[Superstition is common amongst farmers. We

remember a farmer in Essex, some 33 years ago, who declared that his crops had been bad *ever since he left off going to Church once a month*. He remarked, that he must turn over a new leaf, or his harvests would never be what they ought to be!]

Heat of Animals.—The heat of the human body will raise the mercury of the thermometer to about 98 degrees. That of other animals varies very widely. The heat of some fishes and reptiles is below 50, while that of some birds is as high as 110. The wolf comes nearest to man in this respect, his heat being 96. The dog, cat, hog, sheep, and ox, are from 100 to 103; the shark, 83; the whale, 104; the house-sparrow and the robin, sometimes 111, which is the maximum, so far as we know. It is curious to observe that the Arctic wolf has a reasonable advantage of 9 degrees over the wolf of our own latitude.—W. P.

Addressed to “Home Birds.”—Beauty, says Lord Kames, is a dangerous property; tending to corrupt the mind of the wife, though it soon loses its influence over the husband. A figure agreeable and engaging, which inspires affection without the ebriety of love, is a much safer choice. The graces do not lose their influence like beauty. At the end of thirty years a virtuous woman, who makes an agreeable companion, charms her husband more than at first. The comparison of love to fire holds good in one respect—that the fiercer it burns the sooner it is extinguished.—Q.

Use of Pond Mud.—Some three or four years ago, as an experiment, we drew out of the bottom of a pond, filled during the season with back-water from the canal, but dry in the spring, about fifty loads of mud, which was applied immediately to the land. For the first and second years, it seemed to prove a decided injury; but after being turned up with the plough, and subjected to the action of frost for one winter, the beneficial effects began to manifest themselves, and the best of our barn-yard manures have not produced so heavy a growth of grain; and the effect promises to be permanent. Probably a better way would have been to have piled it up for one year, or composted with other manure, or with lime.—R. MERCHANT.

The Vowels.—Some six-and-thirty years ago, a holiday was proposed to the boys at Eton on discovering the two words, within a given time, which contain all the vowels in regular order. The answer was—“abstemiously” and “facetiously.”—VIOLET, *Worcester*.

Consumption of Spirits, Beer, &c.—A return has been made up by the Board of Trade, showing, “as far as can be given,” the quantity of spirits, beer, &c., consumed in the United Kingdom annually. In the instance of beer, the return has been calculated upon the quantities of malt and sugar used by licensed brewers, deducting the beer exported; there is no account of the beer brewed in private families, and therefore the quantity really drunk must be larger than is here stated. But, taking this return as the most complete that could be obtained, we have the following account for 1853:—4,931,639 gallons of foreign and colonial

spirits were consumed in Great Britain, and 211,685 in Ireland. Of home-made spirits, the consumption was 16,884,955 gallons in Great Britain, and 8,136,362 in Ireland. Foreign and colonial wine, 6,227,022 gallons in Great Britain, 586,809 in Ireland. Beer, 16,543,781 barrels in Great Britain, 640,251 in Ireland. Malt, 40,362,102 bushels in Great Britain, 1,630,076 in Ireland. Sugar, 6,999,884 cwts. in Great Britain, 487,705 in Ireland. Tea, 51,001,851 lb. in Great Britain, 7,832,236 lb. in Ireland. Tobacco, 24,940,555 lb. in Great Britain, 4,624,141 lb. in Ireland. Taking the population as being much the same in number in 1853 as in 1851, when the census was taken, the average consumption during the year must have been, then, considerably above a gallon of spirits (nearly nine pints, or about a sixth of a pint per week), nearly a quart of foreign wine (or half a pint in three months), and about 22½ gallons of beer (not quite half a pint a day). An individual average, however, is very wide of the mark. It may give a somewhat better idea of the quantity to take the average by families. According to this return, if there had been a Communistic system, and these beverages had been equally distributed, a family of six persons must have had to drink, in the course of the year, 52 pints of spirits (a pint a week), six quarts of foreign wine (a pint a month), and 1,080 pints of beer (not quite three pints a day). The following rough calculation is made of the amount spent on spirits and tobacco: the prices placed against each article are under the cost; but even at such low rates the amount of money thrown away annually is incredible:—

5,143,324 gals. of foreign and colonial spirits, at 15s. per gal.	£3,857,493	0	0
16,884,955 gals. of gin, at 10s.	8,442,477	10	0
8,136,362 gals. of whiskey, at 6s.	2,440,908	12	0
6,813,831 gals. of wine, at 15s.	5,110,373	5	0
17,175,032 brls. of beer, at 20s.	17,175,032	0	0
29,564,696 lbs. of tobacco, at 4s.	5,912,939	4	0
	£42,939,223	11	0

Forty-two millions, nine hundred and thirty-nine thousand, two hundred and twenty-three pounds, eleven shillings, spent annually in Great Britain and Ireland for spirits, beer, and tobacco!—
JAMES R.

[The italics introduced by our correspondent in his concluding sentence, save us the necessity for commenting on the above "awful facts." Let anybody read the above, and say if our strictures from time to time (severe though they be) are anything but just. Men and beasts—what a slight partition divides the two!]

Domestic Duties "not" Disgraceful.—The elegant and accomplished Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who figured in the fashionable as well as in the literary circles of her time, has said that "the most minute details of household economy become elegant and refined when they are ennobled by sentiment." And surely, my dear sir, they are truly ennobled when we attend to them either from a sense of duty, or consideration for a parent, or love to a husband. "To furnish a room," continues this lady, "is no longer a commonplace affair, shared with upholsterers and cabinet-makers; it is decorating the place where I am to meet a friend or lover. To order dinner,

is not merely arranging a meal with my cook; it is preparing refreshments for him whom I love. These necessary occupations, viewed in this light by a person capable of strong attachments, are so many pleasures, and afford her far more delight than the games and shows which constitute the amusements of the world."—PHEBE, *Brighton*.

Death of a Distinguished Naturalist.—Mr. George Newport, F.R.S., long known to the scientific world as a distinguished naturalist, more particularly in the department of entomology, died at his residence in Cambridge Street, Hyde Park, on the 7th ult., after a comparatively-short illness. Mr. Newport was a surgeon; but in order to apply himself more fully to scientific pursuits, he had almost withdrawn from practice of late years, being enabled to do so chiefly by a small pension from Government—a pension conferred upon him for his attainments in natural science. He contributed several valuable papers to the Transactions of the Royal and Linnæan Societies; among them were papers "On the respiration and on the temperature of insects;" "On the reproduction of lost parts in insects and myriapoda;" "On the impregnation of the ovum in amphibia;" "On the natural history and development of the oil-beetle;" "On the formation and use of the air-sacs in insects;" "On the vapor expelled from bee-hives;" and "On the generation of the aphides." He was the author of the article "Insecta" in the "Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology." He was a fellow of the Royal and the Linnæan Societies, as well as of many other similar societies on the Continent and in America. He had been more than once elected president of the Entomological Society, in the originating and advancing of which he took a lively interest. Mr. Newport was not less estimable as a member of society, than he was eminent as a man of science.—G. W.

Beetles.—I have had a beetle given me, which I am told is a *Golden Ground Beetle*; but I am unable myself to decide the question. Will you please give me the distinguishing features of this insect, whereby I shall be able to satisfy myself? It is a beautiful creature, and I feel anxious to know its value.—E. R., *Hampstead*.

[We find the "Golden Ground Beetle" thus described in "Harrison's Cabinet of Entomology," No. 2. By comparing the particulars with the marks on your beetle, you will easily be able to come to a conclusion:—"Golden Ground Beetle (*Carabus auratus*). Head, thorax, and elytra, green, glossed with gold; head lightly punctulated, with a longitudinal impression near each eye; thorax, subcordate, transversely wrinkled, an oblong impression on each side towards the posterior angles, which are somewhat deflexed; elytra, oblongovate; convex margin, with a coppery tinge, rather rough, and, approaching the apex, sinuous; each elytron with a triple series of rows of smooth elevated ribs, the interstices finely granulated; the legs, tarsi, four basal joints of antennæ, and organs of mouth, of a brownish red color; under parts of body, bluish black. Of this highly beautiful insect, but few individuals have been taken in this country. In France,

it is comparatively common, and known by the name of 'Le Jardinier.' Latreille observes, that it is a most destructive enemy to the cockchafer, attacking and killing the females at the moment of oviposition, thereby preventing the birth of thousands of young. Captured near Exmouth, Dover, Southampton, and Canterbury."]

Lily of the Valley.—Everybody is in love with this pet of the flowers, and it ought to be generally known that it may be successfully cultivated in pots for forcing, year after year. It must have kind treatment; but to have it in flower in the greenhouse or conservatory from the month of January until its usual time of flowering in the open air, well repays the little attention it requires. This may be effected by attending to the following system of management:—The roots should be taken up for potting as soon as the leaves have decayed, in order to allow time for the formation of roots previously to starting them into growth. The middle of December is a good time to begin forcing this Lily; and a succession of flowers may be kept up by taking a few pots into the forcing pit every three or four weeks, as they remain a long time in perfection. When the plants have done flowering, they should be removed from the greenhouse to a cold pit or frame, where they can have plenty of light and air; and as soon as they have completed their growth, they should be set on a partially-shaded border, protected from cutting winds. They may remain there until the end of October or beginning of November, when they should again be placed in the cold pit until they are required for forcing. When the plants are taken into the forcing pit, they should be plunged in a mild bottom heat; and entirely covered with loose leaves, to exclude light until the roots shall have become active; after which they should be fully exposed to light, and given plenty of air. Plants treated in this way will not require to be re-potted until the second season after they have been removed from the ground. And when it is necessary to do so, the soil should be carefully shaken from the roots, and the plants re-potted into pots of the same size as those they came out of; or larger, as may be found requisite. Five-inch pots will be found to be a very convenient size in which to grow the Lily of the Valley; and the soil most suited to its wants is composed of turfy loam, leaf-mould, and sand.—G.F.

The Spider-catching Fly of Van Diemen's Land.—This insect is about the size and figure of a wasp, but in color resembling the domestic fly. Its habits are very singular. The spiders it captures with so much daring, are not intended for food for itself, but for its future progeny. The fly in the height of the summer season may be seen very busy on the moist banks of the river, collecting mud to form cells, which it constructs with great expedition. These cells are made to contain three or four spiders, most of them half as large as itself, which are closely packed, and immediately covered over, the cover of the first being the basis of the second; and so on, in succession. It takes advantage of any chink in the wall, or niche in the angles of the doors or windows, for its building purposes. I have not ascertained, says a resident naturalist, if the fly

hunts singly or in couples; but one, at least, found its way upstairs, or through the window of a bedroom, and constructed, before it was observed, a number of its clay cells on the chintz bed-curtain. When discovered and the cells brushed down, the spiders covered the bottom of a dessert plate, and presented a beautiful appearance, being of all colors; some as if richly enamelled, and quite perfect, and as fresh as if alive. This was the work of two or three days only. The spiders were all of the geometrical class, and were killed as soon as seized. On another occasion I found an Italian iron filled up by them, as also an iron saucepan-handle; and a dress that had been suspended on a nail for a few days, had a large patch of their nests upon it. So soon as the cavity is filled up with fine plump spiders, an egg is deposited therein; and when duly hatched the grub has a sumptuous feast prepared for it.—MIMOSA.

Chrysomela Tenebroides.—Within the last ten days, my daughter captured and brought up to me a pair of *Chrysomela tenebroides*. I have carefully examined that excellent work, "A Manual of British Coleoptera," by J. F. Stephens, Esq., as well as that beautiful volume of "British Coleoptera, delineated by W. E. Shuckard, Esq.," and also several other works on British Coleoptera. In not one of them do I find any notice of this fine beetle! I scarcely need tell you that I possess several European specimens, and that I know what *Chrysomela tenebroides* is. T. Marsham, in his "Entomologia Britannica" (published upwards of fifty years ago) has accurately described it. My object in requesting insertion of this little notice, is to ascertain, through the medium of any of your entomological contributors, if this insect is no longer considered British—and, if possible, "why" it is no longer considered so? Being very much interested in everything relating to entomology, I naturally feel very curious on the subject, the more particularly as no doubt exists about the two I have just become possessed of being *Chrysomela tenebroides*.—BOMBIX ATLAS, Tottenham, April 19.

Bark-bound Trees.—Some over-wise people, says a writer in the *Gardeners' Journal*, have an idea that when a tree gets mossy and bark-bound—the latter another term for the want of growth and weakness, consequent upon neglected cultivation—it is only necessary to slit the bark up and down the stem with a jack-knife, and it will at once spread out and grow! This is sheer nonsense. Dig about and cultivate the roots (and the bark will take care of itself), with a scraping off the moss, and a washing of the stem with ley or soap-suds, or chamber slops, which last is quite as good. The increased flow of the sap, induced by a liberal feeding of the roots, will do its own bursting of the "hidebound" bark which is simply its enfeebled condition as a consequence of its poverty of root. No one thinks of turning out a bony, half-starved calf in the spring, into the clover-field, with the skin on its sides all split through with a knife in order to add to its growth. But this last proposition is quite as sensible and philosophical as the other. Nature takes care of herself in these particulars. Sap in

plants, is what the blood is to animals. Its vigorous flow reaches every part of its composition, and gives to each its proper play and function. We can show frequent instances of a decrepid, shrivelled branch, (by the throwing open and manuring of the roots, and a thorough pruning of the whole top) increasing from an inch to two inches in diameter in a single season; and without assistance it grew, bursting and throwing off its old contracted bark as freely as the growth of a vigorous asparagus-shoot will develop itself during a warm shower in May. Such nostrums are only the invention of the head to the laziness of the hands.—There is much good sense in the above, and it should be widely diffused; I therefore send it to OUR OWN JOURNAL.—J. G., *Hounslow*.

Tree Labels.—I am of opinion that nothing equals thin sheet-lead for this purpose. It is very pliable and durable. The letters should be stamped on it; and the labels soldered to small iron stakes, or nailed to the wall, as the case may be. I have seen labels of this kind which had been in use for 60 years. To all appearance they were as good as they were the day they were made. Putty paper, or wood, are more fit for the boudoir than to stand the test of the seasons. They want renewing every 5 or 10 years; but this is not the case with the lead, which is very lasting.—W. BROWN, *Merevale*.

English Churches and English Women.—I am often struck with the "power of memory" shown by ladies who go to church regularly on Sundays and week days. Is it not, indeed, something superhuman which enables a woman after she has passed an hour and a half in church, without ever lifting her eyes off her prayer-book, or letting them wander from the preacher, to describe to you the toilette of every lady in church, without omitting the smallest details? She will not forget either their gloves or the collars; she will never give to one lady the lace or ornaments of another. Not only does this require great perfection in the powers of memory, but a singular and phenomenal development of the sight; for ladies who sit on her right or on her left hand, or behind her, will not be omitted, any more than those who sit before her. She will have seen them all, she will have remarked all the details of their attire—even those which are the most insignificant in appearance, without having been once caught turning her head, and without having exhibited a sign of being engaged with anything but—her prayers.—ALPHONSE KARR.

[O, fie! Alphonse Karr, you are a rash man thus boldly to express your sentiments in the face of day. We nev-er!]

Wild Men of the Himalayas.—A race of wild men called "Harrum-mo," are said to inhabit the head of the valley, living in the woods of a district called Mund-po, beyond Bah; they shun habitations, speak an unintelligible tongue, have more hair on the face than Lepchas, and do not plait that of their heads, but wear it in a knot; they use the bow and arrow, and eat snakes and vermin, which the Lepchas will not touch.—DR. HOOKER.

Curious Calculation to illustrate Population.—If all the people of Great Britain says CHESHIRE, in his "Results of the Census," had to pass through London in procession, *four* abreast, and every facility were afforded for their free and uninterrupted passage during twelve hours daily, Sundays excepted, it would take nearly three *months* for the whole population of Great Britain to file through, at *quick* march, *four* deep. To count them singly, at the rate of one a second, would take a year and a half; assuming that the same number of hours daily were occupied, and that Sundays also were excepted.—JANE W.

A Remarkably-pleasant Climate.—The following is the Calendar of a Siberian or Lapland year:—

June 23.—Snow melts.

July 1.—Snow gone.

9.—Fields quite green.

17.—Plants at full growth.

25.—Plants in flower.

Aug. 2.—Fruits ripe.

10.—Plants shed their seed.

18.—Snow,—continuing to June 23!

—QUIZ.

The Cowfish.—The Cowfish, a species of *Manatus*, inhabits the Amazon, and is particularly abundant in the lakes in this part of the river. I saw a female, about six feet long, and near five in circumference in the thickest part. The body is perfectly smooth, and without any projections or inequalities; gradually changing into a horizontal semicircular flat tail, with no appearance whatever of hind limbs. There is no distinct neck; the head is not very large, and is terminated by a large mouth and fleshy lips, somewhat resembling those of a cow. There are stiff bristles on the lips, and a few distantly scattered hairs over the body. Behind the head are two oval fins, and just beneath them are the breasts, from which, on pressure being applied, flows a stream of beautiful white milk. The ears are minute holes, and the eyes very small. The color is a dusky lead, with some large pinkish-white marbled blotches on the belly. The skin is about an inch thick on the back, and a quarter of an inch on the belly. Beneath the skin, is a layer of fat of a greater or less thickness; generally about an inch, which is boiled down to make an oil used for light and for cooking. The intestines are very voluminous, the heart about the size of a sheep's, and the lungs about two feet long, and six or seven inches wide, very cellular and spongy, and can be blown out like a bladder. The skull is large and solid, with no front teeth; the vertebræ extend to the very tip of the tail, but show no rudiments of posterior limbs; the fore limbs, on the contrary, are very lightly developed, the bones exactly corresponding to those of the human arm; having even the five fingers, with every joint distinct, yet enclosed in a stiff inflexible skin, where not a joint can have any motion. The cow-fish feeds on grass at the borders of the rivers and lakes, and swims quickly with the tail and paddles; and though the external organs of sight and hearing are so imperfect, these senses are said by the hunters to be remarkably acute, and to render necessary all their caution and skill to capture the animals. They bring forth one, or rarely two, young ones, which they clasp in their

arms or paddles while giving suck. They are harpooned, or caught in a strong net, at the narrow entrance of a lake or stream, and are killed by driving a wooden plug with a mallet up their nostrils. Each yields from five to twenty-five gallons of oil. The flesh is very good, being something between beef and pork; and this one furnished us with several meals, and was an agreeable change from our fish diet.—R. WALLACE.

Necessity of Rest for the Eyes.—Endeavor always, if it can be accomplished, to give the eyes rest for a while after eating; especially if your occupation obliges you to sit. The bad effects of an opposite line of conduct may be daily seen in the red faces, livid lips, and bloodshot eyes, of those who either think intensely, or strain the sight soon after meals. After all employments that tend to inflame the passions—as pleading, teaching, lecturing, debating, &c., rest to the sight is absolutely essential to its preservation in old age; for the blood being more heated than usual, and flowing to the head in excess, unfits the eyes for exertion; and will, if persevered in, produce the most painful consequences.—A FRIEND.

[We imagine *this* is intended as "a hint" for us. Thanks, many; kind "Friend!"]

A Cure for Whitlow.—Let the suffering part be moistened with water, and then touched with nitrate of silver, till the spot begins to be discolored. Then let it be simply covered with lint, and bandaged. If the complaint be of recent date probably on the following day all pains will cease; and, on the third, the cure is effected. If of longer duration, the skin will be more thickened; and, after acting on it with the caustic, it must be removed with the scissors or knife, in order to give free exit to the collected matter underneath. If swelling or redness are still present, the application of the lunar caustic should be repeated till the tumor disappears, and the spot becomes free from pain. If whitlow happens on callous parts of the hand, it will be better to remove thin layers of the callous skin with the knife before the caustic is used. Warm fomentations of linseed are likewise useful in such cases.—ROSA B.

The Water Lily.—It is a marvel whence this perfect flower derives its loveliness and perfume; springing as it does from the black mud over which the river sleeps, and where lurk the slimy eel and speckled frog, and the mud turtle, whom continual washing cannot cleanse. It is the very same black mud out of which the yellow lily sucks its obscene life and noisome odor! Thus we see, too, in the world, that some persons assimilate only what is ugly and evil from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautiful results—the fragrance of celestial flowers—to the daily life of others.—MARGARET FULLER.

Tameness of the Robin.—In April, 1852, a pair of robins entered my drawing-room, through the open window. From their movements, we guessed they were selecting some convenient site in which to form a nest. They examined everything very carefully, and reconnoitred every corner of the

room. Two large vases on the mantelpiece were specially surveyed; but they were not liked. At last, they selected the corner of the gilt cornice, surmounting the window curtains. Here, in a short time, they began to build; bringing in twigs, dried leaves, and other articles necessary for the construction of their nest. In three or four days, the habitation was completed; and, in due time, four very pretty eggs were deposited therein, carefully sat upon, and all hatched. Thirteen days afterwards, the four young ones, being fully fledged, with their parents, took their departure in my presence. During the whole period above-mentioned, the birds came in and out as if the room were their own, nothing daunted by the presence of the owners or their friends. The hen bird always came in at night, the male most commonly remaining in the garden without. Candles and music caused her no disturbance. Her mate in his repeated visits would hop about the floor, and readily accept crumbs thrown to him, on the rug, by the mistress of the house. The hen bird chiefly sat; while the male brought in to her, worms, and grubs, and other articles of food, singing a little song announcing his arrival. He would sometimes remain motionless upon the teapoy for a few minutes; then she would come down from the nest, receive the wriggling worm or writhing grub from his mouth, and dismiss him in search of more. On the day when the young ones were hatched, noted down as on the eighth of May, both birds alighted on the head of the mistress of the house, on her going to the window, as if to communicate the joyous tidings of the birth of their progeny. They afforded, as will be readily imagined, much interest to all our household, as well as to our friends and neighbors; some of whom, having heard of our winged guests, would ask leave to realise the tale by ocular demonstration. The only disappointment felt was, that, in taking their departure, neither the parents nor the young ones made any acknowledgment for the secure and hospitable home afforded them—not without some inconvenience, for the window had to be kept open through the day during their occupation of the principal room of the house.—G. SPENCE, *Lee, Kent.*

[We have not given insertion to the anecdote kindly forwarded with the above, copied from the *Dumfries Courier*. We never allow any anecdotes of animals furnished to *that* paper, to appear in ours. We require "facts." Fun is all very well in its way, but a man may be *too* waggish. More fabrications are already in circulation; and they will increase with the summer heat. Gooseberries and cauliflowers are even now of gigantic size; and the annual colossal "cabbage" is fast growing!]

Cocoa-Nut Matting.—This serviceable commodity, which forms a striking feature in the manufactures of this country, is the production of the cocoa palm, a tree which thrives luxuriantly in the latitudes of the tropics. There are five distinct varieties of palms to be met with in the torrid zone, viz., the cocoa palm, the fan ditto, the date ditto, the sago ditto, and the beetle-nut palm. The first produces the cocoa-nut of commerce, the juice of which, in a premature stage of fruition, is denominated cocoa-nut milk. This latter

proves a cooling and very agreeable drink in those sultry climates, wherein the traveller, continually exposed to the exhausting effects of arid sands and parching winds, becomes irresistibly impatient of thirst. In the East Indian Archipelago, where the cocoa palm grows to an almost unlimited extent, and where the fruit obtains to an unusually large size, the native inhabitants scattered throughout its seas, avail themselves of the best means of converting the above nut into divers useful purposes. They abscind the nuts from the trees (and even this latter feat is performed in a somewhat scientific manner). The stem of the cocoa palm runs from 40 to 80 feet in height, being nude and branchless throughout, but tufted at the top with a group of long, gracefully drooping, and striated leaves, of a dark green hue, at the bases of which are enclustered the nuts. The bark of the tree is furnished with a succession of annular indentations or rings, by which means it is comparatively easily ascended. The climber ties a strong cord to his feet, by attaching the extremities of the string to each of his great toes, admitting of a foot or rather more of the cord to intervene between them; equipped at the same time with an instrument resembling a woodman's bill-hook, which he sustains in a girdle embracing his waist. By manœuvring the cord with his feet, he contrives to insinuate it into the grooves or furrows, progressively raising himself up by the joint operations of his hands and feet, until he arrives at the lowest branch of the tree, on which he takes the precaution to maintain a firm seat. He then chops off as many of the nuts as he may require for his use, which he suffers to fall below. On descending he collects them together, and after abstracting the nuts from the husks, he introduces the latter into water-pits, dug adjacent to the sea-shore, where they are exposed to solar heat for the space of a week or ten days. As soon as the fibrous matter is sufficiently macerated, the threads are carefully picked and separated from the refuse. The same is afterwards dried in the sun, and hence proceeds a strong textile, tawny hemp, called by the natives of India, *kiar*, which, when twisted, is stranded into ships' hawsers, ropes door-mats, and other useful purposes. This material is used very generally throughout the country, and has of recent years found its way into our English markets, where it has met with a large share of encouragement.—A. W.

Spirit Rapping; Another Victim.—How many hundred people have gone mad, from following this last silly delusion, we know not; but Mrs. Crowe (author of the "Night Side of Nature," and alluded to in our opening article) is the last recorded victim. She was told by a Medium, that if she walked out at night, in the public streets, in a suit of primitive nankeen, she need not fear being seen,—for she would become "invisible!" She *did* walk out in natural array; but she was *not* rendered invisible. The strange sight collected a huge mob. * * * The Editor of the *Zoist* tells us, she is now in a madhouse.—W. K.

English Women and English Landscapes.—Thomas Miller is quite one of your sort, my dear sir. His pictures of women are of his own mental

creation, like yours, I fear. Our modern women can hardly, I imagine, be called specimens of our "fairest flowers!" If so, Flora would indeed hide her lovely head for ever. Well; it is delightful to "create" a fancy, and then worship it. So let us take a peep at the basket-maker's vision: There wants but an English lady to give perfection to the landscape; for unless she is there to adorn it, it seems like the Garden of Eden without Eve, for she is the "fairest flower." Beautiful she looks, whether breaking the green of the scenery in a dress of spotless white, or of shot-silk, in which are blended all the indescribable tints of the dove's neck: in whatever color it may be, she gives a charm to the scenery, and from her presence the landscape gathers a new beauty. It was a dream of the old poets that flowers arose from the remains of beautiful women; that she lived again in the bells and blossoms which almost overpower us by their imposing sweetness; that although she knows it not, her love for flowers arises through her being akin to the spirits from whence they spring. Men have not truly the taste for arranging flowers that women have. What chasteness a lady displays in arranging the commonest wildflowers, making the hedge-rose harmonise with the woodbine, and throwing a soft sunlight over both by the graceful sprays of the golden-broom, which hang like pendants above the rosy pearl of the centuary, or the pale pink of the perfumed convolvulus, the latter of which must not to be sought for until Summer has advanced; then it will be found at the foot of corn, or nestling among the clover. What a change of light and burst of beauty breaks over the face of a lady when she sees some new flower! She herself seems to change while admiring it—to "become a bud again," as she catches up and gives back the hue of the flower, as a rose reflects the crimson sunset that falls on its fragrant petals; or when she holds up the queen of flowers to inhale its sweetness, as it rests upon her lips, one can scarcely distinguish the rose from the lip, or the rosy and pouting lip from the swelling sweetness of the rose. Pity! that, like it, she should die when she attains perfection, and that earth should lose its only angels.—A DREAMER.

[Our correspondent dreams pleasantly, and sets us dreaming also. We entirely agree with him in sentiment: yet do we know some few English women *worthy* of the richest English landscapes. We wish we could honestly accord the honor to more of the sex; but alas! they put it of our power.]

Introduction of Silkworms from Assam into Malta and Italy.—Col. Sir William Reid, Governor of Malta, has forwarded to the Society of Arts, through the Colonial-Office, a communication in which he states that, after many failures, through the very laudable and persevering efforts of Mr. Piddington, of Calcutta, with the aid of the directors of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Packet Company, he has received some sound eggs of the Indian silkworm—the *Bombyx Cynthia*—called by the natives of Assam *Eria*, and which feeds on the leaves of the castor-oil plant. Of the eggs received, about five hundred have hatched; and the worms, after having undergone two mutations, still appear to be in a very healthy state,

feeding only on the castor-oil plant. Mr. Piddington had, for some time previous to Sir William Reid's arrival in Malta, been striving to convey this silkworm to the Agricultural Society of Turin, as they wish to introduce it into Italy; it will be his first duty, if he succeeds, to send it there.—W.

Man's Contempt for Nature.—I rejoice, my dear Sir, to see you so constantly inveighing against mankind for the apathy they show for all that is good, amiable, and natural. I have just been reading a book, called "Friends in Council," and in it I find the following, which please register at once in the columns of OUR OWN:—At present many a man who is versed in Greek metre, and afterwards full of law reports, is *childishly ignorant of nature*. Let him walk with an intelligent child for a morning, and the child will ask him a hundred questions about sun, moon, stars, plants, birds, building, farming, and the like, to which he can give very sorry answers, if any; or, at the best, he has but a second hand acquaintance with nature. Man's conceits are his main knowledge. Whereas, if he had any pursuit connected with nature, all nature is in harmony with it, is brought into his presence by it; and it affords at once cultivation and recreation.—These remarks are very pitiful, and the force of them appeals to us daily, even amongst our own acquaintance. The world owe you, "Forestiera," "Honeysuckle," "Puss," "Bombyx Atlas,"—indeed all your interesting, kind-hearted correspondents, obligations they never can repay. They may not be aware of it. More's the pity! It is really distressing to note what ill-use people make of the time, the very short time allotted them in this world. In that which is most beautiful, they take no delight. Flowers, birds, trees, blossoms, fresh air, and country pleasures—these are ignoble in their sight—fit only for "vulgar people," who can find nothing better to amuse them. Oh, my dear Sir, how one does regret to see so much apathy and ignorance; especially at this season, when all nature is clothed in her loveliest of lovely robes! I enjoy so much all you say about this; and can enter with the sweetest feelings of sympathy into the many aspirations (in praise of all that is good and lovely) that are breathed in the genial pages of OUR JOURNAL, by all who know its value! I should send you many of my observations; but really you so abound in amiable correspondents, that I am reluctant to put myself forward. I read, listen, feel, admire, sympathise, and delight in all that is said—preferring this to being a constant speaker myself.—LILY OF THE VALLEY.

[We rarely venture to differ in sentiment with any of our choice correspondents; but really, fair Maid of Kent, you must not talk in this strain. We cannot afford to let you off thus easily. Your heart and your pen *must* become public property; therefore, if you please, send us "something"—anything from you will be most truly welcome—every month. In a cause like ours, you are a host.]

Cultivation of the Willow.—There are many species of willow. Linnaeus enumerates thirty. Some of these attain the size of timber trees; but by far the greater portion of them are small shrubs,

and only fit to cultivate in osier grounds. They are naturally found in damp situations, by the side of rivers, lakes, and brooks; and in such places are successfully and profitably cultivated—as no other tree, the alder excepted, would grow in such situations. One species of this tree (the Huntingdon willow) will, however, prosper in situations perfectly dry, and even elevated, and attains the size of a lofty tree. Though the wood of the willow is weak and light, yet it has the property of sharpening knives equal to a whetstone. The flowers of several sorts have agreeable scents, particularly the Persian willow, from which may be distilled a water delightfully fragrant. There is a species of willow in Germany, from which the natives extract a kind of cotton, which they make into waddings, and many other things. Willows have some claim as ornamental trees; and when grown old, there is something very striking in their hoary and reverend appearance.

No tree in all the grove but hath its charms,
Though each its hue peculiar; paler some,
And of a wannish grey—the willow such.

The most beautiful weeping willows ever known in England, were the two in Pope's gardens at Twickenham; they were remarkable for their bulk, and the extent of their branches, spreading so as to form two large groves. At Lichfield, in Staffordshire, where Dr. Johnson was born, near to the cathedral, may still be seen a very large weeping willow, planted by that celebrated writer in his youth. Willows of the osier kind (which are considered the most profitable for cultivation) are all propagated by cuttings, which root freely; and plantations of them may be formed in the following manner:—They are generally planted by being pushed into the ground by the hand, which must be well defended by a piece of strong leather; but sometimes, in pushing in the cutting, the bark is pressed off. In order to prevent this, it is better to use a common dibble shod with iron, and have them planted by it like ordinary planting in the nursery. Where the ground is anywhere hard, or where there is danger in pushing off the bark, they should be planted so as to leave five or six inches above ground, that, when it may become necessary, the top of the stools may be cut off in order to renovate them. This may be in, ten or twelve years after planting; and the practice will be found of considerable advantage. It is a matter of indifference whether the cuttings be planted in a sloping or in a perpendicular position.—WILLIAM R.

Damp fatal to Bees.—A few golden rules must be observed to secure success in bee keeping; one is, that damp is one of the greatest enemies of bees. A damp floor-board ought to be removed immediately, and replaced by a dry one, to which a light hive ought to be tied down. When bees lie on the floor-board 24 hours, they must be dead, and should be removed; and if the bottom of the combs is very moist and mouldy, I would advise turning up the hive in a warm, sheltered place, and with a very sharp knife cutting off the mouldy part; employing that right hand of the practical apiarian, a puff of tobacco-smoke, among the combs. Feed, if possible, at the top; it will raise the spirits of the workers, and stimulate the queen, if she is safe; if she is not, the life of the

hive is gone, and its days are numbered. The numerous complaints of the loss of lives during the last unfavorable season, seem to indicate a misapprehension of the physiology and habits of the bee, leading to the idea that bees are torpid during winter; whereas, they consume food, and maintain a temperature of about 80°. To insure their safety, I weigh my hives in September; if they have more food than sufficient to carry them through the winter, they are welcome to it,—they have worked for it, and it is their share of the partnership; if they are too light, as I do not expect profit without outlay, I supply food as rapidly as possible. The quantity necessary for winter store, varies greatly in different localities, even of England. In Kent, 10lbs. are considered sufficient; in Northumberland, they are not safe with less than 20lbs. This is the plan I adopt, and I never lose a hive nor feed during winter; but should I find a hive light in February, I would pour a pound or two of syrup into the side combs.—C. H.

Spring:—

AND NOW COMES buoyant SPRING,—
A beauteous Virgin with wide-streaming locks,
And bosom crowned with flowers. Her head
With wreath of rosy buds adorned. Her wrists
And ankles with the fragrant woodbine twined,
In either hand a scent-exhaling nosegay,
Whilst all around the feathered tenants of the
grove
Do pipe and sing for very joy. All nature
Glow with gladness, and exults with varied voice,
Raising a hymn of praise to Him who made
And doth sustain this earthly paradise!

Glasgow, April 5th.

TREFOIL.

The Climate of Russia.—In Russia, one is perpetually reminded of two things—the absence of the sun, and the presence of power. Both are equally important, alike in their social and external effects; perhaps the last is the necessary consequence of the first. A very simple reason makes, and ever must make, the Russians desirous above all things of escaping out of their own country: it is the severity of its climate. Those who live in a country where the snow covers the ground for eight months in the year, and the long nights of winter are illuminated by the cold light of the aurora borealis, long with inexpressible ardor for the genial warmth and sunny hills of the south, where the skies are ever blue, the sun ever shines, and nature teems with the luxuriance of tropical vegetation. The shores of the Bosphorus, the Golden Horn, the dome of St. Sophia, are not only the secret dream of ambition to every Russian, but the undoubted object of their expedition. “I do not wish for Constantinople,” said Nicholas; “my empire is already too large; but I know that I, or my successors, must have it: you might as well arrest a stream in its descent from a mountain, as the Russians in their advance to the Hellespont.” The habits which necessity has given to them permanently fit, and ever must fit them for foreign conquest. Their life is a continual conflict with the severity of nature; actual warfare, as to the Roman soldiers, is felt chiefly as a relaxation from the rude but invigo-

rating discipline of peace. What are the hardships of a campaign to men who never knew the luxury of beds; whose food is black bread and water; who sleep ever on the hard bench or cold ground, and know no pleasure save the simple ones of nature, and the exciting ones of conquest? When the north ceases to communicate vigor to the frame, hardihood to the habits, and ambition to the soul, Russia will cease to be a conquering country; but not till then.—ALISON.

An Insect Thief.—On my return home, after an absence of six weeks, I attempted in vain to introduce a key into the lock of the table-drawer in my study, in order to open it. Finding there was an obstruction, I introduced a sharp pick, and, to my astonishment, drew out a number of small gravel stones, and lumps of dirt, more than sufficient to fill a tea-spoon. At first it was supposed that these had been intentionally pushed in by some one mischievously disposed; and it was not till a carpenter had come and forced the drawer open, and taken the lock off (which was necessary, in order thoroughly to clean it), that the real cause of the annoyance became apparent. It was then discovered that some insect had entered by the keyhole, on different occasions, during the time; as was supposed, of the window of the room being open, and constructed its nest within the wards of the lock; a considerable portion of the nest being still entire, and in it a solitary larva, to all appearance nearly full grown. Not more than one larva was observable; if there was a second, it must have been so small as to escape notice; neither was there any store of food found with it; but probably this, whatever it may have been originally, had already been devoured. Since writing the above, Professor Henslow has sent me the particulars of a very similar case, that occurred not long since in his parish of Hitcham, in Suffolk. He says: “The padlock upon the door of our village coal-house was brought to me, in consequence of the key having been broken in an effort to overcome the resistance opposed by some sand, which it was believed at the time had been inserted by a mischievous boy. Upon opening the padlock, it was found the obstruction had been occasioned by a hymenopterous insect, apparently some species of a bee, having selected this retreat for the construction of its nest. The sand was intermixed with a large quantity of pollen, which the bee had laid up in store.”—L. JENYNS.

The Artificial Propagation of Salmon.—As several reports have been circulated in the newspapers, says the “Manchester Guardian,” to the effect that the attempt to propagate salmon by artificial means in Ireland and elsewhere had extensively failed, we think it right to state that we have obtained some information from the very best sources, which convinces us that these reports are wholly unfounded. On the contrary, we are glad to say the success attending the first attempt at propagation on an extensive scale, in this country, has surpassed our most sanguine expectations. It is reported from Perth, where about 350,000 ova are nearly hatched, that everything has progressed most satisfactorily: the whole of the ova, with a trifling exception, seem to be in a lively state. The only difficulty appears

to be, that of providing sufficient ponds for such a multitude of fishes when they are able to swim, as the feeding ponds already provided will not contain a tenth of them; and such is the number, there appears no other way, after having hatched and protected them for 20 weeks, but that of committing them to the river to take their chance. At Galway, about 260,000 ova are in a similarly prosperous condition. Propagation on a smaller scale has also been carried in effect on the Rivers Tweed, Loughard, the Foyle, the Bush, the Blackwater, the Moy, the Dee, near Chester, and other places. By the use of spring water, which is several degrees warmer in the winter season than river water, the spawn has been entirely protected from injury by frost during the past severe winter; and of 2,500 eggs which were sent from Galway to Basle, a distance of nearly 1,000 miles, M. Lex states that a considerable portion are good, and in a state likely to live.—R. T.

Early Rising.—Anything, my dear Sir, that can assist in rousing people from their beds, whilst “the dew is on the grass,” will I know find favor with you. Let us then listen to the voice of the thrush, now so sweetly eloquent:—

A throstle sung to his lady love,—
“The morning sun is rising:
Arise, for flowers around us, love,
The dewdrops are baptising.

The rosy blush of summer's morn
In gentle softness stealing,
Just shows me now the old hawthorn
Thy fairy form concealing.

Get up! get up! the flowers so fair
So fragrantly are flinging,
Their incense on the morning air,
Beneath where I am singing.

Oh! come, my love, make haste, I pray,
Ere this fair scene has faded;
This lovely morn may bring a day
Dark, dreary, and o'ershaded.

Then, dearest, give this hour to love:
The gentle god is stealing
From every woodland, tree, and grove,
Some tale of tender feeling.

My heart beats high in rhapsody—
I hear thee now replying—
Thy voice is making melody,
And mine is lost in sighing.”—J. E. T.

Magnitude of the Planet “Saturn.”—Of all the planets, either of this or the terrestrial group, that which presents to the astronomical observer the most astonishing spectacle is Saturn—a stupendous globe—nearly 900 times greater in volume than the earth, surrounded by two, at least, and probably by several, thin flat rings of solid matter, outside which revolve a group of eight moons; this entire system moving with a common motion, so exactly maintained that no one part falls upon, overtakes, or is overtaken by another in their course around the sun. Such is the Saturnian system, the centre body of which was known as a planet to the ancients, the annular

appendages and satellites being the discovery of modern times. The distance of Saturn from the sun is so enormous, Dr. Lardner tells us, that if the whole earth's orbit, measuring nearly 200,000,000 of miles in diameter, were filled with a sun, that sun, seen from Saturn, would be only about 24 times greater in its apparent diameter than is the actual sun seen from the earth. A cannon ball, moving at 500 miles an hour, would take 91,000 years; and a railway train, moving 50 miles an hour, would take 910,000 years to move from Saturn to the sun. Light, which moves at the rate of nearly 200,000 miles per second, takes five days eighteen hours and two minutes to move over the same distance. Yet to this distance, solar gravitation transmits its mandates; and is obeyed with the utmost promptitude and the most unerring precision. Taking the diameter of Saturn's orbit at 1,800,000,000 of miles, its circumference is 5,650,000,000 of miles, over which it moves in 10,759 days. Its daily motion is therefore 525,140 miles, and its hourly motion is 21,880 miles. All this seems beyond human comprehension!—Puss.

Climbing Plants of South America.—The climbers of the South American forests are particularly remarkable; as much for the beauty of their foliage as for their flowers. Often two or three climb over one tree or shrub, mingling in the most perplexing though elegant confusion, so that it is a matter of much difficulty to decide to which plant the different blossoms belong; and should they be high up, it is impossible. A delicate white and a fine yellow convolvulus were now plentiful. The purple and yellow trumpet flowers were still amongst the most showy; and some noble thick-leaved climbers mounted to the tops of trees, and sent aloft bright spikes of scarlet flowers. Among the plants not in flower, the twin-leaved bauhinias of various forms were most frequently noticed. The species are very numerous. Some are shrubs, others delicate climbers; and one is the most extraordinary among the extraordinary climbers of the forest, its broad flattened woody stems being twisted in and out in a most singular manner, mounting to the summits of the very loftiest trees, and hanging from their branches in gigantic festoons, many hundred feet in length. A handsome pink and white clusia was now abundant, with large shining leaves, and flowers having a powerful and very fragrant odor. It grows not only as a good-sized tree out of the ground, but is also parasitical on almost every other forest-tree. Its large, round, whitish fruits are called *cebola braha* (wild onion), by the natives, and are much eaten by birds, which thus probably convey the seed into the forks of lofty trees, where it seems most readily to take root in any little decaying vegetable matter, refuse of birds, &c., that may be there; and when it arrives at such a size as to require more nourishment than it can there obtain, it sends down long shoots to the ground, which take fresh root, and grow into a new stem. At Nazaré there is a tree by the road-side, out of the fork of which grows a large mucuja palm, and on the palm are three or four young clusia trees, which no doubt have or will have orchidæ and ferns again growing upon them. A few forest-trees were also in blossom;

and it was truly a magnificent sight to behold a great tree covered with one mass of flowers, and to hear the deep distant hum of millions of insects gathered together to enjoy the honeyed feast. But all is out of reach of the curious and admiring naturalist. It is only over the outside of the great dome of verdure, exposed to the vertical rays of the sun, that flowers are produced; and on many of these trees there is not a single blossom to be found at a less height than a hundred feet. The whole glory of these forests could only be seen by sailing gently in a balloon over the undulating flowery surface above; such a treat is perhaps reserved for the traveller of a future age.—R. WALLACE.

A Woman well-dressed.—A woman well and tastefully dressed, is a picture of loveliness that we delight to gaze on. We are not often gratified in this way; for our women so ape the manners of the sterner sex, that very little good taste exists among them collectively. A few days since, chance found us walking with a sensible woman, well-dressed,—a fact worthy of record. A beautiful silk mantilla was thrown lightly over her fair shoulders; and it pleased us so very much, that we took the liberty (sanctioned *only* by our being a public man) of inquiring the name of it,—if indeed it *had* a name assigned it, as most of these articles of *vertu* have. A little harmless flattery on our part drew forth a confession. Our companion was wearing an “Imperial Flora Mantilla,” the last new fashion at the Palace, and manufactured by Messrs. Nicholson and Co., of Regent Street. There was a very beautiful group of flowers on it, in velvet; and the effect was purely chaste. Messrs. Nicholson being near neighbors of ours, we have since had a private peep at these mantillas, made of every variety of color and pattern. The latter are woven *on* the silk,—a very great advantage in every point of view; and the cost compared with their beauty is very inexpensive.—W. K.

Commemorative Trees.—In England there yet exist trees that point back to the manners of our ancestors—such as the Gospel Oaks, under whose shade our forefathers were accustomed to assemble to hear sermons; in the same manner as at a later date our markets and other crosses were the sites selected for religious instruction to the assembled crowd. It was at Paul’s Cross that one of the brightest ornaments of our church had nearly lost his life by the exposure to rain and wind, and having recovered from his illness, in the gratitude of his heart offered to do anything which his careful nurse and landlady demanded of him, in return for her unwearied attention. She said “marry my daughter,” and the divine obeyed the mandate. This anecdote is merely introduced to show, at how recent a date preaching in the open air was common in England; and as we may suppose that in country places the practice of preaching under trees might have continued long after it had been discontinued in towns, there seems every probability that those venerable remains, joying in the distinction of Gospel Oaks, and in the lusty vigor of their manhood so to speak, were the identical trees selected; thus traditionally confirming a curious phase of our history. Herne’s Oak, that

thousands as well as myself have made a pilgrimage to see, as is well-known, is not the veritable one (it is a pity to know it); but the one that was unrooted in George III.’s time in all probability was that tree of some ghostly legend in the time of our Shakspeare, and which, owing to the merry wives’ conceit, had preserved its identity almost to our own times. Nor can we forget the Mulberry planted by the bard’s own hands; and it takes a vast effort to forgive its ruthless destroyer. How much pure gratification has he deprived not Englishmen alone of, but the cultivated and refined of all nations! The circumstances alluded to are of national interest; but how many thousand commemorative trees exist that are of family notoriety only? and to such most deeply interesting. A knoll upon an estate, where I have recently been employed, is called “Bunker’s Hill;” and upon comparing the age of the Elm trees, with the date of the engagement, I find a very near approach to years and annual layers of woody accumulation. I will give one more instance of a family nature that I was connected with. A friend of mine had been married to his wife fifty years; there was a gathering of sons and daughters and grandchildren, and each one assisted to plant an Oak in such a manner that the whole should ultimately form a striking group in after years. Each of these trees were known to persons on the estate by the names of the persons who assisted to plant them. It has occurred to me, that persons having gardens might make them of deeper interest by the power of association. By way of illustration, I will relate what has occurred to myself. Some years ago, I was conversing with the late Sir William Garrow upon the delight I felt in possessing any plant that was mentioned by Virgil; he said he could add to my collection by giving me a plant of Bay that was taken from his tomb. I possess the plant yet, and it slightly differs from that in common cultivation. Napoleon Willows will become a fashion again, if the President maintains his friendly position with England; for everything relating to his uncle is with a large party in France at present in high estimation. The late poet laureate Wordsworth, the author of that noble poem, “The Excursion,” and the “Prelude,” not enough known—the author of the lyrical ballads—sent me a Laurel from Rydal Mount, which I need not say I cherish. More recently, Sir Robert Inglis, with great kindness, gave me plants brought from the Holy Land—indeed from the garden at Nazareth. I mention these as proofs of the additional interest a garden may be made to afford, and how it may be made conducive to all that is ennobling and good.—WILLIAM MASTERS, *Canterbury*.

Nature of the Atmosphere.—Air is the medium of sound. This arises from its elasticity; for, if the air were not elastic, there would be no sound. If there were no air, the earth would be as dark as night, cold as winter, and silent as the grave. By means of a musical snuff-box, this latter proposition may be readily shown; for, upon putting it under the receiver of an air-pump, the sound will gradually die away as we exhaust the vessel, and return as we readmit the air.—JOHN B.

INNOCENCE—GUILT—SUSPICION.

Against the head which INNOCENCE secures,
Insidious Malice aims her darts in vain,
Turn'd backward by the powerful breath of Heaven.

Dr. JOHNSON.

Thou need'st not answer. Thy confession speaks;
I see it redden in thy GUILTY cheeks.

BYRON.

SUSPICION ever haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

SHAKESPEARE.



STRANGE AND UNACCOUNTABLE

ARE THE THOUGHTS AND
HABITS OF LIFE WHICH RULE
THIS LOWER WORLD! In

having so often called its inhabitants "mad," we feel we have committed no offence—unless indeed we admit that "the greater the truth, the greater the libel." Then must we plead guilty.

We are not going to-day to be tedious. The lovely season and our fresh feelings of happiness, induced by its genial influences, alike forbid it. The longest sermons are not always the best, nor is the largest not usually the sweetest. The English language too is expressive, and much may be said—well said—in few words.

The correspondence we receive in connection with OUR JOURNAL is now daily becoming intensely interesting. Our ideas suggest others; and questions are being continually put to us touching certain things in which the public may be said to be deeply concerned. It gives us the most unfeigned pleasure to agitate these matters, and to discuss them temperately, kindly, and (we hope) profitably. We have but one object to gain, and that is (as will be seen by an article in another part of our JOURNAL) the establishing of a love for TRUTH. Disregarding this, as we all do, and setting up false principles of action, we come very wide of the mark at which we profess to aim.

We are entreated to offer a few remarks on the subjects indicated at the head of this paper, and to put in a plea for INNOCENCE, which, both in the pulpit and by society generally, is denied to have any existence amongst us. Bad as mankind is, surely it has not reached *this* climax. The heart has *some* soft place in it!

We confess our undisguised horror at the dogmas and superstition* which obtain in society touching the Virtues, and more par-

* It is really sad to observe the inroads made on the peace and well-being of society by what are called "religious opinions." Those who *should* be the best of friends are, by mere quibbling on words, converted into the bitterest of enemies. Sectarianism and bigotry are sad foes to piety—foul blots on the fair face of virtue. We grasp at shadows, and miss the substance; incontinently cheating ourselves of the unalloyed happiness so completely within our reach.

ticularly INNOCENCE. Our correspondents are quite just in their remarks. The world's extreme opinions upon the depravity of the human heart are repulsive. That there is much truth—alas! *too* much truth—in the fact of mankind being no better than they should be, we readily grant; but to banish the very head and chief of the blessed Virtues from amongst us, and to deny its existence, is monstrous.

We have, in our public vocation, had repeated opportunities for forming a correct opinion on this matter. Our natural disposition can be no secret now. For more than thirty years has our pen been vigorously at work for the benefit of our race. We have ever advocated kindness and benevolence, and sought unweariedly to bring about a more chaste feeling of brotherly and sisterly love amongst us. At first we were ridiculed—scorned—derided. We were deemed egotistical, and fond of pushing ourself forward in society. We bore all this manfully; bowed our shoulder to the burden, and persevered.

By-and-by—continuing the same old story, singing the same old song—we began to make some little impression upon the world. It was decided that we were enthusiastic, but *not* egotistical—desirous of mixing in the best society, but *not* fond of pushing ourself forward. This ended as we wished it to end—in our *motives* being more universally appreciated. We are now a welcome guest—proud, harmlessly proud are we to confess it—in all parts of the country. We move freely, converse freely, become "one" amongst the many families we visit, and prove that innocence *does* exist—both amongst *them*, and in our own heart.

Serious indeed is the responsibility attaching to those who preach up the innate depravity of the human heart, without qualifying their observations, and defining the true meaning of their remarks. The innocence of childhood is a favorite theme with us. For hours, days, weeks, months, could we associate with children, whose company we dearly love. Infinitely great, too, would be our pleasure to superintend their early education, and guard their expanding minds from the early contamination so little heeded by parents generally. The subject is one upon which we could discourse for ever, and find arguments irresistible for all we could say in condemnation of our modern system of education.*

* We quite agree in sentiment with the good old Isaac Barrow, in whose printed sermons we thus read:—"We may accuse our nature, but it is our pleasure; we may pretend weakness, but it is *wilfulness* which is the guilty cause of our many misdemeanors; for, by God's help, we may be as good as we please—if *we will only please to*

INNOCENCE, we repeat, is not recognised—not wanted amongst us. We are all suspected, naturally, of artfulness, and a knowledge of evil in its many ramifications, the moment we enter a private family. We may love the inmates—some of them—if we will, and delight in their society; *but* we must dissemble, and stifle all the better feelings of our common nature. To show these, and artlessly discover the sentiments of one's heart, and the love of innocent virtues, would, in the general way, procure immediate banishment. Sinister motives would be attributed to our open disposition, and cold formality would bid us at once begone!

Happy are we to have conquered, in our own person, by innocent perseverance, much of the evil against which our pen is now directed. We would be what we seem to be, and practice all that we preach. This is our offence. Heinous is it—very!

We hardly need say much on the subject of guilt—so conspicuously marked on the countenances of the many thousands who cross our path daily. Being the very opposite of innocence—inimical to all social virtues, and the enemy of all that is good both in theory and practice, we see it “burnt in” the human system. A man or woman may be fairly judged of by their physiognomy. We are quite sure of *that*. We rarely indeed fail in forming a correct judgment of those on whom our eye falls. INNOCENCE, in spite of all that is said, we *do* see now and then; and fraternise with its possessor gladly. GUILT, however, stands before us in the face of nearly every second person who passes us on the highway. Is this natural? We say *not*. Upon “somebody” then devolves a serious responsibility.

Here let us offer a few passing remarks on the lamentably degraded state of society in which we are now living. It is proposed to open the “Crystal Palace,” at Sydenham, in a few days. Among the articles of *virtu* to be exhibited in that vast arena, are a goodly number of sculptured figures, many of them of the rarest beauty and exquisite symmetry.

In viewing these, a chaste mind would take infinite delight; admiring the skill of the artist, and worshipping our Creator for having bestowed so noble a gift upon man. INNOCENCE could never be offended whilst gazing upon the natural form of humanity. It is impossible—utterly impossible.

But we are going, it seems, to travel directly out of our way to strive and *make* people immoral; to drive impure ideas into honest hearts—ideas which never would have

be good.” Here is the marrow of all divinity. Love to God, good-will to man, and a life spent in the innocent pursuit of all that is amiable.

found entrance there but for our abominably evil conceptions, and anticipations of sin. We invite Satan to enter into our dwellings; and as the right-minded BERRIDGE has well said—we hand him a chair, *entreating him to sit down in it*. The heads of our (so-called) Protestant Church have, in a word, caused every piece of chaste statuary* in the Exhibition to be deformed with unsightly fig-leaves! The plasterers have been at work day and night to make aprons for the innocent figures. We blush to record the fact; and well we may. O, England!—England! “How are the mighty fallen!”

As for suspicious people, they are for the most part “offsets” from the guilty. At all events, they have been brought up in a very bad school. Our lot has been cast among some of these gentry—not many years since. Devoted as we were to their best interests—striving daily and hourly to do them good service—yet were our untiring efforts said to proceed from interested motives, and ourself suspected of plotting some horrible (imagined) wrong! We were glad indeed to escape from such an atmosphere, and to have our eyes opened ere some plan—it *was* brewing—might have been secretly concocted for our ruin. Suspicion brings with it its own punishment, for it keeps its victims in one continued life of torment. Thankful are we to be strangers to its power. Both it and its brother guilt trouble us not.

We know other men of a suspicious temperament. They are at once a terror to themselves and to all about them. Happy they are *not*—never will be, never can be. Now in an even temper, they are pleasant and cheerful; anon they become suspicious, and, without the slightest cause for offence, quarrel with their best friends. What a life to lead!

We must trace all we have here unveiled, to the school in which people are educated. Early associations most assuredly form a person's character, either for good or evil; contact being undeniably beneficial or prejudicial. We cannot associate with the good without imbibing some of their virtues, nor keep bad company without being infected by its baneful influence. Habit either makes us or mars us.

Let us then plead hard for innocence, sincerity, disinterestedness, and purity of heart; and not side with those who place them among the “impossible” virtues. Bad the heart may be; alas! we see it is so—but if cultivated, it will assuredly put forth healthy shoots, and bear good fruit.

Innocence is the very best of fruit; for—
“He is ARMED without, who's INNOCENT within.”

* See the *Times*, May 9.

THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY,—

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

IT WOULD BE SUPERFLUOUS for us to dwell upon our predilection for all that is touching and natural. Our eye is for ever roving abroad in search of sentiments harmonising with our own; and whenever we find them, we "book" them at once.

This premised, let us register in the columns of OUR OWN, a graphic sketch by Grace Greenwood, of that noblest and very best of women—MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, whose health, all who love her will regret to hear, is on the decline.

"We left the rail," says Grace Greenwood (in her "Haps and Mishaps"), "and took an open carriage at Reading, a quaint old place, containing some venerable abbey ruins. 'Three Mile Cross,' the immortal 'Our Village' of the sketches, is some miles from this town; but the poetess does not now reside there, having removed to a simple little cottage at Swallowfield, a mile or two away.

"We drove through 'Our Village,' however, and passed her old home; and every field, and lane, and house, and shop, was familiar to my eye. The birds in the trees seemed singing her name over and over, and the wild roses in the hedges were breathing of her. I gazed down her favorite walks; half cheating myself with the hope that I should see her strolling under the green shadows, with her lovely little friend Lucy, and her beautiful greyhound Mayflower. I looked longingly over toward Aberleigh, and sighed that she who had made those lovely rural scenes the haunts of charmed fancy, and places of quiet delight and refreshment for thousands, could herself roam over them and rejoice in them no more.

"I knew quite well when we were near Miss Mitford's home, by our encountering a group of her picturesque protégés, the gipsies, who were lounging on the turf at the entrance of a lane, sunning themselves. A careless, lazy-looking set of vagabonds were they; scarcely deigning to turn their faces toward us as we passed; though one dusky damsel fired up at us with her gleaming eyes, from the ambush of her black straggling locks.

"We were pained to find Miss Mitford, who has been in a feeble state of health for some years past, suffering from an attack of illness more than usually severe. Yet she did not look ill; her fine expressive face was irradiated with pleasant smiles, and she retained her kind sympathetic manner, and cheerful, charming spirits to the full. Miss Mitford talks delightfully, with graphic description of places and persons, free dashes at character, and a rich delicious humor which you relish like a dainty flavor. She has the

joyous outgushing laugh of a child, and her kindly eyes flash from under her noble brow, and snowy soft hair, with all the vivacity of girlhood.

"No complaining could have been half so touching as her cheerful resignation when she was told that she must not go with us to drive, a pleasure to which she had been looking forward. Feeling that she had over-exerted herself in conversation, we left her for an hour or two, while we visited Strathfieldsaye, the noble country seat of the Duke of Wellington, and drove through the extensive and beautiful grounds. The park is one of the finest in England, but the house is neither grand nor picturesque. It was with real sorrow at my heart that I parted with Miss Mitford that evening. The excitement of the morning had worn off, and she looked pale and sad. I grieved to leave her with only her maid and man-servant—devoted though they be—feeling that she, whose heart was so rich in tenderest affections, should have the near love and anxious care of at least a sister or brother ever about her steps.

"My lips quivered painfully under her parting kiss, though receiving it as the benediction of one of God's angels. I never shall forget the deep melodious fervor of her 'God bless you!' bestowed on her well-beloved friend Mr. F—, nor her last smile cast on us both, as she stood in her door, looking after us as we drove away. Yet I was much comforted in my sadness by the thought, that ever, while England boasts a pure literature and a virtuous people, while her quiet country lanes stretch out their lovely vistas of greenery, while her hawthorn hedges blossom through the pleasant land, will the name of Mary Russell Mitford be cherished and revered."

We are quite charmed with these plain and simple annals of one who is so universally beloved. A child of nature like Miss Mitford, endowed with a heart full of the best feelings that man can ever know, and gifted, moreover, with rare ability to impart those feelings to others, is hardly to be met with once in a century. She will ever live in her writings; and win many hearts, let us hope, not yet in existence, to follow the pursuits in which she has so greatly delighted.

She may die happy; for her life has been spent profitably. Enjoying life herself, has been the means of her making others joyful. No good people are ever selfish. They live—not for themselves but for society.

Some may doubt this, and laugh at our sentiments; but we still stick to our text. A good man or woman have their reward *within*.

What a pity it is that "good people" are so very scarce!

DOMESTIC LAYS.—No. V.

TO A WIFE DURING ILLNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NECKLACE."*

LEAVE thee! nay, dearest, to urge it were vain;
 I've shar'd in thy pleasure, I'll share in thy pain.
 I am not weary, love. How should I be
 Weary of waiting or watching by thee?
 While others partake in those dear smiles of thine,
 To cheer thee in sickness is mine—*only* mine.
 I've lov'd thee, how fondly thine heart will avow!
 But *never* so fondly, so deeply as now.
 I've gaz'd on thy features with rapture and pride,
 When health's rosy flush to each wild pulse
 replied;
 But I reck'd not there slumber'd within my
 heart's sphere
 A chord which, awaken'd, could make thee more
 dear:
 Nor knew that love's tone, with its exquisite thrill,
 Could be made by affliction more exquisite still.
 Love nurs'd amid pleasure, like pleasure, is brief,
 But hallow'd and lasting, when cradled in grief;
 Deep feelings spring up from the dark soil of pain;
 And the flower blooms brightest 'mid tempest and
 rain.
 Together we've wept o'er the grave of our pride,
 And felt by that sorrow more closely allied;
 For not when enjoyment sat wreath'd on thy brow
 Did I love with the feeling I own for thee *now*.
 And oh! it is sweet, with my hand clasped in
 thine,
 To feel its soft pressure replying to mine;
 To mark those dear eyelids their curtains unclose,
 To read to thee waking, or watch thy repose.
 Yes, dearest!—my heart of these duties may
 boast,
 And what we've long cherished we value the most,
 We may watch with delight the wild blossoms
 appear,
 But the flower we've nurtur'd is ever *most* dear;
 We may pause 'mid the flocks of the valley or
 wold,
 But we *love* the pet lamb of "our own" little fold.
 Yes; thou art to me both the lamb and the
 flower,
 Still cherish'd more dearly for each passing hour,
 That brings me the sweetest enjoyment I prove,—
 THE WATCHING THE SLUMBERS OF HER I MOST
 LOVE.

* See vol. iii., page 243.

ASTOUNDING FACTS.

ALL WHO HAVE INQUIRING MINDS, and who can "humble" themselves to take a peep into the wonders of nature, need not venture far to make a beginning.

Some animalculæ are so small, that many thousands together are smaller than the point of a needle. Leewenhoëk says, there are more animals in the milt of a codfish than men on the whole earth; and that a single grain of sand is larger than 4,000 of these animals. Moreover, a particle of the blood of one of these animalculæ has been found by calculation, to be as much less than a globe

of 1-10th of an inch in diameter, as that globe is less than the whole earth. He states that a grain of sand, in diameter but the 100th part of an inch, will cover 125,000 of the orifices through which we perspire; and that of some animalculæ, 3,000 are not equal to a grain of sand.

Human hair varies in thickness from the 250th, to the 6,000th part of an inch. The fibre of the coarsest wool is about the 500th part of an inch in diameter, and that of the finest only the 1,500th part. The silk line, as spun by the worm, is about the 5,000th part of an inch thick; but a spider's line is perhaps six times finer, or only the 30,000th part of an inch in diameter, insomuch that a single pound of this attenuated, yet perfect substance, would be sufficient to encompass our globe. Speaking of odors, the author says, a single grain of musk has been known to perfume a room for the space of twenty years. How often, during that time, the air of the apartment must have been renewed, and have become charged with fresh odor! At the lowest computation, the musk had been subdivided into 320 quadrillions of particles, each of them capable of affecting the olfactory organs!

The diffusion of odorous effluvia may also be conceived from the fact, that a lump of assafœtida, exposed to the open air, lost only a grain in seven weeks. Again, since dogs hunt by the scent alone, the effluvia emitted from the several species of animals, and from different individuals of the same race, must be essentially distinct; and being discerned over large spaces, must be subdivided beyond our conception, or power of numbers.

The human skin is perforated by a thousand holes in the space of a square inch. If, therefore, we estimate the surface of the body of a middle-sized man to be sixteen square feet, it must contain no fewer than 2,304,000 pores. These pores are the mouths of so many excretory vessels, which perform the important functions in the animal economy of *insensible perspiration*.

Knowing this, how needful is it to practise extreme cleanliness; and how universal ought the use of the bath to be!

LIFE.

WHILST here on earth, how oft we see
 The verdant blossoms on the tree,
 Which yesterday in splendor shone,
 The morrow's light finds dead and gone!
 Then look thee round! Life's just like this:—
 To-day in boasting pride we meet,
 And taste the draughts of earthly bliss,
 So promising, so rich, and sweet;
 But ere those draughts have quench'd our thirst,
 The vital spark gives way,
 And we are slumbering in the dust,—
 Forgotten with the day!

THE BRIGHT DAYS OF SUMMER ARE
COMING.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

I HEAR the song of the happy birds
Merrily carolling over the plain,
Singing in tones far sweeter than words,
"The bright days of summer are coming again!"
Away, away to the forest glade,
Sweet summer will bring new joys for ye,
There hide yourselves in the leafy shade,
When the brilliant sun shines fervently.

I hear from my lattice the busy bee,
Sportively joining the numerous train,
And telling the flowers that sport on the lea
The bright days of summer are coming again.
Cease not from labor; yes, summer will come,
And bring with it pleasure and pastime for
thee;
Oh, still cheer the vale with thy gay, merry hum,
And join in the scenes that are happy and free.

I hear the murmuring melody
Of the rivulet pure, in its ceaseless strain;
It seems to know, and rejoice with me
That summer's bright hours are coming again.
Merrily over the mountain glide,
Murmur thy love through the flowery vale,
Summer will soon with thy wavelets hide,
And chase the light spray where the sunbeams
regale.

I hear the whispering zephyrs tell
Of the sun's bright beams on land and main;
And echo replies from the woodland dell,
"The bright days of summer are coming again."
And ye, too, shall welcome the joyous mirth,
The festive scenes, and the revelry,
And bear the rich fragrance far over the earth,
With the sweetest tones of melody.

I feel the breath of the opening rose
Cherish the thoughts that I love to retain,
The sun gaily beams on its leaves, for he knows
The bright days of summer are coming again.
Beautiful flowers, fair gems that nourish
Thoughts for the happy, joy for the gay,
Summer will visit the path where ye flourish,
And light zephyrs bear the rich fragrance
away!

EXTRAORDINARY CHINESE FEATS.*

"Wonders will never cease."

OLD PROVERB.

THERE HAS BEEN A PARTY OF CHINESE, my dear sir, recently exhibiting in Paris, a description of whose marvellous feats may be interesting to the readers of OUR OWN.

The performers are introduced in an amusing little piece, written expressly for them. A lady is supposed, through frequent contemplation of the figures on her Japan

* By an oversight, for which we beg to apologise, this paper was omitted last month. It is, however, of sufficient interest to warrant its insertion now. It will be referred to hereafter as a most curious document.—ED. K. J.

tea-box and fire-screen, to have become the victim of a feverish longing after the country which produces them. Her thoughts fly beyond the Great Wall. She hears in her dreams the jingling of the bells of the Porcelain Tower. She walks in gardens decorated with artificial rocks, where the peach-tree sheds her rosy shower, and the willow waves her gold-green tresses; where the richly-tinted blossoms of the China Aster and Tree Pæony bend over their porcelain vases. She crosses, on bamboo bridges, ponds where the water-lily spreads her mantle, and where the wings of the fishing cormorant and crested crane ripple the surface of the waters. She reposes in the pavilion of phantasy, and leans out of the trellis to get a transient glimpse of a young student, distinguished by the jade buttons which decorate his dress, and who has just triumphantly passed his examination.

Unable to satisfy this passion, which has become almost a monomania, her friends are supposed to improvise for her an ideal China, in a country villa; and it is here the interest of the piece commences.

An arm-chair is placed on a platform. The gong sounds; giving out those strange reverberations which might be taken for the hoarse voice of a bronze chimera, barking at the approach of an evil spirit. The doors open with a clash; and suddenly a dwarfish creature appears,—an enormous head soldered on to a diminutive body; of so refined and complicated a degree of ugliness, as to realise the most curiously-hideous deformity of the ugliest josses. Never did *kaolin*, kneaded by the uncertain fingers of a modeller, and half intoxicated with rice brandy and opium, twist itself into more extravagant contortions. The very nightmare of absurdity could not exceed it. This head glides along, and hoists itself into the arm-chair, much as one of the death's heads in a witches' sabbath, or in a scene of incantation, might be supposed to do. A dozen improbable-looking beings, clothed in satin, worked over with serpents and dragons, group themselves around this monster, who sits upon his heels, like O-Mi-To-Fo, the god of porcelain and earthenware.

Their motions seem regulated by springs. They perform the singular evolutions of Chinese politeness, with a deep gravity, which in its grotesqueness provokes laughter while it chills; and when they turn round, the eye naturally seeks between their shoulders for the place where the key which winds up the machinery is inserted. As for their heads, the grotesque faces formed by the knots in the wood of some canes give the nearest idea of them; while the roots of the *mandragora* and *gin-seng*,* with their

* *Panax quinquefolium*, I believe, of botanists

capricious convolutions and bifurcations, may supply a conception of the bodies.

All the reasonings of anthropology are at fault as to the aspect of these creatures. Upon their bluish-tinted crania, phrenology would find bumps hitherto undiscovered, and so prominent as to resemble the bosses on the shields of the Circassian warriors. Their eyes incline towards the temples as if drawn by a string; the cheek bones are extravagantly prominent; the profile of the nose is depressed, or flattened into a trefoil; the mouth is twisted into indescribable contortions. Their complexion is no less strange than their form. Shades of rancid butter, of tarnished ivory, of smoky varnish, of dried herrings, that belong to no known color,—and through these wrinkles, and crowsfeet, and bumps, and deviations, and angles, shines out a sort of mischievous, mocking intelligence. There is the wit of a monkey mimicking mankind, and with the most ludicrously-comical efforts keeping himself from hanging on to the branches by the tail.

The fire-screens, and the fans, and the images, and the josses, spoke truth. What we took for the amusing caprices of an art mistaken in its aim, seeking ideal ugliness—were only portraits, faithful as the daguerreotype: and only fancy—there exist three hundred millions of fantoccini of the same style, who look at each other without laughing! Singular race! at once childish and decrepid, which, before the Deluge, had discovered all the inventions of civilised Europe—the compass, gunpowder, printing, Artesian wells, gas—and which has not advanced one step from the first day! Childish serious, and gravely foolish; full of cold deprivation and petty passions; learned, yet ignorant; basting dead dogs with melted fat, and shark's fins, caterpillars, the edible swallow's-nest, with the oil of the Ricinus or castor-oil plant—lispng, like an infant in long-clothes, a monosyllabic language!

The salutations over, the assistants retire, and the performances commence. A boy about twelve years of age advances, bows to the public, and shows a broad round face, something like an apple in which one had inserted pips for eyes. His mouth resembles a slit, traced with the point of a knife. His ears stand out from his head like the handles of a jug; his lips look like locomotive carrots. Everything in this absurd figure laughs; the eye, the nose, the cheeks, the lips, the skin—all laugh. But it is a Chinese laugh, perfectly distinct from the idea we attach to the word.

It might be the laugh of a facetious pumpkin, holding its sides at the jokes of a melon at a *soiree* of cucurbitaceous plants. With his hands, or claws, his feet, or whatever may represent them, this grotesque creature

throws up and down three copper balls. They follow, cross, seek, and avoid each other, as if in obedience to a magnetic attraction. Between the balls, as though to refresh them, the young juggler plays a fan with dazzling rapidity. Many have seen, during the discharge of fireworks, the green, red, blue globes, colored by zinc, copper, or iron filings, gently playing against the dark sky. These enchanted balls succeed each other in the same manner. Sometimes the hand accompanies them in their ascension; and they then seem to adhere to the palm which contains them. After this follows a series of vaults, performed with incredible precision and suppleness. The child walks on his head, on his nose, on his cheek, and turns a complete somersault. All this while he holds a cup between his teeth, also plates under his arms and between his knees, without breaking this fragile incumbrance. All is done without effort, without hesitation, with the most amusing air of playful good-humor.

This over, two Chinese appear, bearing a bamboo on their shoulders, like the hammals or porters of Constantinople. If any one were to say that a man could raise himself up by the hair, you would look incredulous, and maintain it was an impossibility. It is not the less a fact. Every one knows that the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire shave their heads, with the exception of retaining a plaited tail. One of the men sits down cross-legged, throws the tail over the bamboo, catches the end of it, and raises himself up like a bucket from a well. He thus lowers and raises himself several times, by means of the natural rope secured to the top of his head. Is it not an unimaginable idea—perfectly local and perfectly impossible to any—but a Chinaman?

The game of the lasso was much admired. It is performed with a cord and a saucer full of water, which the juggler moves in every direction, describing the most graceful arabesques, and making the cord twine itself round his neck without spilling a drop of the water. Another draws from his mouth slips of colored paper, as interminable as the torrent of words from a chatterer; but unlike these, they go into his mouth again, to reappear in the shape of fireworks. This trick is extremely curious, and is performed with admirable dexterity. The whole man appears to separate into filaments; and in the midst of them, he plays like a cat in a skein of silk—running, jumping, dancing, but entangling nothing.

The double somersaults (when the chest of the assistant serves as a spring-board from which to rebound a second time) surpass all previous feats of the kind. The throwing of poignards in the air, and catching them, cup

and ball (the ball not being held by a string), were also much admired; but nothing produced so great a sensation of admiration and anxiety as the following:—

This alarming performance realises twenty times in succession the marvellous exploit of William Tell. One of the jugglers places himself against the boards, with his hand extended. Another, who is provided with a number of sharp knives, throws them one after another; and, passing through the interstices of the fingers with a precision that makes one shudder, they remain fixed in the board. A hair's breadth, more or less, and the hand would be nailed to the plank! One is at a loss which most to admire, the man who throws the poignards, or the man who consents to serve as their target. What precision!—what courage!—what coolness!

The most skilful master of the knife of Seville or Cordova would hesitate to throw his weapon at this living target. But, listen further—the head takes the place of the hand, and the knives are thrown, near the throat, the nape of the neck, the forehead, with unerring certainty. The slightest deviation might be fatal. We have seen nothing to exceed this. After each trial, the human target plays, by way of rejoicing, some little air upon the gong, unitating that of the tamborine of Karagheny (the Turkish Punch), that makes one almost die of laughter.

Besides their incomparable dexterity as jugglers, in vaulting, and sleight of hand, these Chinese possess true artistical talent. In the spoken dialogue, which intervenes between the different performances, one is struck with the truth of the pantomime and the quick play of the features. At the same time, what laughter is evoked by the unheard-of tones of their unknown language, its sudden clinking accents, its unexpected sharp ones, its intonations altogether so discordant to European organs!

I have translated the above from the French. There is a "closeness" about it, and an individuality, peculiar to themselves alone. These wonderful Chinese folk have lately exhibited here,—exciting at once surprise, horror, and admiration.

FORESTIERA.

[There is no comparison to be drawn between the feat of WILLIAM TELL and the Chinese man of many knives. The cutting jokes of the latter are indeed fearful to witness. Few are the hairs which ornament our royal head; yet were these fairly erect—stiff as any bristles—whilst gazing on the flying steel dismissed from that strange man's hand. "How *does* he do it?" asked a sweet voice behind us. We whispered a "notion" into the ear of the fair postulant that caused her to turn deadly pale!]

LOVE LANE.

A SKETCH.

IN MY NATIVE VILLAGE, in that fair vale of Suffolk, there is a long, narrow lane, which bears the sweet name of Love Lane. I love its simple name, as I love other country names—names of fields, and meadows, and woods—Mill Piece, Double Acre, Daisy Nook, Dingle Wood, Stack Close, and other words which tell their own tale, even to the simplest.

Let me love Love Lane, then, for its sweet simple name. Let me love it also for itself. It is a pleasant country walk, just out of the village; you enter it by an old brown stile. On the right it is bounded by a hedge, and a deep-toned shady wood of firs; on the left by another hedge, a garden, and soft, cool, green meadows, reaching to the village with its neat thatched houses, and its white church spire. The lane itself is straight, but the firs reach over it here and there; and their dark boughs, gemmed with delicate cones, and intermixed with graceful branchy larches, take off all harshness from the outline. Then there are long-haired tufts of grass hanging from the bank; and in sunny spring-tide, mild-eyed primroses, and sweet-faced bramble-flowers, and dog-roses, and blue-orbed violets, and golden buttercups, and our own fair daisies, peering from amid or beneath the hedge. What festooning and draping of man-milliner can do more for reforming into the curves of beauty a straight outline than Nature's eternal dress-making! In robes of green she oft tires her darling earth; but what shot-silk of ball beauty can rival the glancing changing lights and shades, and tints and dyes, with which she throws out that ground color of her garment! And then, when she crowns her bright high temples, and garlands her glorious flowing locks with leaves, and flowers, and fruits—it is Eve in Paradise.

Love Lane, also, is not only straight, but narrow. Along its little beaten path, only two can walk abreast. Shall this, however, be regretted, when God has made us in pairs! Let us not regret then that it is narrow, but rather be glad that a couple may walk in it together. Only reflect that all the blessed world of people might thus walk through a grand Love Lane, in sweet pairs, in choice couples—two and two, brave boy and fair girl, loving husband and happy wife, noble veteran and worthy matron. Even in this Love Lane of ours, how many young hearts may have been glad that only two could walk abreast in it! For each of these, to the other, was the whole world. Future generations walked with them; and how many hopes and fears! How many of these may not our narrow Love Lane have joined never

to be parted! Their union in that little quiet walk may have determined their union in life. Blessed then be that sweet country Love Lane, and its narrow path, that had joined them, arm in arm, and heart in heart; and blessed also be that grand Love Lane which shall likewise join man and woman, lover and sweetheart, husband and wife, friend and friend, and brother and sister, in the walk of Philanthropy—in the path of Truth!

Let us pass on through this little Love Lane of ours. Fear not the briar; it has sweet-scented young shoots and bright blossoms. Fear not the bramble; it has rich bloomy fruit, full of ripe red juice. We may brush off those crystal beads of dew upon our coats; but they have scented the air, and as they fall they ring a gentle music. We may tread upon the grass, but its green blades will rise up timidly after our feet. Let us pass on. The fir tree drops its cone before our steps; we pick it up. How beautifully is it formed! How finely closing one upon another are its deep green or rich russet plates of vegetable armory! How they unite in protecting those seeds, as they join together in their conelike shape; from a firm base tapering to an apex most symmetrical,—like a purpose to an end! Let us pass on as the blackbirds pipe, and the mavis warbles, and those little bluish field-sparrows twitter through the hedge; and like them sing out our songs in harmony with the gushes of Nature. Let us pass on while the sky is blue above us, while the sunbeams glance from a fair morning Heaven, while the grass is green, and rainbowed with dews; and as we go, let us bless God that His good works are ever young.

Thus passing on, the path ascends. We mount a little hillock, a few rude steps, and climb another stile, and then what a prospect is before us! Bright green hills, wide and open, where the lambs play, and the cows feed, are ready with their soft turf and health breezes for our feet. From their bosoms swelling Heavenward, as we lie thereon, we see the pleasant valley, and the steaming field, and the thrifty farmstead, and all the beauties within that wide horizon. Though that little Love Lane of ours was straight and narrow, it has led us to a vast and goodly prospect. So are the other Lanes of Love—so is the path of Truth. It is straight and narrow, but at length it leads us to the light of a grand scene.

We stand upon the earth—the skies are around us!

G. B.

[There are *more* "Love Lanes" than one, thank God. We shall be found in some few of them ere long,—and with a "choice companion" too. "Love Lane," in June, is a favorite walk of ours. There do we find sympathy, peace, and happiness.]

IS IT NOT "NICE?"

UNDER my window, under my window,
All in the Midsummer weather,
Three pretty girls, with fluttering curls,
Flit to and fro together:—
There's Bell, with her bonnet of satin sheen,
And Maud, with her mantle of silver-green,
And Kate, with the scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
Leaning stealthily over,
Merry and clear, the voice I hear
Of each glad-hearted rover.
Ah! sly little Kate, she steals my roses,
And Maud and Bell twine wreaths and posies,
As busy as bees in clover.

Under my window, under my window,
In the blue Midsummer weather,
Stealing slow, on a hushed tip-toe,
I catch them all together:—
Bell, with her bonnet of satin sheen,
And Maud, with her mantle of silver-green,
And Kate, with the scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
And off, through the orchard closes;
While Maud, she flouts, and Bell, she pouts,
They scamper and drop their posies;
But dear little Kate takes nought amiss,
And leaps in my arms with a loving kiss,
And I give her all my roses!

T. W.—*Athencum.*

MORE OF THE WONDERS OF CREATION.

THE CHAMELEON.

BY W. J. BRODERIP, F.R.S.

IN A STATE OF FREEDOM, and in its natural haunts, the Chameleon would seem to be a very different being from the torpid invalid seen amongst us in confinement. Hasselquist speaks almost rapturously of it, calling it an "elegant creature." He tells us that it is frequently found in the neighborhood of Smyrna, particularly near the village Sedizeud. There he describes it as climbing the trees, and running among the stones. The people of the country told him that it lived in hollow trees. Hasselquist was not an eye-witness of this habit; but often saw it climb on the branches of the olive, plane, and other trees. He had seen the chameleon of Egypt; but observes that it is less than the Asiatic, and is not often met with.

When Hasselquist made all the inquiry he could concerning the nature of the animal, in a place where it was so frequently found, the inhabitants told him that it would assume the color of a piece of cloth, or other painted or colored substance, which might be put before it. Some assured him that it lived only on air, but others told him that they had seen it catching a sort of very small flies.

The qualities of changing color and living on air have been attributed to the chameleon

from the earliest times. The first is well founded; the last fabulous, but the fable has been fortified by the power possessed by the reptile of living in apparently good health for a long time—many weeks—without visibly taking any sustenance.

In the stomach of one dissected by Hasselquist, he found the remains of various insects,—*tipulæ*, *coccinellæ*, and butterflies; and, in its droppings, he found part of an entire ear of barley, which he characterises justly as very singular.* He kept one alive for a considerable time, and applied himself to observations on its habits.

He could never see that it assumed the color of any painted object presented to its view, though he made many experiments with all kinds of colors, on different things—flowers, cloth, paintings, &c. Its natural color was iron-grey, or black mixed with a little grey. This it sometimes changed, and became entirely of a brimstone yellow. That was the color which he saw it most frequently assume, with the exception of the hue first mentioned. He had seen it change to a darker yellow, approaching somewhat to a green, sometimes to a lighter; at which time it was more inclined to a white than a yellow. He did not observe that it assumed any more colors; such as red, blue, purple, &c.; and, for that reason, was inclined to believe that all which has been said concerning the changing and shifting of colors in the animal, consisted only in this—that on certain occasions it changes the dark color, which seems to be natural to it, into yellow of various shades.

He observed that his reptile more particularly did it on two occasions: one was, when he exposed it to the hot beams of the sun; and the other, when he made it angry by pointing at it with his finger. When it was changing from black to yellow, the soles of its feet, its head, and the bag under its throat, began first to alter—an alteration which was afterwards continued over the whole body. He saw it several times speckled, or marked with large spots of both colors over the whole body, which gave it an elegant appearance. When it was an iron-grey color, it extended its sides or ribs and hypochondria, which made the skin sit close to the body, and it appeared plump and handsome; but, as soon as it turned yellow, it contracted those parts, appearing thin, empty, lean, and ugly; and the nearer it approached in color to white, the emptier and uglier it seemed; but it appeared worse, in regard to shape, when it was speckled.

* The presence of the grain may be accounted for by the presence of an insect on it, when the chameleon, with the tip of its adhesive tongue, may have brought away the grain with its natural prey.

Hasselquist kept this creature alive from the 8th of March to the 1st of April, without affording it an opportunity of taking any food. This is much to be regretted, because, in its native climate, there can be little doubt that, from its vivacity, it would have fed freely, and the powers of abstinence of the animal had been tested again and again. Notwithstanding its fast, it was nimble and lively during the greater part of the time, climbing up and down in its cage, fond of being near the light, and constantly rolling its eyes. At last Hasselquist could plainly perceive that the victim waxed lean and suffered from hunger; but the Swede was obdurate, though he saw that it could no longer hold fast by the bars of its cage, from which it fell through weakness, when a turtle, a thirsé probably, which was kept in the same room, bit it, and hastened its death.

Before I came to the resolution induced by the death of poor Binny, my tame beaver, a friend gave me a living chameleon, which remained with me nearly two months. It was winter, and every precaution was adopted to make the poor reptile as comfortable as possible. It lived in a wicker cage, to the bars of which it clung with feet and tail; but, after it had been with me a few days, it would leave the cage and establish itself on the ornamental work of the iron fender before the fire. Soon it began to recognise me, surveying me with a knowing roll of its singular optics, opened in the centre of the shagreen-like globes of the eyes. It then would leave the bars of the cage for my hand, the warmth of which seemed to comfort it, and would remain in it till I transferred it to the warm fender, which was its favorite post. Clinging with its feet and tail, with one eye directed backwards towards me, and with the other forwards, scanning the fire as if it were looking for the faces of other chameleons in it, the creature would remain motionless for hours, enjoying the genial temperature.

During the whole time it was with me it never took any nourishment, though meal-worms and other insects were procured for it. When they were presented, it would roll its eye and bring it to bear upon them; but neither Mrs. M., the good old housekeeper, who was so fond of Binny, nor myself, ever saw it take one, nor was one ever missed from among those presented to it. The housekeeper was at her wits' end what to do for it, till at last she became pacified, fully believing that it fed upon air; for, notwithstanding its abstinence, it did not apparently fall away. But it was distressing to watch its strict fast day after day, and yet day after day I hoped this long fast would be broken, and did not like to abandon it. I was the more anxious to get it to feed,

because it was full of eggs in the progress of development, which must have made great demands on its constitution, and I had frequently seen chameleons take insects freely; of which more anon. One facetious friend would never call it anything but Martha Taylor; in memory, I suppose, of the fasting woman of Derbyshire, who, in consequence of a blow on the back, fell into such a prostration of appetite, that she took hardly any sustenance, but some drops with a feather, from Christmas, 1667, for thirteen months, sleeping but little all the time. After laying a large number of apparently perfect eggs, my chameleon died; and Mrs. M. announced the event to me as a "happy release."

Le Bruyn, in his "Voyage to the Levant," declares that the chameleons which he kept in his apartment at Smyrna lived on air, adding, however, that they died one after another in a short time. Sonnini, who saw several of them at the entrance of the catacombs at Alexandria, wishing to satisfy himself how long they could subsist without food, employed every precaution to prevent their having any, leaving them, however, exposed to the open air. They lived under these conditions for twenty days, but soon began to dwindle. When they were first caught they were plump, but they soon became very thin. They gradually lost their agility and their colors with their good condition; their skins became livid and wrinkled, and adhered close to the bone, so that, to use his own expression, they had the appearance of being dried before they ceased to exist. The apparent good condition of my chameleon may have been due to its good plight when I received it; most oviparous animals, at the time when the eggs are in the early process of formation, being well fed and filled, as we see in the case of fish. As the eggs are developed the system is drained, till at last, when they are fully formed, the fish is nearly worthless as food, all its goodness having gone into the roe. In the case of insects—the silk moth, for example—no sustenance is taken after the worm has woven the shroud, from whose cerements it is to burst forth made perfect. The *imago* has every sign of a well-filled system, till, in obedience to the great law of nature, the eggs are laid; and the parents having finished the work which they were appointed to perform, die without having any support, save that which they derive from the sun and air. The power of abstinence, even in those warm-blooded animals whose food is not always ready for them—the carnivora, for instance—is very great; and in the reptiles generally most remarkable. The belief that the chameleon fed on air only was general amongst the ancients. The mode in which it gulps the air for respiration favored this notion.

Red and white were supposed to be the colors which it could never assume. The former color no one has recorded as visible upon the chameleon's skin throughout; but the latter has been mentioned both in prose and poetry. A *vir nobilissimus fide dignus* related to Aldrovand, that he wrapped up one which had been presented to him in a white handkerchief; and when he arrived at home, proceeded to open it in order to examine the animal, but could see nothing but the handkerchief. At last he detected the chameleon, which had so completely acquired the whiteness of the wrapper as to be invisible.

The gentlemen who nearly lost their temper in disputing about the color of one of these reptiles were all put in the wrong by him who

Produc'd the beast, and lo! 'twas white.

My experience supports the conclusions of Sonnini and Milne Edwards as to the mutability of color. When the chameleon kept by me first came into my possession, and was comparatively vigorous, substances of various colors were placed near it without its ever altering its hue accordingly, as far as I could perceive. It would roll its eye and bring it to bear on the subject, and sometimes the tints of the skin would vary, but not in unison with the adjacent color. When it was clinging to the dark bronze-work of the fender, enjoying the heat of the fire, I sometimes thought that its hue became more sombre: but this effect was by no means constant. Grey, Isabella color, and pale yellow, with the spots or granules varying into green, greyish, or blackish, were the prevailing changes; but I never saw it white. I have seen it of a whitey-brown color; and such was its prevailing hue in its latter days and at its death.

The French Academicians seem to have come to the conclusion that the sun was a principal agent in such changes. They describe the color of the eminences of their chameleon, when it was at rest in the shade, and had remained a long time undisturbed, as of a bluish grey, except under the feet, where it was white inclining to yellow, and the intervals of the granules of the skin were of a pale and yellowish red. This changed when the animal was in the sun; and all the parts of its body which were illuminated altered from their bluish color to a brownish grey, inclining to tawny. The rest of the skin, which was not illuminated by the sun, changed from grey into several lively shining colors, forming spots about half a finger's breadth, reaching from the crest of the spine to the middle of the back; and others appeared on the ribs, forelegs, and tail. All the spots were of an Isabella color, through the mixture of a pale yellow, with which the

granules were tinged, and of a bright red, which was the color of the skin that was visible between the granules; the rest of the skin not in the sun's light, and which was of a paler grey than ordinary, resembled a cloth made of mixed wool, some of the granules being greenish, others of a tawny grey, and others of the usual bluish grey, the ground remaining as before. When the sun ceased to shine, the original grey appeared again by degrees, and spread itself all over the body, except under the feet, which continued nearly of the same color, but rather browner. When, in this state of color, it was handled by strangers, several blackish spots about the size of a finger-nail appeared, a change which did not take place when it was handled by those who usually took care of it.

Sometimes it was marked with brown spots, which inclined towards green. It was wrapped in a linen cloth, and, after two or three minutes, was taken out whitish, but not so white as that which the *vir nobilissimus* above alluded to subjected to a similar experiment. Theirs, which had only changed its ordinary grey into a paler grey, after having retained that color some time, lost it gradually. This experiment made them question the truth of the allegation that the chameleon takes all colors but white, as Theophrastus and Plutarch report; for theirs seemed to have such a disposition to retain this color that it grew pale every night, and when dead it showed more white than any other color. Nor did they find that it changed color all over the body, as Aristotle reports; for, according to their experience, when the animal takes other colors than grey, and disguises itself to appear in masquerade, as Ælian pleasantly observes, it covers only certain parts of the body with them. They finally laid their chameleon on substances of various colors, and wrapped it up in them; but it did not take those colors as it had taken the white, and, indeed, they allow that it only took the white the first time the experiment was made, though it was repeated several times and on different days.

Hasselquist's experiments with regard to the mutability of color were followed by nearly the same consequences as mine; but he thought that the changes depended on a sort of disease, a kind of jaundice, to which the animal was subject, particularly when it was irritated.

The blood, in the opinion of M. d'Obsonville, was the cause of the change. That fluid, according to him, is, in the chameleon, of a violet blue; which color, he says, it will retain on linen or paper for some minutes, if it be previously steeped in a solution of alum. The coats of the blood-vessels he found to be yellow, both in their main trunks and ramifications, and he comes to the conclusion that

green will be the product. Like Hasselquist, he attributes the change of color to the passions of the creature. He holds that, when a healthy chameleon is provoked, the circulation is accelerated, the vessels spread over the skin distended, and so a superficial blue-green color is produced; but when the animal is shut up, deprived of free air, and impoverished, the circulation becomes sluggish, the vessels are not well filled, and the languid chameleon changes to a yellow-green, which continues during its imprisonment.

Others—the late Sir John Barrow for instance—have observed that, previous to a change, the chameleon makes a long inspiration, when the body is inflated so as to appear twice its usual size, and as the inflation subsides, the change of color is gradually manifested, the only permanent marks being two small dark lines along the sides; and it has been argued, from this description, that the reptile owes its varied tints to the influence of oxygen. Mr. Houston is also of opinion that the change depends on the state of turgescency of the skin; and Mr. Spittal regards it as connected with respiration and the state of the lungs. Theories upon theories, as varied as the tints which they profess to explain, have been broached to account for these changes.

Now let us see how admirably the adaptation of the animal is carried on throughout. The free foot, formed in some of the other lacertians for running nimbly over the sand or through the herbage, with the aid of the disposition of the other limb-bones, is here changed into an organ essentially prehensile. The two wrist bones, which are next to those of the forearm, are articulated upon one central piece, which receives the five bones that correspond to the metacarpal. Three of these are for the anterior toes, and two for the posterior; and the whole five finger-bones are bundled up in the integuments to the claws—three in the fore bundle and two in the hind bundle, forming a most efficient clinging instrument when applied to the branch of a tree. The toes of the hinder extremities are disposed in the same opposable manner. The creature in its natural state, planted firmly among the foliage, and holding tenaciously on by its feet and tail, varying its color at pleasure in the chequered light and shade, looks more like an excrescence of the tree than an animated being;* and

* The *Tarandus* of Pliny will occur to those of our readers who are conversant with his wonderful magazine, where the beast is described as being as big as an ox, and, when he pleaseth, assuming the color of an ass. But this is but a small sample of his versatility, for "he reflects the colors of all shrubs, trees, flowers, and of the place where he lies, and hiding himself from fear, he is on that account rarely taken."—*N. Hist.* viii. 34.

woe to the luckless insect that, deceived by appearances, ventures within reach of its unerring tongue. For, though the shortness of its neck and its enormous occiput forbid it to turn its head, which it can no more do than a carp or a codfish, the sweep of its vision is very great. Take up a chameleon's skull, and observe how large a space is occupied by the orbits. In these capacious receptacles, ample room is afforded for the large globe and the muscles which are to direct it. The pupil looks like an animated gem set in shagreen, and this versatile globe is capable of the most varied and extensive direction. This, as worthy Doctor Goddard says, "she turneth backward or any way, without moving her head; and ordinarily the one a quite different way from the other."

But (as another old writer observes) what is most extraordinary in this motion is, to see one of the eyes move whilst the other remains immovable; and the one to turn forward at the same time that the other looketh behind; the one to look up to the sky, when the other is fixed on the ground. And these motions to be so extreme, that they do carry the pupilla under the crest which makes the eyebrow, and so far into the canthi, or corners of the eyes, that the sight can discern whatever is done just behind it, and directly before, without turning the head, which is fastened to the shoulders.

I have frequently seen chameleons take their food, although I never could succeed in inducing my own to break its fast. When one of them is about to feed, it rolls its shagreen eyeball till the pupil is brought to bear upon the intended victim. Motionless and patient, the reptile waits till the insect arrives within distance. Then the extensile tongue is protruded, with unfailling aim, precisely to the extent required, and is retracted with the prey. I have seen them take mealworms frequently. When two mealworms were placed before a chameleon, one on one side and one on the other, at different distances, the eye of each side was levelled at the adjacent insect; and though the eyes were necessarily looking in different directions, the tongue did its duty upon both, one after the other, when they came within reach.

The motion of extension and retraction was not very rapid, but it must be remembered that those seen by me were in confinement in this country.

SINCERITY,—THE BEST "SACRIFICE."

WHEN we put ourselves out of the way to be righteous overmuch, and are "wise above what is written,"—we do a serious injury to morals, and to mankind at large. Uprightness and virtue (habitual excellences) are our delight; but we have a bitter and uncompromising hatred towards cant and hypocrisy.

A PICTURE OF NIGHT.

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in Evening's ear
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon
vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur
rolls,
Seems like a canopy that Love hath spread
To curtain her sleepy world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
So stainless, that their white glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beams; yon castled
steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the timeworn tower
So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace,—all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where silence undisturb'd might watch alone;
So cold, so bright, so still!

NOTES BY A TRAVELLER.

AN ASCENT OF ÆTNA BY NIGHT.

THE MOUTH OF THE CRATER was so distinctly visible from where I stood, that I fancied one vigorous effort would complete the task; but, alas! my hopes were doomed to cruel disappointment, when the guide, a rough peasant lad, coolly answered my eager question, "How much farther to go?" "About half way." Campbell says, "Distance lends enchantment to the view;" but never was mortal wight more thoroughly disenchanted than I was by this unexpected knowledge of the distance before me. "In that case," I despondingly replied, "it is impossible for me to reach the summit."

I crawled to a friendly block of lava projecting close at hand, and sat down, fairly beaten, dejected, and crestfallen. Overcome by the journey through the night, and the fatigue of the morning's work, I fell into a deep sleep, utterly unconscious and oblivious of the pains and pleasures of my singular situation. My repose lasted about five minutes, and then to what a scene I opened my eyes! Perched upon the silent rock, I seemed to be suspended in mid air, and for an instant, before I could collect my thoughts, wondered where on earth I had got to.

Then first, I found leisure to contemplate the strange, incomparable panorama of the volcano. The tableland, which extends to a great distance around the base of the crater, is covered with the fine sand, like black ash, deposited by the most ancient eruptions which burst from the crater's mouth, and must have been awful in the extreme. In one place the accumulated scoriæ have formed a mountain equal in size to that which contains the crater; in another direction the fiery tor-

rent has fallen precipitously down the whole height of the mountain-side, and in cooling has cracked and rent itself into a thousand wild fantastic shapes, forming a great gulf of inconceivable extent and depth.

Why the pastoral name, "Val di buã" (Valley, or tract of the Oxen) should be given to such a place, I am at a loss to conceive. Such an appellation is, however, quite in keeping with the one which a strange conceit has given to the black, desolate plain that on three sides surrounds the Fiery Region, namely, "Plana del Frumento" (the Plain of Corn)—a ghastly mockery, like crowning a skeleton with flowers.

THE TOP OF ÆTNA.

Never before had I felt such a deep, such an awful sense of the power of the Almighty. The contrast with the plains below reminded me that

He can create, and He destroy.

I beheld a scene which no effort of imagination can presuppose, no powers of invention prepare the nerves to bear its exciting effects unmoved. Nor was I surprised to hear my friend, the doctor, who ultimately reached the crater, when I was half-way down, say that he could not refrain from tears, such was his state of excitement.

We stood on the edge of a precipitous chasm, sharp and rugged as if the mountain had just been rent asunder. The internal surface, as far as the eye could penetrate, consisted of a coating of sulphureous earth, which seemed to be continually burning without being consumed; whilst through innumerable fissures jets of flame darted up, and played over the glowing mass, dazzling the eye by the intense brightness and variety of their coloring.

The jagged irregular outline of the whole crater is divided by a vast projecting wall of rock, of most singular appearance, coated with the deposit of the fumes which rise from the great laboratory below. This sublimation, being chiefly sulphur, appeared in every shade of bright yellow, orange, and crimson, as it glittered in the morning sunbeam. Clouds of dense white vapor rose, from time to time, from the innermost depths, with a hissing, roaring sound like a mighty cataract. The occasional intermission of the rising clouds, which steamed forth from the great gulf, afforded a partial glance of the lurid fire raging in the internal abyss. All around, as far as the eye could reach, within the crater, huge masses of rock lay tumbled over each other in chaotic confusion. Such an appearance, when the volcano is in a *quiescent state*, cannot fail to impress a spectator with a fearful idea of the inconceivable powers set in operation when the pent-up fires burst their bonds; and through this chasm, which

is said to be near three miles in extent, the mountain hurls back the rocks buried within it by the fury of some earlier commotion. For myself I can only say, that the glorious view from the dizzy height on the one side, and on the other the bewildering noise, the dazzling glare, and the sulphureous vapor, concurred to raise a mingled feeling of admiration, awe, and terror.—P.

"LADY JUNE."

BY ELIZA COOK.

HERE she comes with broidered kirtle, here she is—
the Lady June,
Singing, like a ballad minstrel, many a gay and
laughing tune.
Let us see what she is drest in—let us learn the
"mode" she brings—
For maiden never looked so lovely, though she
wear but simple things.
See, her robe is richly woven of the greenest forest
leaves,
With full bows of honeysuckle looping up the
flowing sleeves;
See, the fragrant marsh-flag plaited, forms her
yellow tasselled sash,
With the diamond studs upon it, flung there by
the river splash.
See her flounces—widely swelling, as the Zephyr's
wings go past,
Made of roses, with the woodbine's perfumed
thread to stitch them fast.
See the foxglove's bell of crimson, and the poppy's
scarlet bud,
'Mid her tresses, bright and vivid as the sunset's
ruby scud.
See the fresh and luscious bouquet that she scatters
in her way,
It is nothing but a handful she has snatched of
new-mown hay.
See, her garments have been fashioned by a free
and simple hand,
But tell me, have you seen a lady look more beau-
tiful and grand?
Yon old man has quite forgotten what his errand
was, I ween,
As he stares with listless pleasure on her garment-
folds of green.
Busy dealers pause a moment in their hurry after
gain,
Thinking there is something joyous in her troll-
ing carol strain.
Youths and maidens track her closely, till their
footsteps blithely mingle,
In the field and by the streamlet, up the hill and
through the dingle.
Children fondly gather round her, prying into leaf
and blossom,
Pilfering with tiny fingers, jewels from her very
bosom.
Here she comes with fairy footsteps, chanting
ever as she runs,
Ditty words that soothe the mournful, and enchant
the happy ones.
Here she comes with broidered kirtle, and we'll
list what Lady June
May be telling out so sweetly, in that merry
dancing tune.

ON THE PURIFICATION OF WATER.

WHEN WE CONSIDER the great importance of water, and its economic uses for the daily necessities of life, we may well wonder that so little attention is generally paid to its purification. This is a matter of greater importance than may be imagined.

Some few attempts at cleansing water are made by the "Companies" who supply the curious "chemical compound" to the inhabitants of London, but all to little purpose; for to have a good supply of the wholesome element we must go deeper, and examine the source.

"First make the tree good, then will its fruit be good also." The means, however, of subsequent cleansing are various. The principal modes are by passing the water through a layer of some siliceous or calcareous nature, as gravel, sand, or pebbles, &c. By such means, the mechanical and suspended impurities may be removed, and the water restored to its proper color.

This process, though it should always be used as a preparatory step, is not in every case sufficient, and its advantages are perhaps greater in appearance than in reality. Even animal charcoal, the most effectual of the filtering media, though it will remove many substances dissolved in the water, by the attractive power of its surface, has yet failed in some cases.

Water may appear sparkling and transparent; and, notwithstanding, be contaminated by metallic salts, or organic matter dissolved in it. On the application of a microscope, we may perceive in filtered water numerous animalculæ. Admitting that these are innocuous, it proves the assertion, that all animalculæ are separated by filtration, to be erroneous. The most serious contamination of water is by lead. To obviate this, when water has to pass through leaden pipes, it is desirable to add a minute quantity of tartaric or phosphoric acid, which prevents the corrosion. A scheme of this kind was proposed to a water company, who were advised to add a small quantity of a soluble phosphate, about 1 part to 12,000 parts of water. They referred to the opinion of a scientific man, who protested against the experiment, observing that "water, like Cæsar's wife, should be above suspicion."

The presence of lime is also serviceable; and by the use of gutta-percha tubes, all possibility of corrosion is avoided.

Organic matter is often present in water, and is not easily detected. An anecdote has been related of a party who were travelling through an uninhabited country. Their only beverage for several days had been the muddy waters of a river near their route. Subsequently, one of the travellers discovered

a small pool, the water of which was clear and sparkling as crystal, being supplied from a stream which flowed down a rocky bed. He eagerly threw himself down to drink; but after a few mouthfuls, perceiving a very peculiar taste, he hesitated, and then traced the water further up towards its source. He then discovered in the stream the putrescent body of a large animal, which accounted for the "peculiar" flavor.

This proves the necessity of caution in drinking water, the source of which is unknown. The hydropathists are generally particular as to the purity of the water which they use. Those who recommend the almost constant use of water (both externally and internally), might take for their motto the elegant lines of the poet, with a slight alteration:—

"A little *water* is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

I should think that "Our Editor," however much he may admire the pellucid stream, will hardly go to the extreme views of our friends above.

CERURA.

[You are quite right, sir. We do love a pure draught of water,—clear as crystal, cold as a zephyr. Any foreign flavor spoils our draught. It must be drawn from a well to please us; then do we feel "safe" from the "peculiar" flavor imparted by floating animals and other curious deposits.]

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Don't tell me of to-morrow;
Give me the man who'll say,
That when a good deed's to be done,
"Let's do the deed to-day."

We may all command the present,
If we act and never wait;
But repentance is the phantom
Of a past that comes too late.

Don't tell me of to-morrow;
There is much to do to-day,
That can never be accomplished,
If we throw the hours away.

Every moment has its duty—
Who the future can foretell?—
Then why put-off till to-morrow
What to-day can do as well?

Don't tell me of to-morrow;
If we look upon the past,
How much that we have left to do,
We cannot do at last!

To-day—it is the only time
For all on this frail earth;
It takes an age to form a life,—
A moment gives it birth.

C. S.

CHARMS OF THE COUNTRY.

Go forth into the country,
From a world of care and guile ;
Go forth to the untainted air,
And the sunshine's open smile.
It shall clear thy clouded brow—
It shall loose the worldly coil
That binds thy heart too closely up,
Thou man of care and toil !

Go forth into the country,
Where gladsome sights and sounds
Make the heart's pulses thrill and leap
With fresher, quicker bounds.
They shall wake fresh life within
The mind's enchanted bower ;
Go, student of the midnight lamp,
And try their magic power.

Go forth into the country,
With its songs of happy birds,
Its fertile vales, its grassy hills,
Alive with flocks and herds.
Against the power of sadness
Is its magic all arrayed—
Go forth, and dream no idle dreams,
O visionary maid !

Go forth into the country,
Where the nuts' rich clusters grow ;
Where the strawberry nestles 'mid the furze,
And the holly-berries glow.
Each season hath its treasures,
Like thee, all free and wild —
Who would keep thee from the country,
Thou happy, artless child ?

Go forth into the country ;
It hath many a solemn grove,
And many an altar on its hills,
Sacred to peace and love.
And whilst with grateful fervor
Thine eyes its glories scan,
Worship the God who made it all,
And also THEE, O man !

Dublin Univ. Mag.

PROSE AND POETRY.

THERE IS A PLAIN LINE of demarcation between Prose and Poetry. Nature is here the teacher. Man can go no higher than first principles, and nature is their fountain. But this line of demarcation is more a matter of feeling than of demonstration. The passionless philosopher, inured to the rigid discipline of geometry, will be apt to regret this. And why so? Are not all those theorems which so well indicate the elevation of the Grecian genius based on axioms which derive their value from mankind's universal perception of them? Why not, also, that the line of demarcation between prose and poetry should be for ever defined by the universal feeling of mankind?

It is said, however, that different men have different feelings; that an object strikes one man as poetical, and another as prosaic. To this it is obvious to reply, that almost every

object may be viewed in a poetical or prosaic light, according to the will of the spectator. A steam-engine, considered as a machine for the more easily attaining certain ends, is a prosaic object; but considered as the child of human genius, and multiplying the blessings of the human race, it borrows, for a moment, a poetical character, because in this view it awakens an elevated emotion. But objects are classed into poetical or prosaic according to their tendency to awaken emotion: for instance, a beautiful sunset, or an old ruined school-house, is a poetical object; a cotton manufactory is a prosaic object.

Poetry addresses itself to the passions: prose to the reason. Poetry, in her lighter walks, is adorned with the graces of fancy; in her higher flights, she is exalted by the creations of the imagination. Prose is attended by fancy, only that the understanding may be assisted and conducted more rapidly through thought. Prose enlightens the human mind; fills it with facts, dates, precepts, and principles. Poetry fills it with images of beauty and goodness, touches the soul with sympathy, and fires it with emulation; and the moral nature of man is thus rendered more worthy of his intellectual.

If we were to make our lives more strictly poetical, we should be infinitely happier than we now are. We worship gold as the one great good; hence our mental degradation. There is very little chance, we fear, of a rapid advance in the right direction. For one intelligent, poetical, and natural mind, we find thousands of an opposite cast. We express our wonder at their obtuseness, and they regard us as a madman who should be placed under restraint.

The world is indeed mad. All profess to be in search of happiness, and yet nearly everybody takes the road leading directly from the very object he seeks!

Thus are poetry and prose kept at a cold, respectful, chilling distance from each other. Let poetry, however, be the standard of our ambition, whilst the world generally choose for themselves!

SUMMER.

Now to the uplands gentle Spring withdraws;
And ardent Summer, with a youthful band
Of sylvan nymphs, by soft Favonius fann'd,
Comes on reluctant, making frequent pause.
Attired in robes of gossamer-like gauze,
Holding a snow-white lily in her hand,
Slowly she comes, with which, as with a wand,
The ruffian winds afar she charms or awes.
Chaplets of roses round her head are wreathed,
And softest airs by tuneful flutes are breathed.
Smiling she comes with all her sylvan charge,
Graceful and girlish, yet mature the while;
Like Cleopatra in her gorgeous barge
Skimming the dreamy waters of the Nile.

MARRIAGES IN GREECE.

The following curious particulars of a Greek Marriage are from Miss Pardoe's "City of the Sultan:"—

A marriage in Greece is a truly interesting ceremony; and as such, deserves to be recorded. The preparations being now all completed, the sounds of music announced the arrival of the marriage train; and we hastened to a window to watch for its approach. The procession was an interesting one. The musicians were succeeded by the bridegroom elect, walking between his own father and the father of his bride; the fair girl followed, accompanied by a couple of her young companions; and the two mothers, attended by troops of friends, closed the train. They were met at the threshold by the archbishop and a party of priests, who immediately commenced chanting the marriage service; and as they ascended the stairs, showers of money were flung over them from above.

The centre of the great saloon was covered by a Turkey carpet, on which stood a reading desk, overlaid by a gold embroidered handkerchief, and supporting a Bible, with the two marriage rings; the whole bright with the profusion of silver money scattered over them. The bridal party being then conducted into this spacious saloon, the young couple were placed upon the edge of the carpet; two nuptial crowns, formed of flowers, ribbons, and gold thread, were deposited on the reading desk; and the rector of the parish, in a robe of brocaded yellow satin, fringed with silver, began a prayer that was caught up at intervals by the choral boys, and repeated in a wild chant. At the conclusion of this prayer, which was of considerable length, the attendant priest flung over the archbishop his gorgeous vestments of violet satin, embroidered with gold, and girdled with tissue; and advancing to the reading desk, he took thence the two brilliant diamond rings, with which he made the cross three times, on the forehead, lips, and breast of the contracting parties, and then placed them in the hand of the godmother or bridesmaid, who, putting one upon the finger of each, continued to hold them there while the prelate read a portion of the Gospel; after which, she changed them three times, leaving them ultimately in the possession of their proper owners.

The same ceremony having been gone through with the nuptial crowns as had been enacted with the rings, they were then placed upon the heads of the young couple; and a goblet of wine being presented to the archbishop, he blessed it, put it to his lips, handed it to the bride and bridegroom, and then delivered it up to the godmother.

The crowns were next changed three several times, from the one head to the other; and several wax candles being lighted, the whole party walked in procession round the carpet; and then it was that the silver showers fell thick and fast about them.

When the chanting ceased, the bride raised the hand of her new-made husband to her lips, after which, every relative and friend of either party approached and kissed them on the forehead. The archbishop cast off his robes; the children scrambled for the scattered money; the band in the outer hall burst into an enlivening strain; and such of the company as were of sufficient rank to entitle them to do so, followed the bride and the lady of the house to an inner saloon. Liqueurs were then offered, and subsequently coffee; after which, each married lady made a present to the bride of some article of value, previously to her departure for her home.

These nuptial crowns are about a foot in height, and shaped like a bee-hive; on being removed from the heads of the young couple, they were carefully enveloped in a handkerchief of colored gauze, and borne away to be hung up in the chapel of the bridegroom's house; where they remain until the death of either of the parties, when the deceased is crowned, for the second and last time, in the open coffin in which she or he is borne to the grave.

IT MIGHT BE,—AND "WHY NOT?"

THERE is a voice within me,
And 'tis so sweet a voice,
That its soft lisplings win me
Till tears start to mine eyes:
Deep from my soul it springeth,
Like hidden melody;
And evermore it singeth
This song of songs to me:—
"This world is full of beauty,
As other worlds above;
And if we did our duty,
It might be full of love!"

Were truth an utter'd language,
Angels might talk with men,
And God-illumined earth should see
The Golden Age again;
For the leaf-tongues of the forest—
The flower-lips of the sod—
The birds that hymn their raptures
Into the ear of God—
And the sweet wind that bringeth
The music of the sea,
Have each a voice that singeth
The song of songs to me:—
"This world is full of beauty,
As other worlds above;
And if we did our duty,
It might be full of love!"

HUMANITY AND INHUMANITY.

The heart is hard in nature, and unfit
For human fellowship, as being void
Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
To love and friendship both—that is not pleased
With sight of animals ENJOYING life;
Nor feels their happiness augment his own.

COWPER.



THE PRETTY COMPLIMENT, MY DEAR SIR, which you paid me in the March number of OUR JOURNAL, bears internal evidence of your classing me among your especial favorites. It would be an affectation otherwise to interpret your remarks,—for sincerity of heart is the basis of your character, as all who read what you say will aver. This being the case, I have pleasure in forwarding you a little communication suited from its nature to your pages.

I must first tell you, that it is grounded on some excellent remarks which appear in an essay by Harry Hieover, entitled "Bipeds and Quadrupeds," of which a reviewer thus speaks:—"The country gentleman who keeps a carriage-horse, the farmer who has a team, the lady who has a palfrey, the sportsman who follows the hounds, the livery-stable keeper—will one and all save in pocket by purchasing the cleverest of all Harry Hieover's books."

Its dedication, to the late Duke of Beaufort, and the author's popular *nom de guerre*, at once indicate the humane and kindly, as well as manly spirit which pervade the book. It has yet another grace, being written at the suggestion of a lady. For the practical information I must refer your readers to the book itself, making only such selections as relate more immediately to the habitual cruelty with which animals, whose sagacity, docility, and beauty so largely contribute to our comfort and enjoyment, are all but universally treated;—cruelty it is most painful to contemplate, not alone as regards the suffering animal, but as indicating the innate savageness of the human being.

There are sensitive ladies who "do not wish to know, or like to hear" of the cruelties practised. They are compassionate, no doubt; but it is principally to themselves. Their nerves are shocked, naturally enough, at the revolting details; but, so long as they are left in happy ignorance, the atrocities they shudder at may continue, without any effort on their part to check them. "Many a lady who would turn away in horror from seeing a fowl's neck broken by her cook, would with great glee commend 'the shot' who brought down the pheasant or partridge."

While ladies smile approbation at the hero of the day's "sport," sporting men are not likely to discern cruelty; especially

when gentle ladies see none. Their example, in turn, is not lost upon gamekeepers, grooms, and others; and the effects of habitual cruelty prevailing amongst this class of persons, is frequently enough demonstrated in their treatment of their wives and children, and in acts that would disgrace a savage.

Go where we will, though perhaps in a less degree than among ourselves, money sets at defiance, more or less, the breach of love, friendship, honor, kindness, and, in bitter truth, honesty itself. To the love of gain we may attribute the leading cause of so much cruelty to animals as is daily shown by man. It would afford me much pleasure could I show that, in all and every case, the owner of an animal suffers in a pecuniary way by ill-using him. Could I do so, neither I nor any other person need write another word on the subject. No law would be required to punish brutality, no police to prevent its infliction, no commendation for the absence of it. *Interest* would at once effect that which neither law, shame, nor eulogium could produce.

I have frequently heard a somewhat singular hypothesis brought forward in excuse for unkindness towards the brute creation; namely, "they were sent for our use." Let man in his arrogance and self-sufficiency keep in mind—that if, on his formation, his Creator blessed him, He also blessed the fowls and the beasts after he had made them. Shall man then dare to hold, or presume to think, that their wants and comforts are beneath his notice? Let him, with all his real and self-imagined superiority, call to mind, when he ill-uses the less-gifted denizen of the world, he is abusing a creature that has been blessed, in common with himself, by the same Omnipotence that created and fashioned both.

I imagine, that the leading causes of suffering to animals are the four following:—First, as "the head and front" of offences of this kind, come the cupidity and avarice of man. Secondly, the want of knowledge of what really does occasion suffering. Thirdly, a morbid and contemptible vanity, which often produces the infliction of suffering from a desire to show the superiority of the animal we possess, or our own, in what we can do in or with him. Lastly, and let us hope more rarely, from a mind devoid of the common feelings of humanity.

It were idle to suppose that the man who is wanting in humanity to one class of living beings, will be humane to any other. He who is a brute to the brute, will be the same in all his relative duties in life. He will be brutal as a husband, brutal as a father, and brutal as a friend,—for his mind is brutal. Boys, we know (for we daily see it),

are generally cruel to animals,—this not arising from provocation, but from an innate love of tyranny,—a true, though by no means flattering type of man. Passion, which so many persons hold as an excuse for what is inexcusable, I consider the worst plea that can be offered. A man who usually possesses an equanimity of mind may commit a fatal act, or one involving the risk of its being so. If so, there can be little doubt that he has received provocation, which, though it might not excuse, would at least palliate the act. Even if he had acted under an erroneous impression in that one instance, it is very improbable such a man would repeat such an offence while he breathed. Now, with a passionate man, neither relative, friend, servant, nor animal, is even safe for a moment. Such a one has only the choice of being thought one of two characters,—a savage, who will gratify brutal passion if irritated, at any moment, anywhere, and on any person or thing; or a fool, who cannot, or will not, call reason to his aid before he acts with blind and brute violence.

A passionate person usually excuses himself by saying, "it is soon over." Perhaps it is, after he has said so offensive a thing to a friend that obliges the latter to call him out; so hurtful a one to an amiable woman, unfortunate enough to be his wife, that she never forgets it; or, after he has given a blow to some one, or something, that makes a cripple for life. I would as strongly counsel a woman to refuse a passionate man for a husband as I would a maniac. The only difference between the two is,—the aberration of intellect of one is continual, in the other, as circumstances call it forth. If, therefore, uncontrolled temper in man produces such dire effects to his fellow-creature, what acts of brutality does it not often produce towards objects under his absolute control?

I pass over with regret, observations on the nearly extinct race of coach-owners; which almost makes one reconciled with railways. The true meaning of a "spirited coach proprietor" was not—one who studied the comforts of the passengers rather than his own profit, but one who most disregarded the sufferings of the over-worked, worn-out horses, which were made to do their work "in agony" by means of the double thong and whip-cord. Their "dying shortly after being unharnessed," will readily be imagined to have been no uncommon occurrence.

"Some ladies," it is observed, "entertain the notion that any knowledge of what causes suffering to animals, is not only beneath their notice, but unfeminine." I make no more stringent observation to such ladies than by truly stating, I never heard

such a remark made, or idea entertained, by any woman of fashion, education, sense, and good feeling. A remark was made to me by a young lady, since I began this essay, to the effect that she thought the subject, and the promoting its being written upon, was a singular idea in a female. "I grant," said I, "it is singular—*very singular*, and I never paid so bad a compliment to your sex in my life as in admitting that it is so; nor would it ever have suggested itself to one whose mind was not of a very high order, or who did not possess the moral courage to be quite indifferent to the opinion of the crowd, when certain the motive will challenge the approbation of the highly-gifted as to talent, cultivated mind, and generous feeling, and, in most cases, as to position of life."

Our street carriages for hire are a strong proof my accusations are not unmerited. Here master, man, and the public must, in many instances, be added to my category of the merciless. All the master, or rather the generality of masters, care about is, that so much money is brought home in a given time; that the carriage is brought in without damage that would put him to expense in repairing it; and that the horse comes home in such a state as will not diminish his value, or prevent his working the next day. He sees, without remorse, his animal start in the morning with a pair of fore feet that he is well aware it is agony to put to the ground, and that every step he takes is torture; nor does the idea of selling a horse so circumstanced ever enter his head; and for this reason,—if he happen to be a good, game, and high-couraged animal, with such a disease he will work for months, perhaps years.

The class of men who drive these street cabs for employers, are not usually those from whom we may expect much feeling or consideration for the animal under their control; but they are rendered worse by the avarice of their masters. Their wages are so low, that they depend chiefly on the extra work they can get out of the horse, who has (not figuratively speaking, but absolutely) to work for master and man. Thus, after earning the required sum as his day's work for the former, he begins his labor for the latter. This might be no great hardship on the horse, nor reprehensible conduct on the part of the driver, if he only took fares leading towards home. But supposing the cab to be in the Strand, and the animal's home in Moorfields, if a fare offered to go to Knightsbridge or Brompton, the unfortunate brute would be driven there for the benefit of the man, though a full day's work had been performed for the master. Let any one cast his eye on the cabs he sometimes sees returning to their home; let him observe the jaded gait of the poor horse after the harass of the day's exertion!

See that fine old grey, now white with age! His head alone would suffice to show the high breeding of himself and ancestors. The small taper nose, whose nostril is now distended with pain and exhaustion, shows plainly the cross of the Arab that had been resorted to, to bring an English breed to the highest caste. That portion of the frontal bone arching the eye, still shows, by its prominence and capacity, that it once contained an orb bright and full, sparkling with intelligence and noble spirit; his fine form shows where once strongly-developed muscle spoke of speed, endurance, and powers, the pride of his master, the terror of the turf, and the admiration of the field. He, for whom once a trusty groom was held insufficient without the superintendence of a superior, at a cost of at least two hundred a year to his employer—for whom the very elements were watched, that his clothing might be arranged to prevent their blowing too rudely on his polished coat and tender skin—for whom the sensitive feelings of man were not trusted to, but the thermometer consulted, that the atmosphere he breathed in his stable should be precisely at the height most conducive to his health and comfort—for whom the hand and head of the horseman were once requisite to prevent his generous spirit exhausting his wonderful powers by over-willing exertion in the flying chase—see him now,

Scourged like a panniered ass!

He drags mechanically his weary limbs one after the other, all but insensible even to pain; his outstretched neck shows one of the last sure symptoms of exhausted nature; that eye of fire now shows sunken, glazed, opaque, motionless, and seemingly fixed upon vacancy.

Reader, you have oft (let us hope thoughtlessly) availed yourself of a vehicle where the animal drawing it was the prototype of the poor grey; aye, and have added to his sufferings, by the promise of extra reward—for what? for extra and detestable cruelty on the part of the driver, to gratify your impatience, or save five minutes of time that, in ordinary circumstances, you must use for better purpose than your fellow man; if that five minutes were destined to any purpose that could be admitted even as a palliation for the infliction of barbarity on the wreck of a noble animal.

I have no wish to be tedious, my dear sir, else could I profitably pursue this subject. You will agree with me, I feel sure, that such matters are *not* unworthy our notice. Yours being a JOURNAL of "thought," is just the channel in which to give currency to what *ought to be* universally interesting.

FORESTIERA.

[Alas! dear FORESTIERA, that we should

have to work so hard to make people only commonly humane! We wish we had better *materiel* to work upon; but while selfishness carries all before it, and the worst of passions are rather encouraged than controlled, we cannot expect to make much progress. We are, as a nation, semi-savages.]

ALAS! MY BOY.

I cannot make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And, through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall,
To give the boy a call,
And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I thread the crowded street,
A satchel'd lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid,
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes—cold is his forehead fair:
My hand that marble felt,
O'er it in prayer I knelt,
Yet my heart whisper'd that—he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed
So long watch'd over by parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

When at the cool, gay break
Of day from sleep I wake,
When at first breathing of the morning air,
My soul goes up with joy
To Him who gave my boy,
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer;
Whate'er I may be *saying*,
I am, in spirit, praying
That we may be resigned—he is not there!

HOPE.

TO ———.

Though I leave thee now in sorrow,
Smiles might light on love to-morrow;
Doom'd to part, my faithful heart
A gleam of joy from HOPE shall borrow.
Ah! ne'er forget, when friends are near,
That heart is *thine*,—for ever;
Thou *may'st* find some to love thee, dear,
But not a love like *mine*,—No! NEVER!

HAIL, LOVELY JUNE!

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

Hail, lovely June! thy witching smile
Steals o'er the heart insensibly,
And seems to lure us for a while
From anxious cares to roam with thee.

Oh! with what joy we greet the beams
And gorgeous tints of setting sun;
The silvery steps of crystal streams,
The vesper bell when day is done!

The rural shade, the village green,
The spangled mead where lambkins play,
And many a happy child is seen
Sporting the rosy hours away.

How sweet t'inhale thy breath along
The flowery vale; while from above,
Thy gay laugh mingles with the song
The lark sings to his lady-love.

And, hark! from yonder forest trees
The cheerful tones of every bird;
While borne upon the slumbering breeze,
The merry mowers' scythes are heard.

I love to lie upon thy breast,
And watch the early dawn of day,
Ere the blithe lark has left his nest
To breathe to Heaven his thankful lay.

All nature welcomes thee! Above,
Light fleecy clouds float on the breeze,
Whilst zephyrs whisper tales of love,
And breathe thy name through forest trees!

REVIEW.

A FAMILIAR HISTORY OF BIRDS. By the
Rev. E. STANLEY, D.D., F.R.S. New
edition, 12mo. John Parker.

This interesting volume is so well known, that we are not called upon to do more than announce the pleasing fact of its having reached *another* edition.

As we always like to give some extract, to justify any laudatory observations we may offer, nothing could speak more powerfully in praise of this book than the author's anecdotal description of the internal structure of birds. This we subjoin:—

BIRDS, THEIR DIGESTIVE ORGANS, &c.

I will now, (says Dr. Stanley,) give a short sketch of the structure and uses of some of the internal parts, commencing with those for the supply and consumption of food.

The gullet (*oesophagus*) opens into the crop (*ingluvies*), which forms a sort of bag; on quitting this it extends to what is called the second stomach, (*infundibulum*, or *ventriculus succinturiatus*), usually funnel-shaped, from whence it opens into the third stomach or gizzard (*ventriculus callosus*), communicating with the intestinal canal or bowels, which vary very much in length in different birds, though on the whole

they are shorter than in the class of four-footed animals.

In what are called the carnivorous birds, feeding on flesh or fish containing hair, feathers, or bony substances, which are of difficult digestion, the gullet is of a vast size and capacity compared with the other parts, often exceeding in width the stomach itself. In some of the water birds it is large enough to contain even a whole fish, till the proper stomach is ready to receive it. In watching Cormorants at a distance with a telescope, they may besome times seen quietly reposing with their mouths half open, and the tail of a fish hanging out, the remainder gorged in their capacious gullet: and Sea-Gulls will swallow bones of three or four inches in length; the lower end only reaching the stomach, whilst the rest continues in the gullet, and slips down gradually, in proportion as these lower ends are consumed.

The usual food of Gulls consists of flesh; but when confined they will thrive very well on a diet with which they must be perfectly unacquainted by the sea-side. We may form, too, some idea of their voracity, from the quantity consumed by a Gull kept and fed in a garden, which devoured in one day fourteen mice and two rats. Another was seen to swallow an entire rat—an operation, however, not accomplished without some difficulty, the bird making several efforts before it succeeded, and even then the tail remained visible for several minutes. But the voracity of Gulls is exceeded by some other fish-eating birds. Thus, the Pelican, it is said, will at one repast, if hungry, devour as many fish as would suffice for half-a-dozen people; and, like the Gulls above mentioned, will in confinement snap up rats and other small quadrupeds. The Gannet, another fishing bird, has been known to swallow an entire cod of moderate size, and a Puffin kept in a menagerie, to eat as much fish as its whole body weighed. Well might the eyewitness to such an extraordinary exhibition of gluttony declare, that "he never saw so unsatiable a devourer!" and what was still more surprising, "that the body did not appear to swell the bigger."* Of the destructive character of Herons with regard to fish, some idea may be formed from no less than five eels having been found in the stomach of one which was shot. Voracity is not, however, entirely confined to the fishing tribe, for some that live upon fruits can dispose of an equally surprising quantity. For instance, the Cedar Bird of America, a sort of Jay, will devour every fruit or berry that comes in its way; and will gorge itself to such excess, as sometimes to be unable to fly, and may be taken by the hand. Some, indeed, although wounded and confined in a cage, have eaten apples until suffocation deprived them of life in the course of a few days; and when opened, they were found to be crammed to the very mouth.

Very frequently, in woods or solitary places, round balls or lumps of semi-digested substances, composed of small bones, claws, feathers, hair, &c., may be found on gateposts or rails. These are the discarded remnants of food thrown from the gullets of Hawks, Owls, &c., which, if allowed to pass into the stomach, might remain so long in an undissolved state as to prove in-

* "Evelyn's Memoirs."

jurious to the living bird. To defend the tender lining of this inner passage, the sides and under-surface of the tongue, and the upper part of the gullet, are furnished with numerous glands; supplying a slimy moisture, which softens the gullet and smooths the way for the admission of the hard substances which are occasionally introduced.

In the upper and back part of the palate of the Ostrich there are two remarkable reservoirs, from which a very tenacious mucus may be expressed, of infinite importance to the bird; for it is so little choice in its food, that in the stomach of one belonging to the King, which died at Windsor, and was forwarded to the Zoological Society for dissection, some pieces of wood of considerable size, several large nails, and a hen's egg, entire and uninjured, were discovered; and in another, in addition to some long cabbage-stalks, were masses of bricks of the size of a man's fist.

This large space and capacity of the gullet is clearly intended to counterbalance the disadvantages of uncertain subsistence. Thus, Herons and Cormorants will devour as much fish at once as will last them for a long time.

There is another peculiarity, too, in the gullets of fish-feeding birds—it is usually wider near the mouth, thus enabling them to gulp down their slippery food in an instant, without giving them an opportunity of escaping. In all these birds the width and space of the gullet does away with the use of the crop, which is accordingly, in this class of birds, exceedingly small, or altogether wanting.

The crop is furnished with a number of vessels secreting an oily fluid, something similar to the liquid in the gullet just mentioned. In such birds as feed their young from the crop, these vessels are observed to swell considerably at that particular time; in order to provide a great increase of this unctuous liquid. Those who have kept Turtledoves or Pigeons, must be familiar with the manner by which the young birds receive their food; almost thrusting their heads down the very throats of the old ones, to reach the nourishment provided in the enormous crops of their parents, where this lubricating liquid is provided in great quantity when the nestlings are young. It decreases in abundance as they grow older, and require less nourishing food.

This portion of the digestive organs is the most capacious in what is called the gallinaceous or poultry tribe, which feed chiefly on grain, requiring much softening; and there, accordingly, we find the food retained, till it is sufficiently softened to pass onwards to the stomach. And in this tribe it almost forms a distinct bag, as may be easily seen on examining a fowl—the gullet opening into it at the upper part, and quitting it about the middle. Its texture is very fine and thin; so much so that the craw of a full-sized Turkey will contain nearly a quart, and when scraped and varnished, is sufficiently light to form small air-balloons, for which purpose they are now prepared and sold in London.

We next come to the part called the second stomach, which, like the rest of the digestive organs, varies very much in size and internal arrangement. In some birds it is extremely small; in certain cases, as in the Kingfisher, it

is actually wanting; whereas, in the Ostrich it considerably exceeds even the real stomach, being capable of holding several pints of water. It is in this cavity that the grand business or process of digestion is carried on; it being abundantly supplied with a number of glands or vessels secreting that very curious liquid called the gastric juice, which acts most powerfully on every variety of food. They are called the solvent glands on this account; and, as birds generally require a more rapid digestion, they are larger and more distinct from the other organs of digestion than in other animals.

There may also be another reason why this liquid may be more essentially necessary for birds, which seem to require greater warmth than other animals; since it is found that their blood circulates more rapidly, and is warmer than the blood of the human body. For instance, the heat of the human body will raise the mercury of a thermometer to about 95 or 96 degrees, the true blood-heat being 98; but if the same thermometer is placed under the wing of a Parrot, or a Canary, it will raise it to 100 or 101; of a Fowl, to 103; of a Sparrow or Robin, sometimes to 110 or 111; and no doubt, if tried on certain other birds, requiring additional warmth, it would be found to rise still higher. Now the gastric juice, from some very ingenious experiments,* is supposed to contain a much stronger principle of life and warmth than other liquids; thus, when water, salt and water, and gastric juice were exposed to great cold, the gastric juice was the last to freeze, and the first to thaw. The greater portion of this juice, therefore, found in birds, may be an additional means by which the wisdom of God furnishes them with more warmth, and enables many of them to resist very strong degrees of cold. In proof of their endurance of cold, at the bird-market of St. Petersburg, in Russia, during the intensity of those dreadfully cold winters, several thousand cages, containing birds of every description, are hung on the outside of about eighty shops; in a part of each cage, a small quantity of snow is placed, which is said to be necessary to keep them alive. That birds, originally from warm climates, suffer from the colder regions of the north, is, to a great degree, true; but by far the greatest number of birds, found dead in our severe winter, perish, not from the inclemency of the weather, but the deficiency of food; for instance, our little Wren is just as active and cheerful in the severest frost as the warmest summer's day—his supply of food, consisting of small insects, concealed under the bark of trees, never failing him.

As a proof that small birds are not affected so much by temperature as want of food, Captain King† observed the lesser Redpole existing without apparent inconvenience in a climate, and at a season, when the thermometer was not unfrequently at seven degrees below zero; and in the inclement atmosphere of Cape Horn, on the desolate shores of Terra del Fuego, Humming-birds were constantly seen hovering over the blossom of a fuchsia, when the jungle composed of this shrub was partially covered with snow.

* Spallanzani.

† King's Narrative, vol. i., p. 199.

There is another singularity in this mysterious liquid, namely, the different force with which it acts on the various substances used for food by different birds. Thus the gastric juice in the stomach of those birds which live on flesh, acts very sparingly on vegetable substances. On examining the castings or pellets of some Eagles, which have been occasionally fed with dead Pigeons, it was found that the vegetable food, peas, wheat, and barley, which had been swallowed by these birds of prey, enclosed within the crops of the Pigeons, remained entire, being only somewhat enlarged by heat and moisture; though the fleshy substances, even to the very bones, were entirely consumed.*

Again, it has been observed, that this juice will not act upon the grain swallowed by poultry, and other granivorous birds, while it remains whole and entire.

This fact has been further proved by actual experiment. Some gastric juice was poured into a cup containing some whole seeds, but it produced no effect upon them till they were crushed. Hence it has been found, that if oats and barley given to horses are previously killed by heating, and crushed, the animal only requires half the quantity, and yet thrives equally well.

In considering the real stomach, or gizzard, by which name it will be more familiarly known, we shall find additional cause for admiration, in the mode by which Providence, with reference to the food introduced, so nicely balances the grinding powers of the gizzard with the dissolving or melting powers of the gastric juice. This third or real stomach differs, like the gullet, crop, and second stomach, very materially in different birds; but, generally speaking, the action of this gizzard may be compared to that of a coffee-mill, grinding down the various substances introduced, into a pulpy matter. In those which feed on flesh and insects, substances of no very hard texture, this stomach appears as a thin membranous bag, in comparison with the thick muscular globes or gizzards of the grain-devouring class; and the reason is evident; for the animal matter on which they feed requires no actual grinding to reduce it, the action of the gastric juice being sufficient for the purpose of dissolving it; whereas, without the powerful working of this grinding-machine within its body, a fowl, for instance, without a gizzard, would receive no sustenance from the grains on which it depends chiefly for support, since we have seen that until these grains are bruised and crushed, the gastric juice will not act upon mealy or nourishing matter contained within the husk. And there are reasons for supposing, that in this process nature acts according to certain wise laws; in most cases suiting the quantity and quality of the gastric juice to the necessities of the bird. One of our ablest anatomists (Sir E. Home), indeed, concluded that the stomach became more and more fitted to economise the food, as the country to which the bird belongs became less fertile, or less able to provide the requisite supply. In some cases, where the gizzard is imperfect, and is unfitted to act the part of a grinder, the bird is led by instinct to provide itself with a singular substitute.

We have alluded to the strange matters found in the stomach of the Ostrich which died in this country. Now, the reason why these birds and some others, such as the Emu and Cassowary, which move over the ground by running instead of flying, swallow such strange hard substances, is this: their digestive organs are, generally speaking, weak; accordingly, their well-known propensity for swallowing glass, iron, and other substances, is an instinctive remedy for this deficiency, which is further assisted by their habits of running; this motion producing such an increased shaking or rubbing together between these hard substances which they swallow, and their natural food, as to render the strong action of a gizzard in a great degree useless. Those who take an interest in poultry, are aware that they are in the constant habit of picking up small stones. Many persons consider this as an accidental occurrence, but it is by no means so; they do it, like the Ostrich, for the purpose of assisting the powers of the gizzard in grinding the shells and outer coats of the grains, so as to render them fit for final digestion. In the stomach of a Turkey-hen, nearly one hundred stones have been counted; and in that of a Goose, a still larger number; but these are nothing to the extraordinary contents of a common fowl's stomach, in which were found three pieces of flint, three metal buttons, fourteen nails, several of which were very sharp, in addition to a great number of small stones.* The coat of the bird's stomach, with the exception of some slight scratches on the inner membrane, was in its natural state; probably, however, if the gizzard had been closely examined, it would have been found diseased or defective in its operations, thus inducing the fowl to make up its deficiency by so unnatural an addition. Sir James Ross, in his interesting "Voyage of Discovery towards the South Pole," mentions having found in the stomach of one of the "Great Penguin" (*Apterodytes Forsteri*), the frequenters of high southern latitudes, from two to ten pounds weight of pebbles, consisting of granite, quartz, and trapean rocks, swallowed, no doubt, to assist them in digesting the various species of crustaceous animals on which they feed.

But the best way of understanding its curious mode of working, will be, to follow the progress of a meal swallowed by a fowl, between whose stomach and that of a corn-mill naturalists have traced a very close resemblance. The grain is first passed by the gullet into the craw, which may be compared to the hopper of the mill, through which the grain is gradually emptied on the grinding-stones. There, as we have seen, it remains a certain time, till it is considerably softened; and then, not all at once, but in very small quantities, in proportion to the progress of trituration, just as the hopper allows the grain to dribble into the central hole in the upper mill-stone, does it pass onwards to the gizzard, where it is thoroughly bruised and reduced. Many experiments have been made to ascertain the precise manner in which the gizzard acts; but we are still much in the dark respecting it. We may

* Zoological Journal, vol. x., p. 186.

* Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, No. III., p. 206.

learn, however, a good deal, by examining a very lean young fowl; when, on removing the feathers from the side of the belly nearest the gizzard, its motion can be both felt, seen, and heard. On pressing with the finger, the muscles will feel to the touch as hard as stones; when they relax, the grain, upon which they were then working, passes on, and a further supply, as in the case of the mill, passes under these natural rollers. These alternate actions succeed each other slowly but regularly; and on placing the bird close to the ear, as the food and stones roll under the pressure of the muscles of the gizzard, a sound not unlike the noise of the tide rolling upon a shingly shore may be distinctly heard at intervals, as if the waves were ebbing and flowing; and during all this process, the gastric juice slowly flows in from the lower part of the gullet or second stomach, and mingles intimately with the digesting food.

We have stated that the fowl best calculated for this examination should be a full-grown young one; but although, in this immature state, the gizzard is fully developed, if we were to dissect a chick we should find not a vestige of a gizzard, but merely a thin pellicle or skin. And it is for this reason, that whereas the young fowl is nevertheless old enough to live entirely on grain, and therefore requires the assistance of a gizzard, the little chick, on emerging from its shell, for a short time lives on soft food, and requires no such aid. As it advances in age, however, the pellicle gradually thickens; till at last, by pressure and rubbing, it becomes a hard and grinding membrane.

From the different construction and digestive powers of the stomachs of birds, it must be evident that some are able to continue a much longer time without food than others. An Eagle has been known to fast for three weeks; those who had the charge of it having forgotten to provide its usual supply of food. It soon however recovered its strength, and did not appear to suffer from its extraordinary abstinence. How long other birds can sustain hunger, we can have few opportunities of learning; but probably it will be found that such as are most likely, from their habits and particular sort of food, to be more exposed to a precarious and doubtful supply, are, generally speaking, best provided against the chance of suffering. But this is not always the case, for Geese and Fowls, which are rarely without the means of supplying themselves, have been known to remain a surprising length of time in a fasting state. A favorite hen, which had been missed for upwards of four weeks, was fortunately found at the bottom of a deep well, by a person who went down to repair it: the poor bird, when discovered, was perched on a small piece of timber floating on the water, and when taken up was in a very exhausted state, but soon recovered.

A Goose was accidentally shut up in a shed, and supposed to have been carried away by a fox, when, at the expiration of three weeks, it was discovered alive; for a few days it continued in a weak state, but gradually resumed its strength.

Having taken a short view of the frame-work and internal construction of a bird, with reference to the disposal of its food, we shall next consider some other of the vital functions, commencing

with those of breathing and voice. The lungs of men and animals occupy, as is well known, a large portion of the chest; whereas, in birds, the space occupied is not only much smaller, but the lungs themselves are of a more firm and compact texture. At the same time they are most plentifully supplied with air-cells, communicating with other cells, profusely distributed over every part of the system: by this, their bodies are in a manner blown up and rendered buoyant; a considerable portion of the skeleton, moreover, as we have shown, being formed into receptacles for this light and elastic fluid, of which birds partake in so much greater a degree than most other portions of the creation. In fact, a bird, destined as it is to live in air, may be almost called an absolute air-vessel; so completely does air fill up and circulate throughout its whole frame! While men and other land animals breathe in air through the nostrils alone, a bird respire through a variety of other channels. A wounded Heron was observed to live a whole day, breathing solely through a broken portion of the wing-bone.* Other experiments have confirmed the fact. The fractured portion of a bone that had been separated, when immersed in soap and water, was observed to emit bubbles from the part nearest the body; proving, beyond a doubt, that it contained air in considerable quantities.

The quills of the feathers are also air-vessels, which can be emptied and filled at pleasure.

There is a bird called the Gannet, or Solar-Goose, which is a beautiful instance of this wonderful provision; it lives on fish, and passes the greater part of its time either in the air or on the water; even in the most tempestuous weather, when it may be seen floating like a cork on the wildest waves. To enable it to do so with the least possible inconvenience, it is provided with a greater power of filling and puffing itself with air than almost any other bird. It can even force air between its skin and its body, to such a degree, that it becomes nearly as light and buoyant as a bladder. This buoyancy, however, entirely prevents its diving after fish. Nature, therefore, has applied a remedy by giving an extraordinary force and rapidity of flight, in enabling the creature to dart down on a shoal from a great height. This velocity is so prodigious, that the force with which it strikes the surface of the water is sufficient to stun a bird not prepared for such a blow, or force the water up the nostrils. But the Gannet has nothing to fear from either of those causes, the front of his head being covered with a sort of horny mask, which gives it a singularly wild appearance; and it has no nostrils, a deficiency amply remedied by the above-mentioned reservoirs of air, and capacity for keeping them always filled. Some notion may be formed of the rapidity of their descent by a curious mode of taking them, occasionally practised by the fishermen in the North. A board is turned adrift, on which a dead fish is fastened. On seeing it, the Gannet pounces down, and is frequently killed or stunned by striking the board, or is secured by its sharp-pointed beak being actually driven into the wood, and holding it fast.

There is another bird even more copiously sup-

* See "Linnæan Transactions," vol. xi., p. 11.

plied with air than the above, called the Chavana Fidele, in which the skin is entirely separated from the "flesh, and filled with an infinity of small air-cells, the legs and even toes partaking of the same singularity, so that it appears much larger than it really is, and when pressed by the finger, the skin sinks in, but resists pressure like a foot-ball, or other elastic body. The air, in this case, is supposed to assist in producing a powerful screaming voice, the bird being a wader, and not calculated for lengthened flights.

Generally speaking, the bones of birds, excepting when young, are without marrow, the gradual absorption of which, till the bones become a hollow tube, is most easily perceptible in young tame Geese, when killed at different periods of the autumn and winter. From week to week the air-cells increase in size, till, as the season advances, the air-bones become transparent. Towards the close of the summer and beginning of autumn, although in external appearance the young Goose resembles the parent, no trace of air-cells can be discovered in its bones—the interior being still filled up with marrow, which does not entirely disappear till about the end of the fifth or sixth month.

In the Eagle, Hawk, Stork, Lark, and other birds in the habit of soaring, the air-cells are very large, particularly those in connection with the wing. On the other hand, in Ostriches, or those birds which either never or seldom fly, those of the wing are comparatively small; but as a compensation, it has been remarked that, as great strength as well as lightness is desirable to enable them to run swiftly, their bones are almost all of them remarkably hollow. Such are some of the advantages derived from this abundant supply of air.

We have alluded to the additional warmth possessed by birds, in comparison with other animals, to which this greater quantity of air must essentially conduce. We may here again refer to the Gannet, which passing so much of its time in the depth of winter, exposed to the severest weather, would, if not provided with additional means of keeping itself warm, often perish from cold; but having, as we have observed, a power of filling up the space between its flesh and outward skin with air, it is thus furnished with a light, but at the same time admirable coat, which effectually prevents it from feeling the effects of cold, however severe.

Our young friends can hardly fail to be delighted by a perusal of these pretty facts; and we sincerely hope they will pursue their inquiries still further. Nature's operations and provision for her children, demand all our wonder, praise, and gratitude.

THE CANARY,—A CAGE AND CHAMBER BIRD. BY WILLIAM KIDD, OF HAMMER-SMITH. ILLUSTRATED WITH MORE THAN FIFTY ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD, by N. WHITTOCK. Small 12mo. Groombridge and Sons.

THIS is a book of which, for obvious reasons, we can only announce the appearance. Its object is, by means of graphic Illustration,

to convey many practical and useful lessons to the keepers of birds; by an observance of which they may not only save the lives of their choice little pets when suffering, but *prevent* illness among the whole tribe. Many other valuable "hints" are conveyed by the Illustrations, of which all will do well to take heed. The artist has indeed been very cutting!

The author commenced keeping birds in his early youth; and his experience from that time upwards—a long apprenticeship to the study—has enabled him to treat of everything that may be considered interesting, useful, and conducive to the well-being and happiness of birds in confinement. The book abounds in domestic anecdotes; and it pays special attention to the subject of REARING and BREEDING CANARIES in the OPEN AIR, as well as in cages, and in rooms fitted up as Aviaries. The directions are all simple, and particularly explicit.

The breeding of "fancy" canaries—a most interesting study—is also treated of at large; and the book is rendered as complete a Treatise on the subjects it professes to discuss, as is usually furnished in ordinary works of very much larger proportions.

To give it a world-wide popularity, it is issued (in an elegant binding of cloth of gold) at *less* than the cost of a common song-bird—viz., six shillings. The copyright being vested in the author, he is enabled to do this. It hardly needs be said, that it will require a *large* sale to make the speculation a profitable one. But as the Canary is a universal favorite, the risk is not perhaps a very dangerous one. Let us at all events hope so.

We may add, that it is the author's intention to issue a *unique* and uniform Series of Books on Birds; comprising the habits of all our known little songsters, and graphically depicting their amiabilities and winning ways.

The Nightingale, Blackcap, Skylark, Woodlark, and others, will appear in due course.

THE AMYOTTS' HOME; OR, LIFE IN CHILDHOOD. 12mo. Groombridge & Sons.

This is a very excellent book, but gifted with a very unattractive title. If merit can overcome this little mistake, then will it circulate all over the world.

There are two families named in the work—the Amyotts and the Campbells; and the association of these families gives rise to many sayings and doings, thoughts and sentiments, and practical lessons of virtue, which cannot be too highly commended. From the narrative, which is flowing and natural, we propose giving a little episode. It will be perused with more than common pleasure by all wise parents. But first let us notice the short and noble preface. The author says:—

In the following little story, I have trusted to very simple material for creating interest; in the hope that children, whose tastes have not been vitiated by exciting tales, in which the vices and follies of men and women are exposed, may find an interest in the trials and pleasures of children no way differently circumstanced to themselves. I would endeavor to inspire in children a respect for their own age, and would help to inculcate *into the very youngest* a sense of the holy bond between Life and Duty—showing that the small efforts and victories of the child, on the side of virtue, are precisely of the nature of those which make the Heroes and Philanthropists of grown-up life.

These sentiments are worthy of being recorded in letters of gold. Unfashionable they are, we admit; but worthy of admiration by the *sensible* part of society.

The subject we now introduce is a projected visit from the Amyotts to the Campbells. In this will be shown the difference between pleasure-taking and pleasure-giving.

Only several little visits had been exchanged between the Amyotts and Campbells, when one day (a Monday morning) there was found in the post-office a very smart little note, with an embossed border and colored seal, lying in the lid of an old box to keep it clean. At a glance it was easy to see that the note contained something more than usual in it. It was addressed to Fanny, and was carried to her by Willie, the finder; and great was the pleasure occasioned by its contents. It was a note of invitation, and ran as follows:—

“MY DEAR FANNY,—Mamma wishes me to ask, if you and your sister and your two brothers will come and take tea with us on Wednesday. We have our cousins staying with us, and shall have besides some other young friends. Please send an answer as soon as you can, through the post-office. Your affectionate friend,

“ALICE CAMPBELL.”

“Why, it is to be a party!” exclaimed Margaret with delight; and then, after a second thought, she added more gravely, “But will mamma like us to go to a party?”

Their mamma was consulted, who had no objection to the invitation being accepted; and accordingly a note was prepared by Fanny, on as pretty a sheet of paper as she possessed, and sealed with the gayest wafer to be found. It was as follows:—

“MY DEAR ALICE,—With mamma’s permission, I have great pleasure in accepting your kind invitation to us all, and we shall be very glad to see you on Wednesday evening. Yours affectionately,

“FANNY AMYOTT.”

This note was duly laid on Monday afternoon in the same box-lid in the post-office, and, as after a certain time it was looked for and found gone, they knew that it had been received, and there was nothing left to be done but talk about the engagement until the happy hour arrived.

The space, however, between Monday and Wednesday, much as they wished the time to pass quickly, was yet hardly long enough for all the talking that had to be gone through on the

subject. There were so many guesses to make about what they would see and do, and who would be there. Fanny and Margaret had a little private consultation about what they were to wear on the occasion, and they thought it rather strange that their mother should allow all Monday to pass without alluding to the subject. Tuesday came; and it was towards the middle of the day, when Fanny, being no longer able to restrain her curiosity on this important point, at last thought it best to ask at once of her mamma what she and Margaret were to wear at the Campbell’s party.

“Well, my dear, I think that nice clean white frocks will be all that is necessary.”

Luckily the last new ones were clean—for young people always like to wear their last new things—so that Fanny and Margaret were satisfied with the decision; and, after having inspected their shoes and mittens to see that all was right, there was nothing else to care for on the subject of dress. Once or twice Fanny thought of curling her hair for the occasion, and on the previous night actually made some preparations for the purpose in the way of curl-papers; but her mamma advised her to go with her hair braided, as she usually wore it, as more likely to be neat than any new experiments.

Herbert and Willie did not much disturb themselves about any preparations of this kind, but were only extra busy in getting all their school business done beforehand, so that the visit might not interfere in any way with it.

The evening came at last. Long before five o’clock Fanny and Margaret decided that it was quite time to prepare; and, after being shut up in their room for an hour, they came out very neatly dressed, as their mamma found on inspecting them; and with their thin shoes and mittens in a little basket, ready to put on when they got there. Herbert and Willie were in their nicely-brushed “Sunday clothes,” and with faces very shiny with extra soap and water.

After some few little hints from their mother about manners and behavior, they bade her good evening, and kissed baby, and then all set off with beating hearts—their mother promising to send for them at nine o’clock. Fanny and Margaret walked daintily along, careful not to dirty their nice white stockings or tumble their frocks. The loud-sounding bell at the Campbells’ was rung. Alice Campbell’s face was seen for a moment at a window, satisfying herself that this important addition to her party was arrived; and then the door opened, and they were let in, and shown by the servant into a little anteroom, where they changed their shoes, and took off their hats and bonnets, and smoothed their hair. Then came the ushering into the large drawing-room, where a large party of young people were assembled, with Mrs. Campbell and a grown-up young lady, who was to assist her in entertaining the party.

The numerous new faces were quite bewildering at first; and if it had not been that Alice and Jessie and Mrs. Campbell came forward to meet and greet them, they would hardly have found them out from the rest of the party. Then seats were found for them, and the names of some of the company told to them. “This is my cousin Emily, and that is my cousin Robert,”—“This is Master Smith, and that is little Ellen Smith,”

were some of the introductions that went on; but it was some time before they could fix in their memory the right names to the right faces.

A game had been going on when they entered; and after the rules of it had been explained to them, they were able to overcome their bashfulness, and join in it. It was, "What is my thought like?" And when it came to Fanny's turn to be asked this question, she said, "An old shoe;" so that she was dreadfully puzzled when she found that "a whale" was the subject of the thought, and she had to find out why it was like an old shoe. She got out of it famously, however, after a little thought. "A shoe had a sole," she said; "a sole was a fish—and so was a whale!" This was thought a very good answer; and so was Herbert's, when he found out that a whale was like the moon, because . . . but I will leave my young readers to find out why.

After some rounds of the game had been played, and the party were warmed up into something like merriment and sociability, tea was announced; and every one went into the dining-room, where a large table was set out, large enough for the whole party to sit round, with tea-things at each end, and an infinite variety of bread-and-butter and cakes in the middle. The tea-drinking was rather a long operation, and everybody was glad when at last it was over, and the whole party went into the garden.

Such a large party of young people spread over the smooth lawn, amidst the gay flower-beds, looked very pretty, and the white-frocked little girls running about, seemed like so many butterflies! When they had seen all that was to be looked at in garden or greenhouse, and everybody had had a swing on the Dutch swing, which they did, crowding it like a boatful of shipwrecked sailors, they returned to the lawn again, and the grown-up young lady helped them to form into games. At first they had a famous game of "Tiercelly," called by some "Fox and Geese;" and then they played at "French and English;" but this proving rather mischievous to the frocks, some quieter games were adopted. Last of all, as the twilight came on, they had a famous game of "Hide and Seek;" but in playing at this, little Margaret had a most curious adventure. Some one was to hide in some part of the garden, and the person who found the *hidden* one was to be the next *hider*. Several *hidings* were very good, and a long time was spent before they were found out; and then it came to Margaret's turn to hide, she having found Willie in the middle of a row of peas in the kitchen-garden. After seeking about for some nook to get into, Margaret at last, finding the door of the greenhouse open, ensconced herself in it; crouching down behind the large tub, in which an orange-tree was planted. Now it happened that, soon after she left the rest of the party, Mrs. Campbell came out to suggest that, as it was getting cool and dark, the party should come in and have a dance in the drawing-room. Everybody was very ready for this; and quite forgetting that Margaret had gone away to hide, it somehow happened, in the bustle of taking places and getting partners, that no one missed her. After the first dance was over, it ought to be mentioned that Fanny did think of her sister;

but as some of the little ones who did not want to dance had been taken up stairs to see a large doll's-house belonging to Jessie Campbell, she concluded that she was amongst them. Other dances were formed; and between these the grown-up young lady sang some droll songs.

All this while poor little Margaret was in her hiding-place! She had, however, long before began to suspect that no one was looking for her; but just as she had made up her mind to come forth from her corner, Mr. Campbell, who was taking a walk in the garden, on finding the door of the greenhouse open, not only shut it, but locked it! Poor Margaret heard the key turn upon her, and sprung forward to make herself seen and heard; but it was too late, and she saw Mr. Campbell vanish round a turn in the shrubby walk! She had at first a hard struggle to keep from crying, for she fancied that she should be left there all night; but, after another moment's thought, she felt sure that some of the party would remember her, and come in search of her; so she took courage, and waited as patiently as she could, until the time should come for being let out of her prison.

Meanwhile, the dancing and singing being ended, it occurred to Fanny that it must be near the time for their being fetched, so she looked round the room for her brothers and sisters; and again missing Margaret, she went to Herbert, who was in a corner of the room at a table looking at some prints, and asked him if he knew where Margaret was. Herbert did not know, and was surprised she had not been dancing. Willie was then asked, and he did not know; so that they became quite alarmed. As soon, however, as Alice Campbell heard what was the matter, she instantly remembered Margaret's going away to hide herself, before they all came in.

"Poor little Margaret!" was the exclamation of all, and in great distress they ran out to look for her. Presently Mr. Campbell was told what was the matter, and remembered the circumstance of his locking the greenhouse door, and it occurred to everybody that most probably Margaret was there. The key was fetched, and in a few minutes the poor little patient prisoner was let out of her confinement.

"Poor dear Margaret," said Fanny, kissing her, "how miserable you must have been! How I wish, too, that you had not missed all the dancing and nice songs!" and between Alice and Fanny she was led back to the house.

Of course every one reproached themselves that the little girl had been so forgotten, and many and loud were the regrets at her evening having been so spoiled, as they said; but Margaret was so good-natured about it that she helped to stop all the lamentations, and the merriment of the party was soon restored again.

Quite out of compliment to Margaret, and to make amends for her lost dancing, a merry country-dance was proposed, in which every one joined; and nurse, who had arrived to fetch them home, was sent back with a petition for leave to stay another hour. When the dance was over, supper was announced, and the party assembled again round the large table for a repast of cakes and fruit, custards and creams, and all manner of good things; and after this came the leave-

taking, which was a very lengthy affair, since, beside the Campbells, they found themselves shaking hands and kissing many whom they had never seen before that evening. "It had been the most delightful visit in the world," was the report given by all the party on their return home. "Never had they in their lives so enjoyed any evening;" and their father and mother were nearly stunned by the burst of talk that assailed them, as, at the late hour of ten, the four visitors came in and interrupted their quiet reading.

All that had been done or said during the evening was of course related, and each had to give his or her own particular adventures, poor little Margaret's being of course the most important. It was with some difficulty that the excited talkers were at last quieted down and despatched to bed; and when once in bed, it was a comfort to the rest of the family that downright fatigue soon stopped the talking, and lulled them to sleep.

The children's party at the Campbells' left a very deep impression on the minds of Fanny and Margaret; and although they looked back to it with great delight, yet from that time there found their way into their minds some feelings of discontent that had never been there before. They had made the discovery, in the first place, that Alice and Jessie Campbell's papa and mamma were richer than their own. Of course they knew before that there were plenty of people in the world richer than their father, and they had seen before that Mr. Campbell's house was larger and more beautifully furnished than their own; but still their own attachment to their happy home made them feel no wish to exchange with the Campbells, for where papa, and mamma, and baby were, must be, after all, the best; and there had been times even in that delightful evening—one or two moments, when a sort of longing to be at home passed through their minds—with Fanny, for instance, when, during one of the dances, she was left up in a corner for want of a partner, and with Margaret when shut up in the greenhouse; but without wishing exactly to be in Alice Campbell's place, Fanny in particular found herself wishing very much for several things which Alice Campbell had, and which she could not help thinking she *might* have, even though her father was not so rich as Mr. Campbell. What a sweet little writing-desk, for instance, Alice Campbell had had given her on her birthday! How strange that none of her relations had ever thought of giving her one! and what beautiful little workboxes she and Jessie had! and those were things that were quite useful and almost necessary. She should be quite ashamed for Alice to see the shabby little cedar-wood box that she had for keeping her thimble and scissors in, now that she compared it to Alice's beautiful rosewood one lined with blue satin!

But after all, it must be confessed that the things that had most of all aroused her envy, amongst the possessions of Alice and Jessie Campbell, were certain pink sashes that they wore with their white frocks the evening of the party. Such sweet pretty ribbons were they, and it had occurred to her for the first time how much better a frock looked with a sash—in fact, it would appear as if it were almost necessary, for nearly all

the little girls wore them who were there—indeed she was nearly sure that Alice had looked with surprise at herself and Margaret on seeing them without sashes. "Ribbon was not so very dear, but what her papa might afford to give them sashes, after all," thought Fanny. The matter rested on her mind for some days—then was forgotten again; but it revived in full force on her mother suggesting, some time after their visit to the Campbells, that she should like them to ask their young friends to come and spend an evening with them—if, as she said, they could contrive to afford them some amusement. Fanny and all the children were delighted at the idea of this; but as they found that the Campbells were going to the sea-side for a few weeks, the visit must be postponed until their return. In the meantime, they should have time enough to plan what was to be done for their entertainment.

Fanny decided at once, that it must be what she called "a party;" and as her mamma had no objection to some of their cousins from town being invited, these, with little Ernestine and the three Campbells, would make a party quite large enough for their means of amusing them. Other matters, though, entered into Fanny and Margaret's thoughts; and it made them rather unhappy to think how very far short of the evening they spent at the Campbells their own party would be. Amongst other things, they would have no sashes, and again Alice and Jessie would wear theirs and wonder that they had none.

"If I thought mamma would not mind, I think I could save up money enough to buy one myself," thought Fanny; and after some consultation with Margaret, she ventured at last to speak to her mother on the subject. The following conversation took place.

Fanny. "Mamma, do you like sashes?"

Mother. "Yes, my dear, I think they are very pretty sometimes."

Fanny. "Alice and Jessie Campbell wear pink ones, which look so pretty with their white frocks. I do not think Margaret or I ever had any sashes in our lives."

Mother. "No, my dear; I have always thought that they would be an unnecessary expense; you know your papa is not as rich as Mr. Campbell."

Fanny. "Yes, mamma, I know; but supposing we could save up money to buy sashes ourselves, should you mind our wearing them?"

Mother. "No, my dear—you may do as you like with your money—only do not spend it until you are quite sure that the sashes will give you as much pleasure as you expect."

Fanny considered this as quite encouragement enough on the part of her mother, and as their pocket-money for two or three weeks was still unspent (her own and Margaret's allowance was only threepence a week each, I ought to state), it was hoped that enough might be saved up by the time of the Campbells' return, to enable them to buy sashes nearly as wide and as long as those of Alice and Jessie.

The very next time that nurse went into the village, Fanny and Margaret begged leave to accompany her, that they might inquire the prices of ribbons, in order to calculate how much money

would be wanted. According to nurse's opinion, nothing less than two yards and a half would look handsome for a sash, and nothing less than ribbon at a shilling a yard was found at all suited for the purpose. Two yards and a half at a shilling was half-a-crown, and Fanny had only fifteen pence to begin with! The Campbells must stay away five weeks, before she should have saved up enough for her sash.

Margaret gave up the matter at once. Her desire to imitate the little Campbells was not quite as strong as Fanny's; besides a very serious engagement which she and Fanny had entered into—that of subscribing together to pay for the schooling of a little neighbor who lived at the end of the lane—at the National School, must be given up if they were to spend their money on the ribbon. Fanny, who had paid her share for many weeks with great satisfaction and pleasure, did not any more than her sister like the idea of giving up this employment of her money. She walked home perplexed and sorrowful—divided between two conflicting feelings; but at last she decided that she would at all events save up all the money that she could, and trust to chance for getting some little addition to her fund before the day for their party came.

The Campbells' visit to the sea-side lasted a month, and on their return it was considered full time to think about sending them an invitation.

The Amyotts were very full of the intended entertainment. Herbert and Willie discussed what they had to show Malcolm that he was likely to be amused with. Their shells—their tumblers, that their uncle had brought them from China—their model of an Indian canoe, and several other curiosities, which were only brought out on very important occasions; and the boys had serious thoughts as to whether, with the help of the cousins from town, a game of cricket might not be attempted on the lawn—a suggestion which Fanny and Margaret always very warmly opposed.

Just at this time Fanny could scarcely be said to look forward to the visit with much pleasure, so full of uneasiness was she at the thought of how different their own party would be to the Campbells'. On several occasions she ventured to suggest to her mother that certain arrangements would be quite necessary, and was quite distressed to find that her mother did not think it so indispensable to keep up a close imitation of the entertainment given by their neighbors.

"My dear Fanny," she would say, "you must remember that your father is not as rich as Mr. Campbell, and therefore it would be neither right nor possible for us to do everything in the same manner."

"Yes, mamma, I know—but still that would not cost much, would it?"

Mrs. Amyott yielded to her children's very natural and proper wish to entertain their young friends as agreeably as they had been entertained by them; but she was anxious to check the feeling in Fanny of attempting a close imitation of those who were richer than themselves, under the idea that this was a necessary attendant on having intercourse with them.

In the meantime Fanny's savings, which were to be devoted to the purchase of a sash, slowly

accumulated. The weekly allowance was carefully set aside, and none of the usual temptations had any power over her. At the beginning of each week, however, little Mary Green, the child whose schooling she and Margaret had undertaken to pay for, appeared punctually for the money to take with her to school, and Fanny could do no less than contribute her share. It was but a penny each week that was so disposed of—but still it prevented her attaining the requisite sum for the purchase of the sash, and it did not seem as if her mother had the slightest intention of helping her to make up the sum. She was disappointed and perplexed; and yet by the time that the Campbells' invitation had been given and accepted, she felt more than ever anxious to accomplish her purpose.

At last, a plan occurred to her by which she could gain possession of the necessary sum of money. An old aunt of her mother's, who lived a short distance from them, and who generally went by the name of "Aunt Thornton," was in the habit of giving to each of the children on their birthdays a half-crown piece, and this had been such an unailing practice since their very earliest childhood, that Aunt Thornton's half-crown was as fully to be depended on as the very birthday itself. Now Fanny's birthday happened to be very near at hand. The very next month she would be eleven years old, and it seemed to her as if it would be the simplest thing in the world to ask Aunt Thornton to give her usual present a little before the proper day. There was, to be sure, *something* in this plan not quite agreeable to Fanny's feelings, though she could not quite explain it to herself. This *something* made her avoid mentioning her idea to any one, not even Margaret, and it made her not a little falter and hesitate when the time came for proposing it to her aunt. Just at the time, it so happened that the children were in the habit of going to read aloud to Aunt Thornton for an hour at a time, the daughter who usually read to her being absent from home. When Fanny's turn came, therefore, it gave her plenty of opportunity for bringing forward in her talk the subject of the birthday present. She found, however, that some little management was necessary. First, she had to introduce the subject of her birthday, and its near approach; and even after her aunt had said "Ah, yes, Fanny, I must be getting my half-crown ready for you!" the way was not quite open to her, for her aunt went on to say what a great girl she was growing, and then to ask what her age would be, and what were the ages of her brothers and sisters, and then to recall all that she could remember of her mother when at her age—so that Fanny began to be afraid the moment would never come for making her petition. When at last, however, she got out with many blushes her request to have her half-crown before the time—for a "particular purpose"—she was soon set at ease by the readiness with which the request was complied with. No questions were asked, and it was given with such alacrity and evident pleasure, that Fanny did not then regret that she had ventured on so bold an act.

On her way home, to be sure, there were some uncomfortable feelings in her mind, quite different from those with which she could remember having

carried home her half-crown on the right day ; but still a new idea that had come into her head of not only being able to purchase her own sash, but to help out Margaret with money enough to buy one too, set aside any scruples she might feel about the means by which she had gained her end.

To Margaret she therefore announced that, if she were willing to give up her savings, sashes could be bought for both ; Aunt Thornton having given her the birthday half-crown before the time.

Margaret thought this a most lucky circumstance, and it never occurred to her to suspect that Fanny had *asked* for her present. In her mother's mind, however, Fanny's lucky present certainly excited some suspicion ; but she forebore to question her about it, as she preferred waiting until her own feelings should lead her to acknowledge this, it must be confessed, rather mean action. Nothing now remained for Fanny to do in order to attain her wishes, but the purchase of the sashes ; and this she luckily resolved to postpone until the very last moment—not being able quite to make up her mind as to whether the ribbon should be pink or blue.

All Fanny's projects, and the joyous anticipations of the whole party, received a sad check, however, when, on the day before that on which the party was to take place, the news arrived, that their cousins in town had the hooping-cough amongst them, and that their visit must be given up !

Loud and long were the lamentations.

"It will be no party, after all," said Fanny in despair. "With so few of us, we could not even have a dance." And the tears came into her eyes.

"Well, suppose," said her mother, "we quite give up the idea, Fanny, of your party being in any respects like that of your friends, the Campbells', but take a lesson from the parable your father read this morning, in which, when the guests made excuses, and could not come to the feast, the giver of it invited instead, the poor, the lame, and the blind."

"But, mamma, we know no blind nor lame people," said Herbert, wondering what his mother meant.

"No, but the poor. I have been wishing all the summer to ask the children of the school in the village to come and walk in our garden, and have a play on our lawn. What do you say to our having them here to-morrow ? And, instead of vexing ourselves, and fretting over the impossibility of having a gay party like the Campbells', suppose we think only of how we can give pleasure to those poor children, to whom our entertainment will be sure to be a pleasure and a treat."

Not all at once, but gradually, the idea of this entered the children's minds in the light which their mother wished. Fanny was a little harassed at the thought of what the "Campbells would think of it ;" but when her mother proposed her sitting down to write a little note to Alice, to explain how they had been disappointed by their cousins not being able to come, and how her mamma thought their preparations might give pleasure to the children of the National School, and asking Alice and her brother and sister to

come early in the afternoon, to help in preparing for their reception—a great weight was taken off Fanny's mind. Now, it would no longer be necessary to imitate the Campbells ; for all would be quite different, and better (she began to feel) than any party could be.

The children's liking to the scheme was increased still more strongly by perceiving the interest taken in it by their father and mother. The latter went herself to give the invitation to the master and mistress of the school ; and Mr. Amyott begged that the entertainment of the party, after it was too dark for anything else, should be left to him. It was found that as many as thirty children could accept the invitation, and no one would admit a doubt of their being able to accommodate so large a party. As the weather, although they were in the middle of September, was unusually fine and warm, it was settled that they might plan for tea being taken in the garden, so that room could be found for all, in addition to the pleasantness of the arrangement.

The spirits of the Amyotts rose high on the receipt of an answer from the Campbells to Fanny's note, entering warmly into their plans, and offering all kinds of assistance and loans, from cups and saucers to their large microscope, which, with Malcolm's care and management, might, they thought, afford some amusement to the children. What a beautiful idea ! It suggested the plan of appropriating the summer-house as a sort of museum for the occasion, and they determined to clear it out, and arrange in it all their curiosities for the children to look at. Herbert was to have the charge of the museum ; he was to show and explain. Never had the summer-house, amid all its transformations, been turned to such good account.

As the idea of the pleasure they were about to give to their poor neighbors became more and more present to their minds, the zeal and earnestness of the children increased. Petty and paltry feelings about rivalling or imitating the Campbells passed out of Fanny's mind, and gave way to better ones. Even the wearing of a sash, on which she had fancied her pleasure would so much depend, became quite a matter of indifference to her ; indeed, it seemed as if it would, on the whole, be better not to wear anything of the kind, now that the greater number of their visitors would be so humbly dressed.

As I have exposed my little friend Fanny's weakness in this matter of the sash, I feel that I ought to mention that her good sense brought her to this decision, quite without any suggestion from any wise *grown-up* person. She determined that she would not purchase any sash at all ; and what would she not now give that she had never thought of getting from Aunt Thornton her birthday half-crown ! Now that her desire for what it was to purchase was gone, how disagreeable seemed to her, her late expedient for obtaining the money. The more she dwelt on the thought, the more painful it became ; and when she found on the morning of their "party," that her mother was about to send a message to her aunt, she eagerly begged to be allowed to accompany the servant ; and, with the half-crown tightly squeezed up in her hand, she went, and, in a private interview

with her aunt, persuaded her to take it back again until the "proper day," saying that the purpose for which she wanted it no longer existed.

"Well, my dear, as you please," was the only remark from her aunt, so that there was no need of any farther explanation.

With a lightened heart Fanny returned home; and now to confess to her mother what she had done was all that was left to do, in order to clear her mind of all painful feelings. This she contrived to do in the course of that busy day; and her mother, while she regretted that the indulgence of a foolish desire had led her to the commission of this more than foolish act, rejoiced with her that she had been able so completely "to undo it," as Fanny said; and, kindly kissing her, she advised her never again to fancy that her happiness depended on copying the luxuries and indulgences of others, which her own station in life did not easily secure to her.

Fanny was even still more contented with herself when her young friends, the Campbells, arrived that afternoon, and she noticed directly that even Alice and Jessie had not thought it right to wear their sashes on this occasion; but, bringing with them their aprons, had come, they said, determined to make themselves useful.

And so they did; and a fine bustling afternoon had the whole party! Happily the day was particularly fine and warm, so that the tea-drinking out of doors was put into execution. A large table, covered with a white cloth, was set out upon the lawn; benches from the children's own school-room were borrowed, and every chair and stool brought into requisition from the house. Then what a mustering of cups and saucers and spoons! Fanny and Alice were appointed tea-makers, whilst the rest were to be waiters and servers. Then came the cutting up of cakes, and bread-and-butter, in which operations nurse was a most kind and zealous assistant; and lastly, as they called it, the "ornamental-part." It was agreed by all that there could not be too many flowers. Every vase, glass, and bowl were brought into use for the occasion; and, besides the flowers that their own garden afforded, Malcolm fetched from home a large basket of still choicer ones—especially some late-blooming roses, that it was quite a treat to see at this time of the year. Nothing could look gayer than that table with its numerous nosegays, the mellow autumn sun shining on one half, and the other shaded by a wide-spreading tulip-tree.

Then the museum in the summer-house became the object of attention. In the middle of it, on a table covered with green cloth, were laid all Herbert's trays of shells from his cabinet, nicely arranged; and, in addition to these, a case full of insects and butterflies belonging to Willie. Their model of an Indian canoe made a great show, and the Chinese tumblers were expected to attract particular attention. On another table in the window was placed Malcolm's microscope, the exhibition of which he superintended; and various curiosities were hunted up from about the house, such as bits of spar, an ostrich's egg, calabashes, and feather-flowers, &c. On the whole, it was by no means a contemptible museum, even to those who had seen larger and grander ones; and to the

spectators for whom it was intended, probably everything would be strange and new.

By the time all these preparations were ready, their father arrived from town, bringing with him a large box, which with great care was lifted from the chaise. What could it contain? Herbert and Malcolm were soon taken into the secret, and enlisted as assistants to their father; and the little girls were left to wonder and speculate on the nature of the preparations going on, from which they were excluded. They had not time, however, to get uncomfortably curious, before little Ernestine arrived; who came dressed in her "jolie robe" that Fanny and Margaret had made; and she had to be introduced for the first time to Alice and Jessie, who had never before seen a little French girl, and whose broken English and fluent French were equally a matter of amusement and surprise.

At last, and luckily not before everything was ready for their reception, arrived the long train of the National School children with their teacher at their head. Very orderly, and quite in soldier-like formality, they were marched into the garden; but soon after, at Mrs. Amyott's request, the signal was given for breaking their ranks, and walking and running as they pleased about the garden until tea was ready.

Tea-making and tea-serving for so large a party was no small exertion to the young Amyotts and Campbells, and their own could only be taken by snatches. Fanny's and Alice's wrists ached with the weight of the heavy tea-pots, and the boys grew red and hot with their handing about; but all went on well, and all were at last satisfied; and by the time the meal was over, the shyness of the children began to wear off. After the tables were cleared away, merry games were played upon the lawn; and between these, at the suggestion of their teacher, choruses were sung by the children, which sounded harmoniously and joyously in the open air. Then parties of four and five at a time were taken to see the museum; Herbert showing and explaining everything, very much to his own satisfaction, if not to the children's comprehension, whilst peeps at all kinds of wonders were taken in Malcolm's microscope. Then came another mustering of the whole party again upon the lawn, and a grand game of "Threading the needle"—the Amyotts, Campbells, and little Ernestine forming part of the long-linked "thread." Then a rest, and another school chorus—

"In labor and in play
We spend the happy day."

At the close of this, a summons arrived for the party to adjourn to the dining-room, where seats were arranged for the whole party to see a magic-lantern. This was the father's contribution to the entertainment, and a most amusing and interesting one it was. Upon the great white sheet stretched over the wall at the end of the room, droll figures and scenes—representations of the Heavenly bodies—and beautiful dissolving views flitted like visions, and peals of laughter and shouts of delight were drawn from the spectators. It was a treat to all; and formed a charming conclusion to the pleasures of the evening—for even the happiest one must come to a close.

The best part of this entertainment was, that it not only gave pleasure at the time, but satisfaction afterwards to all concerned. To the children whose exertions had contributed to it, it afforded a new—a higher pleasure than they had ever experienced; and to their parents it was a satisfaction to think, that to those poorer children it might supply a little stock of pleasant thoughts to gladden their future lives. And if they did not understand all that was shown them that was beautiful and curious,—still, seeing is believing—that *there is much to know*, and this is something.

With my young friends the Amyotts, too, that evening afforded them a sight of something quite new and strange, in those poor children to whom the chance of birth had denied so many of their own pleasures and advantages, many of whose countenances were sadly dimmed by poverty and early care. If amongst the spectators of their museum there was none who were then inspired with a desire to learn more about the curious shells, butterflies, or stones—and this I cannot answer for—I can at least assert that in the after lives of my young friends, this first meeting with their poor neighbors was of much influence; for from that time the welfare of the poor began to be felt by them to be closely connected with their own duties in life.

In this manner that happy entertainment was looked back upon as an important event in the history of the Amyotts' Home, and formed an epoch in their Childhood's Life.

It is from the perusal of books like these, that children get sound practical wisdom. Only set them "thinking," and at a very early age they will perceive the difference between pride and innocence, ignorance and virtue. Strong contrasts seldom fail to produce good effects upon a well cultivated mind.

THE MEMOIRS OF A STOMACH. WRITTEN BY HIMSELF. Fourth Edition. 12mo. Painter.

We did fair justice to this clever and sensible little volume on its first appearance; recommending its perusal by young and old, rich and poor. That recommendation has not been without effect; as we remark with pleasure.

The author,—“A Minister of the Interior,” goes deeply into the victualling department; and tells us naïvely what *should* enter the human stomach, and what *should not*. He records the penalty attending transgression, and very fairly as well as humorously purveys for our pleasures and enjoyments at the well-spread table. His book should circulate everywhere. We trust it will do so.

But let us listen to his seasonable advice about—

DIET, REGULARITY OF MEALS, &c.

The next rule worthy of the valetudinarian's attention is *care* in the selection of *diet*; and be assured I am the proper authority to consult upon this subject. *Regularity of meals* is another essential point, for I can work with great vigor

when I am called upon to do so at stated, and tolerably certain intervals. *Exercise*, too, is a *sine qua non*; for the entire internal machinery becomes clogged unless a healthy waste of the system is produced by walking or riding. Over-fatigue, however, is my abhorrence, since my attention is then distracted from my own particular duties. *Mastication* is another highly important item in my economy, and the dental organs may be considered as the teeth of the wonderful internal mill, which is neither worked by wind nor water. Indeed, in a jocose way I understand teeth are called “grinders,” though they do not grind, but bruise. This preliminary process of comminuting food and mixing it with saliva, is to me a subject of deep interest: for my own labors are considerably increased or diminished by a proper or improper performance of this act of grace. The better the teeth perform their part, the sweeter is my temper during digestion; so take warning all ye who bolt your food, for by so doing you bolt in acidity and ill humors.*

The next dietetic rule I desire you to observe is, *never to dine by yourself*. I rejoice beyond measure in listening to conversation during dinner; for generally thereby I became *au courant* with the news of the day, and get an idea of how the world wags. The custom of reading a periodical or newspaper, however light and amusing, is no substitute for conversation at feeding time, for there is nothing so tantalising to a stomach of an inquiring mind as to be compelled to work, and not be made the while a recipient of the news which is imbibed by his lord and master. Occasionally, during dinner, I have found myself suddenly shaken by a poverty-stricken sort of laugh, without knowing what the joke was about;

* The preliminary part of digestion depends much upon nervous energy, which may be greatly augmented by external circumstances. The moment food is swallowed it is changed into a kind of pulp or pap called chyme; and this conversion is owing to the electric action of eight pair of nerves, which decomposing the salt always mixed with food naturally, and generally artificially, muriatic acid is set free and dissolves the mass. Now the reason that eating a heavy meal like that of dinner in your own society is injurious, arises from thought being engendered by solitude, and thus detracting from the energy of those nerves which act upon the assimilation of food. Hence, bad news deprives us of appetite, and the reverse increases it. Hence, why men of sedentary habits so often suffer after eating, and why fatigue just before a meal is so injurious. The nervous vigor cannot be fully at work in two places at once; so, when you are going to eat, it is as well to concentrate it in the digestive regions. Salt, besides what we derive from the saliva, and what is adherent in food, is positively essential, though if taken in excess, the excess of muriatic acid will do injury. Scurvy is produced by the undue consumption of salted meat, and lemon juice is a specific. May not this be owing to the acid aiding the galvanic action of the nerves just mentioned, and thus assisting digestion? Surely this hypothesis, crude as it may appear, is at least worthy of the physician's attention.

whereas, if it had arisen during conversation I could have joined in the fun, and made the cachination hearty and real. I detest your inward, half-ashamed sort of sniggle; but commend me to a good robust octave of merry notes. Even a *smile* of genuine kind nature sheds a light down into my depths, and imparts a glow like a glass of cordial. In short, cheerfulness is my delight, especially at meal time; and if doctors would *insist* upon their patients dining in society instead of giving them those eternal drugs, I'll be bound to say dyspepsia would fly away for ever on its batlike wing.

What will my friends and the world in general say, if I venture to declare that a life spent in good-will to others, and a judicious regard to our moral government, influences a humble individual like myself in a most remarkable manner? Yet the human body is such a bundle of sympathies; it is perfectly true. I do not mean a mere selfish care of the body, a regularity of existence suggested simply by providential motives; but I mean that I sympathise, and act in harmony with those higher inspirations and faculties, which distinguish a highly-gifted nature from a common one. An explanation of this principle in all its bearings would involve both a physiological and psychological disquisition, and as the office of lecturer to mankind is not my *rôle* in life, I will forbear afflicting the reader by any plunge into obscure matters.

Thus far, then, the necessary observances to sustain the body in health consist of *moderation, mastication, a careful choice of food, regularity, exercise, society at meals, abjuration of physic,* and, in case of indisposition arising from an infringement of these rules, *rest and a strict regimen.*

Advice so simple savors, perhaps, of self-evident truisms; but why then do people neglect them so continually? By far the larger portion of the ills of life is occasioned by errors in diet; and though there, of course, exist hereditary diseases which have nothing whatever to do with myself, and rest solely with my ancestors, yet even these ills are to be mitigated, and, in a generation or two, totally eradicated, by a strict attention to what passes the lips—inwardly. The moment compounds are swallowed, the system must get rid of them in some way or other; and just conceive how much evil might be avoided, if people would only consider this simple fact. Health influences directly and indirectly a man's actions, and his mode and tone of thought; and his ideas expressed in language, are so many winged seeds, which he sows during life, to spring up ultimately for the good or ill of those who reap. He should never forget, too, that he is a link (as, indeed, is the smallest atom of matter) in the chain which stretches from the dim past into the illimitable future; and he contributes his share in giving form and shape to things to come, in the same way as he and his ideas have been formed, and shaped by things past.

Health, therefore, is a treasure he has no right to expend lavishly, or to fritter away; he holds it in trust, as he does his life; and even in the dark ages, when science was struggling in the hands of astrologers and alchemists, *they* regarded the vital portions of the body so highly, as to exalt matter into the throne of man's soul and spirit.

There are some members of my family whose nature is so vigorous and robust, that ordinary rules and regulations would seem scarcely to apply to their particular case. To such, I say, go on and prosper; but there are breakers ahead, and take care that you do not get wrecked on alcohol. From your very vigor you will be enticed to indulge—first in a few drams, and then larger ones; till it will come to pass, that ultimately your digestion is no longer inside you, and a part of you, but in BOTTLES AND FLASKS!

How many of these animated human bottles and flasks cross our path daily, we know not; but they are not few. Filthy, beastly, stinking wretches!—Faugh!

O'BYRNE'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF THE WAR.
Part I. Royal 8vo. Charles Skeet.

THE name of Mr. O'Byrne is a guarantee for this being an accurate record of the eventful war on which the eyes of all nations are now turned with the most intense interest.

We may all read, *en passant*, in the daily and weekly journals, detached accounts of what is going forward at home and abroad; but in this work, the whole progress of events is thoroughly digested—the details forming a continuous narrative of events, and bringing in a palpable form before the reader all that has transpired during the past month.

The materials have been carefully collected from official sources, and as carefully arranged; and they supply, at the nominal cost of sixpence monthly, a work of imperishable interest. We should mention that a well-executed map of the Danube, Black Sea, and Baltic, accompanies the first part of this Encyclopædia. For *this*, no extra charge is made.

THE POWER OF TRUE LOVE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

THOU art not with me when I tread
The forest path at eve,
Where the full branches over head
Their fragrant garlands weave;
Yet all things in my lonely walk—
The stream, the flowers, the tree,
The very birds—but seem to talk
In gentle strains of thee!
If in the midnight's gentle gloom
Sweet sleep mine eyelids fill,
I see thee in my curtain'd room,
In dreams thou'rt with me still!
Thou art not with me, yet I feel
Thy presence when I go
Where the pale moonbeams all reveal
Our wanderings long ago;
And when the song-bird fills the air,
Thy voice seems sweet and clear,
For memory has such power, that there
I fancy thou art near;
Until the midnight's darker gloom
My wearied eyelids fill,
And then within my curtain'd room
In dreams thou'rt with me still.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

It is not in the power
Of Painting or of Sculpture to express
Aught so divine as the fair form of Truth.

CUMBERLAND.

FALSEHOOD puts on the face of simple Truth;
And masks i' th' habit of plain honesty,
When sœe in heart intends most villany!

SACKVILLE.



AS THIS WORLD OF OURS IS BRIMFUL OF DECEPTION, and as people live by an assumption of that which in reality they are *not*, let us string together a few fugitive truisms. Now, if ever, is there "time" for us to reflect. Let us, then,

when we walk abroad under the sweet canopy of Heaven, through the fields and the woods, examine ourselves. A little self-examination may do us *all* good.

It is hardly needful for us to premise that we are not actuated by any ill-feeling. Quite the contrary. As a philanthropist, we want to become *useful*. This is what we live for; and the grand end, we imagine, for which we were born. Pilate once asked—"What is Truth?" Let us, too, inquire into the same momentous matter.

TRUTH is the basis of practical goodness. Without it, all (so-called) virtues are mere representations, wanting the reality. Having no foundation, they quickly prove their evanescent nature, and disappear as "the morning dew."

Whatever brilliant abilities we may possess, if the dark spot of falsehood exist in our hearts, it defaces their splendor and destroys their efficacy. If Truth be not our guiding spirit, we shall stumble upon "the dark mountains." The clouds of Error will surround us, and we shall wander in a labyrinth—the intricacy of which will increase as we proceed in it. No art can unravel the web that Falsehood weaves. It is more tangled than the knot of the Phrygian king.

Falsehood is ever fearful, and shrinks beneath the steadfast, piercing eye of Truth. It is ever restless—racking the invention to form some fresh subterfuge to escape detection. Its atmosphere is darkness and mystery. It lures but to betray, and leads its followers into the depths of misery.

Truth is the spirit of light and beauty, and seeks no disguise. Its noble features are always unveiled, and shed a radiance upon every object within their influence. It is robed in spotless white; and, conscious of its purity, it is fearless and undaunted. It never fails its votaries, but conducts them through evil report and good report, without spot or blemish. It breathes of Heaven and happiness, and is ever in harmony with the Great Centre.

The consciousness of Truth nerves the

timid, and imparts dignity and firmness to their actions. It is an internal principle of honor, which renders the possessor superior to fear. It is always consistent with itself, and needs no ally. Its influence will remain when the lustre of all that once sparkled and dazzled has passed away.

Deceit and chicanery are mean and contemptible. The double-minded are "unstable in all their ways," and generally fail in attaining their wishes; whilst those who cultivate singleness of heart and aim, with sincerity of feeling and purpose, have energy for an attribute, and success a frequent reward.

There is no pleasure comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of Truth—a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene. Certainly it is Heaven upon earth to have the mind moving in charity, resting in Providence, and turning upon the poles of Truth.

The Athenians were remarkable for their reverence of Truth. Euripides introduced a person in a play who, on reference being made to an oath he had taken, said, "I swore with my mouth, but not with my heart." The perfidy of this sentiment highly incensed the audience; and induced Socrates, who was the bosom friend of the great tragic poet, to quit the theatre. Euripides was publicly accused, and tried as one guilty of breaking the most sacred bond of society.

Montaigne says—"If a man lieth, he is brave towards God, and a coward towards men; for a lie faces God, and shrinks from man." How forcible is this remark!

There is nothing more beautiful than a character in which there is no guile. Many who would be shocked at an actual breach of truth, are yet much wanting in sincerity of manner or conversation. This is a species of conventional deceit which cannot be too strictly guarded against.

Unswerving truth should be the guide of youth. It is not sufficient to *speak* the truth, but our whole conduct to them should be sincere, upright, and without artifice. Children very easily discern between truth and deceit; and if once they detect the latter in those to whose charge they are committed, confidence is for ever banished; and on the first opportunity, the same baneful duplicity which they have observed in others will be practised by them. Childhood catches and reflects everything around it. An untruth told by one to whom it is accustomed to look with deference, may act upon the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown on polished steel, staining with rust which no after efforts can efface.

Finally, Truth is the basis of Love. Where we cannot trust, we cannot love. Wherever

falsehood exists, it destroys nappiness, paralyses energy, and debases the mind. No superiority of intellect can long associate with this fearful vice.

The study of truth is perpetually joined with the love of practical virtue. There is no virtue which derives not its origin from truth; as, on the contrary, there is no vice which has not its beginning in a lie. Truth is the foundation of all knowledge. It leads at once to the love of God, and is the cement of all well-regulated societies.

A choice lies before us. Let us choose well and wisely. Then will our conscience be an honest one, and our life a life of uninterrupted enjoyment. The pleasure of doing good may be felt. To *talk* about it were ostentation.

LIFE IN ITS LOWEST FORMS.

THE SPONGES.

AMONG THE ORGANISMS (the position of which has been most debated) are some very familiar to us, from our habitual employment of some of the species for domestic purposes. They constitute the extensive and widely-distributed class *Porifera*, or the Sponges, the history of which is curious. We shall not enumerate the names or record the opinions of the controversialists who have contended for scientific dominion over these bodies; naturalists of the highest eminence have been arrayed on each side. We shall content ourselves with giving the judgment of Dr. Johnstun, the learned historian of British Sponges, and one well worthy of being listened to with respect; and we quote him the rather because his decisions, while they tersely exhibit the real merits of the case, have so yielded to accumulated evidence as to shift from the side first advocated to the opposite.

When the "History of the British Zoophytes" was published, the author omitted the Sponges, and gave the following summary of his reasons for so doing: "If they are not the productions of Polypes, the zoologist who retains them in his province must contend that they are, individually, animals; an opinion to which I cannot assent, seeing that they have no animal structure or individual organs, and exhibit no one function usually supposed to be characteristic of the animal kingdom. Like vegetables, they are permanently fixed; like vegetables, they are non-irritable; their movements, like those of vegetables, are extrinsic and involuntary; their nutriment is elaborated in no appropriated digestive sac; and, like cryptogamous vegetables, or algæ, they usually grow and ramify in forms determined by local circumstances; and if they present some peculiari-

ties in the mode of the imbibition of their food and in their secretions, yet even in these they evince a nearer affinity to plants than any animal whatever."

A few years later, however, the learned writer published his "History of British Sponges," in the introduction to which he elaborately examines the whole question, concluding with the following verdict: "Few, on examining the green *Spongilla*, would hesitate to pronounce it a vegetable, a conclusion which the exacter examination of the naturalist seems to have proved to be correct; and when we pass on from it to an examination of the calcareous and siliceous marine genera, the impression is not so much weakened but that we can still say with Professor Owen, 'that if a line could be drawn between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, the Sponges should be placed upon the vegetable side of that line.' We shall possibly, however, arrive at an opposite conclusion if, proceeding in our inquiry, we follow the siliceous species, insensibly gliding, on the one hand, into the fibro-corneous Sponge, filled with its mucilaginous fishy slime, and, on the other, into the fleshy *Tethya*, in whose *oscula* the first signs of an obscure irritability show themselves. Sponges, therefore, appear to be true zoophytes; and it imparts additional interest to their study to consider them, as they probably are, the first matrix and cradle of organic life, and exhibiting before us the lowest organisations compatible with its existence."

Many of our readers are probably cognisant of only one kind of Sponge,—the soft, plump, woolly, pale-brown article, so indispensable in our dressing-rooms; or, at the most, two, if they chance to have noticed the large-pored, coarser sort, with which grooms wash carriages. It may surprise such persons to be informed that the streams and shores of the British Isles produce upwards of sixty distinct species of Sponge; and that every coast, especially in the tropical seas, where they are very numerous and varied, has species peculiar to itself.

A Sponge, as it is used in domestic economy, is merely a skeleton; it is the solid frame-work which in life supported the softer flesh. This skeleton is composed of one of the following substances,—flint, lime, or a peculiar horny matter. The first two are crystallised, and take the appearance of spicular needles either simple or compound, varying greatly as to their length, thickness, shape, and curvature, but constant in form in the same species. The horny matter, of which the common domestic Sponge affords an example, is arranged in slender, elastic, translucent, tough, solid fibres, united to each other irregularly at various points, and in every direction, and thus forming an open

netted mass, commensurate with the size of the whole Sponge. The horny Sponges are almost confined to the warmer seas, but the siliceous and calcareous kinds are common with us; especially the former.

The solid parts are, during life, invested with a glairy transparent slime, so fluid in most species as to run off when the Sponge is taken out of its native element; yet this clear slime is the flesh of the animal.

The spicula, whether of flint or lime, or the horny fibres, are so arranged as to form numberless pores, with which the whole animal is perforated; it is to these that our common Sponge owes its most valuable property of imbibing and retaining water, as we shall presently see when we investigate the history of this species in detail. In life, the surrounding water is made to flow through these pores by a continual current, (interrupted, however, at the will of the animal) from without into the interior of the body. But whither goes this current? The pores lead into large channels, which also run through the body, like the drains from individual houses, which run into the main sewer; and these open on the exterior of the body, by more or less conspicuous orifices called *oscula*, or mouths. From these latter the effete water is poured in forcible streams, and thus a circulating current is maintained.

It was Dr. Grant who first established the fact of this current from personal observation. His account of the discovery is full of interest. "I put a small branch," he observes, "of the *Spongia coalita*, with some sea-water, into a watch-glass, under the microscope; and, on moving the watch-glass so as to bring one of the apertures on the side of the Sponge fully into view, I behold, for the first time, the splendid spectacle of this living fountain vomiting forth from a circular cavity an impetuous torrent of liquid matter, and hurling along, in rapid succession, opaque masses, which it strewed everywhere around. The beauty and novelty of such a scene in the animal kingdom long arrested my attention; but after twenty-five minutes of constant observation I was obliged to withdraw my eye, from fatigue, without having seen the torrent for one instant change its direction, or diminish in the slightest degree the rapidity of its course. I continued to watch the same orifice, at short intervals, for five hours,—sometimes observing it for a quarter of an hour at a time,—but still the stream rolled on with a constant and equal velocity." The vehemence of the current then began to diminish, and in about an hour ceased."

No one can have looked with any attention at the rocks on any part of our shores that are left exposed by the sea at low spring-tide, without noticing irregular masses of yellow

fleshy substance incrusting them, which rise into little conical hillocks perforated at the extremity, like the crater-cones of tiny volcanoes. This is the Crumb-of-bread Sponge (*Halichondria panicea*), one of our most common species; and it is peculiarly suitable for displaying the currents of which we have been speaking. Dr. Grant remarks that it presents the strongest current which he had seen. "Two entire round portions of this sponge," he says, "were placed together in a glass of sea-water, with their orifices opposite to each other at the distance of two inches; they appeared to the naked eye like two living batteries, and soon covered each other with feculent matter. I placed one of them in a shallow vessel, and just covered its surface and highest orifice with water. On strewing some powdered chalk on the surface of the water, the currents were visible at a great distance; and on placing some small pieces of cork or a dry paper over the apertures, I could perceive them moving by the force of the current, at the distance of ten feet from the table on which the specimen rested.

The publication of these facts convinced naturalists that the gelatinous flesh of the Sponge exerted some vigorous action by which the currents were maintained, and cilia were suspected to be the organs. But the closest scrutiny failed to detect them, until first Dr. Dobie, and then Mr. Bowerbank, succeeded in seeing them in action in a living native Sponge. In similar situations to those where the Crumb-of-bread Sponge occurs, may be found, but much more rarely, the elegant Sack Sponge (*Grantia compressa*). It takes the form of a little flattened bag of angular outline, and of a whitish hue, with an orifice at each angle. The bags, which are frequently clustered, hang by a slender base from the stalks of sea-weeds, or from the naked rocks. When examined they are found to be hollow, with thin walls; and if a small portion be torn off, and placed beneath a microscope, it will exhibit well the structure of a spicular Sponge. The substance will appear crowded, and almost composed of calcareous crystals, most of which are stars of three radiating points; but some are linear needles, and on the exterior are many which are pointed at one end, and terminate in a bent, club-like knob at the other.

It was this species which, under Mr. Bowerbank's experienced eye and delicate manipulation, revealed the moving cilia. By tearing specimens in pieces (for the use of the keenest cutting instruments so crushed the texture as to destroy the parts), and examining the separated edges with high powers, he found that the sides are composed of a number of hexagonal cells, defined by the peculiar arrangement of the triradiate spicula,

and having their walls formed by a multitude of nucleated granules. These angular cells are laid at right angles to the long axis of the Sponge, extending from the outer surface to the inner; and they are crossed, near the middle, by a thin partition, perforated in the centre. In this perforation, several long, whiplike cilia were seen lashing with energy, and the same organs were afterwards found to be connected with the granules of which the cell-walls were composed. By means of the wavings of these cilia, then, the water is made to flow through the cells from without, being discharged into the interior of the sack and poured out in streams from the orifices (*oscula*) which terminate the angles of the Sponge.

This beautiful and interesting discovery leaves no doubt of the animal nature of the Sponges.—P. H. G.

Abridged from No. 3 of "Excelsior," a new monthly periodical.

THE TWO WAYS;
OR,
RIGHT AND WRONG.

THERE are two ways to live on earth—

Two ways to judge, to act, to view;
For all things here have double birth—
A right and wrong—a false and true!
Give me the home where kindness seeks
To make that sweet which seemeth small,
Where every lip in fondness speaks,
And every mind hath care for all—

Whose inmates live in glad exchange
Of pleasures, free from vain expense;
Whose thoughts beyond their means ne'er range,
Nor wise denials give offence!—
Who in a neighbor's fortunes find
No wish, no impulse to complain—
Who feel not, never felt, the mind
To envy yet another's gain!

Though Fate deny its glittering store,
Love's wealth is still the wealth to choose;
For all that gold can purchase more
Are gauds it is no loss to lose!
Some beings, wheresoe'er they go,
Find nought to please, or to exalt—
Their constant study but to show
Perpetual modes of finding fault;

While others, in the ceaseless round
Of daily wants, and daily care,
Can yet cull flowers from common ground,
And twice enjoy the joy they share!
Oh! happy they who happy make—
Who, blessing, still themselves are blest!—
Who something spare for others' sake
And strive in all things for the best!

NOTES ON PHOTOGRAPHY.

(Continued from Page 204.)

No. III.—PRINTING PROCESS.

HAVING, MY DEAR SIR, in the two previous papers, given plain and simple directions for taking Collodion Pictures on glass, I now propose to show how to print copies on paper, from the glass negatives of which we have already spoken, and which we have fully described.

The principle of this operation is, that the negatives (of which the dark shades are transparent and the white ones opaque, as may be seen by holding them to the light), being laid on the prepared paper, the light penetrates the darks, and blackens the paper underneath; whilst, under the impervious whites, it is left colorless. It is "fixed" after this, when sufficiently dark, and the picture is according to nature. By this method, copies from any negative may be obtained to an indefinite extent.

An apparatus, called a "pressure frame," is useful, yet not indispensable for the printing process; for a sheet of glass and a board (though more troublesome to manage) are equally effective. Most kinds of paper will not do for this, as their surfaces are uneven. A good smooth paper is manufactured for the purpose by Canson Frères (a French house), and is sold at most photographic establishments.* Cut your paper to any required size, and mark each sheet with a pencil-mark in one corner. Pour into one of your porcelain trays a solution (previously made) consisting of hydrochlorate of ammonia, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; distilled water, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint.

Lay each sheet, in turn, on this (with the marked side down), and let it float from three to four minutes—taking care that no air-bells are underneath, for wherever they are the salt will not get to the paper; and that none of the liquid runs over the back of the sheet. The paper will lose its tendency to curl off the water, if previously slightly damped between blotting-paper. Drain each sheet as you remove it, till it ceases to drip; and then dry it amongst blotting-paper. It will keep, thus salted, for any length of time. To render it sensitive to light, it must now be floated on a solution of nitrate of silver, of 60 grains to the ounce of water; or just double the strength of that used for the Collodion process.

This part of the operation must be done in the darkened chamber. The paper is floated as on the ammonia solution, the same care being taken to avoid stains. From four to five minutes is a common time for the paper to soak; but after a few trials, the beginner

* Ask for Cansons' "Positive" paper, and observe their name in the paper.

will choose for himself; for the longer the paper floats, the darker the future picture will be. When thought to be sufficiently done, the slips must be hung up to dry in a dark closet or room, and afterwards preserved in a portfolio. The paper will keep colorless for eight or ten days; but after that time gradually turns brown. As a rule, it is best to excite it the day before use.

To print the paper, lay it with its *prepared* side to the *Collodion* side of the negative. Place over the latter the glass; and behind the paper, the board of your printing frame. Then expose it to the sunlight, or the strongest light to be had. A little of the prepared paper should be allowed to jut out at one side, in order that the printing may be stopped when the tint is thought to be dark enough, though it must be remembered that the subsequent fixing agent somewhat bleaches it. When sufficiently done the paper should be removed from the frame, and floated (the same way as before) on a solution composed of hyposulphite of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; filtered water, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint.

Having floated on this for not less than ten minutes, the paper should be laid on a glass plate, and washed by running water; till, on the tongue being applied, the sweet taste of the hyposulphite of silver is imperceptible. The picture may now be hung up to drain and dry. French photographers give their pictures a dark violet tint (generally admired), by using a solution of distilled water, 2 oz.; *sel d'or*, 1 grain. The paper should be floated on this as before, and afterwards well washed to remove all traces of the salt.

The picture is now finished; but if wished, it may be glazed by brushing over it a varnish of equal quantities of white of egg (albumen) and distilled water. Then lay it between paper, and pass over it a heated iron. This renders the albumen insoluble and quite glossy.

We have now finished the Collodion and accessory Printing Processes. As the wax paper process (in which the pictures are taken *at once* on the paper) is just now exciting much attention amongst lovers of the art, and as I know that many have from it obtained beautiful results, I propose in my next to speak of the *modus operandi*.

GLENELG.

May 15.

THE EARTH,—FULL OF POETRY.

THE POETRY of earth is never dead;
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown
mead,—

That is the grasshopper's.

KEATS.

OUR MIRROR OF THE MONTHS.

JUNE.

'Tis now the hour, when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whi-pered word;
And gentle winds and waters near
Make music to the lonely ear.

It is the time of Roses;
We pluck them as we pass.—TOM HOOD.

WE HAD RESOLVED to omit our Monthly song on the Seasons; but on second thoughts, as we have after to-day only "one more" song to sing, we are reluctant to lay aside the pen until the very last moment. Our readers tell us they "love to hear us sing." This thought really makes us feel musically inclined. So let us indulge; as our time is now so very, very short.

Our English climate is a changeable one. We are continually looking for settled weather, and it never comes. Anticipating sunshine, we are treated to cold easterly winds, and heavy clouds. We have had much of this, and borne it all. But then,—have not the late rains and glorious sunshine been delightful? Have not the flowers felt the benefit? and has not all the earth become clothed as with a garment? From all parts of the country, the welcome tidings of plenty in prospective are reaching our ear continually.

We can readily believe this. Walking about frequently, as we do, to note the progress of the young corn, we see abundant reason to rejoice. Soon will it burst into ear, and speedily recover what it appeared to have lost. There is such a vast extent of it too! We took a salutary hint, from the deficiency of last year, to sow a double quantity of seed *this*. In so doing, we were wise.

The season promises to be a fine one, in every sense of the word. Frost, it is true, has sorely nipped many early buds of promise; but there is plenty yet remaining to gladden the heart of man and beast. Already does the glowworm light her lamp, and the bat flit noiselessly by. The fragrant breath of flowers, too, steals into our houses as the dews of evening come sweetly on; and the moth flutters against the darkling pane.

This month may be justly called the Carnival of Nature; for Nature is prodigal of her luxuries, and never reproaches us for taking our fill. All is loveliness, sweetness, harmony, peace, happiness. The sun laughs joyously on all around; and all yield to his influence, nothing loth.

The early dew and the late dew are now imparting the most fragrant perfumes to our favorite flowers. At eve particularly, whilst walking abroad, we inhale the incense; honeysuckles and sweet-briar mingling their

spirit in the breeze. The nightingale, too, is now in his finest voice, singing rapturously strains of the purest love. "Our Village" rings night after night with the sweet echo of his song. The blackcaps, too, are very numerous; and their flutelike voices are never silent. What harmony is theirs!

We mentioned in a former number that Spring was making her toilet, and preparing to robe herself in a Summer dress. These preparations are now complete; and she stands before us in all the natural beauty of Innocence. Her attendants, too, in the woods, groves, and fields, have all donned their new annual attire. The shrunk and withered limbs of the old trees are quite regenerated. Age seems to have deserted them, and they look young and fresh as ever. This is just what *ought to be* the case with mankind. All that is now around us tends to make us forget care and trouble, and look upwards. The birds sing on every tree, flowers exhale their sweetest odors, insects hum merrily in the hedges and open air, and fishes may be seen leaping on the shining waters. Everything that hath breath (save one) is praising God. Aye, even the winds:—

'Tis sweet to hear the restless wind
Gliding about among the trees, as if
The angel of the earth were passing o'er
The velvet carpet of her palace-home
From chamber unto chamber; just to see,
With all the yearning of a mother's heart,
That all her loved ones were asleep and well—
And look her last on them for this one night,
And take their happy dreams with her to Heaven.

Our occupation now must be out of doors. There is no possible reason for indoor employment. Morning, noon, and evening, find constant sources of pure delight for all who love nature. It is at this particular season that we rejoice in rising with the lark—gazing with him fondly on the break of day. Let us listen to his song the while:—

Fling back the orient gates! Behold, awaking,
Aurora, beautiful from tranced sleep;
While with crystalline fingers she is shaking
Morn from her dewy hair, the young hours keep
Watch o'er her car; and round its pathway sweep
Roses, far scattering onward as they flee;
Light rays flash'd forth like foam from the blue
deep;
Downward they wheel in dance and revelry,
Waking on earth's grey hills the choirs of melody.

Her eyes are flashing glories! Round her head
Iris her diadem ethereal flings;
Her bow, o'er which the sun's rich rays are shed,
Who, with all radiant eyes, the treasure brings
For his immortal daughter. Forth she springs,—
Her car is loosed, her banner is unfurl'd,
Life wakes from death like sleep; Time plumes
his wings,
Night's shadows backward to their caves are hurl'd;
Behold! great day is born, and walks along the
world!

Such sights as these, set to music by the lark, whose vocal powers only those who rise early know how to appreciate, can be but faintly imagined. If we were to cultivate more of the pure feelings they inspire in the human breast, we should be better subjects than we are; but, alas! why speak we of impossibilities? Only imagine any of our English people up at daybreak,—viewing the rising sun with their locks bathed in dew, and joining the birds at early matins! What they hate, however, *that* do we love.

We might be truly eloquent of the charms of this month. Our heart is full of the most delightful impressions peculiar to the season; but vain must words ever be to describe the feelings of the soul. The mower will be busy anon, with his musical scythe; laying low all the daisies, buttercups, and field-flowers without mercy. Then shall we see the merry haymakers tripping along; the lasses tossing over the grass with the prettiest air of impudence imaginable, as much as to say, "Do—if you dare!" We speak now of places far away. These happy, merry scenes are not to be met with near London. Innocence, amongst *us*, is indeed unknown!

Then, fancy the perfume of the clover and new-mown hay, which the sun exhales and bears off on the gentle breeze across the meadows and highways! Then a sudden shower from a passing cloud—making that sweet odor still sweeter; the aroma softly stealing over the senses with pleasurable delight, and lasting till the sun again shines forth—more glorious than ever, in his great majesty. Oh, that hay-field! and oh, those hay-cocks!

And what about the roses, whose bashful cheeks and lovely countenances woo us to keep them company? In very truth, this is a subject we dare not handle. We feel we love those darling flowers, and could for ever worship at their shrine of beauty. But alas! like all other pleasures, they last too short a time, and quickly vanish away:—

"All that's fair must fade—
The brightest still the fleetest."

We have not particularised the hosts of lovely wild-flowers, nor the many living things which cross our path every minute as we walk along; grasshoppers, cockchafers, dragon-flies, bees, moths, beetles, and insect-life generally—all intensely happy in their existence. These, if we be wise, we shall leisurely examine. They all afford food for much thought and curious inquiry—particularly the May-fly. This last, as the sun declines, may be seen emerging from the surface of shallow streams—lying there for a while, till its wings are dried for it to take flight. Escaping, after a protracted struggle of half a minute, from its watery birthplace,

it flutters restlessly up and down, up and down, over the same spot, during the whole era of a summer evening. Finally, it dies; just as the last dying streaks of day are leaving the western horizon.

Who shall say that this May-fly has not, in this brief space of time, undergone all the vicissitudes of a long and eventful life?—that it has not felt all the freshness of youth, all the vigor of maturity, all the weakness and satiety of old age, and all the feelings peculiar to death? In a word, how know we that any essential difference exists between *its* four hours and *our* fourscore years?

We dearly love to reflect upon all these things as we stroll along—more particularly towards evening, or when—

The Orb of day has set, and dewy Eve

Hastens to don her vest of sable hue,
Before she wanders forth her web to weave
Of darkness; while the o'erarching blue
Hangs over her with his bright starry eyes,
Beaming with love all beautiful and true.

Over the universe with swift foot she flies,
And, as she speeds on, through the dreaming
earth

Sends her sweet breath, which lulls the soul to
rest.

Hush'd is each gentle songster in its nest;
No more with music sweet the grove o'erflows—
Silence hath ta'en the place of noisy Mirth,
And downy slumber drowns the past day's
woes:—

Oblivious of all care, earth's millions now repose!

The feelings that creep over us as this "noisy mirth" subsides, and as the last voice of some happy bird becomes hushed, we have no power to describe—nor would we attempt it *if* it were in our power to do so. Two fond hearts, walking together in the twilight, have many times experienced what we hint at; and many fond couples are perhaps even now experiencing it, for we are writing by twilight—the sun having gone down to his rest not long since, with a face full of love and glory.

But we are here imperatively commanded by our printer to halt. It is a hint we stand in need of, or we know not to what an extent our pen might have rambled. Let us however, ere we go, entreat all who would be truly happy to be as natural as possible. To be natural, as we have elsewhere said, is to be INNOCENT. And who would not be innocent—

At this sweet time, the glory of the Spring,
Young verdurous JUNE's delightful opening,
When leaves are loveliest, and young fruits and
flowers

Fear not the frosts of May's uncertain hours?
'Tis WISE to let the touch of Nature thrill
Through the full heart. 'Tis WISE to take our fill
Of all she brings, and gently to give way
To what within our soul she seems to say:—

"The world grows rich in beauty and in bliss;
"Past Springs were welcome—how much more
so THIS!"

At such a season as the present, innocence *must* not be regarded as a crime. Let all who think as WE think on this matter, join our standard; and help lovingly to enforce the truth of our argument. Long faces—in June at all events—must never be where WE are. Everything forbids it.

So let the mask be laid aside until Winter. "Fashion" will then be in all her glory; and any *pretension* to innocence "impossible."

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

No. LV.—PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN.

BY F. J. GALL, M.D.

(Continued from Page 233.)

THE MOST FURIOUS MADMEN OFTEN ALLOW THEMSELVES to be turned from their purpose by menaces, by the sight of the superintendent or physician, by mild and reasonable treatment; but what effect will all human efforts produce on a man, whom Heaven and hell command, or who has them under his orders? M. Pinel cites the example of an old monk, whose reason had been impaired by devotion.(!) He thought, one night, that he had seen, in a dream, the Virgin surrounded by a choir of happy spirits, and that he had received an express order to put to death a man whom he viewed as incredulous. This murderous project would have been executed, had not the madman betrayed his intentions, and been prevented by severe confinement. The same author also speaks of a credulous vine-dresser, whose imagination was so strongly shaken by the sermon of a missionary, that he believed himself condemned to eternal fires; and that he could only save his family from the same fate, by what is called the baptism of blood, or martyrdom. He first tried to commit murder on his wife, who, with great difficulty, succeeded in escaping his hands. Soon after, his furious hand was turned upon his two young children; and he had the barbarity to murder them in cold blood, in order to obtain immortal life for them. When surrendered into the hands of justice, he cut the throat of his fellow prisoner—still with the intention of making an expiatory sacrifice. His madness being ascertained, he was condemned to be shut up for the rest of his life in the cells of the Bicêtre.

The solitude of a long imprisonment, always fitted to exalt the imagination, and the idea of having escaped death, notwithstanding the sentence which he supposed to have been passed by the judges, still aggravate his delirium, and make him believe that he is clothed with almighty power; or, to use his expression, that he is the fourth person in the Trinity; that his special mission is to save the world by the baptism of blood, and that all the potentates of the world united could not touch his life. His madness is, however, partial, and limited to this religious phrensy; he appeared on every other subject to enjoy the soundest reason.

This subject had passed more than six years in close confinement, and, from the uniform appearance he presented of a calm and tranquil state, it had been determined to grant him the liberty of entering the courts of the hospital with the other convalescents. Four more years of trial had served to establish a confidence in his cure; when, on a sudden, he again manifested his superstitious and sanguinary ideas. On a Christmas eve, he formed a project of making an expiatory sacrifice of whatever should fall into his hands. He obtained a shoemaker's knife, seized the moment when the overseer was making his rounds, made a thrust at him from behind (which fortunately only grazed his ribs), cut the throats of two patients who were near him, and would have continued his carnage, had not the attendants secured his person, and thus put a stop to his fury.

We were shown, at Berne, the fanatics who, a few years before, had wished to establish a new religious sect. As we remarked in the leader a great development of the organs of vision, we asked this man if he had ever seen any spirits. The prisoner, named Kœper, answered, No. We begged him then to relate to us those events of his life, which had made the strongest impression on him. He told us—and his calm and confident countenance assured us of his candor—that, from his childhood, religion had occupied all his thoughts, and that he had read the Holy Scripture, and all the commentators thereon, with the greatest attention; but that the extreme diversity of opinions had convinced him that he should not find the true religion in this manner: that he had therefore renounced reading and research, and had earnestly supplicated the Deity that, if not contrary to his eternal decrees, he would make him an immediate revelation of the truth. After having prayed a long time, he one night saw the room filled with as brilliant a light as could be produced by many suns. In the midst of this splendor, our Lord Jesus Christ appeared to him, and revealed the true religion. Kœper had sought to spread it with indefatigable zeal, which was with him a matter of duty. It was impossible to make this man believe that he had been led astray by illusions.

Of Alienations which lead their subjects to attempt the lives of their Relations, of their Children, or of other Persons, innocent in respect to them.

It remains to speak of one of the most melancholy cases—one which is strongly connected with the propensity to simple suicide. This peculiar case is, when the individual, who wishes to terminate his own life, begins by destroying those beings who are dearest to him. A cordwainer at Strasbourg killed his wife and three of his children; and would have killed the fourth, if it had not been withdrawn from his fury. Having committed this shocking action, he ripped up his own bowels; but the wound not being mortal, he drew back the knife, and pierced his heart through and through. This man had the reputation of being mild and faithful, a good father, and a good husband. No one could discover what tempted him to this horrible action. At Leopold, in Gallacia, one K. killed his wife,

the object of his warmest affection, and would then have shot himself with a pistol, but missed. While people were forcing his door, he fired a second pistol and killed himself. His previous conduct had always been blameless, and all that could be learned was, that he was discontented with his condition, and thought he deserved a better. At Hamburg, R—, a respected instructor, killed his wife and two small children, sparing two others who had been confided to him. A similar circumstance happened at Amsterdam, and several other facts of this kind have come to our knowledge.

What will my readers think on reading these atrocities? The greater part will say to themselves, that the torment of an insupportable existence, and the most cutting remorse could alone have produced so frightful an action; and they will regard, as infernal selfishness, the crime of an individual who takes the life of his family, because he is tired of life. The judgment of the philosophic physician will be very different. He perceives, in these deplorable acts, only the symptoms of the most frightful and the most pitiable disease. Whatever is contrary to nature, in the conduct of these unhappy beings, should fix the attention of whoever occupies himself with the nature of man. I doubt its being conceived that the husband who loves his wife, the father who loves his children, can, while possessing reason, become their murderers. Add to this, what always is the case, that these murderers have no private end in view; that, directly after the act, they destroy themselves, or surrender their persons, and ask for death. Why have not these actions, until now, been attributed to insanity? Let the reader examine a faithful picture of what passes in this malady till its fatal crisis, and then judge.

In the commencement of this malady, the greatest disorder is manifested in the head, and in the viscera of the abdomen. We observe eructation, flatulence, disordered appetite, irregular motions, derangements of the menstrual and hemorrhoidal fluxes. The complexion changes, becomes of a greenish yellow, and earthy color, especially about the nose and mouth, so that the face loses all its brightness. The eyes are half closed, sunken, troubled, and the white assumes a leaden hue. In other individuals, on the contrary, the face becomes more highly colored, more animated, and more lively, and the eyes are inflamed: some of these subjects preserve their strength and their flesh; others grow thin, and daily find themselves more depressed and more feeble. Sometimes the whole surface of the skin is deprived of feeling; and the sufferers complain that their hands and feet are swollen, and feel like cotton: but much more frequently the sensibility of the skin is increased; they feel over the whole body, or only in certain places, especially the thighs and feet, a heat like that produced by burning coals. When the evil is at its height, this heat produces on the patients—the effects of a hot blast, and disappears in like manner; it is felt in the intestines, or it passes from one place to another. Most of the subjects are then depressed, pusillanimous, cowardly, fearful; so that, frequently, strong men tremble before children. Some refuse or are not disposed to communicate their condition to others. This

apparent indifference, this apathy, this perfidious silence, ordinarily marks the most dangerous cases. Some annoy all around those whom they trifling bickerings; they see everywhere nothing but misfortune and wickedness; and even when their affairs present a picture of prosperity, they are in despair, lest their children be plunged in famine and misery. Some imagine that everybody despises or persecutes them; they complain unceasingly that they are neglected, that justice is not done them. Sometimes all the symptoms suddenly disappear, and again show themselves as suddenly. The melancholy and pusillanimity increase daily. Most of these subjects feel a sharp and permanent pain above the root of the nose, and in the middle of the lower part of the forehead; sometimes this pain has its seat at the top of the head; often, too, some complain of an insupportable tension in the region of the forehead, and a painful constriction in the region of the bowels, which are, as it were, compressed by a hoop. To these symptoms are frequently added paroxysms of suffocating convulsions, of frightful anxiety, of despair, of an involuntary propensity and secret impulse to commit suicide. In a word, this malady, besides the symptoms we have indicated, presents all those which ordinarily accompany the propensity to self destruction. I shall hereafter treat in detail of this propensity, and shall prove that it arises from real disease. That of which I now speak, is only a frightful variety of the same malady.

A baker of Manheim, who, from his youth, had shown in all his enterprises a very timid character, and who had for ten years experienced attacks of deep melancholy, also experienced from this last epoch a general weakness of nerves. He imagined that the purchase he had made of a house caused his unhappiness, and that of his wife, whom he greatly loved. He complains incessantly, and laments his situation, which he regards as most desolate. He has sometimes had paroxysms of insupportable agony; he continually wishes for death, and would long since have inflicted it on himself, if, to use his expression, it were not a sin. He often speaks of a French blacksmith, who killed himself after destroying his wife. "You are to be pitied," he will sometimes say to his wife, in the most moving tone; "I must do as the French blacksmith did." We advised him to separate himself from his wife; we know not whether he has adopted our precaution.

I know a woman twenty-six years of age, now well, who was attacked with the same disease: she has had successively all the symptoms of this disease: she experienced, at certain seasons in particular, inexpressible torture, and the fearful temptation to destroy herself, and to kill her husband and children, who were exceedingly dear to her. She shuddered with fear, as she pictured the combat which took place within her, between her duty, her principles of religion, and the impulse which urged her to this atrocious act. For a long time she dared not bathe the youngest of her children, because an internal voice constantly said to her, "Let him slip, let him slip." Frequently, she had hardly the strength and the time necessary to throw away a knife which she was tempted to plunge in her own bosom, and that of her children. Did she enter the chamber

of her children or husband, and find them asleep—the desire of killing them at once assailed her. Sometimes she shut precipitately after her, the door of their chamber; and threw away the key to remove the possibility of returning to them during the night—if she happened not to be able to resist this infernal temptation.

It is thus that these unfortunate beings often pass whole years in a fearful struggle. Many keep a regular journal, in which, though touching on every other subject, they return without ceasing to their own unhappy condition. They often exclaim, in the accent of despair, *I am mad, I am insane!* Often the purpose towards which they feel themselves drawn, excites in them the most poignant anguish, and yet the idea is continually renewed. They say, and they write, still thinking of self-destruction—"I shall do it, notwithstanding." Who would believe that these expressions, and these writings, which so well depict the trouble of these unhappy beings, have often contributed to cause their actions to be regarded as premeditated and done deliberately? Their madness, it is said, is only feigned; a madman does not say *I am mad*, and madness does not reason. This false and barbarous mode of argument has sent to the scaffold beings in whom there was nothing to reproach, except the derangement of their reason, or, more properly speaking, *a disease of the brain.*

Some of these subjects carry about them for several months, and even several years, instruments of murder; uncertain and irresolute, as to the manner, the place, the time of putting an end to their life, and that of those who belong to them. Their nervous system is daily more agitated; their pusillanimity and weakness of mind augment unceasingly; they harass themselves, despair of the safety of their souls, consider themselves the children of eternal reprobation, or regard the world as a valley of tears and perdition, and form but a single wish—that of delivering themselves and their children from it. Thenceforth they make continual efforts to break the chains which bind them. Though their measures are commonly well taken, the execution does not always succeed. It often happens, that the blow they give themselves is not mortal, or that, in throwing themselves from the precipice, their destruction is not completed, or that they are drawn from the water too soon.

It is, however, very rare that such adventures cure them. The greater part remain melancholy or depressed. At the end of some days they seem to repent of what they have done; they are ashamed of it, and for some time take a part in the business of life. But the paroxysms soon return with new violence; till, at length, the most perfidious symptoms, such as visions, apparitions, the sound and the orders of strange voices are joined to them. These are the prognostics of the most terrible paroxysms. If, during one of these, the madman kills the persons who are dear to him, he generally hastens to destroy himself; or, if it happens that his paroxysm is in some sort quieted by the blood he has spilled, or the blows he has given himself have been too weak, or he has been interrupted in his proceedings, he delivers himself up to justice, and begs for death, which alone affords him the hope of a period to his suffering.

Sometimes this same malady is concealed under a mask, in appearance altogether different. Life is equally a burden to these subjects, but they have not the energy to inflict death on themselves; they seek, by a kind of confusion and contradiction in their ideas, the means of having it inflicted by others. For this purpose, they ordinarily commit a murder on persons who have never offended them, and often even upon children. They then go and accuse themselves, and even carry to the judges the victims of their fury, eagerly demanding death; and if the judge, recognising the acts as the effects of insanity, condemns them only to confinement in an insane hospital, they are plunged in despair!

Those physicians who regard the kind of melancholy which leads to self-destruction, as well as to that of others, as incurable, are in error. I have cured, radically, several subjects, who had experienced all the symptoms, and who had even attempted to destroy themselves. I admit that the cure is much less easy, less complete, and durable, when the disease is hereditary, or when the patients have experienced symptoms from early childhood; as, for example, from the age of seven to twelve years.

Such is the true history, drawn from nature, of this deplorable malady, which, unhappily, may assume, to a certain degree, the appearance of criminal premeditation. None better merit our compassion than these unfortunate subjects, and yet this terrible malady is almost entirely misunderstood. In general, very few physicians comprehend the different forms of disease of the soul and body; and it may excite surprise, that this part of the natural history of man should not have attracted more profound attention. This description of persons are commonly regarded as unquiet subjects, turbulent, excited. They are ridiculed, treated ill, and reproached with their ill-humor and their odious chimeras. Those about them even charge them with impiety; in place of treating them with mildness, humoring them during their paroxysm, and confiding them to the care of the philosophic physician.

Above all, no one is persuaded that this malady almost always terminates in involuntary and murderous paroxysms; and there is the greatest difficulty in inducing the superior authorities to adopt the necessary measures of security. These subjects are accused of having a depraved imagination, and it is supposed that it only depends on themselves to think and reason like other men. The catastrophe arrives, and is charged to a thousand accidental circumstances of no importance. The unfortunate man, it is said, was in debt; he has been ill-treated, and refused a place which was due to him, &c.; while it is forgotten that similar causes take place every day with other individuals without producing similar effects.

In treating of the moral qualities and intellectual faculties, and of their peculiar organs, I shall embrace every opportunity, as I have promised, to make the most interesting applications to education, morals, medicine, legislation, &c. Our subject is now assuming features of immense importance to society; and they are vitally interested in the discussion.

[To this we can bear most ready testimony.]

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A DOG.—No. XXV.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

(Continued from Page 238.)

I HAVE VERY OFTEN, my dear friend, in times gone by, heard my old master (in private) apply the name of "sponge" to a certain gallant son of Mars, whom most assuredly I knew full well; as also his extraordinary pointer, "Brilliant." To hear this gallant captain discourse upon the wondrous qualities of this celebrated sporting dog, was quite surprising; albeit I flatter myself I know as much about sporting as he did.

I should very much like to know the dog that would hunt a rabbit, a hare, or a fox—nay, even a Swiss "cayon"—with more fleetness than myself. And as for a jay, an osprey, or a gull,—oh! what fun we used to have after these latter! We would row after them gently o'er the transparent waters of the deep lake, till we came within reach of some old fellow, quietly pluming his feathers on a little bit of rock just above the surface of the water. "Bang, bang," went the gun; and of course my master generally missed him. But if I had held it instead of Bombyx, he should not have escaped, I assure you! My old master is all very well at hunting butterflies; but as for birds, unless they come and perch upon his finger, they have not much to fear. Now let me return to my sponge.

I always understood a sponge to be a soft, porous substance, which imbibes all sorts of fluids; such as water, wine, ale, spirits, &c. It is an animal substance, or, to speak perhaps more correctly, the sponge which we commonly purchase in the shops is a mass of soft, fibrous, elastic, porous substance, formed by minute little animals, yet capable of imbibing a prodigious quantity of fluid.

I do not recollect how my old master first became acquainted with the gallant captain already alluded to. A right splendid fellow he was—in *his own* estimation. If we had him just now at Gallipoli, to lead our brave troops against the Muscovite, I doubt whether a single one of the enemy would return to their home and country. Only imagine him!—he stood some six feet two inches high, rather stout in proportion; an unmeaning style of countenance when not excited; also an uncouth, unpolished manner of speaking; and he was puffed up with self-pride to the very white of the eyes. *Entre nous*, the fool considered himself the handsomest man in Europe. Perhaps in his uniform he did look rather "imposing;" but certainly in his long, brown coat, loose drab pantaloons, and rusty black silk vest, he had anything but a military appearance.

When once *en train*, his tongue went on like an alarm bell; but all was in his own praise, or in that of his own exploits, or those of his wondrous dog. I am not jealous of *that* dog, I can assure you; for the worthy captain was as severe to the poor beast as my old master is indulgent to me. If the least thing went wrong, a nasty knotted leather strap was applied to the back of poor "Brilliant;" whereas, if I ever mistake my old master's wishes (which very rarely indeed occurs, as I know by every move what he means), a simple look or word is all that is required. I instinctively see what he wants.

But why is the gallant captain to be called a sponge? you will ask me. Well, I shall explain; and in order to do so must commence by giving you an idea of one of his visits in summer; promising that he found them so agreeable, that he would manage so to arrange his time as to pass each day of the week at the house of one of his friends. Should any one of them happen really to be absent, or "not at home," he generally bent his steps towards Bombyx, to make up for his disappointment. His usual practice was, after his breakfast, to go down to the lake, to take a bath with his dog. Thence he would generally stride to Bombyx's, arriving about half-past ten o'clock. Having secured "Brilliant," he would come up in the drawing-room.

"Bon jour, Bombyx."

"Bon jour, capitaine. Vous avez bien chaud."

"Morbleu, oui! Je viens de nager jusqu'à Lutry, et de retour; et cela, Monsieur, sans sortir du lac. Je crois, qu'il y a peu de Vaudois qui peuvent en faire autant"—(the distance there and back would not be more than six miles).

"Je pense bien," replied Bombyx, looking as grave as he could. "Je crois bien, mon cher capitaine, qu'un verre d'ivoire ne sera pas de trop."

To this the worthy captain replied with an almost inexpressible smile of delight, which showed you had just hit his very idea.

"Vous avez parfaitement deviné mes pensées, mon cher ami."

Up came a bottle of *ivoire*, which the captain himself politely uncorked; and filling the glasses with the most refined *bon goût*—

"A votre santé, mon cher," said he. "Excellent wine!"

A number of curious sporting anecdotes followed, which passed the time till dinner. A little before one o'clock, the rattling of plates and the jingling of glasses would fall upon his ear, and announce the approach of the dinner hour. The captain would now half rise (what an inviting smile there was upon his face!)

"Vous allez dîner; il faut que je pars."

"Oh non, capitaine; puis que vous êtes ici, vous feréz bien de partager notre dîner. Si cela ne vous dérangerait pas, mon cher."

"Oui, volontiers—mais—"

"Du tout," replied Bombyx.

"Vous êtes si amical, mon cher."

"Point de compliments, capitaine, allons dîner."

After dinner, Bombyx would ask the captain if he had any objection to a bottle of Volnay or hermitage.

"Parbleu, non!"

"Now, captain, let us adjourn to the summer-house with a few bahias, and something light to smoke. What shall it be—St. Julien or *Château Margaux*?"

"Mon cher, ce que vous voulez. C'est parfait."

More adventures, and a replenishment of "St. Julien," till five o'clock; when a nice cup of coffee was just the thing. Again the time was whiled away, with the aid of another bahia, until eight o'clock, when supper was announced. Once more the gallant captain would make an effort to move; but of course the cold ham and asparagus

smelt so savory that he did not require much pressing from Bombyx to remain.

"Now, captain, I think a glass of old 'Deidesheimer' will not be amiss."

"*Saprolops! vous avez là une idée parfaite.*"

After this, cold *eau de cerise* and water till about half-past ten o'clock; when the jovial captain really did muster up all his courage, and finally took his leave, accompanied by his favorite dog, which I allow was a very handsome creature.

Now, let me tell you, although Bombyx is always glad to welcome a friend, yet when such visits as these come regularly once or twice a week, it must be confessed they are positively inconvenient, and even intrusive. Moreover, when Bombyx was not favored, some *other* friend was honored. This was particularly vexing to an honorable man, who knew that the captain's better-half was obliged to remain at home, almost in the capacity of a menial—existing, too, upon very indifferent fare, while her lord and master was feeding upon the best of everything under the hospitable roof of some of his acquaintance. *Entre nous*, I have a strong impression (I am not bound to give all my reasons for my own private opinions, Mr. Editor) that he was living upon the very property which he inherited from his wife at her marriage. Was this not monstrous? [Monstrous indeed! dear Fino. There are far too many of these "captains."]

Winter or summer, spring or autumn, were equally agreeable to him. He always knew where to get quarters for himself and his dog. He would entertain you with the most extravagant stories; and actually once turned his back on his friend for nearly two months, when he paid a visit to the French capital. On his return, Lausanne was scarcely large enough to hold him. He had purchased a Parisian *veste*, and a fashionable *chapeau* with a very high conical crown. A smart pair of gloves, too, and a cane; and half a yard of blush-colored ribbon for his wife. Oh! if you had seen him, thus equipped, strut across the *Place St. François!* It was *unique*.

But his adventures! He had been to the *théâtre de l'opéra*, and the audience were so struck with his martial appearance that they actually gave him three cheers. He was so besieged by the Paris *belles*, he could not venture to walk out of his hotel in broad daylight. He was once seen by his late Majesty Louis Philippe, who was heard to say that if he had one regiment of *such men as that*, he could defy the world. He looked down upon his fellow *Vaudois* as though he was Jupiter on the summit of Olympus.

Volnay, *Château Margaux*, and *Deidesheimer* were no longer good enough for him. Nothing but the finest Burgundy, hermitage, *Johanisberg*, or sparkling *Sillery*, were sufficiently generous for his refined palate; and he would think nothing of swimming across the lake and back again (*some fourteen miles*) before dinner, just to obtain an appetite; and as for his sporting, the *fête de Guillaume Tell* sinks into nothing.

He would engage (if any one would take the bet) to shoot a quarter of a franc clean from between their thumb and finger, at a distance of at least a mile and a half, without ever once failing. *But I never saw him do so!*

With these, and similar marvellous stories, would he amuse his friends, while he imbibed the best wine of their cellar. He was as sharp as a needle. He would always manage to look up at every window, as he passed and repassed the house, till he caught sight of you; and then you were "done." There was no escape; and once inside your gate, there was no getting him out again (unless you chose to be positively rude to him), until, as he used to say—" *Vraiment, mon cher, je pense que je monterai en ville en fésant les S. S.*"

In this surmise, he was not far from the truth; and I really do not think this gallant son of Mars was very inaptly named "the sponge" by my old master; and I fancy if *you* had known him as well as I did, you would think so too. He had his fixed days, and was as regular as any one of your bitter enemies—the organ-grinders. You could generally tell from the first three words that he uttered, the whole of what was coming. Vanity and self-admiration were here exhibited in the highest degree of perfection; and difficult indeed was it to escape his visitation if he happened to be in your neighborhood. He was an out-and-out manager; and so thoroughly adroit! The only chance you had was, that perhaps you were not *the first* friend he called upon! He always endeavored to make acquaintance with foreigners; he was then pretty sure to get good French wine. He would not "think" of drinking "*Vin du Pays*" unless "obliged" to do so.

Thus much for this strange character. I think I see him now. But JUNE is rapidly drawing near. So hurrah! The late jolly rains will have laid the dust for us, and make the beautiful grass so soft for our feet! I long to be off on another excursion. What a merry little chap you are when you are "out!" I nev—ver! How you do double the folks up! Laugh one must,—or die from the effort to *try* and look "demure!"

Yours always, FINO.

Tottenham, May 15.

[Yes, FINO. Dear "Viletta" is quite right. "*Laugh and grow fat*" is the best of all prescriptions. Then might the doctors "throw *physic* to the dogs." But would they swallow it? Not they! They know better. So, hurrah for the country—and a *gallopard* on that beautiful soft grass!]

SONG.

How many times do I love thee, dear?
Tell me how many thoughts there be
In the atmosphere
Of a new-fallen year,
Whose white and sable hours appear
The latest flake of eternity.
So many times do I love thee, dear!

How many times do I love again?
Tell me how many beads there are
In a silver chain
Of evening rain,
Unravell'd from the tumbling main,
And threading the eye of a yellow star.
So many times do I love again!

W. B.

HAPPY IGNORANCE.

WHAT'S Time to thee, my merry boy,
That thus thou feign'st to mark his measure?
Thine infant hours are hours of joy,
And who would note the lapse of pleasure?
What reck's it where he points his finger?
Morn, noon, or night's the same to thee;
With thee, dear babe, he scarce may linger;—
Then give that golden watch to me!

As yet thou canst not know its worth,
And, idler-like, perchance may lose it:
Or—in some freak of boisterous mirth—
Some mischief-working mood—misuse it!
What! would'st thou ope Time's inmost shrine,
And gaze upon each secret spring?
Go to,—thou might'st not then divine
What stays his course or speeds his wing!

But let a few short years depart,
Of hope and fear, of joy and woe,
And he will then unasked impart
Far more than 'twill be bliss to know!
The hidden springs that stir mankind,
That wring the heart and rack the frame,—
The "fury-passions" of the mind
Thou dost not even know by name!

Long may'st thou be unwise as now,—
For who would *learn* the way to weep?
Long sparkle thus that sunny brow,—
Those eyes their playful vigils keep!
Nay, struggle not, my merry boy—
Time hath not aught to do with thee!
'Twere vain to count *thy* hours of joy—
Then yield that glittering toy to me!

PROFITABLE MEDITATIONS,—

THE LIVING AMONG THE DEAD.

We feel a joy surpassing that which springs
From present pleasure, when the pensive mind,
Silently musing on departed things,
To soft Reflection's influence is resign'd;
For Fancy then with Memory's power hath join'd
Her witching art; and on past sorrow's brow
With fairy hands a roseate wreath they bind,
While, as they rise, remembered scenes of woe,
Strip of their former gloom, in tender beauty glow.

MANY TIMES, my dear Sir, have I perused with feelings of delight, the fugitive thoughts which you penned down after visiting Kensall-Green Cemetery in the summer of 1852 (see Vol. II., p. 153). The freshness of those thoughts is ever present to my mind. A few days since, whilst reading the works of Professor Longfellow, I found other similar reflections, which gave me much delight. They are recorded, as being his "impressions" whilst visiting *Père la Chaise*. The columns of OUR OWN will, I am sure, give them a ready insertion.

After describing the tomb of *Abelard* and *Heloise*, and the humble but affecting wreaths of flowers marking the hired graves of the poor, we find the subjoined comments:—

As I passed on, amidst the shadowy avenues of the cemetery, I could not help

comparing my own impressions with those which others have felt when walking alone among the dwellings of the dead. Are, then, the sculptured urn and stone monuments nothing more than symbols of family pride? Is all I see around me a memorial of the living more than the dead—an empty show of sorrow, which thus vaunts itself in mournful pageant and funeral parade?

Is it indeed true (as some have said) that the simple wild flower, which springs spontaneously upon the grave, and the rose, which the hand of affection plants there, are fitter objects wherewith to adorn the narrow house? No! I feel that it is not so. Let the good and the great be honored even in the grave. Let the sculptured marble direct our footsteps to the scene of their long sleep. Let the chiselled epitaph repeat their name; and tell us where repose the *nobly* good and wise!

It is not true that all are equal in the grave. There is no equality even there. The mere handful of dust and ashes—the mere distinction of prince and beggar—of a rich winding-sheet and a shroudless burial,—of a solitary grave and family vault;—were this all, then indeed it would be true that death is a common leveller. Such paltry distinctions as those of wealth and poverty are soon levelled with spade and mattock. The damp breath of the grave soon blots them out for ever.

But there are other distinctions which even the mace of death cannot level or obliterate. Can it break down the distinction of virtue and vice? Can it confound the good with the bad?—the noble with the base?—all that is truly great, and pure, and virtuous, with all that is scorned, and sinful, and degraded? No! Then death is *not* a common leveller!

Are all alike beloved in death, and honored in their burial? Is that ground holy where the bloody hand of the murderer sleeps from crime? Does every grave awaken the same emotions in our hearts, and do the footsteps of the stranger pause as long beside each funeral stone? No! Then all are *not* equal in the grave! And as long as the good and evil deeds of men live after them, so long will there be distinctions even in the grave. The superiority of one over another is in the nobler and better emotions which it excites; in its more fervent admonitions to virtue; in the livelier recollections which it awakens of the good and great, whose bodies are crumbling to dust beneath our feet!

If then there are distinctions in the grave, surely it is not unwise to designate them by the external marks of honor. These outward appliances and memorials of respect—the mournful urn—the sculptured bust—the epitaph eloquent in praise—cannot indeed create these distinctions, but they serve to

mark them. It is only when pride or wealth builds them to honor the slave of mammon or the slave of appetite, when the voice from the grave rebukes the false and pompous epitaph, and the dust and ashes of the tomb seem struggling to maintain the superiority of mere worldly rank, and to carry into the grave the baubles of earthly vanity—it is then, and then only, that we feel how utterly worthless are all the devices of sculpture, and the empty pomp of monumental brass!

After rambling leisurely and for some time, reading inscriptions on the various monuments which attracted my curiosity, and giving way to the different reflections they suggested, I sat down to rest myself on a sunken tombstone. A winding gravel walk, overshadowed by an avenue of trees, and lined on both sides with richly-sculptured monuments, had gradually conducted me to the summit of the hill upon whose slope the cemetery stands. Beneath me, in the distance, and dimly discovered through the misty and smoky atmosphere of evening, rose the countless roofs and spires of the city. Beyond, throwing his level rays athwart the dusky landscape, sank the broad red sun. The distant murmur of the city rose upon my ear; and the toll of the evening bell came up, mingled with the rattle of the paved street and the confused sounds of labor."

What an hour for meditation! What a contrast between the metropolis of the living and the metropolis of the dead! There is something very grand—something very noble in these reflections, my dear Sir. At a season like this, let us hope they will be read with profit, for, as you justly remark, *if* any goodness be in us, it must under the summer's influences *come out*. AUBEPINE.

[A thousand thanks, gentle maiden, for this pretty offering. We let it gem our pages with sincere pleasure, and trust it will give rise to many a profitable meditation. We must indeed be callous, if we cannot feel the justness and sweetness of the sentiments here recorded.]

THE JOYS OF MEMORY.

HAIL, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And place and time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel, when most alone—
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!
But can the wiles of art, the grasp of power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

MESMERISM—AND WHAT IS DONE BY IT.

The generous heart
Feels great delight in easing others' pain.

THE BENEVOLENT AND KINDLY FEELING, my dear Sir, which are exhibited by your interesting JOURNAL towards all animated nature, and which, from personal acquaintance, I know you carry out in practice as well as inculcate by precept—assures me that you will be rejoiced to hear of a fellow-creature having been spared an intensity of suffering; also that you will have pleasure in recording the subjoined case of painless surgical operation, during mesmeric trance, as witnessed by myself and several other gentlemen at the Mesmeric Institute (36, Weymouth Street, Portland Place), on Wednesday, 26th April, 1854.

Mrs. Flowerday, the patient, resides at Upwell, in Cambridgeshire, and has been the mother of three children. Since the weaning of her last infant (three years ago), a tumor had been gradually forming in her right breast—occasioning her much pain, and no little anxiety. Every day, in fact, increased its danger. It at length reached such a climax, that the only alternative was either to submit to its removal, or to pass the remainder of her days in mental and bodily anguish. She however possessed a sufficient degree of fortitude to prefer the former course. Fortunately for her, her medical adviser (Mr. Tubbs, of Upwell) is a believer in, and an advocate for mesmerism, which he employs in his practice whenever available; and I should tell you that he had established such an influence over her, that he could, at will, send her into the mesmeric trance in a few minutes.

Mr. Tubbs, who in the infancy of mesmerism suffered a species of martyrdom for his faith in its virtues, and who experienced a series of persecutions that one less determined must have sunk under,—was desirous that, for greater publicity, the operation should be performed in London. In pursuance of this wish, he brought his patient from her residence to the Mesmeric Institute, for the purpose of being operated upon.

He then, in the presence of Dr. Elliotson, Dr. Symes, and a number of other witnesses (both medical and non-medical), succeeded in throwing her into the mesmeric trance (during which all sensation is suspended) and in removing the diseased breast.* His patient did not only not betray the slightest indication of pain, but she remained evidently quite unconscious that any operation was being

* The whole of the breast was removed; laying the pectoral muscle completely bare. The effusion of blood was incredibly slight.

performed—much less one of so severe a character as that she was then undergoing. The operation was performed in the most deliberate manner possible. No haste was required; for Mr. Tubbs was thoroughly convinced that his patient was insensible to suffering. (Her placid features declared as much.) The wound was now secured by ligatures, and the patient restored to consciousness; when, instead of manifesting the prostration one would naturally have expected from the severity of the operation, she declined the aid that would have assisted her up to bed—saying she felt quite capable of walking thither. This she accordingly did, up two pair of stairs, and without assistance.

To inquiries made on the following morning, the reply was, she had passed a tranquil night; slept soundly; was perfectly free from pain; and progressing in the most favorable manner.

I have not attempted to give you a detailed account of the operation, in which I should probably fail for want of technical knowledge; but I state simply what myself and a number of others “saw with our own eyes.” All present, both professional and non-professional, were unanimously of opinion that a more triumphant success could not have been achieved. They concurred, moreover, in their admiration of a medium by which so terrible (but under these circumstances, so imperatively necessary) an operation had been conducted,—not only without pain to the patient, but with a complete unconsciousness of its having taken place.

I would have sent you this communication earlier, but I wished to wait till the certainty of success was placed beyond a doubt. I have just heard from the Institute, that Mrs. Flowerday is nearly well (this being the 10th of May). I therefore consider further delay to be uncalled for.

G. F. L.

May 10, 1854.

[Chance has thrown us, recently, into the company of a number of gentlemen who were present on the occasion of this most interesting and successful experiment. They confirm, to the echo, all that is here said by our kind and humane correspondent. We record the facts with unfeigned pleasure, and without any comment. Nature is *so* true to herself!]

TO THE GENTLE SUMMER RAIN.

COME, then, and brim the meadow-streams,
And soften all the hills with mist!
O, falling dew! from burning dreams
By thee shall herb and flower be kiss'd;
And earth shall bless thee yet again,—
O, gentle, gentle Summer rain!

EVENING.

SEE! the shadows now are stealing
 Slowly down the mountain's breast—
 Hark! the turret bells are pealing
 Cheerily the hour of rest.
 Now the mellow daylight closes,
 All the world from toil reposes;
 Every breeze has sunk and died—
 'Tis the peaceful eventide.

O'er the vale the mists are creeping;
 Chaunting hive-ward wends the bee;
 One by one the stars are peeping
 Through the welkin tranquilly.
 Murmuring, like a child dreaming,
 Starlight on its ripples gleaming,
 Through the mead the brook doth glide,
 In the solemn eventide.

Oh! how sweet, at day's declining,
 'Tis to rest from earth-born care;
 Gazing on those far worlds shining,
 Dreaming that our home is there!
 Though the shadowy gates of even
 Shut out earth, they open Heaven—
 Where the soul would fain abide
 In the holy eventide!

Dublin Univ. Mag.

"TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION."

"To prevent an increase of bachelorism, there should be an alteration made in the Code of educating women."

WELL; IT IS truly delightful to think that the manner of educating our girls is to be entirely altered;—and solely for the purpose of preventing an increase of bachelorism! How happy the little dears will be, living in the belief that they are being brought up for model wives! Of course all knowledge of French, music, &c., &c., will be laid aside, and be replaced by an acquaintance with the most approved set of culinary utensils and implements of domestic use. Moreover, to carry out more fully this new system of training, the schools will be superintended by a number of frowsy old bachelors.

How nice! What clever people bachelors must be! and since they can so easily detect faults in the present code of female education, they are of course equally capable (according to their idea) of improving it. Now for a change. Suppose we write thus:—To prevent there being so many old maids, there should be an alteration made in the education of those who wish to become sensible men. Instead of lounging about our principal thoroughfares, to the great annoyance and discomfort of all decent, right-thinking people, with a cigar in one corner of their mouth or, by way of variety perhaps, the end of their walking cane—for which at times they seem to have a particular relish—with a glass stuck in one eye, and an overpowering smell of perfume, to say nothing

of a certain amount of conceit and puppyism which so plainly betrays the want of that commodity which *they* think so requisite in others—common sense,—I say let these men fit themselves for the society of sensible women; for who would select as a partner (and protector for life) any one of these greasy-haired, highly-scented dandies?

Men of the present day seem to think that women are born,—either to be their slaves, or to act the part of a doll; to be spoken to and treated kindly at pleasure. To what a different end was woman created! And how cruel is the part she is now often compelled to play! If there were fewer coxcombs, there would be fewer coquettes; fewer aching hearts, and more HAPPY HOMES.

Devon, May 20.

VILETTA.

INSECT-LIFE IN JUNE.
THE COMMON HOUSE-FLY.

Let us behold this happy fly,
 With limbs and wings as perfect as the eagle's.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE HEAT OF JUNE, my dear Sir, will bring with it a multitude of things having life, which are worthy our special notice; and there are few objects deserving greater attention than the common house-fly. In a state of unceasing activity, no sooner is it born than it may be seen and heard by day and night.

An anonymous writer in Nicholson's Journal,* calculates that in its ordinary flight, the common house-fly (*Musca domestica*) makes with its wings about 600 strokes, which carry it five feet, every second. But if alarmed, he states, their velocity can be increased six or sevenfold, or to thirty or thirty-five feet in the same period.

In this space of time, a race-horse could clear only ninety feet, which is at the rate of more than a mile in a minute. Our little fly, in her swiftest flight, will, in the same space of time go more than the third of a mile. Now compare the infinite difference in the size of the two animals (ten millions of the fly would hardly counterpoise one racer), and how wonderful will the velocity of this minute creature appear!

Did the fly equal the racehorse in size, and retain its present powers in the ratio of its magnitude, it would traverse the globe with the rapidity of lightning. I would here observe, however, that it seems to me, that it is not by muscular strength alone that many insects are enabled to keep so long upon the wing. Every one who attends to them must have noticed, that the velocity and duration of their flight depend much

* Quarto, vol. iii., p. 36.

upon the heat or coolness of the atmosphere, especially the appearance of the sun. The warmer and more unclouded his beam, the more insects are there upon the wing; and every diurnal species seems fitted for longer or more frequent excursions.

As the time has now arrived when these little winged visitors become troublesome from their numbers—causing us to slay them right and left for our own protection from ceaseless annoyance,—a word or two about keeping them partially out of our dwellings will be acceptable.

It is a remarkable, and, as yet, unexplainable fact, that if nets of thread or string with meshes a full inch square, be stretched over the open windows of a room in summer or autumn, when flies are the greatest nuisance, not a single one will venture to enter from without; so that by this simple plan a house may be kept free from these pests, while the adjoining ones which have not had nets applied to their windows, will swarm with them. In order, however, that the protection should be efficient, it is necessary that the rooms to which it is applied should have the light enter by *one side* only; for in those which have a thorough-light, the flies pass through the meshes without scruple.

For a fuller account of this singular fact, the reader is referred to a paper by W. Spence in *Trans. Ent. Soc. Lond. vol. I, p. 1*, and also to one in the same work (vol. ii. p. 45), by the Rev. E. Stanley, late Lord Bishop of Norwich, who, having made some experiments suggested by Mr. Spence, found that by extending over the outside of his window nets of a very fine packthread, with meshes $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches to the square, so fine and comparatively invisible that there was no apparent diminution either of light or the distant view, he was enabled for the remainder of the summer and autumn to enjoy the fresh air with open windows; without the annoyance from the intrusion of flies, often so troublesome that he was obliged on the hottest days to forego the luxury of admitting the air by even partially raising the sashes. "But no sooner (he observes) had I set my nets, than I was relieved from my disagreeable visitors. I could perceive and hear them on the other side of my barriers; but although they now and then settle on the meshes, I do not recollect of one venturing to cross the boundary."

FRANK.

[Thank you for this interesting communication. The poor house-fly is a wonderful little creature truly. His curiosity and prying propensities, however, get him into endless troubles. Just now may be seen a number of boys about the streets, wearing on their hats an enormous circular pillar of paper—towering upwards to a fearful height.

At a distance this pillar appears to have been painted black; but as it and its bearer approach nearer we find it animated, and can hear an incessant buzzing proceeding from it; not like the sound produced by a hive of bees, but a horrible whirring and hissing noise, painful to listen to. We are not long kept in suspense as to what all this means; for the urchins enlighten us by unceasing shouts of "Catch 'em a—live! all alive—oh! Cockroach—es, bee—dles, blue bot—tles, and waps—es,—Catch 'em a—live!! *all a—live!!!*" And sure enough theseimps of Satan are right. "All alive" the poor wretched creatures are—glued, chained, riveted to the frightful groundwork of that horrid cylindrical towering paper pillar. We have, in a former number, minutely described how these "Catch-'em-alive" papers are manufactured, and entreated all people using them for the purpose of destroying flies, to be merciful in their cruelty. Whatever winged insect, attracted by the smell of the composition spread upon these broad-sheets, alights on the paper to reconnoitre, he at once becomes fixed as in a vice. His legs are engulfed in a morass—he plunges—he frets—he fumes. All is to no purpose. At last, in his agonies, he almost invariably dislocates some of his joints; drawing his feet upwards, until, by his height, and fearful elevation, we become sensible of the magnitude of his efforts to escape, and his consequent tortures. His wings are free. His body lives; whilst his extremities are in a hopeless state of inactivity, racked by unutterable anguish. We learn this by the unearthly, half-stifled groans, and ceaseless hum proceeding from the awful fly-paper. Day and night the sounds fall upon the ear; and it is considered by the young, giddy, and thoughtless, to be "good fun." "Catch 'em a—live!" roar the juvenile dealers in these engines of torture! The refrain is taken up—the joke enjoyed by the multitude—and the sufferers linger on until death kindly puts an end to their misery. One word more. If these fly-papers are considered useful, *let all who use them burn them regularly at the close of every day.* Their cost—three for a penny—is trifling, and not to be named in comparison with the conscientious discharge of an act of duty. Let any one carefully examine a well-filled sheet of flies, and listen to their movements as well as gaze on them,—*then* will the sound of "Cockroach—es, bee—dles, blue bot—tles, waps—es!" uttered by the dirty vagabonds in our public thoroughfares (to the tune of "Catch 'em alive—*all a—live oh!*") be recognised with becoming horror. The heat of the sun, broiling the unhappy victims glued to these sugar-loaf pillars, is a sight as sickening to behold as it is painful to describe. May we be the means of awakening some feeling of pity for the poor sufferers!]

"THE MAN FOR ME!"

"LAUGH and GROW FAT!" VILETTA.

To look at him, I must confess,
Makes my eyes water. More MERRY tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

SHAKESPEARE.



ERE I COMPELLED TO
MAKE CHOICE OF A MAN
FOR MY COMPANION, I
should most assuredly
choose the owner of a
merry heart. There may
be—and are—but few of
these delectable individuals

in society; but there are undoubtedly *some*,
and to be in their company is a treat.

When the man with a merry heart comes
amongst us, his presence is like sunshine upon
a drooping bed of flowers, or Spring bursting
on a cold March morning. Everything in
his vicinity,

Breathes like a bright-eyed face that laughs out
openly.

There is a charm about him, which
the dullest acknowledge with relaxed
features and softened austerity. He is a do-
mestic luminary, scattering light and laughter
all around him. He is the autocrat of enjoy-
ment—the imperial Cæsar of fun and frolic.
His empire is boundless; for, wherever his
provoking glance falls, there he commands
obedience. All the cardinal sins submit to
his authority; even those three terrible ras-
cals, Envy, Anger, and Hatred, think him a
very prince of a good fellow, and become as
mellow as ripe peaches at one touch of his
magical wand. As to the other four, they
absolutely adore him; and fancy themselves
in a kind of penitential paradise, after he
has with his silken strings strangled the de-
mons tugging at their heartstrings.

He rules with gentle sway amongst all ranks
and all ages; the young, the old, the beau-
tiful, the plain, the cross, the peevish, the bad
and the good—all own his influence; none
can resist his winning smile or alluring mouth,
glittering with ever-exposed pearls, and clos-
ing over a purling stream of good-humor.
In fact, he is universally acknowledged to be
the presiding genius over the golden time of
life—the lord of the domain where

Along the crisped shades and bowers,
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring,—
The Graces, and the rosy-bosomed Hours.

Wherever he puts his foot, existence becomes
a summer—a luscious June; and he plants
such bewitching roses on the highways and
byways of man's pilgrimage, that the thorns
scamper out of the neighborhood, and hide
their heads in gloomy nooks, ashamed and
frightened. He is the friend of man, the be-
loved of woman, and the darling of every-

body; for even the sinister eyes of a cat have
been known to open, in broad daylight, into
a round bright stare at his exhilarating coun-
tenance.

To be more minute in our details, his quali-
ties, habits, and propensities, all tend to make
the world as merry and happy as prevailing
circumstances will permit. He loveth neither
grief nor sadness; but when obliged to con-
dole with sorrow, he preacheth the philosophy
which says—

Even the saddest thoughts
Mix with some sweet sensations, like harsh tunes
Played deftly on a soft-toned instrument.

But in these moments of restraint he is never
heard to twaddle about bright flowers of hope
being killed in the bud; or to affect any of
that ornamental and superficial sympathy
with distress, which prevails amongst that
class of skin-deep sentimentalists with whom
he is at open war. With himself personally,

The tear, slowly travelling on its way,
Fills up the wrinkle of a silent laugh;

And—

In that sweet mood of sad and humorous thought,
he sees the rainbow of hope spanning the arch
of the future, and hears a gentle voice, in
honeyed accents, bidding him trust in Provi-
dence, and never despair.

But away with melancholy—his path is
the primrose one, and he will tread it as
lightly as Camilla did the waving corn.
He obeyeth the command "Cor ne edito;"
and agreeing with the sage, that "faces are
but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tink-
ling symbol, where there is no love," strives
to make the world better by making it merrier.
This charming propensity is the ether in
which he moves—the essence of his delight-
ful individuality—and the mention of that
term brings him more prominently before us.
And first of all we must observe, that he is
the pet of the earth—a kind of fireside divi-
nity, and a mighty favorite with the ladies.
He is the chief guest at weddings, christenings,
and birthday parties; and with a love of
quaint, harmless mischief, plays pranks at
sly love-meetings.

Yet, it is at festivals, dinners, and merry-
makings, that he mostly shines. He revel-
leth at Christmas, laugheth out the old year,
and welcometh the new, with such gusto that
all declare a merrier man could not be met
with. The power which Glendower vaunted
he possessed belongs to him, for he calls
"spirits from the vast deep;" and when they
come at his potent bidding, he requests those
around him to be merry and wise; for, in the
deep recesses of his nature, there runs a vein
of seriousness which enables him to avoid
excesses himself, and to dislike them in
others. The enjoyment, over which he
rules, is neither boisterous nor licentious—it

is rather that which a delicate palate would prefer, and a well-regulated mind and healthy body keenly appreciate.

No sottish drinks mingle with his champagne; his beverages are light and cheerful ones; and if there be one bad thing he detests more than another, it is intemperance. Fun, frolic, and amusement, are his elements; and he instinctively opposes all that would detract from their harmless simplicity. This beautiful trait in his character makes him the beloved of everybody, for it constitutes him a promoter of sobriety; and few are so enamored of its bestial opponent as to begrudge it the praise it merits. To see him at a dinner-table, is a sight the most surly would covet. His round, gleeful face sparkles with such exquisite good-humor that the dainties on the table look richer; and the faces of those assembled wear such a happy, contented expression, that the most obdurate are melted into sympathetic approbation of the feelings that animate the genial throng.

Woundless jests are as abundant as blackberries at the close of autumn; and there are such *peals of laughter direct from every heart*, that the sound flies out of the house, and rings in the ears of careworn passers-by like the music from bells mellowed by distance. There is a sincerity about the cachinnation, a depth which proves its genuineness, and goes far to establish the truth of the theory contended for by that profound suggestive writer, Carlyle. It will not be irrelevant to quote a few passages from his brilliant "Sartor Resartus" on the subject of laughter. "No man," says he, "who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether irreclaimably bad.

"How much lies in laughter: the cypher key wherewith we decypher the whole man! Some men wear an everlasting barren simper; in the smile of others, lies a cold glitter as of ice. The fewest are able to laugh what can be 'called' laughing, but only sniff and titter, and sniggle from the throat upwards; or at best produce some whiffing husky cachinnation, as if they were laughing through wool. Of none such, comes good. *The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem.*"

So says Thomas Carlyle, and we cordially agree with him, for we have ever found your bad laughter to be a questionable character; there is no sniggle, or whiffing, or huskiness, about the laughter which the Merry Heart creates. All is open, full-mouthed, and undisguised; the deep bass of the organ-lunged, the trumpet notes of the tenor, and the loud shrilling of the treble, mingling in glorious and joyous concert. But it is not at the rich man's table, or in his ball-room,

that the Merry Heart is exclusively to be found; he loves all classes alike, and forgets not to brighten the poor man's cottage with his exhilarating

"Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles."

He drives dull care from faded cheeks, startles the poverty-fiends from their hovels; and, sweetening the sad morsel of adversity, lends to the most wretched existence a fleeting but right exquisite charm.

See the poor man seated, after his week's toil, at his Sunday dinner; surrounded by his rosy children and tidy wife—is he not happy? Why, he feels that he really belongs to the human family; and in that moment of transitory happiness, forgets his struggles with the hard-faced world. His heart opens to the influences of the inbred love of his nature; and he thinks lightly, or not at all, of the morrow. His six days of winter melt into one of rosy summer; and when his Lapland days come again, he consoles himself with the thought of the recurring day of sunshine. The Merry Heart inspires him with patience and fortitude in the fulfilment of his daily duties; and, when he is uncorrupted by debasing habits, instils into his mind the high moral lessons of perseverance, hope, and faith in the future.

Our hero is indeed the friend of all; and, in the conventional acceptation of that word, is the best and truest in the wide world. He has no reservations, no suspicions, no lukewarmness; but is full of candor and confidence. With him, no ungenerous thought darkens the sentiment which, as twin-brother to Love, draws the human family into closer copartnership, and chases away the sombre hues that darken the social horizon. He is a true Roman in friendship—one of the real *participes curarum*—and abhors the base Brummagem feeling which too often passes current under that term.

Excelling as a friend, he triumphs as a lover; for no cant or insincerity mingles with his passion. He never wishes "that women had but one rosy mouth, that he might kiss them all from north to south." Such selfishness never enters into the love he feels for woman—the extravagance is too absurd and wicked for his kind disposition. All he desires is, that "one" pretty form, with a gentle heart, should ever be near him; and he will sing the song that pleaseth *her*, and be a merry and loving spouse all the days of his life.

But it must be observed that, as a lover, he is not one of the sighing and groaning brood; his temperament, so lively and bounding, spurns such weakness. He rather belongs to that daring band of gallants who take a girl's heart by storm, or coax her to part with it with such merry and seductive

earnestness, that resistance disappears with marvellous rapidity; and before the poor thing has quite recovered from the sweet delirium into which she has been thrown, she finds herself a "wife"—sitting with her husband before their mutual fireside, and the object of his half-earnest, half-sportive caresses.

Much more might be said of the Merry Heart; but we will leave him now to enjoy the blissful society of his amiable wife, and beloved children. A pattern to them, and a blessing to all his associates, he is—"the" man for ME!

J. H.

ANCIENT VERULAM.

NOTES DURING A RECENT VISIT.

ON THE FIRST OF NOVEMBER, 1853, my dear Sir, I paid a visit to these relics of ancient grandeur, accompanied by my youngest son.

My feelings on the occasion alluded to, whilst progressing from Hatfield towards St. Albans, were in unison with those of the poet Thomson, who, in his "Winter," some hundred and twenty years ago, thus wrote:

All nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye
In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
And gathers vigor for the coming year.
A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy fire.

We were so much pleased with our little trip, and our snug quarters at the "Peahen," that we determined to revisit them that day six months, accompanied by "Our Editor" and our faithful "Fino,"—provided we should live so long. Right pleased was I then, on the evening of the 30th of April, to spy our worthy Editor making his way up to our gate.

The morning of the 1st of May was not very promising; but four good friends were not to be done out of a day's enjoyment on the chance of a little soaking. No. Therefore, not being made of sugar, and after disposing of a good breakfast, we started for the Hornsey station.

How beautiful, how lovely, is even a dull morning in Spring!

Up springs the lark,
Shrill-voiced and loud, the messenger of morn.
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds; and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse,
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush,
Bending with dew moisture o'er the heads
Of the coy choristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony; the thrush
And wood-lark, o'er the kind contending throng,
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
Of notes: when listening Philomela deigns

To let them joy, and purposes in thought
Elate to make her night excel their day.
The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake,
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove;
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Poured out profusely, silent. Join'd to these,
Innumerable songsters, in the fresh'ning shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous.

Reaching Hornsey in pretty good time, we were soon whirled along to Hatfield; thence, an omnibus conveyed our jolly personages to St. Albans. A smart shower during the transit, had damped our outer man; for we disdained to carry a umbrella. Nay, we were rather curious-looking characters. "Our Editor," with his editorial *baton*; old Bombyx, with a cane something like a small tree (and which, in truth, a few years ago, was a goodly holly tree on the banks of the Tiber, the hook, or handle, representing a grotesque portrait of his Holiness the Pope); his son, with an apparatus for supporting the human frame, convertible at pleasure into a cane for fishing beetles; and old "Fino," with his tail wagging at least a thousand times a minute.

In this fashion did we three reach the "Peahen." The first thing now was, to counteract the ill effects of the external moisture by an internal application of "something curious." This "something curious" was of a rich dark-brown color, and came "strongly recommended" to us. Nor was "mine hostess" a bad judge.

Whilst the "tickets to view" the ancient abbey were being procured, a blazing fire was prepared with all due haste to gladden our hearts; and on a neat little table was placed the remnant of a gigantic cheese—the walls almost rivalling those of ancient Verulam. Side by side was a nice loaf of crusted new bread, and a tankard of foaming creaming ale. These discussed, we arose, refreshed like giants; and ordering a tidy little dinner, we stretched away for the ancient abbey. Nor were we long in gaining access to the magnificent walls of this ancient, venerable pile. On our arrival, we found it was the time for divine service.

Nothing could exceed the soft, solemn, stirring sound of the organ notes, pealing through this sacred building. We listened to it with rapture. Then, having ascertained from the beadle that the service was likely to last another hour, we resolved at once to proceed to ancient Verulam, returning thence to the abbey.

Passing through the antique gatehouse (the upper part of which is now used as the prison for the borough), in some ten minutes we found ourselves on the walls of ancient Verulam; or rather the relics of the said walls, which are all that remain of that

once opulent and splendid city, boasting greater antiquity than any part of London. Whilst we were engaged in separating from these wondrous ruins some small specimens for our friends at home (ever and anon gazing at that noble abbey, whose frowning walls seemed to tower over the old town with severe solemnity), a smart shower of rain came down; but to cheer us, from a little wood hard by, sweet Philomel poured forth some of his richest, most enchanting melodies, which positively riveted us to the spot. Time, however, which flew too fast, compelled us to return to the abbey.

After having visited the whole of this venerable edifice, its magnificent porch, its massive columns, its noble arches, Saint Cuthbert's screen, the splendid canopies, rich cornice work, ornamental niches, richly-carved pinnacles, beautifully-sculptured screen-work, the beaded mouldings, the singular capitals, the painted ceiling of the nave, transept, and choir — our worthy Editor with his junior companion mounted to the outside of the tower. Bombyx, for very valid reasons, thought it more prudent, during their progress upwards, to examine the *lower* part of the building. He had before (November 1, 1853) made an effort to reach the top; but it was all of no use. Having edged himself in, and squeezed sideways as far as he could, he was fairly brought to a stand-still. He became very nearly a fixture, about one third of the way up; and for some short time was fairly "in for it." However, after a good push downwards and sideways, he once more extricated himself; and determined not to repeat the experiment.

Whilst his companions were enjoying what little scenery the heaviness of the weather permitted, Bombyx went down to the tomb of the "good Duke Humphrey" and contemplated his bald skull; and when returning from this *tete-a-tete* with the skeleton of the great Duke of Gloucester, could not help ejaculating, "Blessed Lord, have mercy on me!" He then directed his steps to the north wall of the transept, which is green to a certain extent with damp and moss; and had a long conversation with some singular spiders and centipedes. He also packed up a quantity of fat old *Blaps mortisago*, very imperfect indeed. One fellow, however, who had only lost his left hind leg, Bombyx brought home as a *souvenir*. Numbers of these insects were found; but all were either dead or sadly mutilated.

The party being now reassembled, and having still an hour and a half to spare, started in the direction of St. Michael's, a curious old church founded by Albert Ulsinus, about the middle of the tenth century. This is a very small, compact, but curious building,

bearing internal proofs of its being of great age.

In the porch of the door by which we entered, is still seen an ancient stone coffin, said to have been buried upwards of 1500 years ago. The remains of our forefathers were certainly much more solidly encased than those of our present cousins. What a coffin was that! On the opposite side of this porch, is part of a painting representing the "Day of Judgment" This is a most singular production, and as singular must have been the conception of the artist. What a strange idea he must have had of the "Day of Judgment!" Still it is decidedly original. I am no connoisseur in these matters, and shall not attempt to describe it. Let those of the readers of OUR JOURNAL, who wish to see it, make a journey on purpose.

I have also purposely avoided affixing any date as to the building of the abbey, the flourishing period of ancient Verulam &c., &c.

I wish OUR JOURNAL to be perfectly correct in what it promulgates; and as there may be some difference of opinion amongst antiquarians upon these points, and I being no antiquarian myself, I am not able to form a correct judgment. I shall therefore merely remark that, in my opinion, Verulam must have existed in some comparative degree of note prior to the Christian era.

We now began to think once more of the "Peahen," and directed our steps towards our kind hostess's snug dining-room; and as we approached a certain hostel, called the "Saracen's Head," our olfactory nerves were made sensible of there being a most exquisitely-pungent odor in the neighborhood. Those of your readers who have found themselves, on a lovely spring morning, in the middle of a fine vineyard, when every vine is in full bloom (in the south of France, Germany, or Switzerland, &c.)—can readily imagine what this odor was *not*. Glad were we to quicken our pace as much as possible; wondering how any mortal being could exist near the "Saracen's Head." Even old FINO dropped his tail as he sniffed in the pestilential atmosphere. Surely this good city would be all the better for a visit from the Board of Health!

Most truly thankful were we to find ourselves at some distance from the "Saracen's Head." Lucky indeed was it, that our dinner was not ordered *there*. It would have remained untasted.

And now, good readers, just fancy "Our little Editor" at the head of the festive table at the "Peahen"—Old Bombyx facing him; his son on the left; and old FINO stretched out before the fire. Did we not wish for a few of the amiable and choice Correspondents of "OUR JOURNAL?"

Oh—yes! Had “Honeysuckle” sat near “Our Editor”—“Aubépine” near Bombyx—“Violet” near his son—and “Puss” been there to frolic with “FINO,”—oh how very jolly we should have been! But, even as it was, we did very well.

Mine hostess of the “Peahen” took our measure to a nicety. Raising the first cover, our nostrils were regaled with mackerel, exquisitely flavored and exquisitely cooked. Among other accompaniments was a delicious salad. This just paved the way for as neat a little leg of lamb (roasted) as the most fastidious epicure could picture to his mind’s eye. As for the vegetables—just fresh from the garden—there were cauliflowers, spring cabbages, spinach, excellent potatoes, brocoli, &c. Add to these a sharpened appetite, prime ale, and three happy hearts. Then came lots of pastry in every variety; and afterwards, the remnant of that colossal cheese (before described), and some young radishes. We were just thoroughly happy.

I am not bound accurately to describe the wine or wines we discussed; but the first toast was—“All those that we love, and all those that love us!” Then came a cigar of exquisite aroma, and a refresher of “something curious”—just to keep us warm and weather-tight, previous to starting for Hatfield, at six o’clock. First, however, we took a little stroll through the town, and paid a visit to one amiable Mrs. Nutting, where we filled our capacious pockets with all sorts of chocolates and bon-bons for our dear folk at home.

I am not going to tell of *all* the fun, &c., we had on this short journey. No! suffice it that more than one will recollect us, of those who travelled on that omnibus. A—hem! The up-train at Hatfield bore away our companions, however; and we were obliged to go and console ourselves where best we could:—

Sic waggat mundus et nos waggamus cum illo!

So we found out a cranny corner, nearly opposite the old church at Hatfield; and thinking this might be the place (from its proximity to the church) where “somebody” was occasionally accustomed to drop in, *pour rafraîchir sa mémoire*, and knowing that clerical somebodies are generally excellent judges of good fare, we determined to try our luck. Entering, we were shown into a square room occupied by a shrewd Scotchman, probably a student. Here we discussed another cigar; and then whispering into the ear of our fair hostess, she brought us “something curious”—just to absorb the melancholy which had so distressingly overpowered us on parting from our friends at the station.

But now the time was come for us to depart; for we had been told by the jocose

clerk at the station, that the London train would start precisely at eight o’clock. We arrived some twelve minutes before eight. To our annoyance, we found that the train had left at half-past seven. On remonstrating with this whipper-snapper, we were met by an insulting grin, and a hollow laugh. This however did not exactly suit old Bombyx; and next day he wrote to the proper authorities. The result was, that the jocose young gentleman has been handled in a way he little expected. Had he been civil, and sorry for his ill-timed jest, nothing would have been said; but his insolence and pride required this wholesome chastisement. [Yes. It was an act of public “duty.”]

We now *returned* to our old quarters near the church; and here we had some excellent tea, which “Our Editor” brewed to perfection. Also, some delicious toast. This and some pleasing gossip passed away the time till the clock struck nine, when we once more started for the station. As good-luck would have it, the “express” was behind time, and our conveyance was obliged to wait at “Hitchin” till it had passed.

A very intelligent, kind, and communicative servant of the company, interested us much during the time we waited, by his mode of working the Electric Telegraph. We had the pleasure, too, of hearing the “express” pass (it went too fast for us to *see* it), as well as that from King’s Cross to Edinburgh; and we blessed our stars that we were not passengers by either of the “expresses.”

A number of lovely nightingales rejoiced us as we paced up and down the platform. This we finally quitted at a quarter to ten o’clock, arriving at Hornsey at a quarter past. It had been raining in torrents; so that we had a disagreeable, dark, wet walk; reaching home a little after eleven. We then retired to rest: first singing—“Hurrah for the Peahen!”

BOMBYX ATLAS.

Tottenham, May 20.

ON A DEAD ROSE.

NAY, do not touch that faded flower,
Albeit both scent and hue have flown;
For it may still retain a power
Some gentle heart may joy to own:
Hidden beneath each wither’d leaf,
A chastening spell, to Memory dear,
May yield that burdened heart relief
When Hope itself is sere!

There let it lie, ’mid records sweet,
By feeling prompted, genius graced;
Type of their fate, memorial meet
Of “young affections run to waste!”
Left on their stem—(how fugitive!)
Those cherished leaves had soon been shed;
But thus embalmed, will seem to live
Till Memory’s self be dead!

NOTES ON RAIN WATER.

I ENDEAVORED ABOUT A YEAR AGO (in the "Critic") to show from the data afforded by the analysis of a French chemist, to what a vast extent the vegetable kingdom was indebted to rain; not for moisture simply, but for a gradual yet constant supply of those nitrogenous compounds, which, in an assimilable shape, are essential to the perfect development of the plant.

Since then, our knowledge of facts connected with this subject has been greatly extended by M. Boussingault, a name distinguished for devotion to science, by an elaborate series of estimations of the amount of ammonia contained both in the river and rain waters of the vicinity of Paris. The alkalimetric mode, adopted to determine the amount of ammonia contained in any given quantity of water, appears to have yielded results as exact and delicate as could be desired—a matter of no little importance, for a systematic examination of the rain of various localities, involving thousands of analyses, is now become a desideratum of scientific agriculture.

The river-water from the Seine and Ourcq was taken during the months of April and May; and although, in the latter instance, the specimens examined yielded widely-differing results, it is evident that the ammoniacal contents of these waters are but small, the average of that from the Seine being about $1\frac{1}{2}$ grains in 1,000 gallons of water; whilst that from the Ourcq yielded 6 grains of ammonia to 1,000 gallons of water. These amounts are less than would have been anticipated, when we look at the position of these rivers in the midst of a populous and cultivated country, and remember that the specimens of water submitted to analysis were taken at the Parisian fountains supplied by these waters.

In one instance, the water of the Bieber, which, however, seems to be a mere ditch, draining several manufactories, the amount of ammonia is considerable, being nearly 40 grains in 1,000 gallons of water; but, as a rule, the ammoniacal value of these river-waters is small. Turning to a report on the supply of water to the metropolis by Messrs. Graham, Miller, and Hofmann in 1851, to compare the Parisian and London river-water, I find but one example given of the water—that taken near the Red House, Battersea, where the amount of ammonia was actually estimated, and which yielded 31 grains in 1,000 gallons; showing Thames water to be nearly as foul at that spot as that from the Bieber just mentioned.

When from the rivers we turn to waters taken from wells in the country, and from the *Lac d'Enghien*, the amount of ammonia pre-

sent is almost infinitesimal, and, in one instance, this alkali was absolutely wanting. The influence of large masses of people congregated together on the production of ammonia is evidenced by several examinations of the springs in some of the houses in Paris, which, in three instances, yielded upwards of 2,000 grains of ammonia in 1,000 gallons of water. Can we wonder that the well-water of Paris is undrinkable?

Sea-water at Dieppe gave about two grains in the 1,000 gallons. M. Boussingault, in addition to these determinations, has also made a few examinations on rain-water, which agree with those of Mr. Barral, before referred to, and prove how far richer the rain-water is in this nitrogenous body than it is after it has percolated through the various soils and strata to reappear as spring or river water. This result is but an additional proof of the absorbent power of the soil for salts, which are thus separated from the rain, and, as it were, stored up for the supply of the plant when required.

Amongst these experiments there is one of singular interest, as throwing light on the observed fact of the cherishing and stimulating nature of snow on vegetation, and which has hitherto been principally attributed to its maintaining an equal temperature, retaining terrestrial heat-radiations, and protecting the plant from wind. Doubtless these influences exert a protective and nourishing action on the young plant; but it also appears that the snow absorbs a large quantity of ammonia from the soil—so that, when the thaw comes, the plant is supplied with moisture far richer in this stimulant than mere rain-water usually is; and this at a time when, from the rise in the temperature, the vital powers of the plant are also brought more energetically into play. Some snow which fell in March was collected; one portion, immediately after its descent, being taken from a terrace—the other portion was gathered thirty-six hours afterwards from the soil of the garden; when, on determining the amounts of ammonia the snow respectively contained, it was found that the latter portion from the garden soil, yielded no less than sextuple the quantity of this nitrogenous body than that taken from the terrace; results pointing to the absorption of this large amount of ammonia from the soil, in the space of thirty-six hours.

An accurate, widely-extended, and long-continued series of experiments on the amount of solid matter brought down in the rain, and especially with respect to the quantities of ammonia and nitric acid, in various parts of this country, would prove of the greatest interest and value. Were these determinations also conjoined with meteorological observations, their utility would be

greatly increased; whilst a periodical investigation of the nitrogenous contents of our rivers and springs should not be neglected.

We have numerous painstaking meteorologists scattered over the islands, and amongst them, doubtless, several sufficiently skilled in analytical chemistry to undertake this task; which would prove not valuable alone to the agricultural chemist, but, it is not improbable, would shed considerable light on certain atmospheric conditions accompanying the visitation and spread of epidemic diseases.

HERMES.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

[THIS DEPARTMENT OF OUR JOURNAL is one of its most interesting, as well as valuable features. Amusement, Instruction, Mental Improvement, and all the Social Virtues, are here concentrated. Whether the Subjects introduced be on Natural History, Popular Science, Domestic Economy, the Fine Arts, or Matters of General Interest,—ALL are carefully digested, and placed before our readers in the winning garb of cheerfulness, good-temper, and a determination to please. Our amiable correspondents enter readily into our naturally-playful disposition—hence are their contributions divested of that dry formality which cannot be other than repulsive to a true lover of Nature. Our columns, be it observed, are not exclusive; but open to ALL amiable writers.]

The Robin, the Swallow, and some "Seasonable" Gossip on Things in General.—That was a very pretty little anecdote, my dear Sir, of the Robin, which appeared in your last; and the way in which it is told is convincing evidence of its truth. You did right to withhold the apocryphal anecdote furnished by the waggish *Dumfries Courier*. The very facetious editor of that droll paper, and the editor of a certain *North British* paper also, may be laughed at, but certainly not believed. Scotland and the North of England are famous,—not only for the record of things which *do* happen, but for thousands of things that do not happen. Their inventive powers are called largely and constantly into exercise; and it is marvellous to observe how greedily most of your London papers copy the fabrications. Great faith have they; but very little judgment. Nature's ways are unknown to them; for they live, alas! in cities. *How should they then know better?* Let us pity them. [We do,—most truly. Every day, now, they are giving currency to the most extravagant tales of wonder in the insect, vegetable, and animal worlds,—none of them true, and all of them farcical.] But I want to tell you something more about the Robin. A pair of these dear, loving little creatures, have just constructed themselves a nest in the snug little tool-house which, you will remember, is at the rear of our house, behind the two large elder trees. It is compactly formed in a flower pot,—one of four, placed each in the other,—the topmost being "the" favored spot where lies *that* sacred little cradle (as you are wont to call these pretty structures). There are, whilst I write, four eggs. I learnt this interesting fact by mounting (not a *very* feminine feat!) on a pair of short steps (the nest is on the second shelf from the floor). Being an immense favorite with this "happy pair," my curiosity was not only forgiven, but it seemed to afford the

occupant's real pleasure. She did not quit her nest, but allowed me to touch the top of her head, whilst sitting; and affectionately to press it with the back part of my little finger. You should have seen her crest erected, and her fine, speaking eye! And then, her jovial little partner,—how pleased *he* looked to see me pleased! If ever friends—truly so called—loved one another, these birds love me. We three are a united trio. I have no fear of the cats, for the door is kept closed; and my little pets enter from a small hole in the window above. What fun I shall have when the little chirpers come out! How I will watch them, and protect them from their enemies! I should tell you that both birds enter freely into all the rooms in our house,—being constant guests (one or other of them) when the table is spread for breakfast, luncheon, or dinner. Indeed they are "free of the house," and loved by all the household. Our other pets, that you played with so joyously, are all well,—guinea-pigs, rabbits, pigeons, and bantams. "Trim," too, seems to long for another race with you across those fields. How that dog did enjoy your company! He thoroughly read "OUR EDITOR'S" character,—but then, who that knows him, does *not*? [No compliments, Honeysuckle, please.] After you left us, and the carriage turned round towards home, the grief of that poor animal it was distressing to witness. [This little fact does our heart good.] More than he, too (perhaps), participated in the same feeling. [Honeysuckle,—d—on't!] However, as Papa and Mamma have given you free range of our house, I need not say more about *that*; and now that our dear JOURNAL is about to be suspended—heart-rending thought!—your time will be more at your own disposal. You need repose, I dare avow. Come and seek it here. [In very deed will we. It is a positive promise; towards the fulfilment of which we fondly lean. We have ONLY ONE MORE JOURNAL to issue.] A pair of swallows are now building immediately over my window. The nest is more than half completed. I watch their movements and unceasing activity with intense curiosity, and real pleasure. Then we have a nightingale's nest in one corner of the garden (near the copse); two more hedge-sparrows' nests, another blackbird's, and two more thrushes'. The wrens, too, are very busy building, as are a variety of others. At least a dozen nightingales have escaped the fangs of the wicked trappers, and the blackcaps have been equally fortunate. How deliciously they do sing from morning till night; and at daybreak, how the welkin does ring with vocal melody! My garden is now a paradise. The great care I took of my choice flowers during the cold weather, has saved all their lives. And how they return my care for them,—breathing on me their sweetest incense! Happy innocence is theirs! How often I think of what you say about this, in OUR much-loved JOURNAL. I still carry it about with me in all my rambles. It is seldom out of my hand long together. I have said "nothing" yet; but I must away; or I shall be called to order.—P.S. Do not forget the little hint about "Trim," and some other parties. A-hem! HONEYSUCKLE, *Henley, May 24.*

[Gentle maiden,—fathom our heart; and let that be our answer in full. Judge of it by your own. Sympathy shall be our postman. But let

us add to yours, another pretty little fact about a robin. Our pair of birds (renowned throughout every volume of OUR JOURNAL) have recently built themselves a nest in one corner of a room in our dwelling-house. In that room, two large piles of the first and second parts of OUR JOURNAL have been placed (on a high shelf) not far below the ceiling. There are at least 100 in each parcel. On the very summit of these, my little lord and his little lady have pitched their tent. Here is love shown for OUR JOURNAL! What discernment! Well; the cradle provided, and the eggs laid, in due time five young ones appeared. Happy parents were those dear idolised birds! (We are, one and all, united; master, mistress, maid, and birds. Every member of the family are proud of these winged favorites.) Now listen, Honeysuckle; and let thy tender heart weep, and bleed. Coming down early on the morning of May 19th, and going, as was our habit, to see how our little callow friends fared,—behold, on the floor, lay scattered heaps of leaves. A little further, and the mangled body of an innocent nestling met our eye. Another,—and another, and—another! We groaned; so too, did these erewhile happy parents! Alas, we hear their cries now! But, gently good pen. A curtain must be drawn over the rest. Somebody's cat,—a horrid brute of a cat,—had watched those pretty creatures carrying in food (early) to their children. She had secreted herself; sprung from the floor to the shelf; walked stealthily (these crafty, soft-going quadrupeds have no virtues); and, no doubt, rifled that nest,—turning it over afterwards by way of insult. She had not even concealed her fault, by eating up her prey. No. She had gnawed them in halves, and left them; retreating (assassin-like) as she had entered. Now, harkee, dear Honeysuckle. Within twenty hours, that cat—"a noble animal"—lay extended at full length (say two feet) upon the scene of her late exploit. She moved not; neither was life found in her. Two catastrophes had occurred in the short space of a single day. Our little birds *know* what has been done,—and they rejoice in having beheld their enemy *dead*. War has now been DECLARED AGAINST THE WHOLE RACE OF CATS; so let our troublesome neighbors—look out!]

The Holy Estate of Matrimony.—If you seek for pleasure, marry. If you prize rosy health, marry. A good wife is Heaven's last best gift to man—his angel and minister of graces innumerable—his gem of many virtues—his casket of jewels. Her voice is sweet music—her smiles his brightest day—her kiss, the guardian of his innocence—her arms, the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life. Her industry, his surest wealth—her economy, his safest steward—her lips his faithful councillors—her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares. Lastly, her prayers are the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

[Here is a picture of domestic felicity that it does one's heart good to read. Realise it, all ye who can!]

The World Good as Ever.—How often do we hear people condemning this as being a "wicked

world!" Fearful ignorance and blindness! Why what has the world done amiss? Better would it be, if people would cast the blame on themselves as the direct sources whence these evils arise. The world itself is as fresh and beautiful as when its Maker first smiled upon the completion of His glorious handiwork. Why then should we seek to degrade this lovely creation, by committing and not confessing our own wicked acts? We hear of "reforms" of various kinds from those who—if they were as willing to *act* as they are to *talk*—would in the end derive as much benefit themselves as they wish to bestow on others. Let them "look at home." It is lamentable to see men, who are naturally endowed with such high reasoning powers, and who are living in an age, too, which in some things may almost be considered to have bid farewell to improvement, continue in a state of partial ignorance with regard to themselves—"looking down" upon those who have not been so fortunate as they in the possession of this world's goods! The "rich and proud" are too frequently found together. Why should one man, because he has risen to some degree of eminence and stands high in the world's reputation, look down upon another who may not have been equally blessed with the health, talent, and opportunities of his more fortunate neighbor? Is it by any merit of his that he has done so? It may be the case so far as industry and perseverance are concerned,—and for this he may be worthily commended; but if he had not been favored with those gifts which are alone in the power of a higher Being to bestow, where would he have been then? Some men there are, who think they have themselves only to thank for the temporary blessings they enjoy; and for the high position they may have attained. They never bestow one thought or feeling beyond the present; showing plainly indeed that "pride is the clearest proof of ignorance," and is seldom cured, unless it be by a reverse of circumstances. But let the storms of adversity come, and beat round the fancied shelter which the proud man has built; then will he find out the gross mistake which his sordid imagination has led him to indulge in, whilst thinking himself secure in his *own resources alone*. It is painful to witness the apathy and want of animation into which some men relapse. They can *talk* fast enough of faults which they see in others; remaining blind to their own. And even when a gleam of light may flash upon them, and remind them of duties to be performed, they shut their eyes to the fact; sinking into that dreamy condition from which there is no rousing them.—VILETTA, *Devon*.

Wonders of the Post Office.—According to the parliamentary returns, there are in the United Kingdom, 986 post-offices, and 6,612 receiving-houses for letters; 1,810 of these post-offices and receiving-houses are money-order offices. The number of letters which pass through the post-office department in the course of a year is nearly 400,000,000. The number of miles which mails travel over railways in a year is about 7,000,000! The length of the English ocean mail line is 55,000 miles, the mail-packets traversing 1,600,000 miles annually. The number of money-orders issued yearly is 5,000,000. The number

of applications for missing letters during twelve months is nearly 10,000. The net revenue of the post-office, after deducting charges for management, &c, is now above £1,000,000 a-year; the cost of management is £1,400,000; the payment to railway companies for conveying mails, £330,000 a-year, and to steam-packet companies, £850,000. The amount of money-orders issued annually is nearly £10,000,000, and the yearly revenue derived from commission on money-orders, £80,000. The value of property contained in missing letters during twelve months is about £200,000.—ROSA B.

A Pleasing Reminiscence—àpropos of the Season:—

It was a lovely eve in June,
The flowers were filled with rains;
The hills in splendor seemed to burn
With liquid rosy stains;
The moss-rose, like a maiden's blush,
Bent low its odorous head,
And kissed a lily couched on leaves,
Like some young virgin dead.

The marigold, with eager look,
Bloomed blissful in the light,
And trembled to the zephyr's kiss,
Like young stars to the night;
The proud sun, with his golden crown
Of splendor, slowly sank;
And dew-drops burnt like dazzling gems
Upon the wild-thyme bank.

The Bees 'mong dews had ceased to bathe,
The birds had ceased to sing;
And earth looked like a glittering queen—
The sun a dying king!
The giant river seemed to sleep,
And dream of fading clouds;
Whose images all sweetly shone
Within its breast in crowds!

The crimson hues from flowerets waned,
The verdurous hills grew dim;
The Nightingale sang to the moon,
His passion-panting hymn!
The vine leaves fluttered, sweet as love,
Around their fragile stems;
And earth slept like a gorgeous bride,
Adorned with dewy gems!

Notts.

The Uses of Insects.—The connection between decay and vitality is so extremely intimate, that the former has more than once been stated as the cause of the latter. It was the favorite theory of one school of philosophy, that life was the offspring of decay; and it is not impossible that Hydra was intended to embody and personify this principle of antiquity. It is not necessary, however, to believe this, to see that decay and insect life are so intimately connected that it is difficult often to say whether the decay resulted from insect ravages, or whether the insects were a host of scavengers to remove the load of decomposition,—thus preventing the malaria which would otherwise follow in its wake. The mice which always followed an overflowing of the Nile, were accounted by the Egyptians to be a creative power of the fresh mud, the last creative energy left in

an old and worn-out world; and it is easier to adopt an imaginative theory like this, which requires neither investigation nor trouble, than it is to say how and when any given tribe of insects came on a decaying substance. Whether insects are the *cause* or the *effect* of the disease called fingers-and-toes in turnips, is still enveloped in no small degree of obscurity—known in Suffolk in the time of Arthur Young; treated of by the entomologist Spence in 1812, in Yorkshire; by the Caledonian Horticultural Society in 1819; by the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland in 1828, and again in 1853; and now we seem to know less whether insects are to blame for causing the malady, or to have the credit of removing the decay which that disease produces! Mr. Anderson says, “the most probable explanation is that which attributes the disease to the attacks of insects. He shows this to be the more probable, because, though many of the correspondents of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland saw no symptoms of insects, it is only negative evidence; and as they will not attack the leaves, but rather the roots, they may easily escape detection. This is quite true, says a writer in the *Gardeners' Journal*; but we have ourselves examined young turnips which we knew beforehand would be diseased, have thinned them out day by day, and watched most minutely the progress of the plant, and are satisfied that no insect was there until the disease had gone on to a very mature stage indeed. If insects do first attack, it is something quite anomalous. We have often seen instances where for ten or twelve years, in some three successive rotations, the turnips were sown on one side of a line, as straight as a furrow could be drawn, and completely diseased on the other. There is no law of insect life, with which we are acquainted, that would keep them for twelve years in one line so very accurately, when the whole field was treated exactly alike: and this alone would, in our opinion, be amply sufficient to settle the whole question. The evidence of the practical men whose opinions are taken, however, shows that the facts they have observed are almost all inconsistent with the insect theory.—AN OBSERVER.

Travelling on Elephants.—After breakfast, Mr. Williams and I started on an elephant, following the camp to Gyra, twelve miles distant. The docility of these animals is an old story; but it loses so much in the telling, that their gentleness, obedience, and sagacity, seemed as strange to me as if I had never heard or read of these attributes. The swinging motion under a hot sun is very oppressive, but compensated for by being so high above the dust. The Mahout, or driver, guides by poking his great toes under either ear, enforcing obedience with an iron goad, with which he hammers the animal's head with quite as much force as would break a cocoa-nut, or drives it through the thick skin down to the quick. A most disagreeable sight it is to see the blood and yellow fat oozing out in the broiling sun from these great punctures. Our elephant was an excellent one, when he did not take obstinate fits; and so docile as to pick up pieces of stone when desired, and with a jerk of the trunk throw them over his head for the rider to catch, thus saving the trouble of

dismounting to geologise. The latter part of the journey I performed on elephants during the heat of the day, and a more uncomfortable mode of conveyance surely never was adopted; the camel's pace is more fatiguing, but that of the elephant is extremely trying after a few miles, and is so injurious to the human frame that the mahouts (drivers) never reach an advanced age, and often succumb young to spine diseases, brought on by the incessant motion of the vertebral column. The broiling heat of the elephant's black back, and the odor of its oily driver, are disagreeable accompaniments; so are its habits of snorting water from its trunk over its parched skin, and the consequences of the great bulk of green food which it consumes.—DR. HOOKER.

Harrison's Cabinet of British Entomology.—The two first numbers of this very deserving little publication have lately come into my hands. It is scarcely fair to disparage a work brought out at such a very cheap price; but the passing remarks of an old entomologist cannot be taken unkindly. I can only wish Mr. Harrison had made his work two shillings a number. He probably then would have produced a more charming work. As it is, there is so much more to praise than to find fault with, that I think I may be excused, as a practical man, for giving a friendly hint. The coloring is in general of too light a shade; and in the figures some fail considerably. Others, again, are really excellent. In plate No. 1, the *Cicindela*, all are fair. *Drypta emarginata*, the *Elytra* are too broad; and the thorax ought to be much more elongated. The color is also a great deal too light. *Brachinus crepitans* is also badly formed. In plate No. 2, figures 1, 2, and 3 are good, 4 is very bad, 5 is good, 6 excellent, 7 bad, 8 excellent. The *Carabes*, generally speaking, are extremely good. Perhaps *Clathratus* is too much overdone; but my friend *Calosoma Sycophanta* is a decided failure. *Inquisitor* is much better. Upon the whole, the wonder is how Mr. Harrison can afford to bring out such a work at one shilling a number. I would gladly subscribe, at two shillings or half-a-crown, for a periodical brought out as it is evident Mr. Harrison has the talent for bringing it out. He is not now doing justice to his own abilities. The descriptive part is, generally speaking, clear, good, and from a practical hand. It is, moreover, fairly correct. A work like this deserves encouragement; but we ought all to request Mr. C. W. Harrison to double the price, and to let it be finished and brought out worthily. I, for one, very sincerely wish it success.—BOMBAY ATLAS.

More about Friendship.—The sincere grasp of friendship is often heard of, yet is it very little known. Too frequently it is superseded by a so-called shake of the hand, which might be more properly described as an almost ineffectual attempt to bring two or three of the digits of each party into contact; compressing them with a force barely sufficient to crush the smallest atom that can boast of an existence. We would not, nevertheless, have our arms pulled out of their sockets. No. We dislike both extremes. There are some people who evidence an entire want of heart and feeling. We never attempt to shake hands with them but

a chill shudder runs through our frame. Such we should never think of asking to sign their names for any charitable purpose. Never could we trust them as bosom friends, nor confide to them a secret. Those who shake you violently by the hand, have no discriminating powers. They burden you with kindness, and make you uncomfortable by their overpowering congratulations. Theirs is the heart (and plenty of it too!); but with all this, we feel a want of something more genial, and would gladly exchange theirs for the society of those who possess souls and spirits more akin to our own. There is no way in which a man's character can be more accurately defined than by his manner of shaking hands. By it, we can distinguish the true gentleman from the scoundrel who usurps the title—the miser from the profligate—the one who would openly hate us (if there be any such) from those who would be fair to our faces, but who, when they are turned from us, would, in their malice, blast our reputation. Who can give the hearty warm-hearted shake of a gentleman, the gentle and feeling touch of a friend, save one who really is such? We know the freemasonry of their touch. Their very presence seems to make our eyes sparkle with delight, and circulate the vital stream of pleasure through the whole frame, till we feel so full of it that it seems ready to ooze out of every pore in our body; aye, and our countenance o'erflows with it, till we fancy it imparts additional beauty to all around us. If we keep a dog, he catches the inspiration, and wags his tail with an admirable sagacity—looking immeasurably happy. Again, should we happen to gaze on the face of Nature, the same delight awaits us. Everything seems to sprout up, shoot forth, and look surprisingly green; whether it be the deservedly-loved ivy, the sturdy elm, or even the lowly cabbage. Depend upon it, those who fail to “create a sensation,” and have no heart, no soul, no thought, no feeling in common with ourselves—are to be shunned. We dare not confide in them. We have “one” corner of our heart set aside to cherish the remembrance and the existence of those whom we have selected; but with regret we observe (numberless as are the acquaintanceships formed in society) that comparatively few return the warm, hearty grasp of “Friendship!” — ALFRED H. HETHERINGTON, Plymouth.

The Increase of Crime.—You perhaps have observed, my dear Sir, like myself, how very much crime seems to be on the increase. One can scarcely take up a newspaper without noticing some sad detail in its columns. Not long since, I read an account of a man who had skinned more than twenty cats alive, and of a dog being allowed gradually to waste away, because the wretched man owed the poor beast's master a grudge. Now what, my dear Sir, can be the cause of this demoniacal cruelty? This horrid feeling is by no means a new thing. For my part, I can scarcely name one person amongst my acquaintance who is really “kind” to dumb animals. The fact is, people are afraid of being laughed at! more especially my own sex; and so they permit cruelty to be practised upon those patient creatures which have it not in their power to avenge their

wrongs. What a sad state of things must that be, wherein this oppression is openly countenanced ! What punishment are prisons to the wicked ? They are too often the schools for vice. Many of the inmates associate with companions worse than themselves, despising the laws of God and man. When they come forth again into the world, they have learnt their lesson, and never fail to turn it to a bad account. What should be done ? Ignorance cannot be put forth as a proof of immorality ; nor is ignorance any plea for crime. It is not learning that makes one good or honest. Goodness scarcely can be taught. I believe it is hereditary—a thought or habit imbibed in infancy, handed down from one generation to another. Crime is destiny, or a fate that bad men weave for themselves and their children after them. Philosophers and others have written and spoken on the subject ; but they have failed to arrive at the truth. It is not education alone that can produce morality. The want of discipline and respect for the existing laws, prevent its rise in general ; and if embraced, it is too often studied for the sake of one's appearing good in the eyes of the world—not as being an essential duty man owes to his Maker. These are poor inducements. It should come instinctively. Moreover, morality is *conscientiousness*—the spirit of purity and goodness. People think it is a mystery—perhaps it is. Our mental condition must be totally changed for the better, ere crime is eradicated. Neither sermons nor prisons will prevent its giant strides. Religion and morals must join *without any cloak*. When *this* is effected, crime will then cease.—JANE W., *Mile End*.

[Why, Jane, you are quite a philosopher—in petticoats ! We are proud and happy to hear you reason thus ; and to observe how great an advocate you are for a clean heart, and for the habitual practice of all that is good and lovely. But neither you nor we—sad to say it—shall ever gain a hearing.]

A Devonshire Cure for the Tooth-ache.—Go into a churchyard when they are digging a grave ; and if a skull is thrown up, wipe off the dirt and take hold of one of the teeth between *your own*. Then pull it out, keep the tooth in your pocket ; and if at any time you feel the toothache, put it *in your mouth three times*. The pain will then leave you. I actually *know* a man who pulled one out in the manner above described.—C. F. T. Y.

"Cheerfulness for Ever !"—A smiling face is like the rising sun ; it *always* rejoices the heart to look at it. A merry or cheerful countenance was one of the things which Jeremy Taylor said his enemies and persecutors *could not take away from him*. There are some persons who spend their lives in this world as they would spend their lives if shut up in a dungeon. Everything is made gloomy and forbidding. They go mourning and complaining from day to day, that they have so little ; and are constantly anxious lest what they have should escape out of their hands ! They always look upon the dark side, and never can enjoy the good. They do not follow the example of the industrious bee. *He* does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches on his road. No, *he* buzzes on ; selecting his

honey where he can find it, *and passing quietly by the places where it is not*. God bless you, my dear little Editor, and all your amiable correspondents, for advocating so powerfully and so sweetly what I so much love and delight in,—Cheerfulness, goodness, innocence, harmony, and ALL the Christian Virtues.—LILY OF THE VALLEY.

[God bless THEE,—fairest and best of women !]

Admiralty Register of Wrecks.—The Blue Book under this title, which is annually presented to Parliament, has recently been published for the year 1852. The wrecks on the coasts and in the sea of the United Kingdom during the year were 1115 ; which may be thus classed :—Totally wrecked, 500 ; totally lost in collision, 33 ; damaged seriously and had to discharge, 558 ; damaged seriously in collision, 24. The number of casualties in each month were :—January, 126 ; February, 77 ; March, 32 ; April, 44 ; May, 41 ; June, 29 ; July, 18 ; August, 42 ; September, 85 ; October, 164 ; November, 189 ; December, 268 ; total, 1115. Of these 464 occurred on the east coast of Great Britain, 158 on the south coast, and 235 on the west coast. 128 wrecks strewed the coasts of Ireland, 5 were cast on shore at Scilly, 9 at the Channel Islands, 18 on the Orkneys and Shetland, and 18 at the Isle of Man ; the remaining 80 occurred in the surrounding seas. The loss of life during the year, as far as has been ascertained, amounted to 920. Of these 100 were lost in the Amazon, destroyed by fire about 90 miles from the Land's End ; 13 in the Columbus, wrecked near the Hook lighthouse, Waterford ; 12 in the John Toole, wrecked on the Arran Isles, near Galway ; 15 in the Amy, wrecked at the Seven Heads, near Kinsale ; 75 in the Mobile, wrecked on the Arklow banks ; 10 in the Ernesto, wrecked near Boscastle, Cornwall ; 15 in the Minerva, wrecked near the Bar of Drogheda ; 15 in the Ocean Queen, wrecked at Wembury, near Plymouth ; 45 in the Louise Emile, wrecked at Dungeness ; 15 in the Haggerston iron-screw collier, wrecked off Filey ; 36 in the Lily, stranded in the Sound of Isle of Man, when her cargo ignited and she blew up ; 13 in the Alcibiades, wrecked in Ballyteigue Bay, Wexford ; and 10 in the Broad Oak, wrecked in Denbigh Bay, Skibbereen. The remainder were lost, in smaller numbers, on the coast ; or in vessels that foundered in the adjoining seas,—making in all, 920.—A. F.

Bees.—Will some of your bee-keeping readers afford me information as to what may be the cause of a difficulty I have found, in raising a queen by the transformation of the larvæ of the workers. I have by this means, at various times, supplied a vacant throne, but I find the practice could not be relied on with certainty. In the present instance, I have twice presented comb containing the larvæ and eggs of workers to a queenless stock ; and each time the brood has been hatched, but no attempt has been made to raise a queen. On a previous occasion, in summer, the bees refused the first time, but immediately constructed royal cells on a second piece of comb. An instance of similar indifference is related by Dr. Bevan in the "Honey Bee." It cannot be supposed that the community is unconscious of its loss, as the dead queen was brought out under great excitement ;

and on the hive being opened immediately afterwards, nearly the whole population was on the wing. It seems one of those cases which would teach us that the proceedings of these small people are not always to be bound down by laws of instinct, though the reason which guides them may not be apparent. As it is, the extinction of the family must soon take place. I should be much obliged for any suggestions which may enable me to save the hive, whose small population can scarcely linger out till swarming time, and singularly enough there have been drones in an adjoining hive since the beginning of March.—C. H.

How to Keep Gathered Fruit and Flowers always Fresh.—Fruit and flowers may be preserved from decay and fading by immersing them in a solution of gum-arabic in water two or three times; waiting a sufficient time between each immersion to allow the gum to dry. The process covers the surface of the fruit with a thin coating of the gum which is entirely impervious to the air, and thus prevents the decay of the fruit, or the withering of the flower. A friend of ours has roses thus preserved which have all the beauty and fragrance of freshly plucked ones, though they have been separated from the parent stem since June, 1853. To insure success in experiments of this kind, it should be borne in mind that the whole surface must be completely covered; for if the air only gain entrance at a pin-hole, the labor will all be lost. In preserving specimens of fruit, particular care should be taken to cover the stem, end and all, with the gum. A good way is to wind a thread of silk about the stem, and then sink it slowly in the solution, which should not be so strong as to leave a particle of the gum undissolved. The gum is so perfectly transparent that you can with difficulty detect its presence except by the touch. Here we have another simple method of fixing the fleeting beauty of nature, and surrounding ourselves with those objects which most elevate the mind, refine the taste, and purify the heart.—C. G.

The Crystal Palace.—*Art v. Nature.*—I have just returned from abroad, my dear Sir, and learn that the great Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, is to be opened June 10. I hear too that the "soft-going" Pharisees of the day have caused Venus and her attendants to be habited in petticoats, the "Graces" to be huddled up in sack-cloth, and all the natural beauties of the human figure to be carefully kept out of sight, &c. &c. Worse than that. Morality is to be shocked at every turn. Hideous plaster patches are to be attached to all the fair forms in the Sculpture Courts; and ourselves, wives, and daughters, are condemned to listen to the ribald jests of passers-by, which (after the public discussions in the newspapers) will be neither few nor restrained. An edict in council has gone forth. Their fiat has been pronounced. The patches are ordered,—and put on! The "joke" is already in everybody's mouth; and people are prepared in countless numbers to go and crack jests innumerable at the expense of public morals. "Somebody" has got to answer for all this; and I hope "somebody" will meet with their due reward. The cant of the present day is monstrous. Our teachers,

as they call themselves, are a bad lot. A nice idea have they, truly, of the fine arts, purity of heart, and elevated sentiment! We wonder how they can admit females into the nursery where their boys are! It *must* be "improper," according to their own showing; for anything natural is, in their sight, abhorrent. Alas! for the deception, hypocrisy, and morbid feelings of morality that prevail amongst us. We are, as you very justly say, an artificial nation. Raise your voice, my dear Sir; do, I entreat you. Then shall we be "honorable exceptions" to the Maw-worms of the day.—WALTER, *Cambridge, May 22.*

[We have been wondering, "Walter," what *had* become of you! We look upon you as one of our best allies, and glory in promulgating your wholesome sentiments. We have in our very first article (see p. 258) anticipated your wishes; and we are rejoiced to think that we are both animated by "one" feeling. Let us blush for those who are in "authority over us;"—they cannot do it for themselves!]

The Monster Steam-Ship.—The contracts have just been signed, for the completion and launching, within the space of two years, of an enormous steam-ship, for the Eastern Steam Navigation Company, which will put the Himalaya, the Great Britain, the Duke of Wellington, and other "monsters of the deep" into the shade, for she will be of the vast size of 22,000 tons burden, or 10,000 tons register. I give her principal dimensions as follows.—

	FEET	IN.
Extreme length of main deck	700	0
Ditto ditto of keel	680	0
Ditto breadth of beam	83	0
Depth of hold	58	0
Length of principal saloon.....	80	0
Height of ditto	15	0
Number of decks	Four.	
	TONS.	
Tonnage (builders' measurement)	22,000	
Tonnage	10,000	
Carries of coal in tons.....	10,000	
Stowage for cargo	5,000	
Number of first-class cabins.....	500	
Horse-power (nominal) of engines for paddles and screw combined.....	2,800	

Means of propulsion, screw and paddles combined, as well as an immense quantity of sail. She will have ample accommodation for second and third-class passengers and troops. Her bottom, decks, and sides, will be double; of a cellular form, with a space of two feet six inches between. She will have fourteen water-tight compartments, and two divisional bulk heads. Her immense proportions will admit of her carrying sufficient fuel to accomplish a voyage round the world. She is designed by Mr. Brunel, on the principle of the Britannia Tubular Bridge, and is being constructed in the yard of J. S. Russell, Esq., Millwall.—C. F. T. Y., *Stockleigh Pomeroy.*

Treatment of Greenhouse-Plants during the Summer.—I generally take an opportunity now and then of visiting the gardens of my neighbors; and on such occasions endeavor to profit as much as possible by what I see, whether in the way of excellence or defect. Both may alike be auxiliaries to improvement: the one, pointing out what should be imitated; the other, what should be shunned. To an instance of the latter class, I

would just now beg to call attention. Most persons during the summer season place a large number of their greenhouse plants in the open air, so as to give them the benefit of exposure. But I may be allowed to say, the benefit is very questionable, if it can be secured only in such conditions as have recently come under my notice. Fancy a number of Heaths, Pelargoniums, Fuchsias, and such like, placed on a lawn for the benefit of summer exposure; one-half nearly with their pots in an inclined position, others standing so closely together that no air can penetrate between them: and not only so, but embracing each other so affectionately that whenever they come to be separated, a fearful mutilation of branches must ensue. Add to this, a good number of pots with so much stagnant water on the surface of the soil, that one might well imagine they were intended for the growth of aquatics; and you have a good idea of what others besides myself perhaps have seen in connection with the greenhouse plants. Now these are "little things," obvious enough to everybody; and yet how often do we see inattention to them! Even such a simple matter as setting a flowerpot level, though it is one of the first lessons the apprentice learns when he enters the garden, is second to none in importance; for if the pot is half-way lying down, as we often see it, it is clear that when watered, half the roots will be drowned; and the remaining half getting no water at all, will be dried up. And then in a wet season, how frequently may we notice water standing on the surface of the soil in the pots! What is the cause? Why, simply that the worms coming up out of the ground have stopped the drainage. The only way to avert the evil, is, to look over the plants frequently, and see that this is all right. If such "little things" as these were carefully attended to, we should not only see plants present a much better appearance during the time of their exposure, but hear fewer complaints of their being injured or killed on removal to their winter quarters.—R. A.

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Extraordinary and Disgraceful Superstition.

—A few days since, a gentleman of this neighborhood (by profession a surgeon, and with whom I am well acquainted,) related the following disgraceful and superstitious conduct of a person residing near; which, did I not know both parties well, I should have been unable to credit. "He had been for some time attending a patient (a boy) who was suffering from scrofula in his arm, during which time the patient was progressing favorably. One day, on visiting his house, he found only the father at home; and asking how the boy was, received for answer 'that he was getting better.' As the boy ought to have been at home, he was induced to ask where he was. He was told that he had gone to a person, a respectable farmer residing in this neighborhood, who was going to cure him in a few days, and had given him a small package to be worn as a CHARM round his neck!" My friend asked to see it. Accordingly, the small parcel (which this sapient individual had given the boy to wear) was brought. The father was unacquainted with its contents; so the surgeon, with the father's permission, proceeded to open it. It then appeared, that it contained, in the outer parcel, several small

triangular-shaped pieces of leather. These, when opened, were found to be filled with *the claws of birds and other rubbish!* This same worthy, not long since, gave a poor woman who was suffering from a similar complaint part of *a toad!* This was carefully wrapped up; and instructions were given to wear it round the neck *until it dropped off.* Surely the inhabitants of the 19th century are very "enlightened!"—C. F. T. Y.—*Stockleigh Pomeroy, Devon.*

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True Nobility:—

What is noble?—'tis the finer
 Portion of our mind and heart,
 Link'd to something still diviner
 Than mere language can impart:
 Ever prompting—ever seeing
 Some improvement yet to plan;
 To uplift his fellow-being,
 And, like man, to feel for man!

What is noble?—is the sabre
 Nobler than the humble spade?
 There's a dignity in labor,
 Truer than e'er pomp arrayed!
 He who seeks the mind's improvement
 Aids the world, in aiding mind!
 Every great commanding movement
 Serves not one, but all mankind.

O'er the forge's heat and ashes—
 O'er the engine's iron head—
 Where the rapid shuttle flashes,
 And the spindle whirls its thread—
 There is labor, lowly tending
 Each requirement of the hour—
 There is genius, still extending
 Science and its world of power.

'Mid the dust, and speed, and clamor,
 Of the loom-shed and the mill;
 'Midst the clink of wheel and hammer,
 Great results are growing still!
 Though too oft, by fashion's creatures,
 Work and workers may be blamed,
 Commerce need not hide its features—
 Industry is not ashamed.

ELIZA COOK.

—

"*Number Seven.*"—An extraordinary number is No. 7. Witness the following:—On the 7th of the 7th month a holy observance was ordained to the children of Israel, who fasted 7 days, and remained 7 days in tents. The 7th day was directed to be a Sabbath of rest for all things; and at the end of 7 times 7 years commenced the grand jubilee. Every 7th year the land lay fallow; every 7th year there was a grand release from all debts, and bondsmen were set free. From this law may have originated the custom of binding young men to 7 years' apprenticeship, and of punishing incorrigible offenders by transportation for 7, twice 7, or three times 7 years. Every 7th year the law was directed to be read to the people. Jacob served 7 years for the possession of Rachel, and also another 7 years. Noah had 7 days' warning of the flood, and was commanded to take fowls of the air into the ark by sevens, and the clean beasts by sevens. The ark touched the ground on the 7th month; and in 7 days a dove

was sent out, and again in 7 days after. The 7 years of plenty and the 7 years of famine were even foretold in Pharaoh's dream by the 7 fat and the 7 lean beasts, and the 7 ears of full and the 7 ears of blasted corn. Miriam was shut up 7 days to be cleansed of her leprosy, the young animals were to remain with the dam 7 days, and at the close of the 7th to be taken away. By the old law, man was commanded to forgive his offending brother 7 times; but the meekness of the last revealed religion extended his humility and forbearance to 70 times 7. "If Cain shall be revenged sevenfold, truly Lamech, 70 times 7." In the destruction of Jericho, 7 priests bore 7 trumpets 7 days. On the 7th they surrounded the walls 7 times, and after the 7th time the walls fell. Balaam prepared 7 bullocks and 7 rams for a sacrifice; 7 of Saul's sons were hanged to stay a famine. Laban pursued Jacob 7 days' journey. Job's friends sat with him 7 days and 7 nights, and offered 7 bullocks and 7 rams as an atonement for their wickedness. David, in bringing up the ark, offered 7 bullocks and 7 rams; Elijah sent his servant 7 times to look for the cloud; the ark of God remained with the Philistines 7 months. Saul was ordered by Samuel to tarry at Gilgal 7 days, the elders of Jabesh requested Nahash the Ammonite 7 days' respite. Jesse made 7 of his sons to pass before Samuel; the men of Jabesh Gilead fasted 7 days for Saul; the Shunamite's son, raised to life by Elijah, sneezed 7 times; Hezekiah, in cleansing the temple, offered 7 bullocks and 7 rams and 7 he-goats for a sin-offering; the children of Isaac, when Hezekiah took away the strange altars, kept the feast of unleavened bread 7 days. King Ahasuerus had 7 chambermaids, 7 days' feast; sent for the queen on the 7th day. Queen Esther had 7 maids to attend her; in the 7th year of his reign, Esther is taken to him. Solomon was 7 years building the temple, at the dedication of which he feasted 7 days. In the tabernacle were 7 lamps; 7 days were appointed for an atonement upon the altar; and the priest's son was ordained to wear his father's garments 7 days. The children of Israel ate unleavened bread 7 days. Abraham gave 7 ewe lambs to Abimelech, as a memorial for a well. Joseph mourned 7 days for Jacob. The Rabbins say God employed the power of answering this number to perfect the greatness of Samuel, his name answering the letters in the Hebrew word which signify 7, whence Hannah, his mother, in her thanks says, "that the barren had brought forth 7." Solomon mentions 7 things that God hates, and that the sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than 7 men can render a reason. The house of wisdom in Proverbs had 7 pillars. The vision of Daniel was 70 weeks. The fiery furnace was made 7 times hotter for Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego. Nebuchadnezzar ate the grass of the fields 7 years; the elders of Israel were 70; the blood was to be sprinkled before the altar 7 times. Naaman was to be dipped 7 times in Jordan; Apuleius speaks of dipping the head 7 times in the sea for purification. In all solemn rites of purgation, dedication, and consecration, the oil or water was 7 times sprinkled; out of Mary Magdalen were cast 7 devils; the Apostles chose 7 deacons; Enoch, who was translated, was the 7th after Adam, and Jesus Christ the 77th in a direct

line. Within the number are connected all the mysteries of the Apocalypse revealed to the 7 churches of Asia; there appeared 7 golden candlesticks, and 7 stars, in the hand of him that was in the midst, 7 lamps being the 7 spirits of God, the book with 7 seals, the lambs with 7 horns and 7 eyes, angels with 7 seals, 7 kings, 7 thunders, 7 thousand men slain, the dragon with 7 heads and 7 crowns, the beast with 7 heads, 7 angels bringing 7 plagues and phials of wrath. There are also numbered 7 Heavens, 7 planets, 7 stars, 7 wise men, 7 champions of Christendom, 7 notes of music, 7 primary colors. Perfection is likened to gold 7 times purified in the fire. Anciently a child was not named before 7 days, not being accounted fully to have life before that periodical day; the teeth spring out in the 7th month, and are shed (renewed) in the 7th year, when infancy is changed into childhood. At thrice 7 years the faculties are developed, manhood commences, man becomes legally competent to all civil acts; at four times 7 a man is in full possession of his strength, at five times 7 he is fit for the business of the world, at six times 7 he becomes grave and wise, or never, at seven times 7 he is in his apogee, and from that day decays, at eight times 7 he is in his first climacteric or year of danger, and ten times 7, or three score years and ten, has by the royal prophet been pronounced the natural period of human life; and the 7th thousand year is believed by man to be the Sabbatical thousand or Millennium; and on the 7th day God rested from his labors, after creating the Heavens and the earth. —Puss.

Sense of Smell.—I send you some interesting particulars, my dear Sir, copied from "Bestick's Annals of Chemistry," having reference to the theory of odors.—So much, he says, has been written on our five physical faculties—sight, hearing, taste, touch, and smelling—that it has occupied a large portion of the various published works from the time when printing was first invented. The three senses first-named have fairly been written out; but not much has yet appeared relating, directly or indirectly, to the others. Mr. Piesse now gives us a theory of the olfactory nerve in distinguishing perfumes. Scents appear to influence the smelling nerve in certain definite degrees. There is, as it were, an octave of odors, like an octave in music. Certain odors blend in unison with the notes of an instrument. For instance, almond, heliotrope, vanilla, and orange-blossom, blend together; each producing different degrees of a nearly similar impression. Again we have citron, lemon, verbena, and orange-peel, forming a higher octave of smells, which blend in a similar manner. The figure is completed by what are called semi-odors, such as rose and rose-geranium for the half-note; petty-grain the note; neroly, a black key, or half-note; followed by the *fleur d'orange*, a full note. Then we have patchouly, sandal-wood, and vitivert, with many others running into each other. From the perfumes already known, we may produce, by uniting them in proper proportions, the smell of almost any flower. When perfumes are mixed which strike the same key of the olfactory nerve, no idea of a different scent is produced, for the scent dies off from the handkerchief; but when

they are not mixed upon this principle, then we hear that such and such a perfume becomes "sickly," or "faint," after it has been in use a short time. The above facts are well worthy a place in OUR OWN.—PINK, *Hastings*.

[We had begun to wonder in what part of the world our amiable Correspondent, PINK, was now located. We are glad to hear of her return to England, and thank her much for the "sweet" letter sent with the above. We hope to have many of her highly-prized communications. Her last, we remember, was a bijou; and had reference to a "hearty, honest shake of the hand."]

The Duke of Wellington.—Flag-Ship of Sir Charles Napier, commander-in-chief of the Baltic Fleet, May, 1854:—

	FEET	IN.		TONS.
Length between the perpendiculars.....	240	6		
Ditto keel for tonnage	201	11½		
Extreme length over all	278	6		
Ditto breadth	60	0		
Breadth for tonnage	59	2		
Ditto moulded.....	58	4		
Depth in hold	24	8		
Height from keel to taffrail	65	0		
Height of hull.....			3000	
Ditto ditto ready for sea			5500	
Burden in tons, old measurement			3759	
Ditto ditto, new measurement			3153	
Draught of water	25	feet		
Height of lower port sills above water ..	7	"		
Engines	800	horse power		
Weight of screw-propeller	3	tons		
Speed under steam only	11	miles per hour		
Carries five days' consumption of coal if used at full power.				
Crew	1100	men.		
ARMAMENT.				
Lower Deck ...	{ 10 65 9	0
	{ 26 82 pdrs.	56 9 6
	{ 6 8 inches	55 9 0
Middle Deck...	{ 6 8 inches	55 9 0
	{ 30 32 pdrs.	56 9 6
Main Deck.....	{ 38 32 42 8 0
	{ 20 32 25 6 6
Upper Deck...	{ 1 68 95(Pivot)
Total Guns ...	137			

This splendid vessel was built at Pembroke, from the designs of R. Abethell, Esq., master shipwright. She was originally constructed to carry 120 guns, was cut in two amidships, lengthened 23 feet, to fit her for the screw-propeller, and launched on the 14th of September 1852. The above dimensions are from authority.—C. F. T. Y.

Another Death from taking Chloroform!!—We have reported in a former page (see p. 302) a very interesting case, connected with Mesmerism. We allude to the successful removal of a tumor from the breast of a female; who, whilst under the operation, *felt no pain*, but slept in a state of calm natural repose. We refer to this, with considerable pleasure. In strong contrast, comes a proposed operation at St. George's Hospital on another female patient. To *her* chloroform was administered; and she *died* (as many others have done) before the operation! A more disgraceful affair to all concerned in it never met the public eye; and yet, the parties being "medical men," were (of course) "exonerated," say the reports, "from all blame in the affair." Monstrous indeed! We wonder what murder is,—properly so called. Had the Mesmerists so committed themselves, they might—and most likely would have been

tried for "murder,"—and very right too, say we. But now let us copy the case as reported in the papers; and allow the public to say what *they* think of the horrible fact. They will not fail to notice the *extreme dread* of taking chloroform, long previously shown by the unhappy woman. This *alone* ought to have caused her life to be spared:—"Death from Chloroform.—Mr. Bedford has just held an inquest in St. George's Hospital, on Eliza Harvey, a single woman, aged 37, who died while under the effects of chloroform administered prior to an operation. Deceased, who was very respectably connected, was admitted to the hospital, suffering from a tumor in the breast, which it was proposed to remove. Being of a very nervous disposition, and of a weak constitution, she was allowed to remain in the institution for upwards of a fortnight before the operation took place. During that period Dr. Hawkins, senior surgeon, and the other medical gentlemen of the institution, held a consultation as to whether the patient was a fit subject for chloroform, and they were all unanimously of opinion that she was.(!) Accordingly, two weeks having elapsed since her admission, she had so far recovered her strength as to be fitted, in the opinion of the medical attendants, for the operation. Having been taken into the theatre, where Dr. Hawkins was in readiness to perform the operation, the chloroform was applied by Mr. Patten, assistant apothecary, who, before applying the apparatus, observed that she was very nervous; which led him to endeavor to calm her by telling her *not to be frightened*. The apparatus had not been attached more than a minute and a half, when the patient was observed to faint and become suddenly pulseless. It was immediately withdrawn, and endeavors made to recover her; but in vain. *She had ceased to breathe*. It was stated by Dr. Hawkins, that the apparatus had not been applied more than a minute and a-half; the usual time being five minutes. The *post mortem* examination showed *no appearance of disease* in any portion of the body; and Dr. Hawkins gave it as *his* opinion that death resulted from the combined effects of the chloroform and fright. Mr. Lipscomb, deceased's brother-in-law, said *deceased always expressed a dread at taking chloroform*. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with Dr. Hawkins' evidence, and *exonerated all parties from blame in the affair*."—Every one of these jurymen ought to have been soundly flogged at a cart's tail; and we only wish we had held the instrument of punishment. Every lash should have "told." Are we really living in the 19th century?—W. K.

Wasps.—One of the species of mason-wasps, as they are termed by entomologists, once carried off a small caterpillar and deposited it in a hole in the wall adjoining, where we found it had constructed a nest of mud and sand of the size of a small walnut. On breaking through the outer crust, we found several other caterpillars of a similar kind, which had been previously stored up as food for its future young; according to the well-known habits of this genus of insects. We partially destroyed the nest while examining it; but, to our surprise, on our return to the spot a few hours afterwards, we found it completely restored

to its original state. We destroyed it again, and it was again rebuilt. On pulling it to pieces a third time, the insect flew out, and shortly afterwards returned, accompanied by another of the same species (supposed to be of the other sex), whom, as it were, it had gone to fetch, in order to assist in the rescue, for they together seized up the caterpillars with their jaws and feet, and bearing them off as well as they could, flew out of sight, never again to revisit the ill-fated spot. With these caterpillars, no doubt, their eggs would have been deposited. The whole proceeding is strongly indicative of the affection and assiduity with which these insects will labor on behalf of their young.—L. JENYNS.

Infidelity.—Sir Isaac Newton set out in life a clamorous infidel; but, on a nice examination of the evidences of Christianity, he found reason to change his opinion. When the celebrated Dr. Edmund Halley was talking infidelity before him, Sir Isaac Newton addressed him in these, or the like words—"Dr. Halley, I am always glad to hear you when you speak about astronomy, or other parts of the mathematics, because *that* is a subject you have studied, and well understand. But you should not talk of Christianity, for you have not studied it. I have, and am certain that you know nothing of the matter." This was a just reproof, and one that would be very suitable to be given to half the infidels of the present day.—LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Launch of the Royal Albert.—This screw line-of-battle ship, of 131 guns, was safely launched, from Woolwich dockyard, on Saturday, the 13th ult., in the presence of Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, the Royal Family, the Court, the Foreign Ministers, the members of the Legislature, the naval and military authorities, and an assemblage, ashore and afloat, of not fewer than 60,000 spectators. Her dear little Majesty (God bless her!) performed the ceremony of breaking the bottle on her bows; but not without some little difficulty, arising from the imperfect information which had been given her respecting the nature of the arrangement. The noble ship remained, for more than ten minutes, immovable after the shores had been knocked away; and when at length she began to "draw," her progress was so slow that she occupied 40 seconds in moving over the first inch. Once started however, the pace rapidly increased; and in another minute the colossal fabric glided steadily down the slip into the river, amid the thundering cheers of the spectators, among whom there were few whose hearts did not involuntarily echo the benediction of the Queen, who, in naming her, said with emphasis, "God bless the Royal Albert!" The proportions, armament, and propelling power of the ship, place her on an equality with the Duke of Wellington. She is nearly 4,000 tons burden, 272 feet in length, 61 feet broad, and 66 feet deep, and will be propelled with engines of 500 horse-power. She will carry 131 guns, with a 68 pounder on the fore-castle, weighing 5 tons, and capable of throwing round shot a distance of three miles. May she "astonish" the foe against whom her powers are directed; and teach the miscreant of the North (who impiously talks of being God's minister upon earth)

a lesson that he may never live to remember! The blood of the innocent, cries from the ground for retribution!—W. K.

The Brain in Connection with Intellectual Labor.—One of the worst results of overworking the brain, in any exclusive direction, is, that it tends, when it does not absolutely break down that organ, to produce mental deformity. As the nursery-maid, who carries her burden with the right arm, exclusively, is afflicted with spinal curvature, so the thinking man, who gives his intellectual energies to one subject or class of subjects, gets a twist in his brain. Those, therefore, who are chained to mental labor, and cannot give the brain repose, should try to vary their labors, which is another form of repose. Intense and prolonged application to one subject is the root of all the mischief. As your body may be in activity during the whole of the day, if you vary the actions sufficiently; so may the brain work all day at varied occupations. Hold out a stick at arm's length for five minutes, and the muscles will be more fatigued than by an hour's rowing: the same principle holds good with the brain.—FRANK.

More Fun!—*A Comic Duet.*—I find the following anonymous, racy fragment, in my weekly newspaper; and I send it to you, my dear Sir, for registration in OUR OWN, as being of its kind "droll exceedingly." You are an avowed advocate for laughing. Whoever reads this *must* laugh; and, let us hope, "grow fat!" I, too, love laughing,—oh, how much!—

He struggled to kiss her. She struggled the same
To prevent him, so bold and undaunted;
But, as smitten by lightning, he heard her exclaim,
"Avant, sir!" and off he avanted.

But when he returned, with the *fiendish*st laugh,
Showing clearly that he was affronted,
And threatened by main force to carry her off—
She cried "Dont!" and the poor fellow doted.

When he meekly approached, and got down at her feet,
Praying loud, as before he had ranted,
That she would forgive him, and try to be sweet,
And said, "Can't you?" the dear girl re-canted.

Then softly he whispered, "How *could* you do so?
I certainly thought I was jilted;
But come now with me—to the parson we'll go;
Say, wilt thou, my dear?" and she wilted.

Then gaily he took her to see her new home,
A shanty by no means enchanted;
"See! here we can live with no longing to roam!"
He said, "Sha'n't we, my dear?" So they shanted!

—LUCY N., *Tottenham.*

The Delights arising from Benevolence.—If, says Bacon, there be a pleasure on earth which good angels cannot enjoy and which they might almost envy man the possession of, it is the power of relieving distress. If there be a pain which evil angels might pity man for enduring, it is the deathbed reflection that we have possessed the power of doing good, but that we have abused and perverted it to purposes of ill.—MIMOSA.

SYMPATHY—AND ITS DELIGHTS.

A happy pair were they !
 A sympathy unusual join'd their loves ;
 They pair'd like turtles, still together drank,
 Together sat, nor quarrell'd for the choice :
 Like twining streams, both from "one" fountain fell ;
 And, as they ran, still mingled smiles and tears.

NAT. LEE.

FEW are the hearts whence one same touch
 Bids the same fountain flow :
 Few—and by still conflicting powers
 Forbidden here to meet—
 Such ties would make this life of ours
 Too fair for aught so fleet.

MRS. HEMANS.



OLD INDEED, AND STRANGELY
 APATHETIC ARE THE PEOPLE
 INHABITING THE PLANET on
 which we move! Contrasts
 most fearful meet us at every
 turn. We look for fellowship,
 and cannot realise it. For
 proffered love, we find two cold
 clammy fingers slipping into our warm hand;
 and as for "heart," the world seems to have
 none at all,—not at least that which WE call
 heart.

We had the great misfortune—alas, that
 we should be compelled to use such a phrase!
 —to be born with an affectionate disposition.
 It has accompanied us through life; and we
 imagine it will die with us, and not before
 us. Hence do we naturally look for a cor-
 responding return from our fellow-creatures.
 Do we find it? Surely not. Let us, how-
 ever, frankly own that it is cradled in the
 recesses of some few hearts; and that we
 possess the talisman or key to its discovery.
 Deeply buried it may be, and is; but sym-
 pathy is so powerful, that it cannot long
 resist its influence. Only let two people,
 naturally warm-hearted, be fairly brought
 into contact; our word for it, there will
 be a most perfect mental understanding
 thenceforward between them. Separated
 they may be,—but distance diminishes not
 the attraction. On the contrary, the knot
 is more sweetly entangled than ever; and
 never needs to be unravelled.

The union of souls is no sentiment for the
 vulgar. We hint at it, because we know
 OUR readers can comprehend it; and we
 encourage it, because we are a living proof
 of the pure delight it entails on those who are
 in the happy secret. We have harped much,
 lately, upon innocence; and maintained that
 it *does* exist in the human heart. What we
 are now speaking of, is a further corrobora-
 tion of the same sentiment. How nicely
 chimes in here, that stanza of Byron:—

There's nought in this world like sympathy ;
 'Tis so "becoming" to the soul and face !
 Sets to soft music the harmonious sigh,
 And robes sweet friendship in a Brussels lace.

The word "becoming" aptly describes the
 irradiation of the countenance when animated

by pure feeling. It glows with the sweetest
 speaking expressiveness, and tells us at once
all its sympathies. How thoroughly do we
 understand this language,—and cherish it!
 "But," it may be said, "these are not com-
 mon ideas." True. That is why we uphold
 them. We are an "exclusive,"—properly
 so called. The gross pleasures of the multi-
 tude, and the gratification of their purely
 animal passions by society at large (just now
 particularly), concern us not. We leave peo-
 ple to consult their own feelings, and to do
 as they will. We claim for ourself and asso-
 ciates the same privilege. The Summer is
 here; and, D.V., we mean to "enjoy" it,
 both naturally and rationally.

The "odd" materials of which our world
 is composed, amuse us vastly. Observation
 convinces us, daily, of the madness of the
 inhabitants. We find fire and water "legally"
 linked together; also spring and autumn;
 quietness and noise; virtue and vice; inno-
 cence and guilt; purity of heart and rabid
 jealousy; good-nature and ill-nature; kind-
 ness and unkindness; morality and immo-
 rality; gentleness and roughness; affection
 and cold reserve; education and stolid igno-
 rance,—the latter, accompanied (of course)
 by the foulest suspicion of "ill where no ill
 seems;" charity and covetousness; love and
 hatred—and so on, to the end of a very long
 and easily-imagined chapter.

Now what *can* be expected from such
 elements, but discord? There is war inces-
 sant going on in the human breast. Every
 day makes the battle rage more and more
 fiercely; as those who mix much in society
 must perceive, in spite of the *finesse* and
 "light heart" by which people (vainly) seek
 to hide the demon lurking within their breast.
 All, all proceeds from a want of sympathy.

Well,—who is to blame for these moral
 deformities? Who is it that teaches decep-
 tion from the cradle upwards; and makes
 the child, from its very infancy, expert and
 adept in hypocrisy and heartlessness? Let
 every honest parent answer the question we
 so simply raise. There can be but "one"
 reply. The world ever has been thus peo-
 pled; ever will be so; but WE labor for the
 sweet reward of converts from the barbarous
 usages of society. Let the rule continue—
 it must; but let us claim the "exceptions."
 There are latent sparks of tenderness—
 kindness—virtue—sympathy—in many a
 thoughtless breast. How we long for "an
 opportunity" to draw them out!

There is much,—very much, that we must
 leave unsaid. There are causes for the evils
 we so much deplore, far worse than any we
 have yet hinted at. The pulpit, and super-
 stition, are "interested" in these things being
 so. Our teachers and "ghostly advisers"
 are little better than "whited walls." They

look one way (as doth the boatman), and row another. Loaves and fishes are in the ascendant; people's minds are hood-winked; bigotry and intolerance have it all their own way; the gentle pastor gulls his victims by the thousand; and the holy name of "Religion" is prostituted to the basest of ends. England is on the wane.

The God WE worship looks down upon all this, from His throne in Heaven. His forbearance is great; but HIS JUSTICE, though slow, will be vindicated by and by. Let those who wear the mask, and live upon the souls of their fellow-men, be timely warned. Then will our pen not have been taken up in vain. Our words have been few. May they come home to the hearts of all offenders against Nature's sweet laws!

SUMMER IS COME.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

The soft voice of Spring had not yet died away,
When Summer approach'd in her brilliant array;
Her countenance beam'd with delight, and she
smiled
With the eloquent joy of an innocent child!

From the valley now burst a melodious strain,
And the wild deer in herds gamboll'd over the
plain;
Now hid by the fern leaves that waved with the
breeze,
Now seeking repose 'neath the tall forest trees.

And the lark sang his song, gladly hailing the
morn,
While echo replied to the sound of the horn;
And the voice of the rivulet murmuring low
Told of joys where the lily and mountain-r
blow.

A sweet voice arose from that gay, happy throng,
Commingleing its tones with the linnet's sweet
song,
And a calmness prevailed over valley and plain
As the light step of Summer approach'd it again.

She was dress'd in the light of the morning,
inlaid
With bright sparkling dewdrops that gladden'd
the glade;
And her voice with the spirit of faith seem'd to
tell
Where the music of waters deliciously fell!

In the grove, while the birds sang her praise from
the trees,
And the richest of perfumes were borne on the
breeze,
She held her first levee; the light Zephyrs play'd
On her beautiful cheek as she entered the glade.

And now Nature revell'd with Summer's fair
flowers,
Or sought an umbrageous retreat in her bowers;
Whilst the gay bee proclaim'd in its calm, cease-
less hum,—
Rejoice, for the bright days of Summer are come!

NOTES ON PHOTOGRAPHY.

(Continued from Page 293.)

NO. IV.—THE DRY WAXED-PAPER PROCESS.

I HAVE NOW, my dear Sir, to give an outline of the Dry Waxed-Paper Process,—one that, from the simplicity of the out-of-door operations required, will, I am convinced, when better known, supersede every other method for taking landscapes; particularly in situations where darkness cannot easily be obtained. A picture obtained in this way, serves (like those from the Collodion process) as the basis from which to print numberless others,—on paper waxed or unwaxed, or on glass. The preliminary operations are, doubtless, more tedious than those of the Collodion process; but they are compensated for (in my opinion) by the facilities I have already mentioned. But I hope your readers will give it a trial, and thus be able to judge for themselves.

TO PREPARE THE WAXED PAPER.—Of all papers sold, I prefer that manufactured specially for the purpose by Canson, Frères. It combines thinness, firmness, and evenness of texture, and may be procured at any photographic establishment, under the name of the Canson Frères' *negative* paper. Cut each sheet into convenient pieces, say six. Take some blotting paper, and on it lay a single piece. Over this, pass quickly a very clean and moderately-heated smoothing iron. Get ready a cake of white purified wax, and before the paper has cooled, rub it over from side to side. The paper will quickly absorb the melted wax, although in places there will be much more than enough. If another sheet be now laid over the first, and ironed, it will absorb the extra wax from the first sheet. If not completely saturated, this second sheet must be again ironed, and rubbed with wax as before.

Then, for the excess on the second sheet, apply a third; and so on till you have waxed all you require; making, in this way, each sheet in succession absorb the extra wax from the previous one. You will thus prevent any waste, and the operation, after a few trials, will become extremely easy. After waxing, each sheet should appear of a dim semi-transparent uniform color. Should there be clear spots here and there, they are caused by excess of wax, and must be removed by (if necessary) repeated applications of paper and the smoothing iron. This paper is everywhere to be met with for sale; and perhaps experimenters should buy at first, in order that they may not be encumbered with too many operations.

TO SENSITIZE THE WAXED PAPER.—To increase the sensitiveness of the paper, it is advisable to use some organic matter, as

starch, and sugar of milk. These possess the power of making the nitrate of silver give deep tones of black.

Take of clean rice $1\frac{1}{2}$ ounces, isinglass (not gelatine) 80 grains, distilled water 1 pint. Boil these together in a porcelain pan, but *only till the grains of rice begin to burst*, as after that stage the starch dissolves too freely. Strain through fine muslin.

Take of this rice-water 13 ounces, add to it sugar of milk 240 grains, iodide of potassium 80 grains, cyanide of potassium 4 grains. When dissolved, filter this, also, through muslin, and preserve for use in a well-stoppered bottle. If exposed to the air, the presence of organic matter causes speedy decomposition.

Put a quantity of this solution into a porcelain tray, and immerse as many sheets of waxed paper as the liquid will conveniently cover, taking care that no air bubbles are between or underneath them. Allow them to soak in this,—say from thirty minutes to an hour. Then turn them right over, so that the lowest may be uppermost. After a few minutes, remove them, one by one; first allowing them to drain, and then pinning them up by one corner to dry. When all are removed, the solution should be filtered, and may be kept for future use, as it will serve any number of times. The paper should now have a bluish or violet tint, and it will keep at this stage for any length of time.

TO EXCITE THE IODISED PAPER.—Take nitrate of silver, in the proportion of 30 grains, to distilled water 1 ounce, and when dissolved add glacial acetic acid 30 grains. Having put this solution into a porcelain tray—float, by candle-light, or in the darkened room, each waxed iodised sheet successively upon it. See that all air-bells are expelled, and allow it to remain till the blue tint has disappeared. Then remove the paper, and float on distilled water, in two separate vessels one after the other, in order to remove all the nitrate of silver adhering, which would otherwise quickly become affected by light, and stain the paper. *Preserve this distilled water, as it is used for the developing solution.*

Now drain, and dry between folds of blotting paper. Manipulate *each sheet* in this manner, and, when dry, preserve them in a portfolio, away from light, where they will keep good from three to four weeks, and most probably longer.

TO EXPOSE THE PAPER IN THE CAMERA.—For the purpose of exposing paper to the action of light, in the camera, a slightly different arrangement to that used for glass is necessary. It is called a paper frame, and may be had either double or single, according as it is wished to insert the papers by one at a time, or in pairs. The advantage of the

latter way is, that one paper can be exposed, and then another, without shifting the camera or frame, which may be very useful upon occasions. The time for exposure (of course) varies much; but about double that allowed for Collodion pictures will be requisite. When thought to be sufficiently exposed, the paper may be again placed in the portfolio, and the developing deferred till the operator returns home.

This is the admirable part of the waxed-paper process, and all that need be taken to the fields, are,—the camera and stand, and a portfolio, with the prepared paper, which also receives the sheets after exposure. How different to the Collodion, which must be exposed at once, after being excited, and which must be developed immediately after exposure! Not that I mean to disparage the latter, which, when performed at home, or in the neighborhood of a house, is incomparable.

TO DEVELOP THE PICTURE.—Take gallic acid 10 grains, of the distilled water that the paper was washed in, after being excited half-an-ounce, distilled water half-a-pint. Immerse the exposed paper in this solution. If exposed the proper time, 10 minutes will generally suffice to develop the picture; but it is a curious fact that, however short the time of exposure, the picture will be developed if left long enough in this solution. When sufficiently brought out, wash the paper well by running water over it.

TO FIX THE PICTURE.—Take hyposulphite of soda half-an-ounce, filtered water ten ounces, and immerse the picture therein; leaving it until the yellow iodide of silver is completely dissolved. When this is done, the paper should be put into a tray containing clean water, where it should lie for twenty or thirty minutes. It ought then to be hung up to dry. It is now fixed, and ready to be printed from. This is accomplished by superposition; in the same way as printing from Collodion negatives.

If the paper turn spotted, and only transparent in parts, it should be warmed, placed between blotting papers, and ironed. I have now described the dry waxed-paper process, and I hope that I have done so to your readers' satisfaction. There still remains the *wet-waxed* paper process, by which the sensibility of the paper is much increased, though its use is limited to those cases in which Collodion may be employed.

I propose to explain the rationale of this, together with the method of printing from engravings, or copying lace, ferns, &c. &c. (which I inadvertently omitted to do last month), when OUR JOURNAL shall again see the light. I hope *that* will be at a very early day.

DOMESTIC LAYS.—No. VI.

TO MY DAUGHTER, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NECKLACE."*

My darling,—my sweet little one !

Come, climb upon my knee ;

I have a lay of love to sing,

A natal song for THEE.

Thy mother, too, has bade me twine

These flowers round thy brow ;

Wild flowers simple as thyself,

With blossoms white as snow.

My love,—when first thy wailing cry

Fell softly on my ear,

It made my anxious bosom thrill

With mingled joy and fear.

I trembled for thy mother's life ;

But soon she fondly smiled,

And placed *thee* in my longing arms,

And bade me " bless her child."

I bless'd thee then, my gentle one,

And *still* the gift I bless ;

The dew upon thy lip has filled

My cup of happiness.

Time links thee closer to my heart,—

As tendrils of the vine

Around their parent stem with age

More closely intertwine.

Three happy years have roll'd away

Since first thy cheek I press'd,

And laid thee like a folded bud

Upon thy mother's breast.

God grant that future years may find

Thy heart still pure and free,—

As guileless and as innocent

As human heart may be !

Thou'lt have thy mother's smile, my girl,

Her deep, fond eyes of love ;

Oh ! may thy temper be as sweet,

Thy heart as gentle prove !

But there's a cloud upon thy brow,

It grieves my heart to see ;

As though thy father's early gloom

Had left its trace on thee !

Yet, dearest, clasp thy father's neck,

Come,—press thy lip to his ;

And we'll defy sad augury

With fond affection's kiss.

But hark ! I hear thy mother's voice ;

She's calling *thee*, my sweet ;

Go quickly, with a kiss of love,

Her welcome step to greet.

I bless thee yet once more, my child ;

May pleasure's golden urn

Pour out through life its richest store

To greet *THIS* day's " return !"

May God be gracious, my lov'd ;

May His protecting power

Long spare thee in our hearts to bloom

Their dearest,—choicest flower !

THE PLURALITY OF WORLDS.

Although men reason with much tact,
Religion is *not* theory—but FACT.

THERE ARE A VAST MANY MEN in the present day who live in the enjoyment (if such it may be called) of ideas of their own creating. They coldly admire what is passing before them—calling it wonderful, but care little to make further inquiry—unless, indeed, it be by writing visionary and absurd Treatises. Now WE differ from these good people *in toto*.

When our admiration becomes fixed upon anything that is exquisitely beautiful in nature, or that calls for our special wonder, we look far beyond the visible creation, and pant to know more of the great and glorious Maker of Heaven and Earth, from whom emanates ALL we behold, and who evidently takes pleasure in us sons of men. Philosophers laugh at us for saying this, and make game of all future happy prospects. But transmigration of souls will not do for us. We have that within which gives the lie to such a doctrine.

Having said thus much, let us record the observations of our worthy *collaborateur* (the *Critic*) on a similar subject.

We have just been reading, says he, a book, attributed to Dr. Whewell, on "The Plurality of Worlds." It is a remarkable volume; proving logically, and almost to a demonstration, that our earth is the only part of the creation—at all events, of the solar system—which is yet inhabited.

Our object, at present, in mentioning it is—to proclaim its value as a deadly blow on the face of Creation-worship and Pantheism. It demonstrates that the glory of the Heavenly bodies is all illusion—that they are really in the crudest condition—that there is not the most distant probability that they shall ever be fit for the habitation of intelligent beings—that man is totally distinct from all other races of beings, and is absolutely, essentially, and for ever superior to and distinct from the lower animals; and that, besides, he shall in all probability be renewed and elevated by a supernatural intervention. It hints, too, at our favorite thought—that at death we leave this material creation for ever, and enter on a spiritual sphere, disconnected from this, and where sun, moon, and stars are the "things invisible;" that, to use the words of Macintosh to Hall, "we shall awake from this dream, and find ourselves in *other spheres* of existence."

And all these, and many similar ideas, are not thrown out as mere conjectures, nor even as bold gleams of insight, but are shown to be favored by analogy—nay, some of them *founded on fact*. We never read a book with

more thorough conviction that we were reading what was true. Had the author gone a step or two further still, we could have followed him with confidence. Had he predicted the absolute annihilation of matter, we could have substantiated his statement by the words of Scripture—"They shall perish, but Thou remainest; yea, all of them shall be changed and folded up as a vesture; but Thou art the same, and thy years fail not."

Again, we say that we deeply value this admirable book, as a tractate for the times. It should be peculiarly useful to those poets who are constantly raving about the beauty, the glory, the immensity, and the divinity of matter. Each and all are palpable delusions; since matter is neither beautiful, nor glorious, nor immense, nor divine. It will show him that the glory of the moon, the planets, and the stars may be compared to the effects of morning or evening sunshine upon the towers of an infirmary, a prison, or some giant city of sin—lending a false lustre to objects which in themselves are horrible or foul.

These remarks are very sensible; and equally correct. Visionary views are at best but fallacious. There is no stability in them. They fail us in a trying hour. Whereas, to look beyond the eye is as delightful an occupation as it is profitable for our welfare.

Sleep is sweet to a person who thus thinks. He sinks to his rest with gratitude, and awakens with feelings of love and praise. Principles like these will never make a man a bad citizen, a disagreeable companion, a cruel husband, or a false friend. Oh—no!

COURAGE, MY LADS!

BY ELIZA COOK.

ALL'S FOR THE BEST! Be sanguine and cheerful,
 Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise,
 Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful,
 Courage for ever is happy and wise.
 All's for the best, if man did but know it,
 Providence wishes us all to be blest;
 This is no dream of the pundit or poet,
 Heaven is gracious, and—all's for the best.

All's for the best! Set this on your standard,
 Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of Love,
 Who to the shores of despair may have wandered,
 A way-wearied swallow or heart-stricken dove.
 All's for the best! be a man but confiding,
 Providence tenderly governs the rest,
 And the frail bark of His creature is guiding
 Wisely and warily, all for the best.

All's for the best! Then fling away terrors,
 Meet all your fears and your foes in the van;
 And in the midst of your dangers or errors
 Trust like a child, while you strive like a man.
 All's for the best! unbiassed, unbounded,
 Providence reigns from the East to the West;
 And, by both wisdom and mercy surrounded,
 Hope and be happy that—ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

A CRUISE IN A LOBSTER SMACK;

SHOWING

HOW LONDON IS SUPPLIED WITH LOBSTERS.*

ON A BEAUTIFUL EVENING, my dear sir, towards the end of August 1847, I went on board the fine cutter "Uzziel," Capt. John Harnden, belonging to, and built at the port of Salcombe. I had been invited by the Captain to take a cruise with him to the coast of France, and see how the lobsters (which are displayed in the various fishmongers' shops in London) are obtained.

This vessel is a very handsome model, an exceedingly fast sailer, and very beautifully fitted-up as a gentleman's yacht. She forms one of a fleet of six handsome cutters, owned by the two brothers John and Edwin Harnden, who each command one of them; while the others are sailed by their brothers-in-law and other relatives.

At four o'clock the next morning, we got under weigh; and with a fresh breeze from the north-west were soon outside the harbour of Salcombe, and held, at the rate of nine miles an hour, a good course for the sale of Ushant. On looking behind us, the view presented by the mouth of the harbour; the high and rugged cliffs (against which the sea was dashing with tremendous force), and the bold and lofty promontory of the Bolt Head, with its topmost crags just tipped by the rising sun—was magnificent in the extreme.

To seaward, a large fleet of trawlers, coasting craft, and other vessels, as well as some large ships, were pitching and tumbling about in the heavy swell that from its uninterrupted course across the broad Atlantic, rolls so tremendously in this part of the Channel. As soon as all things were made snug on deck, some fishing tackle was got out; from this I selected a line, and having baited the hook, with a strip cut from the tail of a fresh mackerel (called by fishermen a last), I soon had it towing some two hundred feet astern, and in less than five minutes a fine mackerel was jumping and struggling on the deck. This sport I continued with excellent luck, until breakfast time, when we were summoned below to partake of some of these delicious fish. One of the crew, who officiated as cook, had fried them in a manner that no professor of the culinary art (not even excepting Soyer, of gastronomic notoriety) need have blushed to have owned as his performance. This fish (the mackerel) is the most delicate that swims, either in fresh or salt water; and can only be eaten in perfec-

* This cruise lasted *three weeks*; and I propose furnishing you with a very interesting and extended account of it. When OUR JOURNAL reappears—may it live for ever!—I will send you the continuation.—C.F.T.Y.

tion on the sea-coast. The sooner it is cooked after being taken, the better.

Those who live at some distance from the sea, and only know the mackerel as supplied by the itinerant fish merchants, or who in large towns get it from the fishmongers' shops, cannot form any idea of its delicious flavor; for though in these days of railways persons in the most remote parts of the country get their dish of fish; yet, at best, it is what on the sea-coast many of the poorest would hardly touch except in times of scarcity. "*Mais revenons a nos moutons;*" or, more properly, "Lobsters."

On descending to the cabin, our breakfast table presented a very respectable appearance. At the head was a large dish of mackerel, nicely *fried*,—not as we see them at modern "fashionable" dinners (of a light brown color), but just sufficiently done to *come off the bone*, by which means the delicate flavor of the fish is preserved in all its perfection; for, though few may believe it, when fish are *fried brown*, you do not taste the *fish* but the "jacket of brown," in which the skill of the cook has enveloped him. By many (especially those whose digestive organs are weak), this fish is preferred *boiled*, though I think that much of the flavor is lost in the water. With the various other "refined" methods of cooking mackerel, I do not pretend to be acquainted; but some of them which I have tried have evinced a most wonderful share of skill on the part of the cook. I have actually partaken of them, without being aware of what fish I was eating! So much for "fashion and refinement."

At the foot of the table was a large piece of boiled salt beef, flanked by a tray containing biscuit, and another with bread. In the middle was a large dish, in which were placed the parts of several fine Lobsters; and to these (as may be supposed) ample justice was done. The only drawback was the pitching and rolling of the vessel, which obliged all hands to keep a sharp look-out on the coffee-cups, plates, &c., lest they should pitch to leeward. This would effectually have put a stop to the enjoyment of these dainties by any landmen; for the table seemed as if moving half-a-dozen ways at once. Breakfast over, I again betook myself to my line; but as the wind had freshened, and the speed of the vessel increased, I was obliged to give it up. I then occupied myself with a telescope in observing the various craft that were near us in different directions, the land which was gradually fading from our sight, and the shoals of porpoises gambolling about amongst the rolling waves. This amused me until dinner time.

Towards evening it fell calm, and we remained kicking about until early next morning, when the breeze freshened, and we

made good progress. About nine o'clock I turned in, and enjoyed a comfortable nap until four o'clock, when I was called on deck to see the Ushant Light, which was then just in sight, and formed a very interesting object seen through the haze. Soon after breakfast, we passed the Island, and entered the "Passage du Tour," as it is called by the French. This is a narrow channel between the main-land, a string of islands, rocks, and shoals; which form an irregular line to seaward, and extend nearly to "Point St. Matthew" (a distance of about twelve miles, in a southerly direction), and may be considered to begin at the Isle of Ushant on the north.

About half way down this line of rocks, &c, are the Islands of "Saintes," on one of which a lighthouse is built. The navigation of this channel is very intricate; but as it is protected in some measure from the heavy sea (which is always to be found in the Bay of Biscay), it is much frequented by coasting craft, in spite of a strong tide often running at six miles an hour. Having passed "Point St. Matthew" (on which are a lighthouse and the ruins of an ecclesiastical building) we entered the Bay of Camaret, containing a small seaport of the same name. This place is eight miles from Brest, and is situated at what may be termed the entrance of Brest Harbour. It was selected by the British, in 1694, as a landing-place in one of their expeditions against Brest. This expedition failed, and the English lost a great number of men. All this was minutely detailed to me by a little grey-headed French naval officer, dressed in full uniform and hard at work at (what is called in Devonshire) "helping the cooper." He told me he had been taken prisoner during the late war, and had (so it seemed) been made too well acquainted with the interior of an English prison, to have gained much love for the "Sacres Anglaises" (as he lost no opportunity of calling us).

Camaret is a small town, with a tolerably convenient harbour, an excellent quay, and several windmills; but like most seaports, rather dirty. Here the Captain had a depot of Lobsters, which were kept in wooden tanks, in the shape of an ironing box pierced with holes, about an inch in diameter. These tanks are called "carves," though many call them ironing boxes. In these, the Lobsters caught during the absence of the vessels, are stored, and the men are thus enabled to pursue their avocation without waiting to use the vessel as a storehouse. These "carves" were taken care of by a very intelligent little French boy, under whose inspection the fish were both deposited and removed. After the former process they were secured by lock and key, of which he was the custodian.

After having seen that all things were right, and having bought some flour, potatoes, and eggs, (which last cost the huge sum of five sous, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. the dozen), we again embarked. Arriving on board we found the vessel full of the "Douanes," a set of lubbers, half sailors half soldiers, who had come to inspect the ship's papers. In England the coast-guard board a vessel, in nine cases out of ten, before she has let go her anchor; and frequently just as she enters the port. Here we had remained above three hours, with our ensign at our topmast head, waiting for these gentry to make their appearance; which, as we were only half-a-mile from the town, we thought was long enough; so we dressed and went on shore.

After having inspected the papers, and the "role d'equipage" (in which I of course was not entered), the question was, "who and what was I?" Accordingly, a mass of questions were addressed to me, to which I replied that the captain was my uncle; and that my anxiety to see "la belle France" had induced him to let me come with him. This immediately set their inquiries at rest; and after the "petit gout," permission was given us to go on shore, and no notice was taken of our having done so before they had examined the papers. Having finished our tea, we manned the boat, and went ashore to inspect the town. We soon reached the landing-place, opposite to which was a long bench: on this some seven or eight Douanes, in full tog, were seated, enjoying the cool of the evening; when we landed they drew up in a line, and made us a military salute, which we returned by a bow, and left them highly delighted at our returning their salute.

We now strolled through the town; and having seen all that was worth observation (which by the way was not much), we returned to our vessel. Next morning we got under weigh, and kept a sharp look-out for the boats of the fishermen, who, up and down this part of the coast, are constantly on the watch for the vessels belonging to the captain. The wind falling light, we did not make much progress; for by tea time we were only a few miles south of Couquet, a little town about 12 miles to the southward of Brest. Here we were boarded by three boats, each having several score of Lobsters for sale. These were neatly packed in wicker baskets, with lids to them. In a few minutes we were on deck to count the fish, and deposit them in the well.

This well is a most ingenious contrivance for carrying the fish alive to England. It consists of a large space in the hold of the vessel, containing water; and in this vessel is capable of holding nearly 6000 Lobsters; is very strongly built, and thoroughly caulked

to prevent the ingress of water from the well to the interior of the vessel. The planks forming the bottom of the vessel are bored full of holes, about an inch in diameter, which open into this well. By means of these, a constant circulation of water from the sea to the well is kept up. The top of this well is covered with very stout oak-planks, and forms (what is called) the "well-deck." From this well-deck, a sort of truncated chimney ascends to the deck above, and is covered with a wooden grating. Through this opening, the fish are put into the well, and taken out, when necessary, by means of a stout net (similar to a fisherman's landing-net), fastened to a long pole. The well is divided into a fore and after space, by means of a strong partition of oak planking. This serves to bind the sides of the vessel together; for the timbers do not reach to the keel in any part of the well, as it would be difficult to remove the fish without beaching the vessel, which it is not always desirable to do.

As soon as we came on deck, we were saluted with a host of compliments from the assembled Frenchmen who had got their baskets on deck, and were ready to deposit their contents in the well. For several minutes nothing could be heard but "le bon capitaine," from all of them; mingled with an indescribable gibberish spoken on this part of the coast, a patois bearing a great resemblance in sound to Welsh, though possibly it might puzzle "a professor" of that language. After the fish were deposited in the well and paid for, it was gently hinted that they would like to drink "bon voyage" to "le bon capitaine." Accordingly, a bottle of brandy was brought on deck, together with a small glass of the capacity of a quarter of a pint. This was filled and handed to them in succession; including the moose (as the little boy who goes in their boats is called, though the crew facetiously named him, the "mouse"). It was very edifying to observe this little wretch (hardly more than ten years of age, and no higher than one's elbow) take the glass, and having wished us "bon voyage," bolt its contents at a gulp, though it nearly strangled him, making his eyes water at a furious rate, and almost taking away his breath. On recovering, he said (looking at his glass, as if prepared for a 2nd edition) "very good!" On this, he was ordered into the boat, and the rest following him, we pursued our course to the southward, and towards evening were off the "Point of Penmarck," which, with its dangerous reefs and rocks, was about three miles inside us.

Looking towards the shore, I was struck with the dazzling white of the different beaches along this part of the coast, which I found was owing to their being covered with

white coral of every fantastic shape imaginable. I collected a quantity of the most beautiful, and have some of it now in my cabinet. On getting up our anchor one morning, the captain found a beautiful branching piece of red coral, several inches in length, which was adhering to the buoy rope of the anchor; this he carefully preserved, as an ornament for one of his rooms.

Late in the evening we cast anchor inside the "Islands of Glenaus," where the men employed by the captain in getting him Lobsters were stationed. According to the laws of France, we may *purchase* what Lobsters, &c., we like, but are not allowed to *catch* them. In consequence of this, the captain has engaged nearly forty men to reside on these islands, and catch Lobsters for him, agreeing to take them at a certain price. This handsomely remunerates them, and enables them to put by money to take home on their return to the north of France. The captain stows them in his vessel, and tows their boats, both to the fishing station and home, when their agreement expires.

The wind having shifted to the south-west, while we were moving the vessel, it was thought necessary to go on shore, late as it was, in order to ascertain how long we should have to remain before the vessel could take in her cargo; so the boat being hoisted out I got into her, with the captain and two of the crew, in order that I might see the arrangements made for the lodging of these men, as all that was visible from the vessel was a farm-house and outbuildings situated on one of the largest islands, which had neither tree nor shrub on it, and the edges of which near the water were dazzlingly white with the coral above-mentioned. On nearing the shore, half-a-dozen of these fellows rushed down to assist us out of the boat, shouting out that they had "*beaucoup des Homards*;" which pleased the captain much, as he would be enabled to take advantage of the favorable shift of wind for our return.

C. F. T. Y.

*Stockleigh Pomeroy, Crediton,
Devon, June 20.*

(To be Continued.)

SYMPATHY OF CHILDREN.

THOSE whose lot has been cast by circumstances amongst young children, can hardly have failed to remark the freshness of their expanding minds, and their readiness to receive impressions from those around them,—impressions whether of pain or pleasure.

Such of us as take delight in an observation of these (too commonly despised) matters, will read the subjoined remarks of the Hon. Mrs. NORRIS with intense interest. She speaks first, of a child's eyes:—"A child's eyes! those clear wells of undefiled thought; what on earth can be more

beautiful? Full of hope, love, and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer, how earnest; in joy, how sparkling; in sympathy, how tender! The man who never tried the companionship of a little child has carelessly passed by one of the great pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower, without plucking it or knowing its value. A child cannot understand you, you think. Speak to it of the holy things of your religion, of your grief for the loss of a friend, of your love for some one you fear will not love in return—it will take, it is true, no measure or soundings of your thought; it will not judge how much you should believe, whether your grief is rational in proportion to your loss, whether you are worthy or fit to attract the love which you seek; *but its whole soul will incline to yours*, and engraft itself, as it were, on the feeling which is your feeling for the hour."

Knowing all this, what a heavy responsibility rests on the shoulders of our modern teachers, and parents almost universally!

THE BATH AND BATHING-ROOMS.

A RUSSIAN SKETCH.

BY L. S. HILL, ESQ.

THE BATHING ROOMS in all the public baths in Russia were, until very lately, common to both sexes; but by an order from the Government the sexes are now separated, and each has one large room apart. But this very commendable attempt to introduce a degree of delicacy unknown before, has *not quite* established the principle. In the general apartment into which we first went, many of both sexes were waiting to enter two crowded bath-rooms: and the scene already presented sufficient proof that the letter of the order alone was yet complied with, or perhaps understood. About a dozen of the coarser sex were seen (dimly, however), through a dense mist; some passing to and fro, and others sitting upon benches by the walls, and as many of the fair sex. We were in an atmosphere in which clothes were scarcely supportable, and which made us soon put off the greater part of our own. Habit reconciles us to almost everything. Indeed, there was so much bustle and appearance of business in procuring tickets for admission into the bathing-rooms, from an attendant who stood within a counter, upon which a small lamp was burning, and with the entrances and exits of bathers and attendants, that the scene was calculated to remind us of cases and positions in which we are sometimes placed by necessity,—where the mind is too much occupied, perhaps by some work of charity, to leave room for niceness in its perceptions, rather than presented the character which description is apt to impress.

After having cast off almost all our remaining clothes (which was absolutely necessary before we proceeded further in our investigations, both on account of the state of the

atmosphere, and the dashing of water in all directions within the baths which we were about to enter), we were led by an attendant into an apartment full of bathers, where we found ourselves in an atmosphere at a temperature between forty and forty-five degrees of Rëaumur, as the usual heat, and in the midst of figures still dimly seen through the mist, which was here doubly more dense than that in the outer chamber; and in such a scene of confusion, that it was not until we had reached the termination of the long room, crowded with bathers on both sides, that we were aware of what now appeared—that we were breaking the letter as well as the spirit of the new law, and parading about among the daughters, instead of the sons, of the land. Upon this discovery, however, we made our retreat. We took after this, a little more minute survey of the apartments that it was lawful for us to enter.

But, instead of attempting any further description of the scene within the common bathing-rooms, I shall state more exactly the manner in which the private bath which I took was administered; and when it is remembered that the same process is in action upon sixty or seventy bathers at the same time in the public bath, the scene there will be easily conceived. We had not to leave the public bath-house, to find private baths, there being several passing good within it; and we each now chose his own room, and entered, accompanied by an attendant, which is indispensable.

In that which I chose, I found an ante-room used for the purpose of undressing. Here I observed the thermometer was at thirty-eight degrees of heat. But upon opening the door, and entering the proper bathing-room, where the temperature was at forty-seven degrees, I found the heat almost insupportable. At the moment of meeting this atmosphere, the respiration became sufficiently difficult to be slightly painful. But this effect of the sudden change passed away as the perspiration increased; and I afterwards felt no inconvenience when the heat was augmented to fifty degrees. Upon one side of the room, two large wash-tubs were standing beneath two enormous metal cocks; and, upon the other, there was a stove fixed in the wall. The process commences by the bather placing himself, standing, in a shallow tub, which is filled by the attendant with water mixed to an agreeable temperature. The attendant then proceeds to pour quantities of water over the head of the bather, and next to rub his body with dried grass. After this has been a little while persevered in, the bather is placed, sitting, upon a bench; and the perspiration now runs down the body in streams. But

the rubbing is still persevered in for about ten minutes longer.

The next step is an exposure to the contrary extreme, which is not the most agreeable part of the process. It is now necessary for the bather to mount to a bench about four feet high; and while he is seated here, a bucket of icy cold water, drawn from the second cock, is dashed against his back. The effect of this is to start the whole vital frame, as if the electric spark had passed through the body, from which now proceed fresh floods of perspiration more profuse than ever.

The next step is scarcely less severe; and again in the opposite extreme. Water is now thrown into the metal stove, from which you are not far distant, and from which instantly rushes out a hot vapor with such force, that it is especially necessary to have the back turned to receive it, and at the same time to shut the eyes. Lastly, the bather mounts to a bench considerably higher than that upon which he has hitherto been sitting, in search of still greater heat; and the attendant, now armed *with a birch bough*, on which the dried leaves are preserved for the purpose, proceeds to a thorough sweeping or brushing of the bather, rather than rubbing. This appears to apply friction enough to restore the circulation, which by this time has become languid, upon the outer parts of the body.

This is the most odd way of playing a rubber that we ever heard of. A scrubby lot are the officiating members of these establishments! If ever we take a bath in Russia, we will pay all they charge for it; but assuredly we shall dispense with the birch bough!

HAVE I LONG TO WAIT?

MUSINGS BY A DREAMER.

THERE is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A Heavenly Paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fancies flow.
There cherries grow, that none may buy
Till "Cherry Ripe!" *themselves* do cry.

These cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which, when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds filled with snow;
Yet, these no peer nor prince may buy
Till "Cherry Ripe!" *themselves* do cry.

Her eyes, like angels, watch them still;
Her brows, like bended bows, do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand,
Those sacred cherries to come nigh,—
Till "Cherry Ripe!" *themselves* do cry.

R. A.

VOICE OF THE GIPSY QUEEN.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

COME!—cross my hand with silver,
 And I'll tell thee, lady fair!
 The star that guides thy destiny,
 The heart thy love would share.
 There's much good luck in store for thee,
 And happier days I ween;
 Believe me, fairest of the fair!
 And hear the Gipsy Queen.

You smile. Alas, that fate should change
 That bright, that happy smile!
 But oft the brilliant sun will hide
 Behind a cloud awhile;
 Yet, when 'tis past, how bright his beams,
 How pure the rays are seen!
 'Tis thus with life. I'll tell thee more;
 For I'm a Gipsy Queen!

When those bright eyes were closed in sleep,
 I sought thy destiny;
 And many a brilliant star reveal'd
 The oracle to me.
 Ere three pale moons are on the wane,
 When one of lofty mien
 Shall seek to claim thee for his bride,—
 Think on the Gipsy Queen!

And I'll forgive that doubting smile,
 For naught of scorn is there;
 A long, a long and merry life,
 I wish thee, lady fair!
 May happiness across thy path
 With gentle radiance beam,
 And bright reality reveal
 Affection's fondest dream!

NOTES ON FANCY PIGEONS.

THE ALMOND TUMBLER.

BY F. C. ESQUILANT, ESQ.

I PERUSE YOUR PLEASING PAGES, my dear sir, with much delight; treating as they do of Nature in her varied but glorious forms, whether animate or inanimate.

There is, however, one of the most pleasing fancies, which as yet you have little touched on. I allude to those beautiful specimens of the feathered tribe—pigeons, which from the earliest ages have ever found the most enthusiastic admirers, and which I have heard you say you idolised even when a boy. [Indeed we did! and so we do now.]

I do not propose to-day to enter upon the subject of pigeons generally; but to speak of the "Almond Tumbler" only. I select this bird as being one to which I have devoted much attention, having been successful in breeding it to a very high point of perfection. I hope, by setting the example, to induce other gentlemen of the fancy to give (each) a paper on their particular bird; by which means the many beautiful varieties of the pigeon would be introduced, and afford much

assistance to all entering upon this attractive fancy. I carefully avoid copying from any book that has been published on the subject. Whether the matter be good or bad, it ought to be "original."

The Almond Tumbler is, I believe, acknowledged to be the most artificial and least understood of all our varieties. And first, of its general attributes. By common consent, it has five properties accorded to it, viz., feather, carriage, eye, beak, and head. These I have arranged in the order of what I conceive to be their relative importance. Should I be incorrect in this, or any other of my deductions, I shall only be too happy to receive the opinions of others upon the subject.

The first property—FEATHER, from which the bird derives its name—will, I think, be at once conceded as not only the most difficult to attain, but to maintain. In this property alone, there are no fewer than five points quite indispensable—a yellow ground on the whole body of the bird. The term "yellow" I use for want of any other name to apply to it. Perhaps the term almond-yellow would be its more correct fancy denomination. There is much difference of opinion on this most important feature. My view is, that the color we have to attain resembles that on the outside of the shell of the almond nut—the brighter the better.

This ground should be well broken, or spangled throughout with black. The whole feathers of the flight and tail should be at their base of the same color as the body feather, with a black or yellow quill, broken at their extremities with a clear black and white. The whole of the feathers of the almond should be covered with a metallic lustre or gloss, similar to that on the hackle of the bird; but they are not to be expected in so great a degree. This feather, so difficult to attain, should, I consider, when approximating to the desired standard, rank as equal to *three* of the other properties in estimating the value of the bird.

That such a feather, in conjunction with the other four properties, is to be obtained by judicious matching, I have already proved by a bird of my own breeding. Indeed, the bird is now in my possession. It has been repeatedly exhibited at the various societies and exhibitions, and has excited universal admiration. A vast number of persons being anxious to obtain his portrait, it has been taken, and it appeared in a late number of the *Field* newspaper.

Allowing that the Almond Pigeon has deteriorated from what it was when the celebrated birds of Mr. Bellamy were exhibited, I am yet of opinion that there are as good birds as ever, *if proper judgment be used in selecting and matching them.* The most sceptical may

rest assured of the possibility of obtaining the desired color.

II. CARRIAGE.—This important feature is considered by many as distinct from shape. I shall treat them as one, considering that a bird of good carriage cannot be a bad shape; and if a bad shape, it is impossible for it to be of a good carriage. The neck of the Almond should be short, and broadening to its base; so as to become, as it were, part of, and undistinguishable in its junction with, its body. The chest should be broad and prominent; the legs short, and placed in the centre of the body; the bird in its whole character presenting an appearance of a series of curves flowing easily and gracefully one into the other, so that it is not readily perceived where the one ends and the other begins. The wings should droop on the ground, which adds much to their beauty, displaying the beauty of the flight feathers.

III. EYE.—The eye should be large, circular, and prominent, placed in the centre of the profile of the head—not close to the top of it (as it appears in the Carrier). Its pupil should be black, and its irides pearl-white: hence the denomination of pearl-eyed. I may remark that this is the property earliest lost, when breeding very high in feather; or where the birds are very closely "bred in," and require "crossing."

IV. BEAK.—The beak should be short, fine, and straight (similar to an ear of the oat), cut across the centre, placed horizontally in front of the head. In color it should be white, or nearly so. This beak (which I designate the corn beak) I consider preferable to the goldfinch beak; it not being so likely to shoot out in length as the other, thereby becoming twisted and misshapen.

In conjunction with the beak, of which it is generally considered a part, is the wattle at its base; which, while serving as a nostril, should merely suffice to break off the appearance of the roots of the feathers immediately in front of the head. From this last, it should appear to spring, and be partly buried under, not standing out in strong relief, as if it challenged the attention of all beholders.

V. HEAD.—I now come to the much-vaunted property—the head. This I have but little to observe upon. Setting aside those remarks so frequently saluting you at the meetings of brother fanciers as—What a stop! What a breadth! Splendid front! &c. &c.,—I shall describe it as perfectly circular in form, planted firmly and shortly on the neck, varying in size in the cock and hen, but attaining a circumference of three inches in a well-proportioned cock bird.

I have thus endeavored to give you *my* idea of what the Almond Tumbler *should* be, and what I hope to see it,—not in isolated cases, but as a whole. When possessing the

foregoing properties in a fair degree of perfection, it is—by the varied splendor of its plumage, the beauty of its carriage, the brightness of its eye, the delicate fineness of its beak, and the *uniqueness* of its head, added to its activity, courage, and docility, all combined—one of the most fascinating of our fancies. And when our perseverance in breeding them is rewarded with any degree of success, there exists not only a pleasing but a *lasting* impression in their favor.

[When we add that this paper is by the Hon. Sec. of the "Philoperisteron Society," renowned throughout the world for their well-merited success in the breeding of fancy pigeons, we need offer no further comment of our own. We have *seen*, and been charmed beyond expression with the collection of pigeons in which this Society so much delights—also the Almond Tumblers of our good friend Mr. ESQUILANT.]

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Oh! prize not the essence of Beauty alone,
And disdain not the weak and the mean in our way,
For the world is an engine—the Architect's own,
Where the wheels of least might keep the larger in play.
We love the fair valley, with bloom in the shade,
We sing of green hills—of the grape and the grain;
But be sure the Creator did well when he made
The stark desert and marsh—for there's nothing in vain.

We may question the locust that darkens the land,
And the snake, flinging arrows of death from its eye;
But remember they come from the Infinite Hand,
And shall man, in his littleness, dare to ask why?
Oh! let us not speak of the "useless" or "vile,"
They may seem so to us—but be slow to arraign:
From the savage wolf's cry to the happy child's smile,
From the mite to the mammoth, there's nothing in vain.

There's a mission, no doubt, for the worm in the dust,
As there is for the charger, with nostrils of pride;
The sloth and the newt have their places of trust,
And the agents are needed, for God has supplied.
Oh! could we but trace the great meaning of ALL,
And what delicate links form the ponderous chain;
From the dew-drops that rise to the star-drops that fall,
We should see but "one" purpose, and—
NOTHING IN VAIN.

IT IS SUMMER,—ALL IS BEAUTY.

IT IS SUMMER on the meadows,
And the earth is bright with shadows
Of the sunbeams floating lightly o'er the sky :
The bells are gaily ringing,
And they mingle with the singing
Of the lark that, ever singing, soars on high.

All is brightness—all is beauty—
To rejoice now is a duty—
Let us fill our hearts with gladness to the brim ;
It is flowing o'er the land,
Scattered freely from God's hand—
Let our songs of blessing sweetly flow to Him.

Let us wander o'er the mountains,
Let us rest beside the fountains,
And taste the balmy odors breathing round ;
While in garments rich and golden,
Robes royal, rare, and olden,
The monarch of the day is robed and crowned.

At noon it is too bright
To roam beneath his light—
We will seek the shelter of the leafy grove ;
There, a mossy couch is spread
For our pleasure in the shade,
Till evening tempt us forth again to rove.

On a crimson throne of splendor,
The sun listens to the tender,
Soft farewells of the zephyrs, low and sweet ;
Then sinks into the ocean
With a slow and graceful motion,
While the white-browed waves are crowding
round his feet.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

BY R. FOWLER, ESQ.

THE FOLLOWING EXTRACTS are from the Note-book of a very intelligent and agreeable traveller ; who, despite of public opinion, speaks honestly of what he saw whilst recently travelling abroad :—

SOCIETY IN AMERICA.

To seize upon any peculiarity, and exaggerate it, is easy. To represent, as characteristic of a whole people, manners which are to be found in a mere section of it—to dress them up and present them to the reader in amusing language—may flatter national vanity ; but it is highly unfair. The caricature is not the best likeness. I mixed, during several months, in every class of American society. The highly-bred English or French gentleman, accustomed to the best and most refined society, is not to be found in America—there is no school for such. But you will find, with this exception, most native Americans (I use this term advisedly, because the States are deluged with people from other countries, who are the loudest talkers and most obtrusively ill-mannered) superior in intelligence and manners to persons filling the same position

elsewhere. This is peculiarly the case with the lower order of agriculturists. Place the small yeoman or farm-laborer of England by the side of the same class in America, and the contrast is great. The coarse, heavy clothes, slouching, lumbering walk, rough speech, and lifeless stolidity of the one, do not appear in a favorable light by the side of the slim, active, light-clothed, intelligent, inquisitive American. I have often sighed to think that the figure before me, clad in fustian shooting-coat, plush waistcoat, knee breeches, gaiters, and half-boots, with a hundredweight of iron on the soles, was a fair specimen of the English "raw material." Those who have been in America will, I am sure, agree with me in this. Ascending a little higher in the social scale, there is less to reform, and therefore less superiority. Still the manners of the retail dealer, easy and self-reliant, are a great improvement upon the cringing, humble servility often found in the shopkeeper at home. Amongst professional men there is not much difference. Education rubs down the salient angles everywhere ; but I almost incline to think that in this class the scale would turn the other way. Really good society is not easy of access to a traveller in the United States ; he must not only come well recommended, but must linger long upon his road. The hotel, the steamboat, or the rail, are not fair places to judge of national manners ; particularly in a nation composed of such heterogeneous materials as this. Quiet, educated people, in the republic, keep rather in the background ; and such are to be found in all parts of the Union.

THE "LADIES" OF CANADA.

A lady in Canada, in the strict sense of the term, is none the less so because she has spent her morning in salting beef, making tallow candles, and other kindred household duties. At home she would infallibly lose "caste"—that dire bugbear ! Here she does not. Servants are a great plague—expensive, whimsical, and idle. On one occasion a servant, who came to be hired by a lady friend of mine, entered the room, and immediately seated herself on the sofa, by the lady of the house ; scrutinised her thoroughly ; asked the nature of the duties she was expected to perform, and her salary ; and then said abruptly—"Well, I likes the looks of you, and I guess I'll come." This was all that passed. How long she stayed I should be sorry to say—probably three days. I recollect reading somewhere, in a book on life and manners in the Western States, that a servant, believing that her mistress had called to her, but not being quite sure of the fact, ascertained it by the following question—"I say, ma'am, did you holler ? I thought I heard a yell."

SOCIETY IN NEW YORK.

Society in New York has been much laughed at and abused. I do not feel that my experience would warrant me in doing so. Many a delightful day have I spent wandering on the banks of the Hudson, with kind, intelligent, and hospitable friends, whose homes were surrounded with every comfort and luxury, and whose doors were never closed against those who had a fair claim to enter them. They were, it is true, branded as "Aristocrats," which, in America, means simply that they did not interfere in politics or municipal elections; were not at home either on the platform or the stump; used some little discretion in the choice of society; and were content to live quietly and unseen amid the turmoil of the world around them. To differ, or to affect to differ, with the tastes and habits of the majority, is in America a crying sin; it is considered an assumption of superiority, as conveying an indirect reproof, and as indicating that their conduct and opinions are open to exception.

SCENE IN MALTA,—ST. PAUL'S BAY.

I visited, both by land and by water, the celebrated St. Paul's Bay. There is no reasonable doubt that Malta is the "Melita" described by St. Paul as the scene of his shipwreck; and to hint even a doubt of this would be here the concentrated essence of treason. There is, perhaps, rather more uncertainty as to the exact spot; but there is a bay with an island at its mouth, which answers the description given of the scene of his shipwreck by St. Paul in the last chapter of the Acts of the Apostles; and therefore it is fixed upon reasonably enough as the place, and named accordingly. On the island is a colossal statue of St. Paul. Of course, too, there is a chapel dedicated to him, and the very spot is pointed out at which the vessel touched the ground. Here, as elsewhere, scepticism is invited to step in by an attempt to prove too much. This is an error almost universal at places of traditional interest. The day, though early in spring, was very hot; and I think I have rarely seen so many lizards racing over the rocks. As the weather was calm, I could not form much idea of what the place would be in a strong east wind or "Gregale"—doubtless dangerous enough. The immediate country round the bay is desolate, and almost if not the only building visible, except the chapel, is a fort garrisoned by a small detachment of the Malta fencibles. These forts are scattered here and there all round the island, and the officer in command must lead a sadly dull life. The road to the bay by land is rocky and bad, and offers no inducement except an extensive view over a great part of the island at "Casal Nasciar."

CONSUMPTION, AND ITS SORROWS.

It is most sad to watch the fall
Of autumn leaves; but worst of all
It is to watch the flower of spring
Faded in its fresh blossoming!
To see the once so clear blue orb
Its summer light and warmth forget,
Dark'ning beneath its tearful lid,
Like a rain-beaten violet!
To watch the banner-rose of health
Pass from the cheek; to mark how plain
Upon the wan and sunken brow
Become the wanderings of each vein!
The shadowy hand, so thin and pale!
The languid step, the drooping head!
The long wreaths of neglected hair!
The lip whence red and smile are fled!
And having watch'd thus, day by day,
Light, life, and color pass away,
To see, at length, the glassy eye
Fix dull, in dread mortality;
Mark the last ray, catch the last breath,
Till the grave sets its sign of DEATH!

L. E. L.

TIME AND SPACE.

Here—there—everywhere!—OLD SAYING.

IF OUR FOREFATHERS COULD ONLY SEE US NOW, and view what we really *are* doing,—how they would stare! They would not want a second peep.

We have no wish to speak *seriatim* on a subject that would last till doomsday; but the following "amusing" facts are worthy a passing thought. They make us ejaculate,—"What next?" Time was, when the London City merchant lived within the City, and even locked himself up within the walls. And long after the City gates were thrown open, the City mansion of the rich banker and trader was not only a house of business, but a home. Those were the times when City men were perhaps in reality what the caricaturists now describe them. But those days are over; and now perhaps there is no class of men in the world who see more country than the chief citizens of London. They live in the country. They keep their dogs and their horses in the country. They have their fields, their gardens, their sheep, and their oxen; and they know as much about rural affairs as the rustics themselves. The cockney caricatures are no longer a reality. Even the clerks and the shopkeepers' assistants have got beyond the elements of rustic education.

The sea-coast town of Brighton is upwards of 50 miles south of London. But this is not at all alarming to a City man. He transacts business within the walls daily, and sleeps at Brighton nightly. There are about 250 season tickets out for London and Brighton alone, at fifty guineas per annum; and express trains run daily, Sundays

excepted, for the accommodation of the men of metal. £12,000 per annum for Brighton alone! And all round about the metropolis there are similar places of resort of various degrees of rusticity, in which the families of metropolitan men of business are reared, whilst they themselves daily undertake a journey of from ten to a hundred miles,—with as little thought of distance as if they were provided with wings, or with seven-leagued boots.

The consequence is, that London is rapidly surrounded with villas, especially in the neighborhood of the great railway lines. And as this process of transformation, on the present diffused and extended system, only dates from 1840 at the farthest, it can scarcely be said to be of fifteen years' duration. Perhaps it is not even ten years since the conviction first began to be generally felt, of the possibility of realising the dream of a business life in town and a residence in the country. Even now there are thousands of metropolitan citizens that either do not believe it; or are too conservative to listen to the innovations of the era of railways!

And can it be realised after all? Let us look at one or two of its prominent features. A City merchant residing in Brighton enters the train in Brighton at a quarter to nine, and is at London Bridge at five minutes past ten. In a few minutes more he is in the City. He attends to business till four o'clock, or even a little longer; and is once more in the train at five o'clock. He is in Brighton at twenty minutes past six. In ten minutes more he is "at home." He dines at seven, and spends the evening with his family, or in a club, or in a reading-room at Brighton, inhales the sea breeze, sleeps in the fresh, pure, and saline atmosphere, breakfasts with a keen appetite, and is once more on the wheels at a quarter to nine.

There is no apparent hurry in any of his movements. The hours of the train are fixed on purpose to accommodate him. There is no stoppage by the way. It is one continuous uninterrupted roll from the beginning to the end of the journey. Even in his own private carriage he could not be so comfortable; and the only objection that can be made to the arrangement is, that he runs the risk for fourteen hours every week of having his neck broken, or his bones fractured or dislocated. But every sportsman does the same; and what is life without a venture? Even the expense is nothing; it is a positive saving of money. If it were a hundred pounds instead of fifty, he would still be a gainer in his own health and in the health of his family, in the saving of his own private carriage and horses, in the saving of a house rent in town, or its economical maintenance if he keeps one for the season

as the merchant princes do. But without the latter, his social circle is not in town at all. City man though he be regarded, he is not a City man; and whenever he dines in town it is at a public dinner, or privately in an hotel when he has business that prolongs his stay, or is too late for his own express train and is waiting for another.

These hotels for accommodating City gentlemen have lost nothing by the railway system. The farther men live away from their places of business, the more frequently they dine in hotels; and the families in the country all know that if the *governor* does not arrive with the dinner-train he is not coming to dinner. So there is no waiting for him. There is even less waiting than if they were living in town, and might expect him every minute. He either comes at a definite period, or he is not coming to dinner at all. The regularity of the system is even conducive to domestic order, for the farther a man lives from his place of business, the more punctual he is to all his meal hours, and the more regular he is in his times of rising and going to bed. He becomes a machine,—wound up like a clock, and going like the same.

Whether this quick mode of transit be desirable or not, is a question. People *seem* to delight in it; and if they think *the risk* of broken bones, or a dislocated neck worth incurring, who but themselves have any right to decide the point? Railway accidents are now so *very* common,—and will be more so every day—that one gets "used to it."

So far as we are individually concerned, none of this flighty, scampering work for us. We love to *see* the country as we pass through it, and to *enjoy* the beauties of Summer as they pass in review before us. *Chacun à son goût.*

A SONG FOR MAIDENS.

BY C. J. DAVIS.

YOUNG LOVE, a little pedlar boy,
Packed up all his stock in trade;
With costly gem and glitt'ring toy
He tried to lure each thoughtless maid;
But when the nymphs from every land
All flocked to share the welcome booty,
His goods were seized as contraband,
Because the rogue had paid no duty!

Arraigned at Hymen's judgment seat,
He told the court a piteous tale:
But, being a most notorious cheat,
No friend had he to put in bail.
Now, licensed by the Marriage Act,
Again Love sells his wares to beauty;
And puffs them off with fearless tact,
Because they've paid—a heavy duty!

TO MY BABE.

BY DELTA.

THERE is no sound upon the night—
As by the shaded lamp I trace,
My babe, in infant beauty bright,
The changes of thy sleeping face.

Hallow'd for ever be the hour
To us, throughout all time to come,
Which gave us thee, a living flower,
To bless and beautify our home!

Thy presence is a charm, which wakes
A new creation to my sight;
Gives life another look, and makes
The wither'd green, the faded bright.

Pure as a lily of the brook,
Heaven's signet on thy forehead lies,
And Heaven is read in every look,
My daughter, of thy soft blue eyes.

In sleep, thy little spirit seems
To some bright realm to wander back;
And seraphs, mingling with thy dreams,
Allure thee to their shining track.

Already like a vernal flower
I see thee opening to the light,
And day by day, and hour by hour,
Becoming more divinely bright.

Yet in my gladness stirs a sigh,
Even for the blessings of thy birth,
Knowing how sins and sorrows try
Mankind, and darken o'er the earth.

Ah! little dost thou ween, my child,
The dangers of the way before;
How rocks in every path are piled,
Which few unhar'm'd can clamber o'er.

Sweet bud of beauty! how wilt thou
Endure the bitter tempest's strife?
Shall thy blue eyes be dimm'd—thy brow
Indented by the cares of life?

If years are spared to thee—alas!
It may be—ah! it must be so;
For all that live and breathe, the glass,
Which must be quaff'd, is drugg'd with woe.

Yet ah! if prayers could aught avail,
So calm thy skies of life should be,
That thou shouldst glide, beneath the sail
Of virtue, on a stormless sea;

And ever on thy thoughts, my child,
The sacred truth should be impress'd—
Grief clouds the soul to sin beguiled,
Who liveth best, God loveth best.

Across thy path, Religion's star
Should ever shed its healing ray,
To lead thee from this world's vain jar,
To scenes of peace and purer day.

Shun Vice—the breath of her abode
Is poison'd, though with roses strewn.
And cling to virtue; travel on the road
Be thorny, boldly through!

For thee I ask not riches—thou
Wert wealthy with a spotless name;
I ask not beauty—for thy brow
Is fair as my desires could claim.

Be thine a spirit loathing guilt,
Kind, independent, pure, and free;—
Be like thy mother—and thou wilt
Be ALL MY SOUL DESIRES TO SEE!

TRUE CHARITY.

How much we lose, for want of thought!—CÆCIL.

IF WE WOULD DO any real good to ourselves or others, we should commence with "number one," and introduce a radical reform in our own private families.

Family reform is the very pivot upon which every other reform turns. Novel principles have their birth in family circles. It is the great seminary for power, greatness, love, wealth, friendship, and their concomitant virtues, vices, and talents. The smallest beginnings have great endings, and the spirit of charity, instilled with tact into the bosom of a child, bursts forth enlarged in the actions of the man, and perhaps by sympathy may have ultimately a large share in the future policy of a nation.

We may look to the difference betwixt a man brought up from his earliest infancy in a rebellious, thoughtless, or extravagant household; and another who has lived in peace, and felt the glow of filial love. Contrast them; how different the bearing of their minds! If the former be good and tolerant, it is only because, being pestered and worn by bickerings, he has been led to compare *his* home with the homes of *others*. And if the latter person be unjust, he never fails to show a wayward disposition instigated by evil communion, which makes his repentance still the more acute. Often do we hear a penurious man exclaim, by way of a compromise with his conscience, as he turns his back upon some starving wretch, "Charity begins at home!" How little is that man aware of the mighty truth which he utters!

Charity *does* begin at home; but it by no means *ends* there. It is nourished carefully, and in its leading strings, amid kindred spirits; and makes man a more domesticated, kind, and thinking animal; more ready to forgive by thinking on the possible *cause* of offence, and placing himself in the same position—more ready to endure uncomplainingly, because he is aware that there are certain annoyances which cannot always be readily remedied—more willing to allow another's opinion, because he judges man by a higher standard—peaceful, because knowing the value of peace—loving, by having love bestowed on him—pitying,

because in the fullness of contentedness he can afford to pity rather than hate; in short, imbued with all the better feelings, because he daily sees their blessings.

When *Selfishness* is laid aside,—then shall we get on nobly through the world.

PROFOUND TALKERS.

There are profound talkers as well as profound writers; and your profound talkers have the best of it, for it is impossible to find them out. What is written and printed may be read over again, canvassed, sifted, and examined; but that which is said, vanishes, evaporates, is gone; leaving not a single idea in the mind of the hearer.

A profound talker will tell you that he can think, and that he can talk, but he cannot write. Very true, because he has nothing to write about; and the nothing is not so easily detected in talking, and in thinking, as it is in writing. Writing is a substance, that you may take by the nose and bring to a confession; but talking is a mere ghost, a flitting shadow—which is here, there, everywhere, and nowhere. You try to get it, but you get only a handful of air. Profound talking has the advantage over profound writing; because, in talking, you may select your audience, and take care that no profane anti-mystericalist shall question your oracles. When you write profundities and give them to the world, you don't know who may get hold of them, and condense your ocean of froth into a thimbleful of slop. The shallower a man is, the more intensely he admires profundity; he who understands nothing, understands all things equally well; and when a man fears lest his ignorance should be detected on subjects that everybody understands, his best resource is to plunge into profundities, and then, when he is completely out of sight, he is quite safe. Thus have I known ambitious simpletons, who not having capacity for Greek and Latin, or other delectable studies, have betaken themselves to the inscrutabilities of Orientalism, and have looked marvellously wise in Arabic, Sanscrit, Bengalee, and all that sort of thing.

So again, those whose understandings have not been strong enough to bear them safe over the *Pons Asinorum* in Euclid's Elements, have cut a very pretty figure in gabbling and prating about transcendentalism. I know a very ingenious gentleman, who has never read a line of Newton's Principia, and knows nothing about mathematics, who is perpetually propounding new theories of the universe, new doctrines of the motion, quality, and use of the planets, and new notions of the comets. In proposing these theories, and in starting these profundities,

he, for the most part, keeps clear of mathematicians; seeing that in his mystic and twilight flights, their demonstrations have sometimes knocked him down, as boys knock down bats by throwing their hats at them.

Surely the flights of profundity may be not inaptly compared to the flitting movements of these ambiguous animals; they are a kind of something—nothing; seen—but not seen; quick—but not progressive; a sort of black lightning; a shadow that has no substance; you never see where they come from, nor where they go to, nor what they come for. They are animal comets—in the system, but not of it.

But the safest profundity of all, is profound thinking. Write profoundly, and everybody may find you out; talk profoundly and somebody may find you out; but "think" profoundly, and nobody can find you out. It may be asked, how is it to be known that you "think" profoundly, unless you make known your thoughts by talking or writing? Easily enough. Shake your head as Lord Burleigh does in the "Critic." You will be astonished, after a few of these "ambiguous givings out," with what ease you have obtained the reputation of being "a profound thinker!"

P.

STANZAS TO MY LOVE.

METHINKS I love all common things,
The common air, the common flower;
The dear kind common thought that springs
From hearts that have no other dower:
No other wealth, no other power,
Save Love; and will not that repay
For all else fortune tears away?

Methinks I love the horny hand
That labors until dusk from dawn;
Methinks I love the russet band,
Beyond the band of silk or lawn;
And, oh! the lovely laughter drawn
From peasant lips, when sunny May
Leads in some flowery holiday!

What good are fancies rare—that rack
With painful thought the poet's brain?
Alas! they cannot bear us back
Unto happy years again!
But the white rose without stain
Bringeth times and thoughts of flowers,
When youth was bounteous as the hours!

E'en now, were I but rich, my hand
Should open like a vernal cloud,
Casting its bounty on a land,
In music sweet, but never loud:
But I am of the common crowd,
And thus am I content to be,—
IF THOU, SWEET LOVE, WILT CHERISH ME!

Q.

MEETING AND PARTING.

As letters some hand has invisibly trac'd,
When held to the flame will steal out to the sight;
So, many a feeling that long seem'd effac'd,
When loving friends MEET are brought sweetly to light.

MOORE.

I never spoke the word,—“FAREWELL!”
But with an utterance faint and broken;
A heart-sick yearning for the time
When it should *never more* be spoken.

CAROLINE BOWLES.



OUR WELL-BELOVED READERS
—A GOODLY NUMBER—HARDLY
NEED BE REMINDED OF
THE TIME WHEN THEY AND
OURSELF FIRST MET. That
was “a golden day in the
calendar,”—an event never
to be forgotten by us, nor by

them. We dare avow as much; for we hold
proofs innumerable, traced in letters of black
on white, that there exists between us and our
correspondents one heart — one mind — one
interest. Here is something to rejoice in.

We have now travelled on in sweet company
together, until our collected thoughts,
carefully noted down, have occupied the bulk
of FIVE handsome volumes.* Often do we
find ourself poring over the leaves of some of
these; and as often, if truth be spoken, may
a pleasing smile be seen to play upon our
features. This smile is not the less “expressive,”
from the happy belief that our labors
are not doomed to slumber in oblivion. There
is nothing ephemeral in what has been sung
or said. It *was* good, it *is* good, it *will be*
good for ages. We speak not at all of our
own performances—assuredly not; but of the
vast mass of contributions which have come
ready to our hand, to immortalise our pages—
these, too, from the best and choicest spirits
of the world we live in.†

If we have any pride about us,—and we

* It would be an act of culpable neglect, did
we fail to note here the very kind assistance we
have ever met with from our brethren of the press.
They have made, month after month, week after
week, copious extracts from our pages, and given
them a world-wide popularity. We would not be
invidious; yet must we SPECIALLY thank the
Editors of the *Hampshire Advertiser*, and *Liverpool Mercury*,
for their unwearied endeavors to serve us. This, from purely disinterested motives.

† All labors of love are amply requited, when
any great known good has been accomplished.
In this matter, OUR JOURNAL stands pre-eminent.
It has been the direct means, in a number of
instances, of working quite a reformation in the
hearts of certain people who before held the most
lax notions with regard to this world and the next.
They are *now* as disinterested and free, as
formerly they were selfish and constrained. *This*
is the magic we like to practise; and as OUR
JOURNAL is found in nearly every corner of the
world, let us hope that its influence is becoming,
daily, more and more powerful.

all have “some” weak point,—it is the pride
we feel at having “won” our way to public
favor,—and that, through an antagonism of
Booksellers and “the Trade,” unparalleled,
perhaps, in the whole history of literature.
Our pecuniary loss has been indeed fearful.
We are not going, however, to sing a sorrowful
song about *that*, to-day. Oh—no! Our
triumph over “envy, hatred, malice, and all
uncharitableness,” has been a signal one.
We forgive our enemies right frankly, and
hope that, *at last*, they will condescend to *read*
what, in its progress, they have so long and
so virulently abused by word of mouth.
“Anger *resteth* only in the bosom of a fool.”
WE have been angry,—very. *That* anger
resteth not with us. We are to-day, and
mean to continue (D.V.), “mild as a moon-
beam;” for we have lots of promised visits
to pay, and lots of sweet faces waiting to
greet us all over the country.

These few preliminary remarks bring us to
a “great fact.” WE TO-DAY CLOSE OUR
FIFTH VOLUME; and with it, we feel com-
pelled to close also our labors for the present.
Our friends and readers well know, from
several “hints” we have from time to time
thrown out, that the *entire weight* of the com-
mercial and literary departments of OUR
JOURNAL have devolved on OURSELF ALONE.
In plain language, the work of at least six
active persons has, ever since we launched
our bark, been faithfully, scrupulously,
and exactly performed by ONE individual.*
This may be doubted by some,—but we re-
assert it fearlessly; and having no printing-
office of our own, the labor has been thereby
more than *quadrupled*. Details are not
requisite. We have fairly stated our case in
few words.

The exertions we have alluded to, very
naturally begin now to affect our constitution;
and more particularly our brain. We need
quiet and repose. The horrible noises ground
out of the bowels of certain organs (so called)
by gigantic Italians, just below our window,
(twenty times a day at least); the indescrib-
able tortures inflicted on our nervous system
by the stentorian lungs of passing coster-
mongers, &c., &c., &c., bawling out the wares
in which they traffic—these, and certain other
legalised street nuisances, uniting in “con-
cert pitch,” are too many for us to stand up
against. Our natural disposition is,—placidity,
an even temperament, and an habitual
“happy” frame of mind. These, *if we continue*
our labors, will be fearfully jeopardised.
Our mind, therefore, is made up.

* The actual *private* correspondence in connec-
tion with OUR JOURNAL, is alone sufficient to keep
one person constantly occupied. This will give
some idea of the gigantic whole. Twelve hours
per day is our average occupation. To be cheerful,
amiable, and jolly under this *régime*, is “trying!”

As regards the continuation of OUR JOURNAL at a future period,—*that* rests with the public. We can never again undertake the *commercial* branches of its conduct; although our pen, head, and hands will be at all times ready (as ever) to furnish and arrange the *materiel*. On this point we must be decisive. ALL our present subscribers should send us their names and addresses. They will then be carefully registered in a book kept for that purpose, and a private communication made to each party whenever any new movement is projected. This would indeed entail a very tedious operation, if performed by one individual; but done *singly*, a minute would suffice.

We come now to the *painful* part of our duty; and that is,—to say “Farewell!” This must be done in silence. When the heart is full, the tongue is often tied. Ours is so now. But as we and our readers “sympathise,” the feelings of each one of us are at this moment purely identical. Thus is an apparently insurmountable difficulty conquered in a moment of time.

One word more. During the conduct of this Miscellany, we have received certain pecuniary aids from certain loving souls—God bless them!—to stem the foul endeavor of “the Trade” to prevent our obtaining a fair hearing with the public. These, as yet, remain unliquidated; and the circumstance sits heavily upon our mind. They must be discharged,—of course. We ask a little time for this. Our pen will never sleep; and now that we are so well known, we venture to hope it may, by and by, be more profitably exercised, so as to make us happily independent. The feeling of gratitude will ever remain. *That*, thank God, is imperishable.

And now, good friends, in plain old English, let us try and falter out the word,—

FAREWELL!

“THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.”

Once upon a time.—*Old Story.*

I SAW her at his grave,—

I stood and watched her there,
Fringing the humble hillock with
The flowrets of the year.

She stoop'd to kiss the cold, cold clay,
Then homeward, weeping, sped her way.

I saw her at her home,

When various suitors came,—
Each striving to prevail on her
Once more to change her name.

I heard the answer which she gave:
“My love lies in my husband's grave.”

When forty years had fled

I saw that form again:
How brief the period then that she
Could in this world remain!

But long enough she lived to prove
WHAT TRUE HEARTS DO FOR THOSE THEY LOVE.

L. M. T.

DOLLY PENTREATH,

THE LAST OF THE ANCIENT CORNISH FISHWOMEN.
AN IMPROMPTU—BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

A happy old woman once lived in the west,
An old merry *soul* was she;
I trust that her soul is now safely at rest,
For she saved many soles from the sea.
She was never a cheat—to steal was beneath
The notion of honor with Dolly Pentreath!

She could once dance or *skate*; but a place on her
heel

Now often with anguish would ache;
Nor can I express half the pain she did feel
That caused every *muscle* to shake.
No art nor assistance could yield her relief,
Not a *ray* of hope beam'd for poor Dolly Pen-
treath!

But she was not one who would ever complain,
Or *bewail* what she could not remove;
Without e'en a murmur she bravely bore pain,
And smiled “like a lobster in love.”
That bright joyous smile, and of sea-weed a wreath,
Smooth'd the deep furrow'd wrinkles of Dolly
Pentreath!

Of her forefathers little is known,
And she was the last of her race;
In this wilderness world she stood quite alone,
Though she found friends in every *place*.
But Death in his net took her home, and beneath
The yew-tree now lies poor old Dolly Pentreath!

MAN AND HIS IDOL,—GOLD.

If you wish to establish shyness between yourself and your best friend,—listen! Ask him (when you are in distress) to lend you five pounds. Then, mark the result!—Tom Hood.

I KNOW YOUR SENTIMENTS TOO WELL, my dear sir, to doubt of the little offering herewith sent, being assigned a ready place in your “pleasant pages.” I have translated it from Alphonse Karr, specially for the columns of OUR OWN:—

I have long remarked, that the dearest thing in the world to a man is his money; and that all the sermons written against it—“the vile dross”—have only had in view to disgust others with it, without ever succeeding, and without even consoling the authors for the want of it. From these premises, I drew the conclusion that, to make a friend not only undertake the most disagreeable offices, but to send him cheerfully to encounter danger, and even *ennui*, it suffices to adopt the following method:—

Persuade him, for a quarter of an hour, that you have come to borrow his money. Contemplate with a scrutinising eye his heroic defence. Overthrow successively his outworks and fortifications. Force the entrenchments (that he rebuilds with the obstinate courage of despair) as quickly as you destroy them; and then, when he is

driven to his last resource, tell him it is *some other* service you require. He will undertake it with warmth, with gratitude—even if it were to *fight* for you (for I am here only speaking of *the best* amongst friends).

I had made this remark—not the only one of its kind—thinking (as moralists are apt to do) that *others* were thus disposed. I imagined that I, individually, formed a striking contrast to so hideous a picture. Alas! I am painfully convinced of the contrary. Listen!

On returning home (after an afternoon's walk), my little servant suddenly recollecting she had forgotten to deliver a message, came to the end of the garden, out of breath, and lost ten minutes longer in lamentations and excuses for having forgotten it. Some one had brought a letter for me, and appeared disappointed on finding me absent. Not being able to ascertain *when* I would return home, he earnestly entreated that the letter might be immediately given to me on my return; and left an address where the answer should be sent.

I opened the letter. It was a simple affair. A gentleman, whom I knew only by name, but who was intimately connected with one of my chosen friends, told me of a difficulty in which he was placed. He had just received a communication which compelled his immediate departure. He had not, at the moment, the means to undertake the journey; and therefore begged me to lend him the required amount. And now commences a series of base, unworthy actions on my part, of which I am almost sorry to have undertaken the acknowledgment. Yet will I follow the example of Henry IV., who, once feeling a disinclination to enter the battle-field, cried, "Ah, you are frightened, and tremble! I will give you *reason* to do so, by hurrying into the thickest of the fight." This he did.

"Oh, sordid, contemptible avarice! You have once glided into my heart, and you think it shall be a home and a refuge to you. No! I will throw open the doors and windows, and proclaim aloud you are there! You will not dare remain in an open house!"

I read the letter twice; and was of opinion that it was very cool in the writer to apply to *me*, without knowing me. Happily, vanity stepped forward in his defence. He knows enough of me, said I, to believe that those in want of assistance can confidently apply to me. Thereupon I bridled up. Then I thought of the chance of finding *myself* in a similar position; and said, let us do for him what I should wish him to do for me, were we to change places. I recalled the words of Trajan, who wished that every citizen should find in him (the emperor) what he would wish to find in them (as citizens). I then thought myself as great, as magnanimous, as the adopted son of Nerva; and I said to

myself proudly, That is like ourselves—Trajan and I. Well, I can't do otherwise. I will send the money. But while all this was passing in my mind, the little servant had been turning her pockets inside out, and at last exclaimed, "Dear me, I have lost the address!"

"What address?"

"The address, sir, where the answer was to be sent."

A dim ray of hope then glided into my heart—a half-ashamed, secret joy, which I showed by feigning ill-humor with the servant.

"You must be very awkward, and very giddy," said I; "but it is just what you always are." And I ran over in detail her faults during the last month.

"Nothing vexes me more," I continued, "than to lose that address. I was particularly anxious to answer this letter; and now, through *your* negligence, it is impossible."

In fact, it is (thought I) quite impossible I can send the money, seeing that stupid girl has lost the direction. "It is not *my* fault," continued I, trying to deceive myself; "Certainly I should have been *delighted* to have rendered this small service; but it is impossible, without an address." I then recommenced showing the same degree of ill-humor I might in reality have felt had my servant's inattention deprived me of the liveliest gratification.

"But, sir," said she, "*I am sure it would be very easy to find where the gentleman lives.*"

"What! Without his address? You have lost your senses!"

"But, sir, I know it is at an hotel."

"Nonsense! there are *forty* in the town."

"But then, I know it is in the neighborhood."

"And there are *fifteen* hotels in the neighborhood! I can't go inquiring from door to door."

She was good enough not to say that, on the contrary, there was no reason why I should not do so; nor that there were but *eight* (not fifteen) hotels in the neighborhood. She was even so indulgent as only to offer—to go herself!

"And when will *my dinner* be ready?"

She might have said, "You sometimes dine two or three hours later, when you take a walk in the country, or wish to water the garden, or to finish a book." But she only observed, "*I will go after dinner.*"

"After dinner it will be too late," said I, again reading the letter in which the writer expressed his wish to leave that very evening. "Besides, you would never find him." And I repeated to her the catalogue of all the things she had *not* been able to find since she had been in my service.

The poor girl thought me unjust and provoking, and retired to her kitchen. I felt that I *was*, in fact, unjust and provoking—both; I *therefore* was very angry with her; and calling to mind a certain chicken she had spoiled in roasting the month before, I thought of dismissing her. I was (let me confess it) at that time the complete dupe of “the shabby fellow” hidden in the bosom of every man. I was quite persuaded of my vexation at not being able to send the money, and did not perceive that it was (in reality) only the ill-temper caused by the request to borrow it, which led me to scold the servant; an ill-temper warmed up for her, much as she might have warmed up yesterday’s soup for *me*.

And then, I began to abuse servants in general; and to think of the poor fellow who relied upon me, and had every right to do so.

“Still,” said I, “there is no help for it. Without the address, it is impossible. Deuce take the girl!” She returned at that moment.

“Sir,” said she, quite joyfully, “here it is!”

“What?”

“The address. I had put it under a steward’s pan.”

“A pretty place to put it!” said I, angrily. This was a decent disguise for my ill-humor at her having found the address. “It is too late *now*,” added I.

“I beg pardon, sir, *it is not very far*.”

“Not far! what do you mean?”

She maintained her opinion by circumstantial topographical details. I maintained mine by others, and by disputing the correctness of hers. This, too, for such a length of time, that I ended by being in the right at last, if not at first. That is, if there had been time to send when I began to say there was *not*, there certainly was none by the time I had completed my demonstration.

“Go and get dinner directly!” said I. “I will run there myself, immediately afterwards.”

She looked at me, and returned to the kitchen without daring to tell me what she thought of my plan of running in an hour hence—when I contended *it was too late to go at once!*

I understood her look, and I felt the want of an answer to an objection my conscience hinted at, and which seemed to translate the look. Either one thing or the other (said I to myself, with the satisfaction of a man who feels armed with a dilemma)—either my correspondent has addressed himself elsewhere (and having got what he wanted, does not stand in need of my help), or he has *not* got it. In that case, he will not be able to go till to-morrow, and then it does not signify whether he receives my answer in a quarter of an hour or in an hour.

Then, the “shabby fellow” I have spoken of suggested to me: This gentleman takes it quietly; he might at least have returned, or sent for the answer.

The “honest man,” who inhabits me together with the “shabby one,” whispered: “You give yourself strange airs of superiority, because you happen by chance, for once, to possess five pounds more than another person. How perfectly ridiculous! and how perfectly disgusting!”

And the “honest man” called the “shabby fellow” by his real name, which obliged me to see clearly and to decide between them. During this time, dinner was ready. I swallowed a mouthful in haste, took my hat and cane, put in my pocket the required sum, and rushed out.

I walked quickly; but it was dark, and I soon lost myself. I inquired the way, and then began to “think” as follows (deceptions all!):—By the servant’s fault, I could not send the money directly. My correspondent will interpret the delay into unwillingness. I am quite unlucky; perhaps he has applied somewhere else, successfully. I should be much vexed not to have been able to do him this trifling service. I must write to my friend, and beg him to explain how it has happened; and make my excuses. After all, it is not my fault, I have done all I could.—The “shabby element” now halted.

The “honest man” listened to these excuses, and was half persuaded by them. He felt encouraged in his meanness, and tried to push it a little further. Observe, it was night. I had again lost my way. Recollect, too, that at night one may kill people with fear, by the same stories that by daylight would kill them with laughter. Added to which, with me (as with every one else), the “shabby fellow” is more cunning than the “honest man.” Further, the “honest man” is perhaps not quite so thoroughly honest as the “shabby fellow” is thoroughly shabby.

“After all,” said he, “who knows whether it *really is* my correspondent who has signed this letter? I have never seen him. Nothing would be easier than to deceive me. Anybody may easily know of my intimacy with —, and take the name of one of my friends. And when I say friends, even if the name *should be* that of the writer? who can say if he is a friend of —’s? I have heard — talk of him with kindness, but then, he does so of everybody. Who knows whether he himself would do what his friend asks of me?”

Meanwhile I had found the street, and was looking for the number. Just at this moment, two *gens-d’armes* passed. They were walking quickly. “Perhaps,” said the ‘shabby fellow,’ “they are going to take up

the letter-writer—if, indeed, he has taken a name not his own, if ——”

“Ah,” said the ‘honest man,’ “you think me decidedly more stupid than I am. No; all I should find stupid is your easy credulity; such things happen every day.”

I entered the house, and asked for ——. He was out.

I felt offended that a man, so evidently my inferior (since I possessed at that moment five pounds more than he), should permit himself to go out, instead of passing the rest of his life humbly waiting till I thought proper to call upon him. However, he might have gone to my house for the answer to his letter. This would have refuted a reproach I had already made him, of waiting for my answer and giving me the trouble of sending it. But then —— to return to my house and wait my convenience; that was to harass me—to be altogether wanting in the respect due to me.

“Well, this time,” said I, “it is his fault. Had he been at home, there was the money. I was as quick as possible about it—I came myself.”

Persuading myself that it would be unbecoming and altogether wrong to deposit the money with the landlord, I left a card, and returned home.

“No doubt he will call to-morrow,” said I; but at what time? I can’t stay a prisoner at home till it pleases him to free me. The *least* he could have done would have been to wait for me.”

The next morning he called. I was like those people who dread a duel *before* it takes place, but fight like lions when on the ground. In the enemy’s presence I behaved well; but I think I should have died of shame, could he have guessed into what a stupid contemptible wretch avarice had transformed me for three hours on the previous day.

This is what I wish to expiate by a public confession. But do not let my readers take advantage of it against me. Let them first subject themselves to self-examination,—such an one as I have inflicted on myself. I am strongly of opinion that they are not much better than I. Also, that they are not worse. Careful examination will incline them (like myself) to indulgence. It will prove to them that, if we wish to preserve the right of being indulgent to ourselves and to the worthless creatures we generally are, it is requisite freely and liberally to pardon others.

The moral of the above, my dear sir, needs not to be dwelt upon either by you or myself. *Qui capit ille facit.* The cap will fit somebody. I quite agree with you, in your remarks about the human heart. If people would but “reflect” more than they do, they would be better; and *the world* also. I mean

its inhabitants, of course—for the world is good as ever it was. WE are the offenders.

FORESTIERA.

[Thanks many, dear FORESTIERA. Yes; there can only be “one” mind between US. Alphonse Karr has a deep insight into the human heart, and he speaks to all mankind. May they listen to his friendly voice! Let us say, at parting, that we value this paper infinitely beyond expression,—also the fair hand that translated it for us.]

KEEP ME OUT—IF YOU CAN!

LITTLE LOVE knows every form of air
And every shape of earth;
And comes unbidden everywhere,
Like thought’s mysterious birth.
The moonlit sea and the sunset sky
Are written with LOVE’s words;
And you hear his voice unceasingly,
Like song in the time of birds.

He peeps into the warrior’s heart
From the tip of a stooping plume,
And the serried spears, and the many men
May not deny him room.
He’ll come to his tent in the weary night,
And be busy in his dream;
And he’ll float to his eye in the morning light,
Like a fay on a silver beam.

He hears the sound of the hunter’s gun,
And rides on the echo back,
And sighs in his ear like a stirring leaf,
And flits in his woodland track.
The shade of the wood, and the sheen of the
river,
The cloud, and the open sky—
He will haunt them all with his subtle quiver,
Like the light of your very eye.

The fisher hangs over the leaning boat,
And ponders the silver sea,
For LOVE is under the surface hid,
And a spell of thoughts has he.
He heaves the waves like a bosom sweet,
And speaks in the ripple low,
Till the bait is gone from the crafty line,
And the hook hangs bare below.

He blurs the print of the scholar’s book,
And intrudes in the maiden’s prayer—
And profanes the cell of the holy man,
In the shape of a lady fair.
In the darkest night, and bright daylight,
In earth, and sea, and sky,
In every home of the human thought,
Will LOVE be lurking nigh.

CUPID.

[LOVE is a very sad little fellow. We know him of old, and advise great caution in giving him admittance,—“except on business.” He is no respecter of persons; and makes *sad* havoc with a tender heart. He must not be offended with us for giving him a “just character.” Our public vocation demands that we speak out; yet will we not be ill-natured. No!]

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

BY ELIZA COOK.

"FATHER! forgive us," is our daily prayer,
When the worn spirit feels its helpless dearth;
Yet in our lowly greatness do we dare
To seek from Heav'n what we refuse on earth!
Too often will the bosom, sternly proud,
Bear shafts of vengeance on its graveward
path;
Deaf to the teaching that has cried aloud,—
"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

We ask for mercy from the God above,
In morning worship, and in vesper song;
Then let us kindly shed the balm of love,
To heal and soothe a brother's deed of wrong.
If ye would crush the bitter thorns of strife,
And strew the bloom of Peace around your
path—

If ye would drink the sweetest streams of life,
"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Were this remembered, many a human lot
Would find more blessings in our home below;
The chequered world would lose its darkest blot,
And mortal record tell much less of woe.
The sacred counsels of the wise impart
No holier words in all that language hath:
For light divine is kindled where the heart
Lets not "the sun go down upon its wrath!"

JOTTINGS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK

OF THE LATE

T. N. TALFOURD, ESQ.

I HAVE MADE a few excerpts, my dear sir, from the "Supplement to Vacation Rambles," by T. N. Talfourd, Esq. They were originally printed for private circulation amongst his friends; but now that he is, alas! gone from amongst us, they have become public property.

I have selected his remarks on the Coliseum of Rome, the Pantheon, a lively sketch of Naples, and a droll picture of a journey in the south of France, per *diligence*:

IMPRESSIONS ON BEHOLDING THE COLISEUM.

From this "impostor to true fear," we were conducted to that ruin which no weather can affect; no sunshine glorify; no moonlight render more romantic—that huge oval which we had trembled at in passing—the Coliseum, which must surpass all expectation, however exalted. Prints have made the outlines of its form familiar; but no print, no picture, ever gave an adequate notion of the colossal power the reality exercises over the mind which, for the first time, contemplates it. The rents which disclose the jagged masses of its walls to the eye, assist the perception of its magnitude—not so much by rendering the thickness of the walls palpable, as, by counteracting the effect which else the beauty of its oval shape

would produce in diminishing its apparent size. On the other hand, the sense of that very beauty, which is entirely preserved to the *mind*, though thus broken to the *eye*, enhances the idea of size, by suggesting the wonder that a thing so beautiful should be also so stupendous. The trees which, rooted in its higher regions, wave in its openings or tower into the sky, also assist, by the standard they introduce, in procuring justice from the eye for its height; the arches and fountains beside it, noble in themselves, further aid in marking its supremacy; and the entire result of these combined felicities is the perception of a work of human hands beyond the architectural imagination of our Martin to equal.

THE PANTHEON.

Through a wide market-square, clogged with the baskets and stores of market-women, and strewn with vegetable refuse, we struggled to the Pantheon; which, of all the buildings I saw in Rome, was to me most replete with interest that cannot die. Its majestic portico, and more majestic dome, carry the mind a little way beyond the imperial mass of crime out of which the grandeurs of the empire tower; not far, indeed, into the republic, but into an age which was illustrated by its forms, and embossed with the figures of its history. But there is a charm breathing in that perfect circle beyond the majestic beauty of its form—beyond even the shows of free greatness which were attendant on its origin—for it contains the ashes of the purest and holiest of painters—of Raphael, cut down in the flower of his life—the presence of which, after many generations, was attested by the exposure of the human hand which had wrought immortal wonders, disclosed entire to crumble at once into dust! The remains of other painters have clustered about this shrine, where the sense of beauty—the finest perfume of mortal life—will be breathed while Rome shall stand. Amidst the thoughts of power, greatness, oppression, and perverted faith, which the dead and the living Rome engendered in me, those which the sense of happiest art awakened at the tomb of its greatest master, were the serenest and the most welcome.

NAPLES.

We went about, however, next day, to see all the out-door wonders of Naples without any guide in its stony wilderness, over which the sun, in Pope's Homeric language, "refulgent shot intolerable day." Having always associated the idea of Naples with that of lazy luxury, I was astonished to recognise in it chiefly the idea of vastness—of prodigious height, and enormous propor-

tions. Looking from the sea-margin to its utmost heights, it rather resembled a city of giants than the selectest abode of pleasure. Lovely, no doubt—very lovely—are some of the details which its towering succession of houses, gardens, and terraces present to the view of an observer so placed; but these, breaking the mass of buildings, augment the effect of vastness by instructing the eye to appreciate their extent as it rises from point to point to the summit. But a walk amidst its mazes, when the sea and the great outlines of the city are lost, bewilders and sickens. The height of the houses which border the steep and narrow ways, equalling the loftiest in the old town of Edinburgh; the dangling lamps, suspended by ropes, which cross the arduous passages; the loud babble of strange tongues, often accompanied by fierce gestures; and the unceasing rattle of carriages of all kinds, driven with reckless disregard of foot-passengers, as if the coachman set human life at a pin's fee—may well astonish the Englishman who expected an epicurean paradise.

Panting for some silent and green relief from this noisy confusion, my son and I endeavored to reach the country, if country there should be, above this magnificent Tartarus of a city, and accordingly threaded and picked our way up one of its central heights, by alleys as steep as one of the iron cascades down which the ore thunders from a Welsh mountain mine; then along almost interminable avenues between blank walls; then up flights of stone and lava steps polluted by filth of the most shocking kind. At last we reached a bastion, and peeped over a battlement into a barrack-yard, which bore traces of a less degraded humanity; but we could find no opening to a prospect; and not a blade of grass, not a fountain, not a breath of untainted air refreshed our fruitless labor.

How it is possible for Englishmen and women to pass months in such a place, and "bless their stars and call it luxury," even if the satiated mosquitos give them leave to sleep, is a mystery which has doubtless a solution—which I sought in vain. Yet the groups we saw from our windows, which overlooked the best area for the exhibition of the graceful side of Neapolitan life, were usually instinct with a careless grace, and often presented surprising harmonies of color. The best were supplied by the peasants bringing to market, in the early morning, the spoils of the country in huge baskets, where grapes, apricots, and other fruits and vegetables were heaped up and capped with fresh flowers; sometimes borne on the heads of young girls, treading with a cheerfulness which heightened the grace of their movements, but often by haggard

women, grown prematurely old in sunburnt labor, or bare-legged tawny men, who looked, on near approach, as if they had crept out of earth-holes;—but all, as they streamed along, or clustered for gossip, unconsciously forming lively pictures.

JOURNEY IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

The first two stages, slowly performed in the waning light, were to us of the outside delightful; but two circumstances suggested distrust of the promised termination of our journey at dawn; first, that our *diligence*, a miniature specimen of its formidable class, about the bulk of an auld-world English six-insided stage, which had left Avignon in gallant trim with three respectable horses, dropped its leader at the first change, and struggled on with a pair of wretched animals which might have acted as skeletons in the train of the Wild Huntsman; second, that our "little bark" moved servilely attendant on a full-sized four-horsed *diligence*; stopped behind it whenever it stopped, even for some momentary adjustment in the middle of the road, like the attendant on a tragic queen; while the greater adventurer never returned the compliment, but—unmindful of the silent homage we had paid it on many stoppages, and our duteous admiration as it crawled up the hills, like a huge sea-monster,—at our first extra stoppage, rumbled majestically out of sight, and was seen no more.

Our pace then became slower: night closed over us with a curtain of the heaviest-laden clouds, from behind which the moon sometimes spitefully peeped to show us the dreariness of the country, which it did not condescend to adorn; and we began to freeze in our lofty seats—less from absolute cold, than from a frigid sympathy with the icy character of our motion. The stages were short; the pauses long; until one pause, which followed our attainment of the edge of a wide-spread table-land, threatened to be endless. The vehicle stood as if rooted, in the middle of one of those straggling French villages of ponderous homesteads, which, at their best, look like logwood towns in slow progress; and at their worst (of which this seemed a model specimen), like savage hamlets grown prematurely old. The coach stood "full inside" outwards in utter desolation, with its broken pole bound up by a dirty rope, which, dangling down, had been gradually growing spectral to our strained eyes, before a hovel much larger than its neighbors; this we guessed to be an inn, by a broken horse-trough in front, guarded by a pump without a handle. With a desperate purpose to find relief in a crust of black bread and a bottle of sharp wine, not for refreshment but for change of sensation, I quitted my perch, pushed open a rough-hewn unpainted,

door, by upsetting a faggot placed within as a fastening, and gained admittance to a huge, low room, which might have been a kitchen; except that the only hint of a fire-place was given by a line of broken flag-stones rather blacker than the bricked floor, surmounted by a large chimney.

One tallow candle, flaring in its low tin socket, disclosed this melancholy apartment, about which I looked in vain for a fitch of bacon, or a rope of onions, or a mouldy cheese to hint of something that some one might eat, or for a battered pewter pot, or even a rim of liquor-stain on a bench or table to indicate that once upon a time something had been drunk there; but a half-chopped log of wood on a long deal table, with a rusty cleaver beside it, was the nearest approach to a vestige of humanity that I could discover. I called; I shouted; not even an echo answered, until, just as I was departing in despair, a figure, half-ostler, half-ogre, slouched in as if walking in its sleep; for if the eyes were open their sense was unawakened; and large, round, wide-open they were, beneath a mat of reddish hair set in a broad, dirty, fairish face, which surmounted a mass of great coat and gallingaskins without form. In an extended hand the figure grasped an enormous horse-whip, with which, by a tremendous crack, he replied to the absurd inquiries I addressed to him as to the cause of our detention and the probability of our departure.

As I repeated these questions in idle despair (for, of course, he could not understand me), he only expanded his great eyes and cracked his whip anew; till I guessed the fact that there was a failure in the supply of horses, and that our conductor was gone on a hopeful expedition among the upland farms to beg, borrow, or otherwise acquire animals for our need. But to the inquiry—how long we were likely to wait, it was impossible to gain an intimation; the ostler stood stock still and cracked his whip, as if by that movement he was discharging the sole duty for which he was born; when, hopeless of obtaining a bit of truth, I should have felt the most palpable lie to be a comfort. At last, I resolved “to walk on.”

I consider the above are well deserving a place in OUR OWN JOURNAL; and therefore, my dear sir, I offer no apology for their length.

Henley.

HONEYSUCKLE.

[It would be idle in us to tell the readers of OUR JOURNAL that we delight in receiving their friendly aid. No jealousy is there among them—of *that* we are sure. We therefore offer no excuse for making our Paper, to-day, more than usually light, playful, attractive—yet *solid* withal. “Honeysuckle” has helped us right lovingly. Let us ALL thank her; for she is a *universal* favorite.]

WHAT I LOVE.

I LOVE an open countenance,
A kind and noble face;
The index of an honest heart,
That loves the human race!
A brow on which a smile is thron'd,
Like sunlight on a flower,—
As open as the regal skies,
With beams of love and power!

I love the kind and welcome glance
That proves we're not alone;
And oh! how sweet to find at times
Some feelings like our own!
A heart that beats with purest hopes,
To pity and to bless;
That strives to make earth's comforts more,
Its pains and follies less!

I love the man whose generous smile
Is given with his hand—
Who sees his equal in all men,
And all men equal stand?
Who sees not the distinctions made
By human laws between
The man who has and who has not,—
But loves from what he's seen!

I love the man whose heart is true,
Who seldom wears a frown;
And loves all men, from him who toils
To him who wears a crown!
With mildness ever on his lips,
A free and open mind,—
A brow with mental grandeur spann'd,
A soul supremely kind!

QUALLON.

[This honest-hearted writer has chosen a horribly ugly name. Let him change it by all means; and directly.]

THE HARMONY OF NATURE.

IN A STATE OF NATURE, no race of animals is unhappy. They are all adapted to the mode of life which God has ordained them to lead; and their chief enjoyment consists in pursuing their natural habits, whatever these may be.

The woodpecker, while boring a tree, and clinging to it for hours by its scendent feet, is just as happy as the eagle is when perched upon the mountain cliff, or pouncing on its quarry from the clouds. Neither could lead the life of the other, but each is happy in the state which has been assigned to it; and this is observable throughout all nature. A rat which burrows in a ditch, is as happy as it could desire to be, so long as it can find garbage sufficient to feed on; and a heron, immovably fixed, watching for the approach of small fishes and frogs, has, there can be little doubt, as much pleasure as any lover of the angle can enjoy while wearing out the summer day in marking his light float, and waiting, in mute expectation, the wished-for bite.

REVIEW.

THE NATURALIST. No. 40. FOR JUNE.
Groombridge & Sons.

We generally connect rapidity or slowness of motion with the ideas we form of an animal's happiness. If, like the tortoise, it move with slow and measured steps, we pity or despise, as the mood may be, its melancholy, sluggish condition; and the poor persecuted toad has probably incurred as much of the odium so unjustly attached to it, by its inactivity, as by its supposed loathsomeness.

On the other hand, enjoyment seems always to be the concomitant of celerity of motion. A fly dancing in the air, seems more happy than the spider lurking in his den; and the lark singing at "Heaven's gate," to possess a more joyous existence than the snail, which creeps almost imperceptibly upon a leaf, or the mole which passes the hours of brightness and sunshine in his dark caverns underground. But these and all other animals are happy, each in its own way; and the habits of one, constituted as the creatures are, could form no source of felicity to another, but the very reverse.

Though activity may stimulate the appearance of superior enjoyment, we may conceive that, where it is excessive, the animal in which it is so demonstrated must suffer much from fatigue. This would be another mistake, in so far as relates to animals in a state of nature. The works of God are all perfect in their kind; but if an animal were formed to lead a life of almost perpetual motion, and that motion were accompanied or followed by fatigue, the work would be imperfect. Take the swallow as an example; it is constantly on the wing, except at night. From the early morning to the downgoing of the sun, it is for ever dashing through the air with the rapidity of an arrow; but neither morning nor evening does it ever show one symptom of weariness.

It has a wing which never tires; and at night it betakes itself to repose—not worn out by the fatigues of the day, but preparatory for sleep after what is to it a wholesome exercise.

ELOPEMENT,—A HINT.

Do! listen, ladies; and I'll tell you brief,
A touching tale, and true as History.
The Wind and Leaf held dalliance—"Gentle Leaf,"
Began the Wind, "awake and fly with me!
For thee I pass'd the beds where roses are;
And though their whispers fragrant woo'd my stay,
And every little bud shone like a star,
I thought on thee—arise, and come away!
Thy sisters dark are sleeping in the dew,
I would not rouse their coldness with a sigh;
But thou, the *beautiful*, and I, the *true*,
Were meant for common passion,—let us fly!"
The Leaf complied; and, ere a day was done,
Was flung aside—a thing to tread upon!—*Tait*.

Among the varied articles that appear in this number, is one on the "British Swallow," from which we borrow a few notes. The writer styles himself a sea-side naturalist, and rejoices, it will be seen (as do most other so-called "naturalists," in acts of brutality), in his success at having shot an unfortunate Alpine Swift, roving, free as air, in harmless pursuit of its food. The name of a naturalist, now, is very properly associated with that of a savage. They are, alas! synonymous:—

BRITISH SWALLOWS.

We well remember, says the writer, the deep interest we took in these birds as we watched them flying along shore at the time of their arrival in spring. Our Journal, from the second week of April to the 1st of May, furnishes proofs of the frequency of our observations respecting them; and a common source of wonder appears to have been the immense number that swept past—all in one direction—northwards. We conjectured they had coasted along the shores of England, and were proceeding to people our northern towns, villages, and country-places, where we were sure the glad presence of the Swallow had not been hailed. And this may be illustrated by the following scene we witnessed:—

Up to the 20th of April, 1848, not a Swallow had been seen in the town or neighborhood of Dunbar; and in the morning of that day, just about sunrise, when rambling by the sea-side about a mile distant from the town, we observed, by the aid of a glass, an immense concourse of small birds out at sea, a long way off to the south-east, but speedily approaching; they were distinctly seen glancing in the light streaks on the water, and in their flight inclining towards the shore. When nearer us, we knew them to be the Common Martlet or Window Swallow (*Hirundo urbica*), and the main body of the flock flew steadily past, giving off detachments now and then, which steered landwards, and broke up into smaller companies. A second and a third troop of them appeared, and, like the first, flew steadily onwards, without diverging in the main from their flight northwards; and on our return, we found the town street alive with them flying to and fro. In front of one occupied house were at least thirty or forty, chirping and chattering around the window corners bearing the remains of old nests; and on different chimney tops we observed others busied in arranging their plumage after their journey. But this manner of appearing is not usual; generally speaking, a few scattered pairs are the heralds, and even these may be seen for some days before others arrive. We may remark, however, that every season we have noticed these migrations—flocks passing, and straggling parties leaving them in the manner described.

The Chimney Swallow (*H. rustica*), and the Sand Martin (*H. riparia*), arrive about the same time, generally a few days earlier, but in smaller numbers; the latter, indeed, mostly in pairs,

though sometimes we have counted ten in a troop. The former is our favorite amongst Swallows; and however much tastes may differ, we think it the most elegant. Perhaps our partiality may arise from the close attention we gave to its habits, and from our having kept tame individuals, for a time, in confinement. The nest is found in almost every situation, for though its common name would lead us to suppose it frequented chimneys, such a habit is not characteristic of the bird; yet it is the only species which, so far as we know, inhabits chimneys. In a few instances we have seen a pair issuing from a red chimney-can, where their nest must have been built; but it is proper to mention that the chimneys were not in use. They do not, however, always choose a safe place, for they will sometimes mistake a sootless aperture for one in disuse, and involve themselves in all the horrors of a smoky house. The most curious case that we can quote, occurred within our own observation; and was repeated annually for a period of four or five years. Three pairs of Swallows (*H. rustica*) built their nests in the interior of the smoke-funnel of a kiln for drying oats, and had, when we first discovered them, each a brood of young ones. The kiln had been once used when these birds were sitting on eggs, without causing them to forsake their nests; but one morning, on going out of doors, there was a sad spectacle awaiting us. The miller was at his work drying oats, and the parent Swallows were fluttering and screaming in great distress. The smoke and heat did not deter them from venturing inside, and we could not at first divine their object in exposing their lives to jeopardy. It was soon explained, however. The young were nearly fledged, and by and by made their exit, but in what manner we could not discover, as we had for a short time left the spot. Towards evening when the fire was put out, and the tenants of the funnel quiet, we despatched a boy to the roof of the building, and he reported that there were three nests, all containing young.

The Chimney Swallow occasionally remains with us much later than its congeners. In 1847, we saw several specimens on the 24th of November, and a solitary individual on December 15th, flying close to the sand, on the lee-side of the high wall by the sea-shore. It was observed again on the following day, hawking over the same spot; but was apparently languid in its flight. The weather at that time was mild, but had been cold and boisterous for some days towards the end of the previous month.

We are disposed to look upon the Bank Swallow (*H. riparia*) as a solitary bird; for, although in some cases, where an extensive abrupt cliff may afford room for a great number, and find tenants too, yet the species is more frequently, we think, found breeding in a colony of at most four or five pairs. During our own direct observations, we concluded that a solitary couple was oftenest seen, but we should hardly venture to publish that opinion against so much contrary testimony. In the county of East Lothian we have never seen a spot where more than thirty or forty were established together, while, on the other hand, we could lead doubtful ornithologists to the burrows of almost a hundred single birds. The Sand Martin is easily tamed when young, and will greedily take

flies and other insects when offered to it. We had two or three at various times, which were great favorites; having become quite familiar, and accustomed to use their wings in a room in search of prey.

One interesting fact in connection with the Martlet or Window Swallow (*H. urbica*) is its habit of associating sometimes in large communities in rocky cliffs near the sea: these colonies far surpass in extent those of the Bank Martin. At the Cove shore, in Berwickshire, there were last summer from fifty to a hundred families lodged in the face of a high cliff at the time of our visit. We slung a few stones at the most thickly populated quarter, and alarmed the whole of the feathered tenantry, which issued wildly from their resting-places; forming a perfect cloud of birds, and screaming incessantly till we retired. Few of the nests were affixed to the smooth parts of the rock; the greater proportion were lodged in the crevices and inequalities, some of them adhering to each other.

THE SWIFT (*Cypselus apus*.)

Opportunities have been within our reach for watching the proceedings of this bird while nesting. In one case, a pair had taken possession of a hole under the eaves of a slated roof, which a couple of Sparrows had been accustomed to call their own for many seasons. There was a continual warfare for the mastery; and we have often been amused at the impertinence of the male Sparrow, in doggedly maintaining his ground when the Swift attempted to get in. An unusual clamor attracted our notice one evening, as the Swift had forced a passage, and turned out his opponent, who called to his aid an indignant multitude of neighbor Sparrows to resent the affront. One or two of the boldest entered the hole, while their fellows kept up an encouraging chatter outside. There was no doubt war in the interior; so we procured a ladder, being anxious to hear the altercation; and having reached the top spar, we put our ear to the mouth of the crevice. It was more capacious than we had imagined, for we could hear nothing for a while but smothered chirping; then the Swift made some wrathful exclamation—"Hree-ee-ee, hree, hree!" which broke out at intervals, prompted in all likelihood by the impudent perseverance of the "Sprauchs;" till at length one grand scream dissolved the interview, and the Swift rushed out. For our eaves-dropping we got what a rude spectator called a "whang on the lug," which, however, caused us more alarm than pain; and we descended with the intention in future to let "Develings" and "Sprauchs" settle their own quarrels. We therefore looked up to them ever afterwards, and waited for the result. Neither party were likely to give in, for both pairs of birds regularly supplied materials for the nest. It was curious to notice this. The Sparrows brought paper, strings, wool, and cotton, and the usual articles employed by the species in building; while the Swifts, with equal diligence, gathered feathers and floating straws, which we distinctly saw them seize when on the wing, and carry to the hole. It turned out, however, a fatal mixture; one of the Swifts was seen in the gloaming soaring aloft, displaying a floating pendant in one of the Sparrow's hempen lines, and

was next morning found tethered to the branches of a pear-tree growing nearly in contact with the wall, quite dead.

This bird sometimes leaves its young to perish in the nest, should it unfortunately have a late brood, not fledged in time to migrate with the others, when they leave in September. We once witnessed a distressing case where the abandoned family suffered a slow death by starvation. It was really painful to see the little creatures after their parents had gone, protruding their round sooty faces, and plaintively cheeping for food. Their cradle served them as a tomb; and next year, the old birds finding the skeletons difficult to remove, built another nest on their remains.

In addition to the species whose habits we have in part attempted to describe, we have to record the supposed appearance, in our locality, of the Alpine Swift (*C. Alpinus*); but we are sorry that what we have to relate of it is of a very unsatisfactory nature. From our Journal, it appears to have been on the 22nd of May, 1847, when this bird "met our astonished gaze." Our attention was riveted in a moment to it, as it hawked for prey above a range of stables early in the morning of that day; and from that hour we resolved, if possible, to get hold of it.[!] For three successive days and evenings, we saw it occasionally in the same neighborhood, flying in company with other Swifts; and having got ready a charge of small shot, we took as determined a stand against it as any misguided or cruel collector of British rarities ever did. Many an upward look did we indulge in, waiting a chance to bring it down; now it would poise at an altitude of 80 yards, or thereabouts, and again dash off at lightning speed, while its white breast glanced in the light—the very phenomenon that gave eagerness to our designs on its person. Then it would return again, and hang on almost motionless wing above us at the same respectful distance, until some shrill scream from one of its darker companions gave the signal for a change. But, shy though it was, its doom was fixed; we shot it as it glanced athwart a chimney top—a most unfortunate moment! Now, cried we, for the decision; but alas! it was swallowed in the jaws of the gaping funnel, and was seen no more. It had actually fallen down the wide-mouthed chimney of an unoccupied house, whence it was impossible to recover it. We could in our turn do nothing but give vent to our regret, that our winged prey had in this way cheated our hopes. There were besides, the unpleasant doubts about its species, connected with its sudden and unlooked-for disappearance, which heightened the loss. Color alone induced the question, *Alpinus* or *Apus*? and in our mortified enthusiasm we could only answer—"Too black, and yet too white!"

"Like spirits of a middle sort,
Who dropt just half-way down, nor lower fell."
DRYDEN.

A humane man this, so to gloat over his indefensible, heartless brutality! We wonder if he has any family. We hope not. Shame upon him! cry we. We seem to "improve" in everything but humanity. In this, we are centuries behind other nations. We glory, too, in our acts of savage cruelty!

THE VOICES OF NATURE TO HER FOSTER CHILD, THE SOUL OF MAN. BY GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D D. William Collins.

We have, in another part of OUR JOURNAL, spoken about the delights of Meditation. All who agree in the spirit of what we have said, should take this book with them when they ramble abroad. It is full of subjects for meditating upon, and may be profitably consulted by young and old. Cheever is a delightful companion.

Few of us are aware of the analogies existing between the natural and spiritual worlds. Here they are brought vividly before us; and a train of reasoning is grounded thereon that is more than interesting.

The crowded state of our columns prevents our giving extracts; but we feel sure that our recommendation will carry weight with it.

The author is very impressive throughout, on a subject that we cannot too much dwell upon,—viz. the importance of circumspection, whilst disseminating our opinions publicly. A word spoken, or printed, has sped on its way, for good or evil, all over the world. *It cannot be recalled.* Think on this,—heads of families.

It were well for us all to reflect on it; for we are every one of us morally answerable for the "consequences" of our expressed thoughts, as well as for the example we set in our daily habits of life.

A fearful responsibility awaits those who disregard this friendly warning; and our "last words" shall speak emphatically on this point, so little considered amongst us.

POETRY OF A DAY, &c. — WORKSHOP MUSINGS. BY A. MAUDSLAY. Kent & Co.

WHO says that a journeyman shoemaker has no soul—that he cannot love God—that he cannot sing sweetly as any bird? If any one there be, sceptical on this matter, let him listen to two pieces of music, taken at random from the *repertoire* of A. MAUDSLAY:—

LOVE IN NATURE.

Nature is full of love—yea, all things speak
Of it, from the bright host of stars that, night
By night, like an embattled army, march
Around the world, down to the meanest flower
That scents the morning wind. Sometimes it
darts

Across the soul, as a bright sunbeam darts
Across a tranquil lake, when the young morn
With jewell'd feet trips o'er the eastern hills;
At other times, like a sweet melody,
It lingers round the heart, and brings a joy
Sweet as itself—a joy so sweetly pure,
In sooth, that we forget our grosser life,
And have each thought and passion so sublimed,
So fill'd with an ethereal buoyancy,
That almost to our conscious selves we seem
A winged tone in that unutter'd song

That earth breathes ever upwards unto Heaven.
Here, as upon this mossy bank I sit,
Methinks love sings to me from every leaf
And flower I gaze upon. Its gentlest tones
Make echoes in my heart, and I rejoice,
Because all other things are full of joy.
Ah! surely feeling is not ours alone,
But circulates through all this mighty world,
As life-blood through the heart. Such is the
faith

I hold, believing in my inmost soul
That nothing lives, or moves in Heaven or earth,
But is a throb of that Almighty heart,
Whose strong pulsations stir the universe.
The soft low wind, that, like a child at play,
Toys with the thick-leaved boughs above my head,
And kisses every leaflet in its sport,
Is eloquent with feeling fresh from God;
And this bright stream, that over moss-green
stones

Glides at my feet, how like a living joy
Throughout the livelong summer day it sings,—
Aye! dancing to the music of its song!

MY SISTER'S GRAVE.

The shadow of the ancient church
Is sleeping on her grave.
A blithe bird sings among the boughs
That slowly o'er her wave.

Sing on, sing on, thou merry bird;
Thy notes sweet mem'ries bring;
And though I cannot choose but weep,
I love to hear thee sing.

The summer sun unclouded shines
Afar off in the west;
Its golden light sleeps tranquilly
Here, where the dead have rest.

And, hark! a dreamy sound, that breathes
Deep quiet o'er the scene,
Is floating from yon aged elms
That guard the village green.

Methinks it is as if that sound
Were earth's last prayerful sigh;
As if the music of the bird
Were joyous hope's reply.

All happy sights and sounds are rife
Where my loved sister lies:—
Below, how greenly waves the grass!
Above, how pure the skies!

Dear sister! on thy grave I strew
These wild-flowers, ere we part;
Soon will they fade upon the ground;
But never from my heart.

For I shall see them them far away
In grove or tangled brake;
And, oh, shall I not love them there,—
Not bless them for thy sake?

Would that *every* sister had such a brother!

THE SWEET SOUTH, OR A MONTH AT
ALGIERS; WITH A FEW SHORT LYRICS,
BY ELEANOR DARBY. 8vo. Hope & Co.

This is an attempt by a lady, to set forth
in verse her reminiscences of a month passed

in Algiers. She sings, she says, because she
cannot help it. Her subjects are very varied.

The volume exhibits great versatility of
talent; and, amidst some crude expressions,
we find here and there sentiments that do
honor to the writer's heart. For instance,
in a "Lover's Address to his Absent Mis-
tress," he says in the final stanza:—

No, dear! we are not parted,
Though seas between us roll;
E'en sever'd, the true-hearted
Still mingle soul with soul.

This is true poetical feeling, and it redeems
many faults on which we could be critically
severe.

To become an accomplished writer, Mrs.
Darby must be more guarded in her expres-
sions; for instance, speaking of the beautiful
stillness of night, she breaks out with—
"O, Heavens! how sweetly the nightingales
sing!"

This is neither poetical nor elegant. It
grates harshly on the ear. A very little care
would obviate this. We must not always
write as we speak. Vulgarity looks awk-
ward in print.

No doubt, among Mrs. Darby's own
private friends, this effort of her genius will
find a welcome. She has a heart which is
evidently alive to the passing beauties of
Nature; and if her poesy lack polish, *that*
may be attained by study and practice.

We give one parting specimen of her muse
that does her heart infinite honor. It is
quite in unison with the sentiments ever
breathed in the columns of OUR OWN:—

The human heart which tremblingly
In Woman's bosom beats,
Rich as the rose should also be—
As lavish of its sweets!
Pure as that child of Nature fair,
And tender as the dove;
With many a leaf for Friendship there,
But *only one* for Love.

We hope to meet Mrs. Darby again in the
literary ranks. In her lighter efforts, she is
at home. The Christian Virtues are themes
on which her pen might be profitably em-
ployed.

THE VALUE OF "THINKING."

THOUGHT engenders thought. Place one idea
upon paper; another will follow it, and still another,
until you have written a page. You cannot
fathom your mind. There is a well of "thought"
there which has no bottom. The more you draw
from it, the more clear and fruitful it will be. If
you neglect to "think" yourself, and use other
people's thoughts—giving *them* utterance only,
you will never know what you can do. At first,
your ideas may come in lumps—homely and
shapeless. Time and perseverance will arrange
and refine these. Learn to "think," and you will
learn to write. The more you "think," the better
you will express your ideas. Try this, good folk.

NATURAL PIETY.

A little boy, in thoughtful mood,
Alone, a woodland path pursued,
Beneath the evening's tranquil sky,—
He thought not where, he knew not why.

He watch'd the sunset fade away,
Leaving the hills with summits grey;
He saw the first faint stars appear,
And the far river's sound came near.

The birds were hush'd, the flowers were closed,
The kine along the ground reposed;
All active life to gentle rest
Sank down—as on a mother's breast.

All sounds, all sights, of earth and sky,
Came to his ear, and to his eye;
Until from these absorbed, forgot
They were, and he perceived them not.

Though from his home and friends apart,
No sense of fear disturb'd his heart;
Though round him were dark shadows thrown,
He did not feel himself alone.

Touch'd by an influence and a power
He never felt until that hour,
The language of his eyes was meek,
And the warm tears were on his cheek.

He did not kneel—he did not pray,
No thought through utterance found its way;
His feelings could no language find—
For GOD WAS PRESENT IN HIS MIND.

THE POWER OF A BABY'S SMILE.

Sure we may say with truth,—“a babe's
The resting place for INNOCENCE ON Earth!”
MARTIN TUPPER.

THAT WE ARE SWORN LOVERS of our race when in their helpless, innocent baby-hood, is no secret. Ere sin has defiled the infant mind, 'tis pleasant to note its feeble instinct put forth to win a mother's heart—won doubtless already; but the bond must be strengthened. Happy mother! Happy baby!

Nor is a baby's smile confined to its mother only. Surely not. Naked simplicity teaches it to smile innocently on all around. Knowing no guile, it suspects none. It *may* have some “thought”—nobody can say it has not. But to our purpose.

The following Sketch, by a gentleman travelling in Ireland, has been kindly placed in our hands. We make no apology for printing it. It is of its kind, faultless; and we hope our readers will enjoy a perusal of it as much as we have done. We are not all fathers and mothers perhaps (yet)—“but who knows?”

One intensely hot noon-day (I am a bachelor you must know), I entered a railroad car. Being a modest man, I sunk upon the seat that was unoccupied. I was congratulating myself upon my good fortune in securing so commodious a position, when, for the first time, I discovered that I was riding *vis-a-vis*, and in close propinquity, to a young woman and her—*baby!*

At first I was horror-struck. I looked about me for some means of escape. Alas! not a vacant seat was anywhere visible. At this crisis of my discoveries, I might have sat for a model of Dismay. Had the lady been beautiful, or even pretty, my condition would have been endurable; but far from this, she was almost repulsively ugly. The baby was a little blue-skinned, sickly thing, which looked as if it had been suckled by a bottle of skimmed milk. Had I seen it in the street, I should have pitied it; but here, just beneath my eyes, a fellow prisoner in the same travelling car,—it was too much! my very soul loathed it!

“Fortunately,” thought I, “we are in a railroad car—this purgatory will have an end.” But my congratulations commenced too soon. There was a delay in starting. We sat waiting a full ten minutes. The baby began to cry, and beg for “*mippy*”—(I afterwards was informed by the mother that this was the baby-synonym for *milk*). Mamma strove in vain to hush and quiet it. Numerous were her expedients to call its attention to surrounding objects. Her ingenuity amused me. “It is worthy of a better occupation,” thought I.

The poor woman, finding these efforts vain, commenced an attack upon the baby's memory and imagination. “Does Addy want a little black kitten, with a white spot on its tail? Yes, Addy shall have a pretty little kitten, with a white spot on its tail. Mother will go to Miss Barnes's and get Addy a little kitten. Kitty! kitty! kitty! kitty! Come, kitty, and see Addy!” Addy raised her head, and opened her large black eyes. Evidently, imagination was not sufficiently active to change the figures upon the canvas carpet into “a little kitten with a white spot on its tail;” for she screwed her little dirty face into worse shape than before, and broke out into a loud scream.

“Scissors!” thought I, burying my face in a large bouquet I carried in my hand. The perspiration fell in big drops from my forehead. I wished myself a brick wall, though it is said that even walls have ears. At this moment, I felt something tugging away at one of the roses in my bouquet. I looked up, and found the baby had seized the choicest of the bunch, and was clenching it firmly in her little dirty fist. O, what desecration! My flowers, my beautiful flowers! presented to me by the lily hand of my lady-love, from whom I had just tenderly parted—my dear, beautiful flowers to be mauled in this way by a little, dirty, squalling baby! Bah! I was ready to faint.

I looked lightning, and was about to growl thunder, when I was arrested by—what do you suppose could have checked the righteous indignation of a spirit so outraged in its holiest and tenderest feelings? Pity my weakness, when I confess it was a *smile*—yes, a little foolish smile from that little baby! I could not help it—I strove against the infirmity, but soften, my heart would, like snow in a south wind; and before I was aware of my danger, I had smiled in return!

“Pretty flowers, ain't they, Addy?” said the mother, casting down her eyes modestly. (Forgive me, my beautiful Margaret! but there was something in that modest look that brought *thee* to my thoughts. All the soft, and all the heroic traits of woman's character occurred to me. Think-

ing of Margaret made me feel like a lover to the whole sex.) "The woman isn't so ugly! after all," thought I. "The mother is in her face."

Baby still clung to my flowers, looking up all the while and smiling in my face. "What does this smile insinuate?" thought I. "Ah! the sex begin their arts early. The baby is certainly the mother of the woman. This little piece of coquetry here has put on her pretty wiles to seduce a flower from me. Shall I be boy enough to yield?" I pursed up my mouth, and locked together my teeth; resolving to come off victorious.

"The gentleman is very kind to let you look at his flowers, isn't he, Addy?" said the mother. Oh! how these words pierced my conscience! I "kind!" No; I was the greatest churl in existence. (What would Margaret have thought,—my kind, gentle Margaret, who had collected these sweet flowers to cheer me on my journey? Would she not have deemed it a poor requital of her love to refuse a flower to a poor little suffering infant?) The blood flushed to my cheek—my hand fidgeted among the roses—I drew one out from the cluster—I—I—I blush to confess it, —I gave it to THE BABY!

When I recovered from the shock which this worldly folly gave me, I heard Addy expressing loud delight and the mother earnest gratitude. I don't know how it is, but there is something in a woman's thanks that goes directly to my heart. I commenced serious efforts to assist her in amusing her hungry child. Whenever the baby began crying for "mippy," I began conjuring up expedients to pacify her. I pulled out my gold repeater, and held it up to the darling's ear. I gave her the keys and seals, to jingle in her dirty fingers. I even played bo-peep with her from behind my bouquet. Addy smiled like a little cherub. The mother's eyes shone with gratitude. I was the happiest of the happy. In vain were the smiles and comical expressions upon the faces of my fellow-passengers. "Poor misanthropes!" thought I, "they cannot understand the luxury of conferring even the most trivial benefit upon a fellow-being. Let them laugh! they are too ignorant and selfish to appreciate my elevated motives!"—Oh happy self-conceit, what a consoler thou art for all the jeers and malice of this scornful world!

From this felicitous reverie, I was aroused by the whistle of the engine and the stopping of the cars. "Thank you for your kindness, sir," said the mother, rising to leave. "Oh! do you stop here?" I exclaimed, quite aghast. I took the baby in my arms—yes, in my own arms, and followed with it to the door of the car. The mother received it with renewed thanks; and I had just commenced pouring forth a volley of heartfelt regrets that they must leave us, when the bell rang, and we were off again.

I returned to my seat, but it looked desolate enough. I cast my eyes around the cars, in hope to discover another baby. The search was vain; and I don't know how I should have become reconciled to my loneliness, had not my eyes rested on my bouquet. Sweet visions of Margaret began to flit through my brain; and I sunk into another reverie, which was not disturbed till the bell rang again at the termination of the road. I started up. "God bless the women!" was my

involuntary ejaculation. "Thank you, sir!" said a little laughing beauty, who had occupied the seat behind me, and who now stood curtsying at my side.

I blushed and glowed like a full-blown peony; and hiding my head behind my bouquet, rushed from the car.

P.S.—I shall *never* forget the smile on the face of that crying baby!

MESMERISM AND ITS RAPID PROGRESS.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE INSTITUTE.

ON WEDNESDAY, June 7th, the Annual Meeting of the members and friends of this excellent Institute (36, Weymouth Street, Portland Place), took place at Willis's Rooms, King street,—R. Monckton Milnes, Esq., in the chair. The large room devoted to the meeting was filled at an early hour.

It happened well for the future prospects of this grand undertaking, that the recent remarkable case of tumor, successfully removed without any pain from a female's breast, had become known all over the kingdom (we reported it at some length in our last). Mr. Tubbs, the operator on that occasion, has immortalised both himself and the science of mesmerism. If there existed any doubts *before* as to the latent powers of mesmerism, they are now removed once and for ever. It is "something" to slay prejudice. The power of God in Nature can no longer be hid. Our Creator has imparted a natural gift to man,—the gift of healing. Let him gratefully acknowledge it, and practice it unceasingly.

Humbug is fast dying away; medical men know it, and tremble. They continue to shake their heads as usual, it is true; and *try* to look "grave;" but the cloven foot is becoming visible. Physic has had its day; and people *at last* are becoming "sick" of it. Farewell, soon, to three draughts and the pills—"as before;" and to those many little pleasantries between doctor and patient that so nicely introduced the sundry grosses of graduated phials, filled with pretty colored fluids. "How are we to-day?" "Is our pulse more regular?" "Is our tongue cleaner?" "Have we slept better?"—"Good!" This delectable gossip is passing away. Its days are numbered. Even Homœopathy—another gigantic humbug*—is beginning to be looked upon with

* Habit is everything, in this as in all other matters. Fancy goes nine-tenths of the way towards the recovery of patients. They have faith in their medical attendant; hence his power over their weak minds. What he gives them, he alone knows,—albeit a certain smell is imparted to the colored fluids, for appearance sake. Fancy, too, and an egregious "swallow," attend all who advocate homœopathy. They fancy they are better; faith persuades the mind; and all goes on merrily. The art of a skilful physician, it has been well said, consists in amusing the patient whilst Nature cures the disease. Amusement and common sense are the "one thing needful" in the practice of physio. But horrible doses are super-added!—"There is a better time coming."

suspicion. People are not to be so easily "done" as they used to be. But we digress.

The business of the meeting opened, and the "Annual Report" read by that noble and conscientious philosopher, Dr. Elliotson, the various speakers commenced their harangue. After dwelling at some length upon the benefits arising from mesmerism, and detailing some remarkable cases of cure (in addition to the very many others alluded to in the Report), they came to the astounding and disgraceful fact—that the funds of the Institution were inadequate to meet the expenses! What surprised us more than all was, to hear that certain people in affluence who had been *cured* by mesmerism of *what medicine could not reach*, refused to contribute one penny towards the cause! They publicly confessed the cure, but withheld the helping hand. Their purse-strings had never been drawn. Even the "subscribers" were (some of them) behind-hand! This, in the very face of certain "great facts" which ought to make all the world unite as one man, to aid their fellow-creatures whilst suffering from pain of body or anguish of mind.

One thing is quite evident. During the year, mesmerism, as a curative power, has made rapid strides in public estimation. What our medical men in London *dare* not acknowledge (from the fear of losing their practice), numbers of country practitioners are daily giving their adhesion to. Nay; they sacrifice their very best interests, by professing and practising mesmerism openly. They heal, and take no money for it,—so devoted are they to the cause of benevolence, and so unwilling to injure their fellow-men. If space permitted, we should like to dwell very much on this; but it is otherwise.

Passing over the speeches of the Rev. W. Sandby, Messrs. Grattan, Majendie, and others, let us say a word or two about CAPTAIN HUDSON, the lion of the meeting. He spoke nearly at the last; he ought to have spoken *first*. We said a good deal about him last year; and therefore shall be brief now.

This worthy man is a host in himself. The intensity of his feeling, and his volubility of expression, are positively delightful. He records his facts with the rapidity of lightning,—one crowding on the back of another in powerful eloquence. There is little detail; but the actual thing accomplished is vividly brought before the mind's eye. Then look at his face—his heart is there! His heart and countenance unite *in confirming the truth of every word he utters*. He practises mesmerism in all parts of the north of England,—here, there, everywhere. Brain fever, spinal complaints, rheumatism, spasmodic affections, lingering complaints of twelve years' duration, fearful cases of mental derangement,—ALL yield to the operations of his hands. He is all-but worshipped in Liverpool, Sheffield, and the large northern towns. Two hundred and three public Lectures has he given since this time last year, in addition to his usual daily duties! And there he was, on the platform (after a long journey)—hearty, cheerful jolly;—willing, evidently, to "spend and be spent" for the benefit of his fellow-man. He is of a muscular, commanding presence—very good-tempered, and an angel of mercy to the cause he advocates.

We want a few more such men. Energy is that which carries a good cause forward. Persevere—persevere—persevere! "The harvest is plentiful, but the laborers are few." Once again,—Captain Hudson, give us your hand. And may God speed you on your way!

Let us, in conclusion, entreat our lady readers to pay a visit to 36, Weymouth Street. They will here find a most humane and excellent secretary; also, many of their own sex, engaged daily (under his able direction) in pleasing labors of love. Let them assist in this good cause, either personally or by subscription. Every trifle, however small, sets a good example. "Be instant, in season and out of season."

Amongst all the virtues, "Charity" ranks highest. And what greater charity can there be, than the alleviation of pain in a fellow creature,—more particularly when such alleviation *can be obtained in no other way?*

Let us not plead in vain.

THE PLEASURES OF DREAMING,—

OR,

THE "FIVE SENSES" REALISED IN SLEEP.

I slept! methought, my form around
A fairy circle rich and bright
Seem'd cast; which, by its magic, bound
Each sep'rate sense in mute delight.

A beauteous scene before me spread,
Arabia's odors filled the air;
And Heaven-born music seemed to shed
Its softest notes upon my ear.

Something more soft than India's web,
With silken touch stream'd o'er my cheek,
And nectar'd cups were at my lips,
That kings might leave their thrones to seek.

I woke—and found the vision real,
For *thou* wert bending o'er me there;
That silken touch was *not* ideal,
For o'er me waw'd thy glossy hair.

More than Arabia's spices choice
Thy breath sweet perfume shed around;
And, in the whispers of thy voice,
I heard prolonged that music's sound.

The nectar'd cup—the zone of light—
Well might I deem their birth divine!
Thine arms had proved that circle bright,
Thy lips were gently press'd to mine!

Q.

OPENING OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE,— SYDENHAM.

THIS long-talked-of event took place on Saturday, the 10th ult., in the presence of Her Majesty and Prince Albert, and other "people of importance." The day was fine over-head, although the wind was boisterous; and the attendance on the occasion, if not very numerous, was yet sufficiently so to produce a highly interesting scene.

All the "doings" on the occasion, and

the grounds themselves, have been so minutely detailed (*ad nauseam*) by the press (all of whom, it appears, have received fitting "consideration" for their services), that we shall merely record the simple circumstance of the opening; leaving the public to believe what they will, and to see "with their own eyes" how much of what they have heard is true. "Truth lies at the bottom of a well." Everybody should go once.*

The real facts of the case are assuredly against what is told us. The speculators in this wild-goose undertaking are in the position of Frankenstein. They have created a "monster," and have succeeded in animating it. Terrible thought! It will inevitably strangle them; there can be no reasonable doubt about *that*. However, the public have nothing to do with the speculative part of the business. There is quite enough (even in the present lamentably-imperfect state of the works) for their shilling; so they need not complain, though all should remain *in statu quo*.

The hasty opening at the fag-end of a London season was, by many, deemed impolitic,—but there was a powerful motive for it. Money *must* be had, under any circumstances; and in no other way could it be obtained. The sale of "Season-tickets" was by no means large; although we observed, two days previous to the opening, printed posters announcing a considerable "reduction on taking a number of tickets." This eager anxiety betrayed the true state of things. Many admissions were bought "cheap," and the public were not long in "smelling a rat." This is *not* the only wild speculation of modern times; though it must be admitted that a million and a half of money might have been more advantageously laid out.

Altogether, the affair hangs fire. Already have the ultra-puritans commenced a crusade against it and its supporters. They say, the poor man and the "shilling visitors" have no right to drink beer with their dinners; and they have been loudly petitioning against the introduction of any such crying sin in the grounds. They have already caused the masses to desecrate the Christian Sabbath in riot and excess; and

* It must not be supposed that we are indifferent to anything that may tend to improve the taste of the public. Had this bubble been blown on a more diminished scale; and had all that was noble in its avowed object been carried out,—*then* would our comments have been widely different from what they now are. The speculators have been grasping at too much. Thus, we have lots of shadow given us, but very little substance,—a good idea, in fact, spoiled.

now they are completing their intolerance by depriving them of one of the needful enjoyments of life on the other days of the week. This truly disgusting cant is worthy of a heathen country,—not of ENGLAND. Our word for it,—all who thus exclaim against the working-man having his half-pint of porter at dinner time, rarely confine themselves to a similar quantity of wine, if not of ardent spirit. "They say,—and do not."

That people are not better than they are, and not fond of observing the Sabbath otherwise than they now do, *is entirely owing* to puritanical intolerance. We want to make people "good," and we take the direct means to make them *hate* what is good. It is the same in Glasgow. The people there, desecrate the Sabbath, week after week, by getting drunk,—simply because every avenue is pertinaciously closed against their enjoying the air of Heaven. We hear of this repeatedly; and a foul blot it is on the hypocrites who make the Sabbath a day so much to be dreaded. (By the by, we observe that cholera has again broken out in Glasgow; and that many deaths occur from it. "Drunkenness" is assigned as the proximate cause!)

People never yet were to be made religious by an Act of Parliament. Compulsory piety is a high offence against Heaven; and woe be to the Mawworms who do so much serious mischief both in England and Scotland.

GOOD-NATURE AND SLANDER.

A TALE FOR OUR TIMES.

Oh! did you not hear in your nursery,
The tale that gossips tell,
Of the two young girls that came to drink
At a certain fairy well?
The words of the youngest were as sweet
As the smile on her ruby lip;
But the tongue of the eldest seem'd to move
As if venom were on its tip.

At the well a beggar accosted them,
(A sprite in mean disguise);
The eldest spoke with a scornful brow,
The youngest with tearful eyes.
Cried the Fairy, "Whenever *you* speak, sweet
girl,
Pure gems from your lips shall fall;
But whenever *you* utter a word, proud maid,
From your tongue shall a serpent crawl."

And have you not met with these sisters oft
In the haunts of the old and the young?
The *first* with her pure and unsullied lip,
The *last* with her serpent tongue?
Yes,—the *first* is GOOD-NATURE—diamonds bright
On the darkest theme she throws;
And the *last* is SLANDER—leaving the slime
Of the snake wherever she goes!

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

MEDITATION,—AND BOOKS.

Who READETH much, and never MEDITATES,
Is like a greedy eater of much food ;
Who so surcloys his stomach with his cates,
That commonly they do him little good.

SYLVESTER.

A few good books, *digested* well, do feed
The mind. *Much* cloy, or doth ill-humors breed.

ROBERT HEATH.



VERY MARVELLOUS ARE THE STRIDES NOW MADE BY MEN AND WOMEN IN A KNOWLEDGE OF THE CONTENTS OF BOOKS ! They read them by the wagon-load ; and then —Oliver Twist-like—call out loudly for “more !” Nor are

long in being abundantly supplied. Every book-stall in London, and at the railway stations, groans beneath the weight of countless volumes ; bedight *externally* in all the varied colors of the rainbow,—“artistic devices” the patterns are called !

A short time since, having occasion to travel by rail, we took a note of these matters as we flew from post to pillar, from town to town, from city to city. Turn where we might, *there* lay, in solid masses, books positively countless. Heaps upon heaps ! At each place where we tarried, we asked a multitude of questions about the disposal of all this rubbish. Who were the buyers ? What class of people ? &c., &c. The answer was in all instances alike,—“the public generally.” Our informants (all intelligent men) added, that good books, or books tending to reflection, met with a very small sale. Anything light, trifling, jocose, or whimsical, there was an immense call for. We are well aware of this ; and have often noticed, whilst waiting the arrival or departure of a train, the questionable taste shown in the selection of books by intending travellers. Whilst thus occupied, frequently have we thought on those lines of Cowper :—

’Twere well for most, if books, that could engage
Their childhood, pleased them at a riper age.
The man approving what had charmed the boy
Would die at last in comfort, peace, and joy ;
And not with curses on his art, who stole
The gem of TRUTH from his unguarded soul.

We are much afraid that thoughts like these seldom trouble the multitude !

Incidentally, we have inquired in our travels—if KIDD'S JOURNAL was ever asked for ? The reply has been “Yes, occasionally,—but *that* is a work much too solid for railway travellers. It is a work we dare never speculate upon,—for *the public taste lies quite a different way.*” Let us be honest and kind in our remarks. More than one,—two,—or three of the booksellers' assistants, presiding at these stalls, spoke of OUR

JOURNAL in terms of the very highest praise. *They read it themselves*, we found, regularly. On making ourself known as the presiding Genius of the work, our reception was most cordial. *These things do one's heart good.*

In this little episode, we see pictured the whole world in a nutshell. Ever agog for novelty, people read all the cheap and vile trash that is poured out from the press. The “book-merchants” know this, and buy up every old (formerly unsaleable work) that may have appeared. An ornamental (!) *ad captandum* green cover is then attached to it ; it is re-christened ; and despatched forthwith to fulfil its evil mission among tens of thousands of railway and other travellers. *One city-house* is notorious for purchasing *any* and everything that is offered to them ; boasting at the same time, that they can “force” it down the public's throat ! This is, alas ! too true.

John Bull is unmistakeably mad ; and no wonder, when he reads books at this rapid rate,—never having time to *digest* one line of them. Then,—our fair friends ; what a school of learning is now open for *them* ! Novels, romances, fiction of all kinds, penned in the worst possible taste,—these, and books on the “Fashions,” are their sole study. History, and works for the “improvement of the mind,” are altogether out of date (they must not be alluded to) ; whilst crochet and other useless fiddle-faddle occupy all their spare “thoughts.” And these are, the “goddesses” whom men of sense are called upon to “worship.” Nice companions are they for solitude—truly,—nice ornaments, too, for a happy home ! They are, for the most part, little better than animated pegs,—mechanical dummies for showing off every new fashion. But so the world wags, and we must e'en take it as it is,—rejoicing (as a friend now at our elbow remarks) that “things are,—no worse !”

WE are “a character,” it is said. Granted. And we are “very plain-spoken.” Granted also. What then ? Are our pursuits vain ? Are they destitute of enjoyment ? Is our object ignoble ? Plead we not for good sense ? Do we not seek to reduce the fearful distance between man and man, and to make the social compact closer ?

We want more amity ; more “twos and twos” to become “one,” both in sentiment and in habit. Friendship (properly so called) is delightful. Only think of the union of two fond hearts, with only one mind common to both ! Who, that is in the secret, would consent to differ from us ?

As bees mix'd nectar draw from fragrant flow'rs,
So man from Friendship wisdom and delight.—
Twins tied by Nature. If they part, they die !

We well know whom we are addressing ; and should not hold such converse in *any*

JOURNAL save OUR OWN. Our readers are quite "one" with us, and well understand the delights of true friendship. They may, however, have certain among their acquaintance to whom they might like to read what WE say. It would come better from us, perhaps, than from themselves.

Now for a word or two about profitable meditation. WE always find, in our strolls and wanderings, the greatest of all possible pleasures in meditating much upon what we have read, seen, and heard. It is only in solitude, or quietness, that one can indulge in these privileges, and give the soul a holiday. Gazing on the blue Heavens, and accompanied by the glorious sun, the heart feels free. The busy world is no place for meditation. The thoughtful spirit sickens at all it beholds there, and would gladly escape far away—if it could. The observations of a single day afford meditation for months to come. Nor is such meditation unprofitable. We wish we could get people, generally, to close with our ideas; but alas! we are as a heathen to them. Each party considers the other mad! Who shall decide?

The season has now arrived when "thought" will be almost universally banished—pleasure (falsely so-called) being eagerly pursued in every variety and excess. "The people" as they are familiarly termed, are now being poured out in armies far and near—eating, drinking, smoking, jesting, and rioting being, in their ideas, the *summum bonum* of human happiness. To attempt to reason with such folk, would be idle; we therefore do not attempt it. Yet are we grieved to see the low estimate set upon the best gift ever bestowed on man. "Be merry and wise," is an old saying, now laid upon the shelf. Ardent spirits, beer, and tobacco, have quite obliterated it from the minds of our people. Sad but true! We wish these most filthy abominations were more heavily taxed; the proceeds of a single year would go half way towards paying the expenses of the war, which my Lord Aberdeen's apathetic indifference has lugged us into with his "friend—the Emperor." But we have now done.

Let us close these few passing "Meditations" with half-a-dozen lines embodying a favorite sentiment of ours, to which may there be many a responding heart!

Nature in zeal for human amity,
Denies or damps all *undivided* joy.
Joy flies monopolists—it calls for *two*.
Rich fruit! Heaven-planted; never pluck'd by
one.

NEEDFUL auxiliaries are OUR FRIENDS to give
To social man *true relish* of himself.

May our creed become a universal one,—
and the sooner the better!

A CHAPTER ON GAD-FLIES.

THE NATURAL HISTORY of the Gad-fly is very curious; so curious that, as July is here (the month common to this insect), we propose offering a few observations on its habits. Its principal victims are the horse, the ox, the sheep, and the deer. Let us begin with

THE GAD-FLY AND THE HORSE.

The term gad-fly has been employed to denote the various species of a family of insects parasitic on horses, oxen, and other animals. These insects much resemble large common flies; but the body is often ornamented with bands of different colors, like the humble bees. The wings are very strong, and in general fully extended; the mouth of the insect, when in its winged state, is nearly obsolete, its place being supplied by three small tubercles, which are not fitted for organs of nutrition. Each species of this remarkable family is confined to its own particular quadruped, and displays much skill in the selection of the fittest spot for the deposition of its eggs.

The animals which have been ascertained as subject to their attacks, are—the horse, ox, ass, rein-deer, stag, camel, sheep, hare, and rabbit. Although there is reason to believe that the deposition of the eggs is rather annoying than painful to the several animals, yet the degree of terror which the approach of the gad-fly produces in them is very great. Horses are much agitated at the sight of it: they toss their heads, and gallop to a distant part of the pasture, in the hope of driving it away, or escaping from its pursuit. This is not, however, to be easily effected: the fly often keeps up with their pace, and follows her victim wherever he goes. His only chance of escape now lies in plunging into the stream; and if there is one at hand, he thus effectually rids himself of the annoyance, for the gad-fly never follows him there.

If no water is near, the fly soon finds an opportunity of accomplishing her purpose. Selecting the part where she designs to deposit her egg, she hovers over it for a few seconds, then suddenly darts down and leaves the egg adhering to the hair; this is so rapidly done, that she hardly appears to settle, but merely to touch the hair, and leave the egg affixed, by means of the glutinous liquor which is secreted with it. She then retires to a short distance from the horse, and prepares another egg, which she attaches to the animal in precisely the same way; then another, and so on.

Other flies repeat the operation; so that as many as four or five hundred eggs have been placed on one horse. The most wonderful part of this proceeding is, that the insect

invariably places the eggs on those parts of the horse's body which are within reach of his tongue. After four or five days, these eggs are ready to produce the young worm upon the smallest application of heat; so that when the horse licks that part of the skin on which they are deposited, the eggs readily open. Small active worms issue forth, and clinging to the moist surface of the tongue, they are carried with the food into the animal's stomach. Here, in a heat far surpassing that of our warmest climate, these worms attain their full size; and on this taking place, they detach themselves from the hold they had taken within the animal, and are voided by it. They then seek some convenient situation and assume the pupæ state, and, after six or seven weeks, appear in the form of a fly.

There are no fewer than five species which form the torment of horses, and trouble the short repose allowed to this noble animal. In Germany, the grooms make use of a particular kind of brush, with which they cleanse the mouths and throats of the horses, and thus free them from these troublesome insects before they are carried into the stomach.

One species of gad-fly to which the horse is subject, always deposits its eggs on the *lips* of the animal, and is even more distressing to him than those we have just described. It perseveres in its attempts, notwithstanding all the efforts made to avoid it; and it often hides in the grass till the horse is grazing tranquilly, when it fastens on the desired situation.

GAD-FLIES OF THE OX, SHEEP, AND DEER.

At certain seasons, the whole terrified herd, with their tails in the air, or turned upon their backs, or stiffly stretched out in the direction of the spine, gallop about the pastures, making the country re-echo with their lowings, and finding no rest till they get into the water. Their appearance and motions are at this time so grotesque, clumsy, and seemingly unnatural, that we are tempted rather to laugh at the poor beasts than to pity them, though evidently in a situation of great terror and distress. The cause of all this restlessness and agitation is, a small gad-fly (*Æstrus bovis*), less than the horse bee; the object of which, though it be not to bite them, but merely to oviposit in their hides, is not put into execution without giving them considerable pain.

This fly has been minutely described by Reaumur, who affirms that, in depositing the egg, the insect bores a small hole in the skin of the ox, by means of a singular organ of a horny texture, somewhat resembling an augur or gimlet. Mr. Bracy Clark does not admit this to be the case, but, after close exami-

nation, states that the parent insect merely glues the eggs to the hair of the animal, as in the case of the horse-bee; and that it is not till the living insects appear that the puncture is made. These larvæ are called *warbles* or *wormals*; and after they have burrowed into the skin, they form around themselves bumps or protuberances on the back of the ox, where they enjoy an equal degree of warmth, are protected from inclement weather, and remain till they arrive at maturity, with an abundant supply of food within reach. These tumors vary in number on the animal, from three or four to thirty or forty. The cattle most covered with them are not disesteemed by the farmer, for it is on young and healthy subjects that they are chiefly found. The tanners also prefer those hides which contain the greatest number of *bot-holes* (as they are commonly called), as being the best and strongest. The situation of the tumors is generally near the spine, but sometimes upon the thighs and shoulders. The largest of them are nearly an inch and a half in diameter at the base, and about an inch high; they can scarcely be perceived during summer, but in winter attain their full size.

The attack of the fly is attended with some danger, when the oxen are employed in agricultural work; for, whether in harness or yoked to the plough, they become unmanageable, and run directly forward.

Nor are our flocks exempt from the annoyance of the gad-fly. Sheep are sometimes observed, in the heat of the day, to shake their heads, and strike the ground violently with their fore-feet; or they will run away to dusty spots, ruts, or gravel-pits, where, crowding together, they hold their noses close to the ground. This is with a view to rid themselves of the fly (*Æstrus bovis*), and to prevent its entering its nostrils, where it lays its eggs around the inner margin. When the larvæ issue from the eggs, they make their way into the head; and when full-grown, they fall through the nostrils to the ground, and assume the pupa state. We have no means of knowing whether the sheep suffers much pain from these insects; but, from the strange freaks it occasionally performs, when infested by them, there is reason to suppose that they have, to say the least, a teasing and irritating effect. Sometimes the maggot makes its way even into the brain.

The fallow-deer, according to Reaumur, are subject to the attack of two species of gad-fly; one of which deposits its eggs in the same manner as that of the ox, so as to produce tumors; the other, like that of the sheep, so that its larvæ can make their way into the head. There is a curious notion prevalent among the hunters respecting these two species. Believing both insects to be of the same kind, they imagine that they mine

for themselves a painful path under the skin to the root of the horns, where they congregate from all parts of the body, and where, by uniting their labors, and gnawing indefatigably, they occasion the annual casting of the horns. Ridiculous as this fable is, it is sanctioned by some authors.

The rein-deer is still more cruelly tormented by these insects. The gad-fly takes the opportunity of depositing its eggs at the time when the animal sheds its hair, about the beginning of July. The hair then stands erect, and the insect is always fluttering near, to the great terror of its victim. Ten of these flies will put a herd of five hundred deer in the greatest agitation. The poor animals tremble, change their position incessantly, sneeze, snort, stamp, and toss continually. The fly closely pursues them if they flee from her, and keeps up with them as they bound over precipices, valleys, snow-covered mountains, and even the highest Alps. In their flight, the animals always choose a direction contrary to the wind, as an additional means of gaining advantage over their enemy. By this constant fear and agitation, they are kept from eating during the day, and are ever on the watch; standing with ears erect, and eyes attentive to all around them.

There is also a species of gad-fly appropriated to hares and rabbits in America; and this is said to be the largest species of *Æstrus* yet discovered.

Recent observations likewise go to prove, that there is either a species of the family appropriated to man, or that the same sorts which attack quadrupeds, under certain circumstances attack human beings. In South America it is common to see Indians with their stomachs covered with small tumors, produced by a species of *Æstrus*. This insect is said to penetrate the deeper the more it is disturbed, so as in some cases to produce death.

Verily Nature abounds in wonders!

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A DOG,—No. XXVI.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

(Continued from Page 300.)

EVER SINCE OUR LATE VISIT, my dear friend, to the Peahen, the recollection of my adventures with a certain unfortunate peacock have come so vividly to my mind, that I must tell you all about them. I dare say you will blame me a little; but the truth is, it was fifty times more my brother's fault than mine; for, *entre nous*, I really am the most innocent dog in existence. Fact,—'pon honor!

But now for the funny scene. I cannot help laughing at the reminiscence, even at this distance of time; and for the sake of the laugh, I am quite ready to take my share of the blame. Indeed, I think I ought to bear the whole of it, seeing that

my poor brother is no more. "*De mortuis, nil nisi bonum!*"

At about ten minutes' walk from our house at "Cour," on the Geneva road, lived an immensely fat radical Vaudois, by name M—n. Talk of the filthy moustache movement! this man's face was positively *hidden* by his enormous black moustaches and whiskers; his beard too was at least a foot long! He was a fine stout fellow, and had a fine countenance; but he was particularly severe, and about the worst-tempered, most despotic person I ever met with.

Being at that time in easy circumstances, and inhabiting a pretty country house, (he was a great bully, and an out-and-out radical to boot),—he was a capital tool in the hands of "Coco," (the celebrated H. D—y) then chief of the radical party at Lausanne, who used him as a kind of spy upon all the conservatives at "Cour." He hated the foreigners of every country with a most implacable hatred; and he had several times tried to pick a quarrel with Bombyx. But my old master is not to be annoyed unfairly; and so he told M—n, very coolly, that if he did not confine himself to his own business, he would convert him into an Irish stew. This made M—n wax very wrath. He became furious.

The back part of our house was on the high-road, and there were several bed-room windows which opened thereon. On one of these windowsills, my brother and myself were in the habit of taking up our position every morning. Now M—n used to drive up to town daily, about 8 o'clock a.m., in a "char Allemagne," a species of long cart, the like of which I have not seen in this country; and as he passed, he always grumbled and swore at Carlo. The latter never failed to return the compliment by showing his teeth; and this used to provoke M—n most sadly. One morning, as he passed, he saluted Carlo as usual; and was, as usual, replied to. Upon this, M—n, unable to restrain his wrath, struck at Carlo with his whip; who, in half a second, leaped clean upon his back. I followed instantly, and alighted in the middle of a hamper of empty bottles. Before he could stop his cart, we were both off. He could not say one word, for he was the first to use his whip; and he got well laughed at into the bargain by some people who were passing. He was more especially quizzed by "frère Jean," who was just going to execute a commission for Bombyx, and who witnessed the whole of the fun. I see Jean now,—stroking his nose! He took such a capacious "prise!" He was, moreover, nearly crying with laughter. M—n in his rage felt inclined to strike at Jean! Luckily for him, he thought better of it; and after swearing most heartily at Jean, he drove away; the latter kept on stroking his nose in double quick time, and laughing most provokingly. This, however, only increased his dislike to all foreigners, and to Bombyx in particular.

It so happened that our friend kept a great deal of poultry at the rear of his house; also a favorite peacock, and a pair of pretty peahens and "chivras." Well, one October morning, Bombyx and his sons, accompanied by my brother, frère Jean, and myself, went out for a day's shooting, intending to dine at "Crissier" and to return

late. We started pretty early, and commenced chatting about the probability of the day's sport just in front of M——n's country house, which was prettily situated on a little elevation from the high-road, with a lawn and entrance in front.

Of course my brother must poke his nose everywhere; and naturally enough must examine the grounds of M——n's country house. He was intent upon "game" (as were all the party); and most unluckily, at this moment, the favorite peacock crossed his path. Presently we were all startled and alarmed by a loud shrill sound like "gluck, gluck, keroo!" "gluck, gluck, keroo!" and looking round to ascertain from whence it proceeded, there was the peacock, flying straight across the road at about six feet from the ground, and Carlo springing after him! I immediately joined him; and on we went through Mr. D——t's meadow; and the grass being very high, somehow or other the affrighted bird escaped, and we also escaped a good sound thrashing. This we certainly should have had on our return (and to say the truth we well deserved it), had not Jean and Bombyx been afraid of attracting attention.

Bombyx and his sons now went on quickly, and Jean lingered behind until he was convinced that no one had seen anything of this adventure,—knowing full well what a disturbance there would be should M——n twig what had been "up." We then proceeded to "Crissier," where we had some famous sport; and on our return it was wisely determined to come home by the lake, in order to avoid passing M——n's country house; thus probably risking another adventure which we might not so easily get over.

Well, we had just got to the bottom of Mr. D——t's orchard (which borders the lake, at a distance of about a mile from M——n's house), when Carlo began running about the grass and sniffing up the air in a most anxious manner,—his stump shaking about most rapidly. I dashed in to see what the fun was;—when "gluck, gluck, keroo!" "gluck, gluck, keroo!" was again repeated. The unfortunate peacock had wandered down to this spot, and probably could not find his way home! Up he started, and flew towards the lake,—Carlo after him. I followed. At last Carlo got firm hold of his tail, and I seized Carlo's stump. My young master had now come up; and one seized my tail, and the other got hold of his brother's jacket. As for Bombyx and Jean, they could not move for laughing for several moments. Our approach to the lake, however, compelled the young gentlemen to loose their hold; they not being anxious, at that season, for a cold bath.

Thus lightened, the peacock pushed forward most vigorously; but we retained our hold firmly, till the feathers of the poor bird's tail gave way, and he escaped only to fly a little further,—then dropping from pure exhaustion. What was to be done? There was no boat nearer than "Ouchy;" and as the lake was very rough, the bird would be dead long before we got there. The water was gradually carrying the unfortunate creature further out every minute. After a minute's consultation, we were called back; indeed we did not want much calling, as the water was very cold and unpleasant.

Bombyx, his sons, and ourselves, went quietly home, whilst Jean stopped behind to reconnoitre. There was no *garde-champêtre* near. The coast appeared quite clear, and so it was; for Jean, after loitering about for a couple of hours, came home straight before M——n's house, and wished "Bon soir" to his gardener, who was just coming out of the gate. He was now quite sure that nothing was known of this adventure; and on going down to the lake next morning, he espied the poor bird's tail feathers which were left in my brother's remorseless jaw.

Two mornings after, he went out again; and passing M——n, who was standing at his gate, spoke to him. Yet not a word about the peacock escaped his lips! It was thus all safe; and we had only to keep quiet. Bombyx's idea was, to go at once to M——n, and tell him the exact truth; offering either to replace the peacock or to pay its value. But this, Jean overruled. He said (and truly) that with M——n's hatred to all foreigners (and particularly to Bombyx), there was no knowing what he might do when he should fairly have got him in his power, especially as he was just then a great favorite with the celebrated "Coco." So we kept our own counsel, and thus we escaped entirely: for although M——n had even offered a reward for the recovery of his favorite, and had much regretted his loss, yet he never suspected anything of the unfortunate occurrence.

You may believe how grieved Bombyx was at not being able to follow his inclination, and make the proper *amende*. Still it was wise to be guided by Jean, who knew his customer well. There is no knowing what might have been the result,—everything was so mixed up with radicalism. It required no little tact to live peaceably at that period; for all foreigners were looked upon with the most jealous suspicion. To such a pitch was this bitter *acharnement* carried, that a radical would not walk on the same side of the street as a conservative; and if by any chance they met on the same *trottoir*, or in the same alley, they would rush up against each other; when the weakest was obliged to yield. Violent quarrels and deadly *rencontres* were of hourly occurrence. It was never safe to go out after dark unarmed. My old master always carried a pair of pistols in his pocket; well loaded, and ready in case of need.

Singular enough, although M——n enlisted his all in radicalism, like most others he ruined himself, and was obliged to sell everything he possessed. His friend "Coco," however, gave him the situation of governor of the lunatic asylum, and thence he got the name of "Maître Fou," which dreadfully incensed him. Some old aunt has since died, and bequeathed him a nice little property; but whether "Maître Fou" continues to hold the governorship of the lunatic asylum or whether he has returned to his old residence, I know not. Perhaps he has followed the example of his cunning master, "Coco," who rowed with the stream of radicalism until he got a well-assured comfortable income, and then turned a stanch conservative, which he will now probably ever remain.

I have a vast many more funny anecdotes in store for you; but I perceive you are going to take a

little repose—(bear in mind, however, that I shall not allow you to take *too long* a nap)—from your very fatiguing occupation. Upon my word, I think you are quite right. With such a host of Correspondents, and other labors, your mind must require relaxation. I find that, even with myself. Well, whenever you are prepared to renew the charge, call upon me. My answer will be,—“Ready, aye ready!—Bow, wow, wow!” God bless you!

Always your affectionate old Dog,
FINO.

June 20.

P.S.—As soon as the weather gets a little finer, we shall have a rare day among the rabbits. Hurrah, for the “Bald-faced Stag!” *This* time, we must divide our favors. Won't we draw the folks out, and double them up; in those parts! I *do* love Epping Forest. I shall never forget what you told me about that pic-nic held there, when there were nearly sixty of you. Oh, what fun!

[Have at you, FINO! We're the boy for “the Bald-faced Stag.” With a mind lighter than gossamer, *won't* we be “jolly?” Ray—ther!]

OUR MIRROR OF THE MONTHS.

JULY.

COME, DEAREST FRIENDS! Let us to the copse
Where the brisk squirrel sports from bough to bough;
While from a hollow oak, whose naked roots
O'erhang a pensive rill, the busy bees
Hum drowsy lullabies.

If thou art worn, and hard beset
With sorrows that thou would'st forget,—
If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep—
Come to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that NATURE wears!

ONE HALF the year has now fled. The longest day has arrived, and has departed. The sun grows hotter; and the days, alas! get shorter. We begin to rub our eyes, and wonder what all this means. Up to June 20, we scarcely had one fair evening this year to wander abroad; and lo! the shadows of gradually-departing Summer now cast their reflection upon our footsteps as we press the grass!

Is the Emperor of Russia to be blamed for *this*, we wonder? Every grievance now is laid at his door; and few persons will hold him innocent of bringing upon us all our woes. There cannot be any doubt about his having much to answer for,—if not all. To read of the savage slaughter of our fellow-men, and the wanton sacrifice of human life—all caused by that fiendish despot, is enough to make people weep tears of blood. Oh, the many scenes of desolation that still await fathers, mothers, sisters, and affectionate relations! Let us draw a veil over the thought, whilst we turn to gentler scenes of passing pleasure.

This year has been an eventful one in every point of view. The very seasons prove it. The early part of June was cold,—so cold that fires were indispensable. It continued so during the first half of the month. The necessary consequence has been,—serious injury to many of our roses, and other of those little summer annuals in whose rise, progress, and blossoming we take such pure delight. Nothing daunted, however, we

have replaced the drooping; and “made much” of the survivors. There is still a sufficiency to rejoice our heart, and make us happy in their sweet company. “One” friend, when more cannot be found, is a luxury.

The delay of Summer has been really compensated for this year. What a March, and what an April we had! Spring came tripping in, right merrily; her long graceful tresses waving over her sweet shoulders with most bewitching loveliness. Light was her laugh,—timidly joyous, maiden-like,—whilst her innocent heart and aromatic breath told us of her sympathies with every good feeling of our nature. We greeted her honest countenance most lovingly; and her bashful simplicity made her ours for ever. This is “unity” if you please. Sweet Spring! We *do* love thee. Thou makest us feel pure and innocent as thine own fair self.

But now,—Spring is Spring no longer! The coy damsel that flirted with us so prettily in the fields, leading us trippingly from daisy to daisy, from field to forest,—fairly tiring us out with play, has put on her womanly attire. Her streaming ringlets that waved and wantoned in the passing breeze, are now garnered up under a modest and beautifully-worked veil of green leaves. We now worship what we before toyed with. We no longer behold that fair open bosom,—delicious to gaze upon because of its virgin purity. Other drapery now conceals this goodly sight. Foliage and flowers robe her mature form, and she is one blush of loveliness. Like many other fair maidens, she has passed into a new state of existence. Her pleasant duties are, to sit still for a season and be admired. All she beholds is her own by right. SUMMER reigns triumphant.

Busy, too, just now, is our universal mother. NATURE has yet much to do ere she rests. She is at work with the corn, the fruit, the summer flowers, insect-life, animal-life, and all her other assigned duties. Next month, she will have time to rest; and look round upon her finished work. WE shall keep her company, and never quit her an instant. Her noble ally, the sun, is fast hastening on the grand operations of the month. His fair face works miracles by the thousand. Every smile of his, brings up “something” from the ground. Talk of sympathy!—what can equal HIS?

And then, dear friends, only think of the new-mown hay, which, whilst we write, lies everywhere in fallen heaps,—scattering before the breeze unimagined odors. Aromatic incense like this, is sweetly overpowering to the senses. We alluded to hay-making in our last. It brought to our mind—as it always does—such charming recollections of early days! Lads and lasses were *then* harmlessly innocent. Playful, merry, joyous, they indulged to the top of their bent. Often, very often have we frolicked together; joining in the most delightful of hay-field scimmages. Rosy cheeks flourished in those days. Health sat upon the brow. Nor was good-nature behindhand in making the nut-brown hay-makers affectionately jolly:—

Memory oftentimes retraces
Those nimble feet—those fields—those races;
Our boyish thoughts beheld “the Graces”
Each time we kissed those roguish faces!

But the times have changed; though we have not. Let us therefore pass on.

To tell our readers what is to be done in July, were idle. They must, however, live out of doors. That is *needful*. They must also spring from their couch early; for this is the month to see

The eyelids of the morning first awake;
The dews fast disappearing from the grass,—
The sun rise o'er the mountains; and the trees,
Moveless, stretching throughout the blue of
Heaven
Exuberantly green.

Whilst gazing with rapture on this lovely picture,—

Up from the coppice, on exalting wing,
Mounts the gay sky-lark through the clouds of
dawn,—

The clouds, whose snow-white canopy is spread
Athwart, yet hiding not, at intervals,
The azure beauty of the summer sky;
And at far distance heard, a bodiless note
Pours down, as if from cherub stray'd from
Heaven.

After this morning hymn, and a ramble through the fields—your locks heavy with dew, you may come home to breakfast with a real appetite. Crisp bacon (“streaky”) nicely toasted, new-laid eggs, ham, cresses, cold fowl, tongue, or broiled salmon—these delectabilities, fraternising with aromatic coffee, will then descend with a relish. And how you will astonish those (naughty) members of the family, who, when you come in, are just creeping down stairs with their eyes scarcely pulled open,—yawning as if they had *only* slept eight hours! Oh, if we *could* but prevail upon people to go out before breakfast! But we can't. We hate to see pale, cadaverous countenances, sitting at the early festive board. It is unnatural, though (*malheureusement*) it is “fashionable.” But the printer is at our elbow, so we must gallop on.

Everybody will soon be off somewhere. The nets are already spread by the boarding-house bearded tabbies at our watering-places. The Cape wines and coloring mixtures are ordered in; and the *thick* (extra thick) half-pint decanters are ordered out. Contracts (signed “A—hem!” at the foot) are entered into with the butchers for “first-rate” meat; and duplicate keys are in readiness for the “convenience” of kind hosts and their gentle guests. As “extras” are in some places “said” not to be charged, economy is busily devising how to make double profit by every transaction. We all know that when people are “selling off at a fearful and awful sacrifice,” the goods formerly two guineas are then disposed of for *four*—because *the premises must be cleared*.” This rule is carried out at our watering-places to “a close shaving.” In justice let us say, that the keepers of these places and their visitors are well matched. Each party tries, sleeping and waking, to “do” the other.

Nor must we fail to do justice to the Marine Hotel-keepers at the sea-side. “Fine old crusted port (bees'-wing)” has been duly ordered in for the City clerks and West End gents. Being “manufactured purposely” (in London), and an

eye kept on it to prove its “vintage,” it can be “well recommended.” The usual “superior wine,” too, is in readiness for those who (after dinner) grumble (as usual) about the quality not being “quite the thing.” The landlords are “well up” on this point—“The Doctor,” or flavoring bottle, being ready for use at a moment's notice. Sherries (*pale* and brown), and Madeiras, Bucellas, Hock, &c.—*all* these will be found “carefully prepared” for the clerks and gents.* We mention this as an act of duty. As for the Cognac—that too is “fine, and pale.” We say nothing about the bilious sand-shoes, and watering-place gear, peculiar to these curious specimens of humanity. Neither do we intend to be ill-natured about the “shrouds,” and other bodily disfigurements worn by our women, who strive to outvie each other in deformity at the sea-side. These stereotyped follies are not to be eradicated. Women go out “to be seen.” Seen they *are*, and (when seen) never to be forgotten!

Our steamboats and railways are (whilst we write) in great request; as are also beer, tobacco, and gin. Puff! puff! puff! is the order of the day—and night; whilst the air on our public rivers and highways is tainted, as usual, with the smoke of highly-dried coarse cabbage leaves. All is excitement—eating, drinking, rioting, and smoking being in “seasonable” excess. It is sad to look upon the pale, sickly countenances of the various performers.

Now, too, do Moses, Hyam, Doudney, and other riggers-out of the summer “gents,” come

* City Clerks, and West End Gents, are names given to the “fast men” on 'Change, and in public offices eastward; and to certain clerks, and other “fast men,” westward of London. The former rejoice in “remarkable” shirts and breast-pins, gigantic, weighty imitation-gold chains, shiny boots, rainbow-tinted “once-rounders,” cool ties, short-cut shooting coats, massive fancy imitation-gold rings on each hand, cigars, enormously-long meerschaum pipes, and never-ending supplies of tobacco. They also look just as if they had “stepped out of a band-box,” and are scented *à la* civet cat. They *talk* much about their judgment in “fine wines,” and consider themselves superior to all the world. The “West End gents” try to *copy* all the above—but they lag far behind. However, they make up for all deficiencies by heavy heads of matted hair, cut square (trimmed just like the foliage of French trees); and they may be seen at all corners of the streets (after business hours), with pipes and cigars stuck in the corners of their mouths. They mount sticks, too, and often have a “spy-glass” grooved between their nose and eyes—right and left alternately. They are as “great” in their way, during summer and autumn, as the “City Clerks,” and *feel* equally important. Both classes love ardent spirits, and are not to be put down. The “cut” of the figure is unmistakable—the same “outfitters” equipping the lot. Their ideas of “fun” are original,—noise being the chief element.”—Such is the “popular description” given of the parties to whom we refer. It is a good-natured sketch, at which *they* must laugh as heartily as *we* have done. It is, alas! strictly true to Nature,—*their* nature at least! They are like nobody but themselves.

into full play with their original and comical "cuts." "That's a Moses!" cries a practised eye. "That's a Doudney, I'll swear!" shouts a quondam victim to the Spring fashions. Lots of jokes are "cracked" upon the original, phantasmagoria cuts and patterns of these unhappy outfitters; and the wearers, as they flutter along in their zebra stripes and parti-colored jelly-bags—with quartern-loaf vests to order, afford fun indescribable to the passengers. It is "rich" to see how they suddenly disappear ("chokers" and all) down the cabin stairs, when they behold themselves "twigged." It fairly doubles one up. Our eye could single out "a Moses," "a Prew," "a Doudney," or "a Hyam," out of fifty thousand wearers of coats, vests, and continuations.

Then, the gents' shirts! Some are covered all over with Death's heads; others with scantily-attired pirouetting Opera dancers; and not a few with large expanding flowers—languishing green leaves reposing by their side. These and "all-rounders" (a sharp, cutting shirt collar, that would inevitably cut a man's head off if he tripped,—see *Punch* for an illustration of the fact), together with shirt-pins about the size of swans' eggs, complete the equipment of the City clerks and West End "gents." What figures of fun they are surely!

We need say nothing here about the very filthy habit of wearing the beard and *moustache*. We are sick of this. The streets have long been filled with the wild beasts who "ape" this disgusting movement, for fashion's sake. We are rejoiced to see real gentlemen turn their backs resolutely upon the fashion. Men servilely imitating monkeys, baboons, and hairy savages, will make an *extra* laugh for our steamboats and railways; and as such, let them pass. If people have no "mind," they *must* commit some enormity to attract attention. All are mad on *some* point.

Well; leaving the million to the enjoyment of their curious sticks, wide-awakes, summer cuts, fashions, Turks'-head-nop faces, and "tuck-outs," let us now return to our own peculiar, though much-despised fancy—the charms of the Country.

It is delightful, just now, to saunter through the fields of growing corn, and mark its progress—whilst, as we pass along, the rising lark bids us welcome, singing merrily o'er our very heads. Birds will soon become silent. In a few short weeks, all will be hushed—except the occasional happy note of some joyous bird, too happy to be suppressed. The heat is becoming powerfully felt by man and beast. All seek the shade. 'Tis now that a stroll amongst the woods is so grateful to the feelings—the amorous cooing of the wood-pigeon falling pleasingly on the ear.

Wild flowers are now in all their beauty. Every step we take introduces us to some coy, bashful little stranger, whose pretty head is raised to greet us as we saunter on. We stop and admire it, of course. We think of Solomon in all his glory; and here we see something infinitely more glorious. This suggests a noble reflection. We "chew the cud," and continue on our way. Day after day—rising with chanticleer, and reposing at a reasonable hour—could we so occupy our waking thoughts and happy moments. Away from cities, all is harmony. We see it everywhere in the stillness of Nature; and note the contentment which reigns wherever our wandering steps are turned. Man

alone seems a restless, dissatisfied being. Lord of all things, he cannot even make himself "happy" with one!

Pleasant is a country cottage now, says Miller, in his observations on the Country—half buried in trees, where the blackbird and the throstle come near to sing their evening hymn; and, if it is not too late in the season, the nightingale sends out a gush of sweet music below the listening stars. We well understand what are the feelings under such circumstances. They are all poetry. He continues:—Oh how beautiful does morning break in such a spot! Surely love can only find a habitation in such green secluded places under the sweet reign of Summer. What a noise of birds there is in the trees—what a low murmuring of insects in the air—what a love-awakening sensation arises from the aroma of the flowers!

Then the horse-chestnuts (by the way, we did not, this year, owing to the heavy rains, pay our annual visit to Bushy Park)—how tall they now look, with their long cones of wax-like flowers; though beginning, perhaps, to "rust" a little by the end of the month. How grateful is the shade which their broad, fan-like leaves make, and amid which the bees, "those singing masons that build golden roofs," keep up an incessant murmur! Soon, among the ripening wheat, we shall see the rich, lilac-colored corn cockle; and the beautiful blue-bottle, whose color outrivals the richest hue of the hyacinth. The scarlet poppies already begin to show like soldiers in their crimson attire; dispersed among the corn to skirmish with their eary heads. The large ox-eye daisy, with its boss of gold and fringe of silver, breaks the scarlet of the poppies, and softens the too glaring effect of the scene; while the ground convolvulus, with its sweet perfume, and pale pink attire, forms a rich carpet around the foot of the ripening corn, or sometimes clings gracefully about the stems. Nor must the road-side, rose-colored mallow be forgotten, because it is so common. It is a favorite flower with children, who in the country collect the seeds and call them "cheese-cakes." The forget-me-not, whose very name is poetry, is now in flower; and let it be borne in mind, that the real forget-me-not grows only in damp places, or by the side of water, and has not the white down on its stem, which a similar flower has that is often called by the same name.

We might run on for hours longer, about our roses and other lovely Summer flowers, now looking so becomingly—so bewitchingly beautiful. But these are not things to be described. Like the company of those we love, they must be personally sought after to be enjoyed properly. The delights they afford are both innocent and natural—therefore are they priceless.

Then might we pleasingly prolong our gossip on the little pic-nic and pleasure-parties in the near distance—presiding over which, in our emancipated state of freedom—we mean to be "immense." But these, too, must be personal enjoyments. No words can set off the actual realities of the varied spreads and rambles of rustic wanderers—nor the fun, nor the jolly sayings, nor the soft whisperings, nor the little tricks and surprises improvised on the occasion. Harmless jests "tell" out of doors—but they fall stillborn when rehearsed on paper. But fun (some

gentle spirits tell us) there really *is*, in preparation; and we are (already) "in arms, and eager for the fray." The Summer (so long delayed) will inevitably "grind us all young" again. We begin to feel "ticklish" at the very idea.

But now the hoarse voice of the printer has become positively alarming. We have indeed greatly transgressed, this month, by encroaching on an unusually large space; but it being "our last speech," we have bravely defied the printer, and insisted (for once) on having our own way.

And now let us, at parting, again declare war against long faces. Does care sit heavily on the brow—go into the fields. Does the heart ache—go into the fields, and commune with Nature. Is any one taking thought for the morrow,—let them keep company with the lilies. There is no valid excuse now for a sorrowful countenance. The whole earth rejoices, and sets us the example:—

See the clouds at play in yon azure space,
Whilst their shadows play on the bright green vale.

Just now, they stretch to the frolic chase,
Anon, they'll roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in the aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in the beechen tree;
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

Only look at you broad-faced sun—how he smiles
On the dewy earth that basks in his ray;
On the leaping waters and gay young isles!
Aye, look—and he'll smile your gloom away!

The summer is here, dear friends—let not one
of our words be lost.

THE DOMESTIC SWAN.

Carmina jam moriens canit exequialia cygnus.—OVID.

IN THE WHOLE CATALOGUE of British birds, there is not one to be found more graceful and majestic than our common domestic swan. With me, it is a particular favorite. Being quite out of harm's way, my swans become much tamer than they are wont to be at other places; and as every window of the house bears upon the water which flows around the island, there is the finest opportunity possible of observing the habits of these birds, whose movements are so ornamental to it, and so attractive to spectators.

The male and female are so alike both in color and in plumage, that were it not for a trifling difference in size, and in the red of the beak, it would be a difficult task to distinguish the one from the other. The snow-white feathers in the wing, receive additional beauty by the muscular power which the swan possesses of raising them without extending the wing itself. The appearance of orange color on the heads of swans is merely accidental, and is acquired

when the birds are searching for food with their heads under water at the roots of sedges. The impregnation is so strong, that the feathers will retain the color for months; and this has given rise to the erroneous conjecture of its being original.

Such is the power and size of the swan, that our golden eagle itself will not dare to attack it. Much less chance, then, would the whiteheaded eagle of the United States have, in a combat with it. If we can bring ourselves to believe the modern assertion,—that a swan spreads its legs in order to accelerate its flight, we can easily conceive that, by some magic or other, the eagle may be able to strike its talons into the swan's heart, notwithstanding the bone and the mass of muscle which obstruct access to that deeply-seated organ. The fact is, *no bird in the world ever spreads its legs in order to increase the velocity of its flight.* Such an act would have the very contrary effect. In flight, the legs of birds (with very few exceptions) come quite up to the body. In some the toes point forwards, in others backwards, for obvious reasons; and it is only when a bird is about to alight on land, or on the water, that it stretches out its legs or spreads its webs; and this is done to check the descent in order that the body may escape from injury.

Many years ago, I allowed one of my swans the full use of both its wings; and great was the gratification which its aerial evolutions afforded me. Its powers of flight were truly astonishing. It visited all the sheets of water for many miles around; and, being very tame, it would sometimes, on its return home, alight within a few yards of me, as I was standing near the margin of the water. On taking its excursions into the world at large, I would often say to it, in a kindly tone of voice as it flew over my head, "*Qui amat periculum, peribit in illo;*" as I too clearly foresaw that foes would lie in ambush for it. At last, I missed my rash and pretty favorite. It had taken wing to the westward one fine morning, and that morning was its last. I looked for its return in vain; and every day my hope grew weaker as my fears increased. Towards the close of the week, I read in the Wakefield paper that a professional gentleman in the neighboring town of Horbury, had succeeded in shooting a magnificent wild swan, which had previously been observed in that quarter. This made me suspect that my poor swan had fallen by that identical shot, for I never saw it more.

Were wild swans less persecuted on their annual visit to the shores of Great Britain, we should see much more of their habits than we do at present. I once had a flock of fifty-two real wild swans here. They seemed aware of the protection afforded

them, and they tarried with me above a month. Six years after this, another flock sojourned on the lake for about a week.

There is a peculiarity in the modification of the domestic swan too singular to be passed over without notice. At the time that it lays its first egg, the nest which it has prepared is of a very moderate size; but, as incubation proceeds, we see it increase vastly in height and breadth. Every soft material, such as pieces of grass and fragments of sedges, are laid hold of by the sitting swan as they float within her reach, and are added to the nest. This work of accumulation is performed by her during the entire period of incubation, be the weather wet or dry, settled or unsettled; and it is perfectly astonishing to see with what assiduity she plies her work of aggrandisement to a nest already sufficient in strength and size to answer every end.

My swans generally form their nest on an island quite above the reach of a flood, and still the sitting bird never appears satisfied with the quantity of material which we provide for her nest. I once gave her two huge bundles of oaten straw, and she performed her work of apparent supererogation by applying the whole of it to her nest, already very large, and not exposed to destruction had the weather become ever so rainy. This singular propensity, amongst many others in the economy of birds, puts speculation on our part quite out of the question. We can no more account for this seemingly unnecessary anxiety in the sitting swan to augment the size of its nest, than we can explain why the little long-tailed titmouse invariably provides itself with a spherical nest, warm as a winter's coat; whilst a still more delicate bird of passage from the hot countries is content with one of hemispherical form, and so scantily supplied with materials whereon to lay its eggs, in this cold and changeable climate, that it is little better in appearance than one of net-work composition.

Where swans are kept on a moderately-sized sheet of water, the old ones, as Spring approaches, begin to pursue their own brood with a ferocity scarcely conceivable. It is an unceasing pursuit, both night and day; till at last the poor fugitives, worn out with exertion, betake themselves to the land, where the unnatural parents allow them to stay; and then desist from further persecution, until the young ones return to the water. To curb these rancorous proceedings on the part of the parent birds, I cut through the web of their feet; and this at once diminished their powers of speed. The young birds soon perceived the change in their favor, and profited by it; for, on finding that they could easily outswim their pursuing

parents, they set their fury at naught, and kept out of their reach with very little exertion.

Where the domestic swan is free from every species of molestation, it becomes exceedingly tame, and passes by far the greater part of its time out of the water. Here no idle boys molest the swans; no petted dogs pursue them; no guns alarm them, and no foxes prowl to pounce upon them. Hence they are seen walking to and fro in all parts of the park; and they will take the bread from your hand with a familiarity that at once bespeaks their unconsciousness of danger.

The supposed melody of the dying swan seems to be a fable of remote antiquity. I have long been anxious to find out upon what grounds the ancients could possibly attach melody to an expiring bird, which neither in youth nor in riper years ever shows itself gifted with the power of producing a single inflection of the voice that can be pronounced melodious.

Ovid, no doubt, was well skilled in real ornithology, for in every part of his *Metamorphoses* we can trace some of the true habits of birds, and often see their natural propensities through the mystic veil which his poetical fancy had so dexterously placed before them. Still the swan is an exception; for there is nothing whatever to be perceived in the entire economy of this bird that can, by any turning or twisting, justify Ovid's remark, that it will warble its own funereal song on the near approach of death.

The transformation of Cynus into a swan is very entertaining:—

When Phaeton, the well-known incendiary, had burnt down every corn-rick in mother Earth's farm-yard, and placed her own beloved person in danger of immediate suffocation—

— *neque enim tolerare vaporem
Ulterius potuit,*

Jupiter felled him dead into the "yellow river;" a somewhat milder punishment than if he had sent him to Norfolk Island for life. His poor sisters wept so intensely at having lost him for ever, that they became trees (probably weeping willows), and actually took root in the ground. His near relative, Cynus, too, was so stupefied at what had happened, that he could no longer perform the duties of his royal station. He left his throne and all its pleasures, and became a voluntary wanderer on the banks of that river into which the dead body of Phaeton had fallen. Its banks and its trees, some of which had so lately been Phaeton's own sisters, resounded far and near with his doleful lamentations. One morning, on awaking from sleep, he found that he had lost his usual voice, and that he could only squeak. Soon after this, his neck

became wonderfully stretched out; webs grew betwixt his fingers, and feathers sprouted out from beneath his flannel waistcoat. In a few minutes more, his mouth had all the appearance of a beak, and he actually became a swan; and to this day he is seen to frequent swamps and lakes, as being places the most secure against fire, which had done such mischief to his family:—

*Stagna colit, patulosque lacus; ignemque perosus,
Quæ colat elegit contraria flumina flammis.*

Once I had an opportunity, which rarely occurs, of being with a swan in its last illness. Although I gave no credence to the extravagant notion which antiquity had entertained of melody from the mouth of the dying swan, still I felt anxious to hear some plaintive sound or other; some soft inflection of the voice, which might tend to justify that notion in a small degree. But I was disappointed.

This poor swan was a great favorite, and had been the pride of the lake time out of mind. Those who spend their life in the country, and pay attention to the ordinary movements of birds, will easily observe a change in them, whenever their health is on the decline. I perceived that the plumage of this swan put on a weather-beaten appearance, and that the bird itself no longer raised the feathers of his wings, as he passed through the water before me. Judging that he was unwell, I gave orders that he should be supplied with bread and boiled potatoes. Of these he ate sparingly, and in a day or two he changed his quarters, probably for want of sufficient shelter from the wind. Having found his way down to the stables, he got upon a small fish-pond there, out of the reach of storms. From this time he never fended for food, but he continued to take a little white bread now and then from my hand. At last he refused this; and then he left the water for good and all, and sat down on the margin of the pond, with evident signs of near-approaching death. He soon became too weak to support his long neck in an upright position. He nodded, and then tried to recover himself, and then nodded again, and again held up his head; till at last, quite enfeebled and worn out, his head fell gently on the grass, his wings expanded a trifle or so, and he died whilst I was looking on.

This was in the afternoon, and I had every facility of watching his departing hour; for I was attending the masons, some thirty yards from the pond to which the swan had retired. He never even uttered his wonted cry, nor so much as a sound, to indicate what he felt within.

The silence which this bird maintained to the last, tends to show that the dying song of the swan is nothing but a fable, the origin

of which is lost in the shades of antiquity. Its repetition can be of no manner of use, save as a warning to ornithologists not to indulge in the extravagances of romance,—a propensity not altogether unknown in these our latter times.

CHARLES WATERTON.

Walton Hall.

HOW IS HE GETTING ON?

“How is he getting on?” and “What is he worth?” There are no forms of interrogation so constantly dinned into the ears of every one of us, who are fated to take any active part in the world, as these are: there are none which more faithfully reflect the hard material spirit of the age than these do. For “getting on” does *not* imply the more frequent practice of self-denial, or closer fidelity to duty, or increased purity of manners, or greater integrity of conduct, or more watchful mental discipline, or more careful mental culture. It means nothing more nor less than the acquisition of money, or the satisfaction of a worldly and often unworthy ambition. “Worth,” again, is perverted from its old honest meaning, as significant of noble qualities, and is made to express the amount of a man’s pecuniary substance; so that the answer to the question “What is he worth?” is comprised in an arithmetical formula, representative of a man’s capital or income, and not of his morality, or intelligence.

In truth, the mean, miserable, abject, cringing prostration of society to wealth and all its symbols, is one of the saddest spectacles which can afflict men or angels. It is the revived worship of the Golden Calf in its worst form, by a professedly Christian people, in an advanced age of the world; instead of by a Jewish race, when the world was young and immature. Looking at the period and the people, we may find circumstances to modify our unsparing censure of *their* idolatry; but we cannot discover a shadow of extenuation for our own. Either the language of Scripture is devoid of authority, and destitute of truth, or there is a practical atheism, a wilful and obstinate infidelity, involved in the most active pursuits and fondly-cherished objects of our lives. Either Christianity is a delusion, or this absolute surrender of every faculty of mind and body to the accumulation of wealth is a flagrant and crying sin. Either our belief in a spiritual after-life is a mockery and a sham, or we are living as if all things ended in the grave.

We have too often advocated—says a writer in the “English Churchman,” from whom we borrow these remarks—to be suspected of undervaluing the exercise of thrift and prudence. They are among the most homely, but, at the same time, most durable and valuable qualities we can possess. What we energetically protest against, is—the inordinate cupidity and the insatiable lust of gain which is the characteristic and the reproach of the times in which we live. We must be permitted to express the most serious apprehensions for the duration of an empire of money-changers, and for the national vitality of a people who establish a pecuniary equivalent for life, honor, love, and crime—who make gold a

test of merit, estimate their fellows according to what they *have* and not according to what they *are*, and who would heap contempt upon virtue, and genius in poverty, while they would lick the dust from the feet of vice and charlatany clothed in purple.

Certainly, so far as individuals are concerned, this inordinate greed of gold brings its own punishment with it. The unsatisfied desire still haunts the mind of the man who has accumulated his hundreds of thousands as incessantly as when the first savings of his early life were frugally laid by, and constituted the foundation of his subsequent fortune. The leisure he promised himself has never arrived, the enjoyments he anticipated are destitute of the promised relish, or he has lost the capacity to appreciate it.

Inveterate habits choke the unfruitful heart,
Their fibres penetrate its tenderest part,
And, draining its nutritious powers to feed
Their noxious growth, starve every better seed.

Usually, too, the man who makes cash the stepping-stone from one grade of society to another, pays something like "a penalty" for his admission into a higher rank. The artisan who has elevated himself to the position of an employer of labor, experiences among his new associates the embarrassing restraints imposed upon him by the rude habitudes and imperfect education of his early life. The tradesman whose extended and extending dealings enable him to take rank with merchants, enters upon an establishment and an expenditure incongruous with his antecedents, and out of harmony with the settled peculiarities of his character; while the wealthy merchant who contrives to shoulder his way among the aristocracy, is only tolerated by courtesy, and, if occasion demands it, snubbed as a *parvenu*.

A feeling of pride, however, conceals all these mortifications from the public eye. The gaping crowd is dazzled by the glittering trappings which wealth is enabled to assume, extols the success which has so many splendid accessories, and presses forward in pursuit of the same alluring prize. And thus the avenues to riches are choked with ardent and eager competitors, who are kept in countenance by the very magnitude of their number, and who establish a new law to set up for worship a false god, which, disguise it as they may, entirely alienates their affections from the True One.

The *only* god an Englishman owes thorough allegiance to is,—Mammon. It were idle to deny what is so palpable a fact.

THE ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE KINGDOMS.

A COMPARISON.

AT A LATE MEETING of the members of the Royal Institution, Dr. Edwin Lankester delivered a very interesting Lecture; its object being,—to explain and define the differences and the limits of the two classes of material beings,—Plants and Animals.

An easy task this, many will feel inclined to exclaim; but, if considered somewhat more

closely, it will probably appear to be one that most men are incapable of, and with which the most capable would be the last to attempt to meddle,—but for the utility of a well-drawn and defined line of demarcation between the two kingdoms, in furthering the pursuits of the naturalist.

Who has not met with men observant, sensible, and even fairly educated, who have held with a most undoubting faith that stones and metals *grow* in the earth? This growth, as a general rule, is in their minds as applicable to a flint pebble, as to a crystal of selenite in the London clay; or to a dog's tooth spar in cavities and fissures penetrable by calcareous waters; their meaning by the term growth being the same in both cases, viz., an increase of bulk and weight by the accretion of matter.

Now, that this notion is of very ancient standing, is readily proved by reference to the writings of the earlier students of nature, to whom we moderns owe so much, and at length begin to have the grace given us to acknowledge the debt. These men were accurate and patient observers in the main, and real lovers of nature and of truth, yet of warm and imaginative temperaments; which, bounded by no laws nor inductive system, revelled in hypothesis and fancy till their creations asserted a powerful mastery over them; and thus every fact and every discovery, was twisted and tortured into the support of their visions.

Even when we come to comparatively modern times, we find something of this notion prevailing; since Linnæus himself speaks of the growth of minerals. The Swedish naturalist, like some of his predecessors, tried his hand at defining, for systematic purposes, animals, plants, and minerals. Thus he says,—Minerals grow, Plants grow and live, Animals grow, live, and feel. But attempt to apply this definition—having first affixed definite ideas to the distinguishing terms. *Growth* means simply increase. *Life* cannot be so defined as to separate some physical phenomena of the inorganic world from those of the lowest organic forms. *Feeling* is common to animal and vegetable; since external stimulants in each case produce movement, which is apparently identical in the sensitive plant, the catch-fly, the stamens of the barberry and numerous zoophytes—all of which, be it the plant or the animal, shrink and move at the touch. Such distinctions, then, unaided by the microscope, are impediments, not helps, to systematic arrangement and accurate definition.

Let us turn then to the microscope, that marvellous instrument which has but just begun to open up new fields of philosophic research, and to exercise its due influence on Natural Science,—especially on those branches

which concern themselves more particularly with the structure and phenomena of organised beings, the apparatus and agencies set in action by and concomitant with life. Now one of the most obvious microscopic distinctions between the organic and inorganic kingdoms, is, the presence of the *cell* in the former; and yet, in some fossils, for instance, it is by no means easy to detect the cell, whilst, on the other hand, inorganic matters sometimes assume the cellular form. Here then again we fail.

If we try the value of another distinction adopted by naturalists, even subsequent to the introduction of the microscope, that plants are fixed whilst animals move, we shall find ourselves still at sea; since this distinction is quite inapplicable to many organisms, known only through microscopic agency. Recent researches show that the motile tissues in animals are composed of the same substance found to be present in the cells of all plants; and which, under the names of nucleus, cytoblast, primordial utricle, and endoplast, has been recognised by all vegetable physiologists. This *protein* substance is as actively motile in the plant as in the animals: it gives motility to the cells of *Protococcus*, the fibres of *Oscillaria*, the spores of many *confervæ* and *fungi*, and probably to all the motions observed amongst plants.

The agents of motion in *Infusoria*, and upon the internal organs of higher animals, were found to be *cilia*; and these organs were pounced upon as the long-wished-for distinctive characteristic of animal life. But they are now known to be present in the zoospores of various *confervæ*, and in the active agents of motion in the *Volvox globator*, of whose vegetable nature there is little question. The existence of what are called eye-spots was chosen as decisive of animal or vegetable. This test was, in its turn, rejected; since they are found in both kinds of organism. The Aristotelean definition, "animals possess a mouth," has been revived; and of all merely structural definitions, this is the one best suited for the purposes of the naturalist. But this must be taken with limitations, since certain classes of low animal organisms, such as the *Foraminifera*, possess no permanent mouth; although some of them have the power of forming a temporary sac for the purposes of digestion.

Chemistry endeavored to aid the naturalist, and pointed to *cellulose* as distinctive of the vegetable. But cellulose has been detected in the Ascidian mollusks, the *Acaridæ*, and in the brain and spleen of man. *Chlorophyll*, the green coloring-matter of plants, was in its turn proposed as their characteristic, till it was found to be present in several of the

lower forms of animal life. Starch is a substance constantly present in the plant; but starch has been found in the brain of man, and is now supposed to be very generally present in the animal kingdom.

It is thus seen that, whether we look to structure or to chemical composition, both alike fail us in furnishing a distinctive characteristic of either division of beings. But, when viewed as a whole, there is nevertheless a great antagonism exhibited by the animal and vegetable kingdoms. They are mutually dependent, attain the same ends in their growth and organisation, but by contrary means. The one great function of the animal tissues is the absorption of oxygen, and the liberation of carbonic acid gas. The great function of the vegetable tissues is to absorb carbonic acid gas, and to liberate oxygen. True it is that, under certain conditions, these functions are reversed; but these departures from their distinctive functions are deviations in appearance only; they are not real exceptions to these laws of their being, but are due to agencies extrinsic to the essential functions of the plant or the animal.

Thus, plants exhale carbonic acid at night, and during germination and fructification; in the first case, however, the gas exhaled is simply that observed during the day, and not decomposed by sunlight; whilst in the two latter, the emission of this gas is dependent on local causes, changes in the contents of the cells, altogether independent of the life of the plant. The germ, during the growth of its cells, absorbs carbonic acid and liberated oxygen gas, as in the growth of all other vegetable cells. The development of carbonic acid in the plant, arises from the decomposition of the starch and the sugar of the albumen of the seed. The liberation of oxygen by animals is at best doubtful, since in the alleged instances, it is by no means certain but that plants were present, or even mistaken for animals.

If a series of vegetable compounds be examined, we shall find that they are all capable of being formed out of carbonic acid and water; in some cases adding ammonia, by abstracting oxygen from the acid and the water. There are one or two seeming exceptions to this rule; but these are capable of explanation without disturbing it.

These three compounds, out of which the plant is formed—viz., carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, are all compounds produced by the animals. There is no evidence extant of the animal appropriating and forming organic substances from these three compounds. As the assimilation of these three compounds is the distinctive feature of vegetable life, and the liberation of oxygen gas its most constant result; so, the appro-

priation of the substances formed by this assimilation and the reuniting of them to oxygen gas, form the distinctive feature of animal life, and the formation of carbonic acid gas its most constant result. Many minor changes occur; but these are the grand distinguishing characteristics of the two kingdoms, and are such as, in Dr. Lankester's opinion, can alone enable us to distinguish between plants and animals.

This test appears to be a faultless one. It is the result of the grand and simple cycle of being. The animal feeds upon the plant and dies. Its organism slowly, and by many devious and circuitous ways, but (irrespectively of its small amount of mineral constituents) most certainly, ultimately produces carbonic acid gas, water, and ammonia, on which the plant, in its turn, feeds; and thus the two kingdoms march on side by side, antagonistic in their nature, yet mutually dependent—the one grand result being Organic Life in all its infinite variety.

But, faultless as is the test theoretically, can it be applied to the myriad kinds of microscopic plants and animals? When millions are compressible into a cubic inch of space, how are we to detect whether they emit oxygen or carbonic acid—or how be certain that the mass under examination is unmixed with animal organisms on the one hand, or vegetable organisms on the other? Is not the oldest definition of all, that of the Greek sage—"An animal has a mouth"—the best one yet propounded? It would indeed seem so.

"IN THE MIDST OF LIFE WE ARE IN DEATH."

OUR EATABLES AND DRINKABLES.

THEY SAY,—“a cat is possessed of nine lives.” Happy animal! How many lives then ought a man and a woman to have?

It is, we fear, but too true, that the one half of the world does not know how the other half lives; but it is a no less melancholy truth that few of us know upon what we ourselves live. With the morning meal, the system of cheating nature of its legitimate sustenance commences. Fancy a man, seated at his table, bent upon making a hearty breakfast—he pours out a cup of what he innocently supposes to be coffee. He is mistaken; it is a decoction of chicory and roasted corn, with the smallest possible admixture of the Mocha bean. He sweetens it with what he imagines to be the produce of the sugar cane; but a considerable sandy sediment attests the grocer's care to patronise *native* produce.

He takes up the milkpot, with a grateful recollection of the cow that yields the pleasant beverage; he has more reason,

however, to feel indebted to the pump. Disappointed by the thinness of his milk, he catches up the cream-jug; but only to be treated to a preparation of chalk, richly colored with turmeric. He cuts himself a slice of bread, under the impression that he is falling back upon wheat, the staff of life; happily ignorant that his loaf contains a goodly quantity of horsebean meal,—to say nothing of damaged wheat,—rectified, as far as appearances go, by doses of alum, with a slight addition,—if the baker be a merciful and conscientious man,—of jalap to assist his digestion.

And when he proceeds to butter his bread,—so at least he thinks—he is in fact preparing to grease his stomach with a coating of lard. It is the same with every other meal. With the exception of those articles which no adulteration can reach, his constitution has to submit to the vile trickery of the purveyors of the necessaries of life. No recipe has as yet been discovered for producing sham meat. Joints, chops, and steaks *must* needs be the real thing,—though that, too, often unwholesome enough from the state of the animals before they are killed, if, indeed, they did not die a natural death; to say nothing of sausages,* which, whoever chooses to eat, must make up their mind to “take *things* as they come.”

Neither is there any meddling with the inside of an egg or a potato; though, to be sure, the former may be half-hatched, and the latter black and watery. But let him season his meat with pickles and vinegar, and he may lay his account for a modicum of sulphuric acid; and even in his cheese he is not unlikely to be treated to carbonate of lime. From first to last he is victimised by the ingenuity of trade, which, on the most approved system of modern commercial economy, supplies everything “cheap and nasty.” No wonder if, under such a system of constant ill-usage, the stomach grumbles, and at last positively refuses to perform its proper functions.

What is the unhappy man to do? He has recourse to his doctor; and the doctor sends him to the druggist. But here a new cause of misery lies in wait for him. The doctor sets down on paper what *may* do his patient good; *supposing* the drugs to be answerable to the names in the prescription; but the hypothesis, in nine cases out of ten, is a rash one. The drugs come indeed from the boxes and bottles bearing the labels of the pharmacopœia, but their contents are most problematic. Nevertheless, the bolus

* There is little doubt that seven-eighths of the sausages (so called), consumed in London alone, have the most intimate acquaintance with horse-flesh—and little puppies.

or the draft is swallowed; injured nature, after having struggled against unwholesome food, enters upon another and fiercer struggle against adulterated physic (physic is bad *under any circumstances*); till, at last, it either succumbs under the repeated inflictions, or else rises superior to all its assailants by a desperate effort of its vital powers.

We have as yet said nothing about drinkables,—such as beer, wine, spirits, &c. These undergo the vitriolic, and other compound processes, without mercy. We abjure their use *in toto*, unless we know whence they come. Poison meets us at every turn. We see it registered in the countenances of passers-by, every five minutes throughout the day. Human life is fearfully abridged by these diabolical acts. But who cares? The trap is baited; victims rush in, and are caught with their eyes wide open!

Such is the condition of man's life, in most of our large towns; pregnant with insidious causes of malady and death, against which no care or foresight can guard. The mischief has reached an alarming height; and we might fill some half dozen pages by describing the daily risk we *all* run of being poisoned by what we eat and drink. But this is not needful. The hint we throw out, will suffice to put people on their guard—for, verily, "there is death in the pot."

PROFITABLE READING.

Books,—rightly chosen, should to four ends conduce,
Wisdom, Piety, Delight, and Use.

DENHAM.

WE HAVE EVER SPOKEN OUT so plainly and distinctly on the kind of reading which we consider profitable, that it is refreshing to find ourself backed in the argument by so sensible a champion as ARCHDEACON HALE. We offer no apology (as this is our last appearance) for *again* harping on the old string. At a time like the present, there must be no false modesty shown in withholding "the truth." The archdeacon says, whilst deploring the prevalent public taste for depraved mental (!) food:—

"I, myself, have ever gained the most profit (and the most pleasure also) from the books which have made me "think" the most; and when the difficulties have once been overcome, these are the books which have struck the deepest root,—not only in my memory and understanding, but likewise in my affections.

"If you would fertilise the mind, the plough must be driven over and through it. The gliding of wheels is easier and more rapid, but only makes it harder and more barren. Above all, in the present age of light reading,—that is, of reading *hastily*,

thoughtlessly, indiscriminately, unfruitfully, (when most books are forgotten as soon as they are finished, and very many sooner)—it is well *if something heavier* be cast now and then in the midst of the literary public. This may scare and repel the weak; it will arouse and attract the stronger, and increase their strength by making them exert it. "In the sweat of the brow is the mind, as well as the body, to eat its bread."

All this is excellent; but while early education is neglected as it is, and children are permitted to select just what books *they* consider best—so long will all good advice be thrown away. We pity the children,—truly. But what do we feel for their teachers? Disgust! The present state of society is not only superficial; it is morally depraved. We progress rapidly; but *not* in the right direction.

"HIGH" ART, AND "LOW" ART.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE, SYDENHAM.

I AM VERY ANXIOUS, my dear sir, to hear your opinion of the gigantic building erected at Sydenham. Attracted by the flaming notices of it in the public papers, and hearing it was built for the express purpose of giving "a taste for art," &c., &c., I paid it a visit on Monday, June 19—the first of the "Shilling Days." It appeared only half completed.

The attendance of persons, although it was a very fine day, was by no means large; and myself and friends had plenty of opportunity to inspect everything comfortably. A very splendid building it is, truly; and very considerable taste has been shown in the decorations and paintings of the various courts. The flowers, too, are pretty, and tastily arranged; and the sculpture is deserving of marked attention. Then there is plenty to eat and plenty to drink; and there are spacious grounds to walk in, and there is a good band of music.

Having seen and heard all this once, and having devoted a whole day to the careful examination of the various objects, one begins to inquire—why so large a sum of money should have been invested in such an undertaking, situated so completely out of the way of the people at large—more particularly after everybody had seen the Great Original, and *useful* Exhibition in Hyde Park—so centrally placed!

We were all debating this matter, when, on more leisure examination, we discovered that the whole was a speculation! A well-informed person pointed out to us the various shops erected there; and told us to note how busily the assistant shopkeepers were urging people to buy their goods—gloves, toys,

perfumery, jewellery, papier maché, &c. &c. We came in turn to their solicitations urged upon us; and we marvelled mightily, in our innocence, at what appeared to be a great mistake.

A "temple of the arts" devoted to buying and selling—and public barter transacted in this shameless way by people who so loudly vaunt of their grand aims and objects!

Do pray tell me, my dear sir, is this at all correct? I admit that comparatively few tradesmen have as yet descended so low as to patronise such a mode of dealing; but if "the principle" be recognised, we know not what may *eventually* take place. We quitted the building in disgust—not that we were dissatisfied with the artistical part of its arrangements (this was indeed beautiful), but at the grovelling spirit shown by the Directors in mixing up matters of trade with an introduction of the Arts and Sciences.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

[Your remarks are very just. The holders of season-tickets will view this buying and selling with abhorrence. It is quite foreign to the original purpose, as made public; and will bring the whole affair into very ill odor. "The Great Crystal Palace at Sydenham" is a depot for shops and shopkeepers; where money may be heard ringing, between the performances of the band, and the rattling of knives, forks, plates, spoons, and dishes! This is the simple fact. We were really pained to see the poor attendants at these "shops" under the necessity of "touting."* There could be no objection to certain articles being shown in neatly-arranged cases, with reference made to the names of the inventors. It is the forcing of sales, and the sound of money passing through the building, that one objects to. Sydenham Palace is not the place ladies would choose for shopping. WE were present (from curiosity) on the very day you speak of. WE can, therefore, attest the truth as well as the force of your observations. Only 10,246 persons paid at the doors. This "first day" proves what "the people" think of the Palace.]

* We already observe, by announcements in the *Times*, and elsewhere, that the Soho Bazaar and the Crystal Palace tradespeople are at variance. "A nation of Shopkeepers" are we truly!

SYMPATHIES OF SOUND.

It is owing to the sympathetic communication of vibrations, that persons with a clear and powerful voice have been able to break a large tumbler glass, by singing close to its proper fundamental note. We have heard of a case where a person broke no fewer than twelve large glasses in succession.

The sympathy of vibrations, or tendency of one

vibrating body to throw another into the very same state of vibration, shows itself remarkably in the case of the going of two clocks fixed to the same shelf or wall. It was known, near a century ago, that two clocks set agoing on the same shelf will affect each other. The pendulum of the one will stop that of the other; and the pendulum of the clock which is stopped, after a certain time, will resume its vibrations, and in its turn stop that of the other clock.

Mr. John Ellicott, who first observed these effects, noticed that two clocks, which varied from each other ninety-six seconds a-day, agreed to a second for several days when placed on the same rail. The slowest of these two clocks, which had a slower pendulum, set the other in motion in sixteen minutes and a half, and stopped itself in thirty-six minutes and a half. These effects are clearly produced by the small vibrations communicated from the one pendulum to the other through the shelf, or rail, or plank on which they both rest. It has been found that two conflicting sounds produce silence; as two converging rays of light produce darkness.—HERSCHEL.

HOME.

BY A. SMITH.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
 Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near *Home*;
 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
 Our coming,—and look brighter when we come.
 BYRON.

There is a simple little word—
 Oh! ne'er its charm destroy;
 Throughout the universe 'tis heard,
 And nowhere but with joy;
 There's music in its magic flow,
 Wherever we may roam;
 The dearest, sweetest sound below—
 That little word is "Home."

The soldier in the battle's hum
 May all things else forget;
 'Mid bay'nets flash, and beat of drum,
 His "home's" remember'd yet.
 The exile, doom'd on foreign lands
 Through hopeless years to toil,
 May do the despot's stern commands,
 Yet sighs for "home" the while.

I care not where may be its site,
 Or roof'd with straw or tile,
 So that the hearth-fire burns more bright
 'Neath Woman's radiant smile:
 Affection on her fondest wing
 Will to its portals fly;
 And hope will far more sweetly sing
 When that blest place is nigh.

It may be fancy, it may be
 Something still nobler—far;
 But Love is my divinity,
 And "Home" my polar star.
 Oh! sever not Home's sacred ties;
 They are not things of air;
 The great, the learned, and the wise
 ALL had their training there!

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COMMON LIFE.

Have PATIENCE; 'tis the soul of Peace,—
Of all the Virtues nearest of kin to Heaven.

DECKER.

"What can't be CURED, must be ENDURED."

OLD PROVERB.



ANY AN INTERESTING QUESTION HAS BEEN ASKED US, *sub rosa*, having reference to the "crook in the lot" assigned to us mortals here below. We have been consulted by young and old, moving

in various grades of life; and we have, to the best of our ability, given our advice in every instance (by private letter).

Let us, now, touch generally and publicly upon the same wholesome theme. The cause of so much unhappiness around us, arises mainly from ourselves. We do not sufficiently study each other's dispositions, tastes, and habits.

All who have perused carefully the Works of the immortal GALL (which have appeared month after month, in an English dress, in our columns), must have observed how much of what happens in life is owing to the organisation of the human brain.* There are a vast number of persons, whose organs are so constructed that their actions *cannot* be regulated or controlled. They are *habitually* ill-tempered,—jealous,—suspicious,—malicious,—pugnacious,—cruel,—controversial,—peculiar, &c., &c. These failings are *cut deeply* into their very nature. They live with them; they will die with them. There is no doubt that early education might have corrected much of this.

The above are melancholy facts; to which those who are observant of the world and its inhabitants will heartily add their "Amen!" We must all, even if we look no further than among our own individual connections, acknowledge the distressing truth. It is well, under these circumstances, to bring a little reflection to our aid. Thus may we alleviate what is beyond the reach of cure.

We would all live as happy *as we can*. To accomplish this, there must be a general giving way to each other. If we know the failing of any one, it is our duty (as well as good policy) never to touch upon those points on which we are aware the party is "weak." If we do, a universal law (the principle

* Having completed the FIRST Volume of GALL'S PHRENOLOGY (there are six altogether) in our last, we have deemed it unadvisable to proceed with the SECOND to-day, as our Miscellany is about to be suspended. On a future occasion, we shall hope to see THE WHOLE of this imperishable work placed before our readers. It deserves their best attention.

cannot be laughed down) will immediately produce a storm. We see this, in our wide wanderings, among married people particularly,—also among gipsy-parties, pic-nics, parties of pleasure, &c., &c. All want "their own way,—and their own way of having it." Some, *naturally* good-tempered, and of sweet, amiable dispositions, comply at once with their companions' whims. Others remain disagreeable, crusty, crabbed; and what was expected to be a "jolly day" too often turns out quite the reverse. All this might be prevented by a little *finesse*, a little forbearance, a grain of thought.

Then again, some people are so sadly coupled together in life! A joyous heart is wedded to an icicle,—an innocent, playful disposition to a dragon of suspicion; a philanthropic spirit to abject meanness; good-temper to surly moroseness; sunshine to the North Pole. Extremes here "meet,"—and what an explosion is the consequence! These deplorable facts are too common to require their being enlarged upon. Would that WE could set all these parties right! But *that* may not be.

Now then for philosophy. Philosophy teaches us to make the best of everything that befalls us. Let us keep this in view, and we shall make some progress. In the first place, we must never provoke. That is bad. If one party "opens," let the other "shut up." The cannon ball will then speed furiously on its way, and the sooner become "spent."

Again, never speak of anything that is likely to affect the "weak point." Keep your own counsel,—"once bit, twice shy." Bury your own thoughts in your own bosom. There they are safe. Thus may you "scotch" a snake, though you should fail to "kill" it. "An honest conscience" makes its possessor happy,—albeit many a sigh may cloud the atmosphere of a tender heart that has none to "share" its joys and its sorrows.

Think of the organisation of the human head—its innate, its ineradicable tendency to some "weak point,"—and so frame your conduct. This is humane, charitable, kind, considerate,—a positive DUTY. Many an act of domestic suicide might have been prevented, had the stronger-minded party given way to the weaker,—a small sacrifice truly to a person of good sense. Human nature, though perverse, may be held in by a snaffle, when the curb would make it restiff. This is worth reflecting upon.

As for pleasure parties, pic-nics, &c., &c.,—here we often find commingled, people of the strangest possible dispositions. Yet even these may be "won" when they are out of temper. We are A1. in all these little seasonable achievements, and take delight

in such offices of love.* The fact is, people do not,—will not, study the various phases of human nature. Purely selfish, they will be all or nothing; strangely and unaccountably forgetting all the moral precepts they pray (morning and evening) may be “engrafted in their hearts.”

Our time in this world is very short. Let us then, good friends, *make the best of everything* while we are here. Not to be tedious, we would say,—let brotherly and sisterly love continue; and may none of us forget the real heartfelt pleasure resulting from the possession of an honest conscience and a mutual desire to benefit one another. This is the true “Philosophy of Common Life.”

* A “key” to this secret may be found in our opening article,—“Sympathy and its Delights.” The human heart is our *most* favorite study,—and ever will be. There is a mine of gold in it,—if we only know “how to work it.”

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Robins, Cats, Canaries, Flowers, and a Gossip on “Things in General.”—I was truly grieved, my dear sir, to read that graphic account of yours,—describing, first, the happiness of the pair of pet robins,—and then, the cruel act of spoliation and murder by the treacherous cat. I have no sympathy with any of the feline race, and am quite of your opinion that they are “Vermin.” They rarely venture on your premises till after dark, which proves they know they have no business there. I can see nothing noble about a cat. She is treacherous from first to last. She is never to be depended on. She creeps along so stealthily, that her footfall is not audible. We all know what a dog’s good qualities are. A cat is, in every respect, the extreme opposite. You cannot “pet” her, nor take her safely into your confidence. This reminds me of your “Treatise on the Canary.” I have it; and am delighted with it. Your advice about cats is excellent; and so are the Illustrations, showing how cats should be “disposed of.” They have no right to any footing in a house where birds are; and she must be a cruel mistress indeed who can consent to keep *both*. I like the plain open manner in which you avow this opinion. Your little book has set me quite on the *qui vive*. [So it has done some hundreds of others.] Next season, I hope to have *such* a treat in rearing canaries; and I will get you, please, to come down here to superintend, advise, fit up, plan, scheme, and instruct us in all that is needful. [We will do so right willingly. Nobody understands this better than we. We will help each other “nicely.”] I should like to try the plan of out-door operations. I think our grounds are suitable, do not you? [They may easily be made so, by planting a few more trees and evergreens.] Would the pigeons at all interfere with them? [Not in any way. The more domestic animals there are about the premises, the better. We shall have to talk to you a little (privately) about the cats. These will want “thinning out.” We know all about *that*

too!] The robins (whose nest I told you last month was built in the tool house) have now *five* young children, all but ready to fly. They do look so pretty, as they sit wedged in side by side to each other! They are quite used to my peeping at them, and seem to expect my visit. At what an early age does the “mind” of a bird expand! The swallows, under my window, have laid their eggs; and are sitting close. I expect, daily, to hear “a pretty confusion of sweet little voices.” Our roses are now in full perfection. We have succeeded with them better than most of our neighbors,—but then, you know, I am seldom out of the garden; and I attend to them as affectionately as if they were children. All our “annuals” are coming nicely forward. They were checked a little by the cold winds; but they have not suffered much. The feathered tribes are now becoming gradually silent. The cuckoo, however, is singing away merrily, as I write this. The blackbird too is pouring out some of his finest wild notes. We have scores of young birds in the garden; and I have made them so tame! [Every thing *must be* “tame,” Honeysuckle, where you are. We speak feelingly. Such gentleness as yours (we are no flatterer) secures the heart at once.] “Trim” wags his tail right merrily. He has been more than usually “waggish” this week. He seems to be expecting to see “somebody,” who will take him out for another run in the fields. He is a very sagacious dog; and I am prepared for some sudden (agreeable) surprise. It is so delightful for an old friend to drop in unexpectedly! We *all* enjoy it. And only to think! When I again read what I am now writing, OUR dear JOURNAL will have ceased to breathe. Think! I cannot,—I will not think of it. However, as I know its Editor, and like him a wee bit, let me be thankful for *that*. I love to have my mind improved, and my heart kept innocent and honest. *His* company will secure me that privilege. Your paper upon “Innocence” (see page 257) will immortalise you and OUR JOURNAL also. I am much mistaken if your pen will be permitted to rest for any great length of time. Honest sentiments, so honestly expressed, are not met with every day. But (as usual) I have said “nothing;” and yet must, for modesty’s sake, withdraw. I occupy much space I fear, to little purpose. Adieu,—*au revoir!*—HONEYSUCKLE, *Henley, June 20.*

[We rarely give publicity to all the contents of private letters;—but we have ever made an exception in your case, Honeysuckle. Innocent ideas, innocently expressed, are productive of so much real good to society, that we have no heart to suppress one word of what you have written. If you are proud of us as an instructor, equally delighted are we to have so charming a pupil. Farewell!]

A Goatsucker seen and shot near Barnsley.—Whilst walking, on the morning of the 18th May, in the meadows on the lower side of the Aqueduct, in quest of a specimen of the *Tree Sparrow*, to assist some youthful inquirers in discriminating this from the *House Sparrow*, the dogs disturbed a large bird among the gorse and thorn-bushes in the angle between the aqueduct and its furthest buttress. It was some time after, that my companion noticed it taking wing; and then it clung to the ledges in ascending. When

the bushes were cleared, it swept with a light circling flight into the neighboring copse, something in the manner of the *Hawk* tribe;—though a white patch on its inner wing feathers distinguished it from that family or the *Cuckoo*. "Now," said my companion, "we may secure it. It appears a young bird, from its hesitating manner of taking to flight; but I suppose, if a *Kestrel*, I am not to kill it." I replied that "I was unwilling to aid in the extermination of the doomed race of *Hawks*, but I would not dictate." Whilst I was examining the thick, bushy places where it had apparently been harboring, I heard the crack of his gun, reverberating from the bridge wall, and among the arches. I hastened at his call to secure the dogs; and we picked up a bird, too much shattered from the nearness of the discharge to be fit for preservation, which from its peculiar bill, fringed with small bristles—its serrated middle claw, and reversible hind one; together with its finely mottled plumage, delicately pencilled with light grey and yellowish brown tints, was pronounced at once as the Goatsucker or Fern Owl. I had formerly observed the bird in Sherwood Forest, but never in this part; and I was glad to record one more rare bird for this district. I yet felt compunction that so innocent and beautiful a creature should be thus sacrificed, and to no good purpose. It was perched along, and close to the branch, as described by Yarrell, Morris, and other writers. The locality (among stony whin covers and ferny copses), and its hesitating manner when startled by daylight,—all accorded with their descriptions. We since learn that it was, some years back, heard to utter its jarring note (from which it obtains two of its names,—*Night Jar* and *Dor Hawk*)* about the fern-clad quarries of Dark Cliff, in Worsbro' dale.—T. LISTER, *Barnsley*, June 20.

Throwing the Hatchet; "Tenacity of Life in a Hen."—Your very charming correspondent, "Honeysuckle,"—whom all your readers must love, I am sure, was quite right in denouncing the many fabrications that now regularly appear in the *North British* and the *Dumfries Courier*. The waggish Editor of the latter has just issued the following. I send it to corroborate "Honeysuckle's" just remarks, and by way of cautioning the public not to believe all the silly things they read:—Nearly six weeks ago, a farmer in Thornhill missed a hen; and considering that she had been either stolen or killed, nothing more was said about her until last Wednesday, when she was found jammed between the corn-chest, and the wall of the stable. Poor chuckie had, therefore, been in solitary confinement for *thirty-four days without meat and without drink*. When found, she was much reduced in body, and scarcely able to set one foot past another; but by spare diet and careful treatment she is now as lively as ever.—Now, my dear sir, just imagine this poor bird, for a calendar month and six days, in a state of total abstinence. Why, even Mr. George Cruikshank (the caricaturist), who publicly

votes for people living exclusively on slops and "squash," would raise up his back at this. He might say (and perhaps would) that the fowl could do very well *without food*; but "water," my dear sir, water, he would pronounce to be indispensable. When these concoctors of summer marvels are about it, they should (if they wish to catch flats) draw it a *leetle milder*.—ARCHER, *Dublin*.

[Well said, "Archer." These printed follies are now coming out daily, in multitudes; and pass with "the people" as remarkable facts. Remarkable they are,—for nonsense; and that is all. It is indeed sad that the study of Natural History should be condemned *because of these abuses*, and we were delighted to insert what "Honeysuckle"—a most amiable soul, truly, as you say—remarked about it in a former number. Our wonder is increased, to observe that intelligent newspapers copy these fabrications without first reading and reflecting on the details.]

Canaries Breeding and Living in the Open Air.—I have just received yours, my dear sir, and hasten to reply to it. My canaries are all doing well. I told you, when you were here, recently, of the loss of two broods by cats. [These vermin are a public pest. We have a never-failing remedy for slaying them (painlessly) by the gross; and we are putting it into constant practice daily.] Also, of one nest destroyed by an accident. All the others have thriven well. I have now sixteen young birds; six of which cannot yet feed themselves. Three more hens are sitting. One of them I expect to hatch a young brood about the 14th inst. One of my feathered family is now attending upon her *third* brood this season! Three of the nests are built in the same part of the garden that the others were in that you saw—viz., at the corner of the house, impinging on the carriage-drive in front. One of the four is occupied by the identical hen who had six broods last year (I think I told you one of these broods was destroyed by a jay). She reared of these, exclusive of those destroyed by the jay, twenty. Already has she (this year) brought up seven young ones; and another has raised six. Let me see you again soon, with your "better-half," for I shall have quite a treat in store for you both.—HENRY WOLLASTON, *Welling, Kent*, June 11.

[We wrote to Mr. WOLLASTON, with a view to discover how the late cold weather, driving winds, and generally inclement season, had acted on the *physique* of his little winged family. It seems they are hardy as any Irishman—caring neither for wind, rain, nor cold. This quite confirms what we have written and published in our "Treatise on the Canary." We shall very shortly repeat our visit; and enjoy another of these truly interesting observations in the Canary regions—*al fresco*.]

"Never Live without some Object."—It strikes me, my dear sir, that if people live without an object, they stand as it were on the outside of active life, which gives strength to the inward occupation, even if no noble endeavor or sweet friendship give that claim to daily life which makes it occasionally, at least, a joy to live. Disquiet rages fiercely and tumultuously in the

* From an old word, signifying *bussing*; also applied to the Beetle which this summer visitant preys upon. The bird is likewise called *Churn Owl* and *Wheel Bird*.

human breast, undermining health, temper, goodness, nay, even the quiet of conscience, and conjuring up all the spirits of darkness. So does the corroding rust eat into the steel plate, and deface its clear mirror with a tracery of disordered caricatures. "He who has no employment to which he gives himself with true earnestness, which he does not love as much as himself, has not discovered the true ground on which Christianity brings forth fruit."—So says a very sensible writer; and I agree with him. It is impossible to be "happy" without having *some* end to gain—something to live for, some one to love. *Affection*, as you say, is "Heaven upon earth."—*PHŒBE, Brighton.*

[So it is, dear Phœbe. It makes us all sweetly happy.]

Avarice—a Timely Hint.—I once knew an old man, says a writer in "Blackwood." He was rich, and his riches were his god. I rode in company with him a considerable distance through his possessions. I sought means to turn the conversation from his groves and his orchards, his fields and his treasures, to something more serious and profitable. But no; *his heart* was on these things; they engrossed his thoughts and his affections. He was between 80 and 90 years of age, and yet I could not bring him for a moment to speak of leaving his earthly inheritance. It was painful to see an old man, just ready to close his eyes on all that belongs to earth, refusing to admit into his mind a single thought of death, and that eternity so shortly to be his home. With a kind of melancholy satisfaction, I saw him take a different road to myself; thus releasing me from fruitless efforts to direct his mind towards that world where his real interests lay. Not long after this conversation, disease attacked his mortal frame, giving no doubtful intimation that the machine which had been in motion more than fourscore years, was about to stand still. As he lay struggling with death, he spoke of fields of corn, and then said, "Bring me my bundle of notes." Inspecting one of them, he said with earnestness, "I—believe—we—shall—not—lose it," or to that effect. While he thus lay, holding his notes in his withered hand, *he died!*—This greedy old man is "a portrait" of thousands of other greedy old men, now living—worshippers of gold, gold, gold!—*EMILY P., Carshalton.*

Does Difference in Birth create any Distinction between Man and Man?—Tell me, my dear sir, do the descendants of a noble family differ from those of more lowly individuals? This is a question often mooted, and as often answered in the negative. It needs hardly be mentioned that a difference *does* exist, but as to wherein this distinction consists, there are various opinions. Education, intercourse with the world, and early imbibed ideas, are the causes to which it is mainly attributed. It certainly must be admitted that these (especially the latter) produce great effect on the mind, and frequently we can assign no other reason. It often happens that a man is raised from a low station, by an accumulation of riches, to fill a much higher situation in after life than in his youth and earlier days. His children are then educated in accordance with the rules of the

society they move in; yet do they betray many little irregularities and ignorances. These may be partially attributed to home influences. They may not, perhaps, attract attention from a careless observer, or casual acquaintance; but their more intimate friends cannot fail to discover these discrepancies. A native of any country whatever, educated in the ways, customs, and manners of another nation from his youth, will still retain the peculiarities which are the distinguishing traits of his race; and which will most probably be perceived in his descendants for many generations. As it is with national, so is it with individual peculiarities,—education may soften and render them less easy of distinction; but it never can entirely eradicate them. We might as well expect the "Ethiopian to change his skin, or the leopard his spots." Phrenologists tell us, that a great deal depends on the formation of the cranium, and the development of the organs. No doubt they are right.—*ALFRED H. HETHERINGTON.*

[If we say the world is "mad," we solve all this at once.]

"Please 'ring' the Belle, next Time."—Your amiable and lively correspondent, "Lucy N.," Tottenham, who sent you that witty "comic duet," will no doubt like to share with us in another laugh; for, as she sensibly and naively hints, laughing is good for us *all*. What a pity 'tis, that people should so delight in pulling long faces! [So we continue to tell them; but with very little effect!] Harmless mirth, and innocent playfulness, do the very heart good. In this matter, OUR much-loved JOURNAL has been truly eloquent; and no doubt it has worked much practical reform, for I see extracts from it in nearly every newspaper I take up. But now for the little *morceau* of which I have already spoken:—

I'll tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore:—Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door; So he called upon "Lucy"—'twas just ten o'clock, Like a spruce single man, with a smart double knock.

Now, a handmaid, whatever her fingers be at, Will run like a puss when she hears a *rat-tat*: So "Lucy" ran up—and, in two seconds more, Had questioned the stranger and answered the door.

The meeting was bliss, but the parting was wo; For the moment will come when such comers must go; So she kiss'd him and whispered—poor innocent thing— "The *next time* you come, Love, pray come with a *ring*."

I think I see "the color" now, mantling on the fair face of your interesting correspondent! She will, I know, good-humoredly allow us to share in her "gentle confusion." There is a heartiness about her innocent expression, that tells us she will join merrily in the "odd idea!"—*"ONE" OF FOUR BROTHERS, Windsor.*

Genius, and its Twin-brother, Labor.—"I have known," says a popular writer, "several men in my life who may be recognised in days to come as

men of genius. They were all plodders—hard-working, intent men." Genius is known by its works. Genius without works is a blind faith, a dumb oracle. But meritorious works are the result of time and labor, and cannot be accomplished by intention or by a wish. The immortal thoughts, that seem as if they flowed spontaneously from the soul of Shakspeare, were, nevertheless, moulded in a die which doubtless required many years of unremitting attention to fashion it to his exquisite taste. His intellect, by constant study, had at length been trained to that perfect discipline which enabled it to move with a grace, spirit, and liberty incomprehensible to those minds which have not passed through the same severe ordeal. Every great work is the result of vast preparatory training. Facility comes by labor. Nothing seems easy—not even walking, that was not difficult at first. The orator, whose eye flashes instantaneous fire, and whose lips pour forth a flood of noble thoughts, startling by their unexpectedness, and elevating by their wisdom and their truth, has learned his secret by patient repetition, and after many bitter disappointments.—Nobody can hope to shine successfully without study.—E. W.

An Evening Thought:—

Far within the charmed circle
Of a fairy-haunted grove,
Where but Elfin songs are chanted,
And but Elfin footsteps move,—
I would ever dwell and dream,
Near the music of a stream,—
Wearing morn and night away
In such quiet company.

On a starbeam's golden pavement,
Wandering up the lonely sky—
Where no sound might break the silence,
But deep spirits rushing by—
List'ning—from the rainbow's rim,
Angels at their evening hymn—
I would wear, in sweet decay,
Year on happy year away!

LUCY NORRIS, *Tottenham.*

Employment, Activity, Idleness.—What a world we live in, my dear sir! To see how some people revel in ceasless, giddy pleasure, whilst others toil from morning till night,—knowing no rest! [We can speak to a point about this!] It never was intended by Providence that anybody should be inactive. I detest an idle person; indeed few would dare openly to defend idleness. It is the greatest bane of society, as well as of individuals. It corrodes all it touches. The idle man produces nothing, yet he is always in mischief; always potent for evil, yet powerless for good. He is an incumbrance to himself and everybody else, until finally used up in the sheer exhaustion—the ashes of the false charity on which he has subsisted! To society at large, idleness is a cancer eating its way into the heart and soul, until the whole community is affected and ulcerated to the core. The crime—for in its consequences it is a great crime—is always found in the extremes of civilisation, among the very rich and the very poor. The middle and operative classes are never idle. If they were,

productive organisation would soon come to an end—Europe would be one vast lazarus-house. Happily for civilisation and the world—indeed every great interest—idleness is the exception; and the countries afflicted with it are a curse and a warning to the rest of mankind.—Puss.

[Your remarks, Puss-y, do you honor. An idle man, an idle woman, an idle boy, or an idle girl, are a terror to us. They are altogether useless members of society.]

A Lovely Portrait:—

A beam of braided moonlight fell
Upon a sleeping girl,
And shot its silvery lines athwart
A neck of dazzling pearl.

Her hands, like folded leaves were claspt,
Her head serenely bent;
Her spotless form, love's proper shrine,
Reclined in sweet content.

Her brow was polished, arched, and smooth,
Her eyes of raven hue;
Her lips were pouting, rich, ripe, moist,
And steeped in rosy dew.

Her teeth were white as garden drops
That droop in wintry bowers,
And glimmer'd 'twixt her ruby lips
Like glowworms 'neath the flowers.

Her frolic curls of jet embraced
Dissolvingly below,
Upon a queenly sculptured neck
That mocked the Alpine snow.

And when those brilliant orbs peeped out
Beneath their silken shroud,
It seemed as if the sun had burst
Some dark o'ercharging cloud.

But when the torch itself lit up
Each calm unslumbering eye,
It was as though two stranger stars
Were shining in the sky!

Her step was musical and soft,—
Her speech one stream of song,
Sweet as the dying swan's last wail,
Breeze-loving borne along.*

Her presence breathed the balmiest air;
One glance of that dear face
Brought back earth's banished Paradise—
Her long-lost Eden race.

I send you these elegant lines, without knowing by whom they are penned. I copied them from a lady's Album.—J. E. W.

The Nightingale—found near Barnsley.—The account in the *Doncaster Gazette* of the capture of nine nightingales in Edlington Wood, near that town, will give pain to every true lover of nature; and few there will be who will not unite in the

* What will CHARLES WATERTON say to this simile about the "swan's last wail?"—ED. K. J.

editorial condemnation of the "barbarians" who have, at the same time, deprived these sweet warblers of their liberty and the public of their delicious out-door music. Knowing that those who have the care of that noble wood are desirous to preserve these sweet singers, one is surprised at the successful audacity of these wholesale exterminators; for, considering how soon these birds die in captivity, it is little better than destruction to tear them from their natural haunts. Would that there were as much care taken to preserve these innocent creatures, as there is with respect to game! How much more innocent gratification to thousands would be the consequence; but there are few protectors of small birds like the owners of Walton and Stainbro' parks. Even in this last beautiful domain three nightingales, I am credibly informed, were shot by a former gamekeeper. We have now to go a dozen or score miles to hear one—chiefly to Edlington, though seldom a year passes without the occurrence of the nightingale in this part. Yet we only hear it when it has fallen into the stealthy birdcatcher's snare!—THOMAS LISTER, *Barnsley*.

The Widower.—I have often thought, my dear sir, what a miserable home *that* must be, which is deprived of its fairest ornament,—a fond wife. May I give you my ideas of it?

Say, what sweet voice the wearied heart shall cheer,

Win the glad smile, or wake affection's tear?
 What form shall glide within the half-closed door,
 What small light footstep press the silent floor?
 What ivory arm around his neck shall twine,
 And say, or seem to say—this hour is mine!
 What voice shall cry—away, my love, away!
 The nightingale is now on every spray,
 Come hear the enchanter's song, and welcome in the May!

Ah! say why here do art and nature pour
 Their charms conjoin'd in many a varied store?
 Why bloom, by Flora's hand adorn'd, my bowers,
 Why dance my fountains, and why laugh my flowers?

Along each velvet lawn and opening glade,
 Why spreads the cedar his immortal shade?
 The brooks that warble, and the hills that shine,
 Charm every heart, and please each eye—but *mine!*

May you, my dear sir, never live to be thus bereft!
 Never may it be your lot to bewail the solitude
 of "a home" without its chief attraction!—LUCY
 NORRIS, *Tottenham*.

[Amen! kind Lucy.]

Woman.—*dear Woman!*—I am a youth in my teens. Yet may I ask admission for the annexed little thought?

Who would wish to lead this life,
 If Woman were not in it?
 Or who would bear its endless strife
 Without her smile, one minute?

What do you think, my dear sir, of the above?
 Is it not a pretty sentiment?—TOM E., *Finchley*.

[The "sentiment" is pretty enough. May you never live to change your mind on this point! You have not yet got among the rocks and quick-

sands of life. May you escape them! You have asked a question, Master Tom, that it requires some tact to answer.]

Epitaph on an Infant:—

Beneath this stone, in sweet repose,
 Is laid a mother's dearest pride;
 A flower that scarce had waked to life,
 And light, and beauty, ere it died.
 God in his wisdom has recalled
 The precious boon his love had given;
 And though the casket moulders here,
 The gem is sparkling now in Heaven!

AUBEPINE.

Size of London.—London extends over an area of 78,029 acres, or 122 square miles, and the number of its inhabitants, rapidly increasing, was two millions three hundred and sixty-two thousand two hundred and thirty-six (2,362,236) on the day of the last census. A conception of this vast mass of people may be formed, says Cheshire in his Census, by the fact that, if the metropolis was surrounded by a wall, having a north gate, a south gate, an east gate, and a west gate, and each of the four gates was of sufficient width to allow a column of persons to pass out freely four abreast, and a peremptory necessity required the immediate evacuation of the city, it could not be accomplished under four-and-twenty hours—by the expiration of which time the head of each of the four columns would have advanced a no less distance than seventy-five miles from their respective gates, all the people being in close file, four deep.—HELEN W.

"*Let us all pull together!*"—I am, my dear sir, as you no doubt are aware, of a "right merrie" disposition; but do not imagine that, with all my merriment, I am a girl not given to thought. There are few persons of my age, I fancy, that "think" more than I do; and "there is a time for everything." I had a long conversation, last week, with a headstrong man, who maintained that if he had always plenty of money in his pocket, he was "independent of the world." I fought him on this point, inch by inch. Sir, said I, listen. Industry is the life and soul of the world. It is essentially social. Independence is a misnomer. It does not exist. It cannot find a resting-place amongst us. If we are ill, who is to cure us? Death cares not for "independence." No money will buy him off. It is impossible for a man to improve either himself or his neighbor, without neighborly help; and to better the world, is to set the world to work together. Every useful invention has been carried out and perfected by the co-operation of many minds; or by the successive applications of varied genius to the same object—age after age. The mechanic must aid the philosopher, or he must stand still in his demonstrations; and the philosopher must aid the mechanic, or he will work and work without wisdom. The astronomer needs his telescope, and the chemist his material and apparatus. The sciences hang on the arts, and the arts on the sciences. But without the philosophy from Heaven, neither art nor science would look off the earth. Industry, thus unsupported, would die a natural death, and rise no more. These were

the arguments I used; and I am happy to say I did make *some* impression on the feelings of my auditor. He is to come again soon. Should I convert him to reason, "Our Editor" shall be speedily informed of it. I see you call those who speak out as I do, "philosophers in petticoats." I rather like that idea!—LUCY NORRIS, *Tottenham*.

[We are proud, Lucy, to record your arguments on the question of social industry. No man or woman can be independent, one of the other. It is not in the provision of Nature that it should be so. The infant is born helpless; and when he grows old, he dies helpless. True Wisdom has thus ordained it.]

Man's Kindness to Man.—I have just returned from New York, where I found OUR OWN JOURNAL had become a public favorite. Turning over one of the pages, I saw that very excellent article of yours—entitled, "Think gently of the Erring." I marvelled much at the force of your expression about women's inherent enmity for each other. It is strictly true; and sad as true. But is not man equally cruel to man? I think so. If a man has fallen in life, every mean advantage is taken of him—both in a pecuniary point of view, as well as in position. I agree with you, that the world is turned upside down. Selfishness is alone worshipped. Gold is our only God. Good-fellowship is banished from amongst us. Tell me,—am I not right?—ALPHA, *Regent's Park*.

[Yes, my dear sir, quite right. Man is, as we have ever said, a savage. But we were speaking, in the instance you allude to, of the sorrows of seduction. *No woman*, who has thus fallen, *can ever rise again*. Her own sex would kill her, gladly, if they could,—not because of her fall; oh no! It would be from sheer spite. Man, under such circumstances, does not lose caste. In all other misfortunes, however, he is equally persecuted with the weaker sex. Selfishness and pharisaical pride keep him out of the pale of forgiveness, and he usually dies broken-hearted:—

There is mercy both for man and beast

In God's indulgent plan;

There's mercy for each living thing,

But Man hath *none* for Man!

And yet we (most of us) talk of immortality, and aspire to Heaven! We richly deserve such a blessing! Do we not?]

The Moustache Movement.—You are, my dear sir,—and you ought to know it—[We do] an especial favorite with the sex called gentle, for having so manfully bearded those horrible specimens of English humanity who delight in assimilating themselves to hairy savages—positively puzzling us, sometimes, to declare whether they *be* human or not. Laying aside the use of the razor, is a sad reflection upon us, as a nation, for cleanliness and decency—to say nothing of common sense; for *no woman can endure the sight* of these ruffianly visages. I should be sorry to withhold from you a knowledge of the admiration in which you are held *here*; for your noble advocacy of the claims of decency, and for your unceasing endeavors to preserve the "humanity" by which an Englishman's face has been hitherto known. The lower classes may do as they like;

but surely education should teach us (who know better) the folly of yielding to a brutal fashion.—ARGUS, *Oxford*.

[Thanks, noble sir. We quite agree with you in all you say. By-and-by, when the "novelty" has worn off, people will return, let us hope, to a primitive state of decency. At present, humanity is fearfully outraged. The streets are overrun with the hairy savages of whom you speak.]

Dissolved Leaves and Skeletons of Plants.—Let the leaves be put into rain water, and allowed to remain without an exchange of water until decomposition is carried to the requisite extent—that they may be freed from their cuticle and pulpy matter. After macerating them for a short time in fresh, clear water, they may be bleached by immersion in a diluted solution of chloride of lime (one-sixth chloride to five-sixths water). They must be well washed from this fluid, when sufficiently whitened; and quickly dried before the fire or in the sun. Care must be taken not to allow the decomposition to be carried too far, or the fibrous structure will become injured. Nor must the specimen remain too long in the chloride, or injury will likewise ensue. Leaves with strong fibre should be preferred. The fibrous parts, and also seed vessels, and calyxes, should be cleared with a fine camel-hair brush. When the pulpy matter adheres too strongly, it may be removed by a stream of water poured upon it, assisted by a small brush-tool. When the skeletons of plants are thus prepared and arranged in group, they form an elegant and instructive ornament. Such delicate fabrics of course require a glass shade for their preservation.—ELIZA W.

[In the Museum of the Botanic Gardens at Kew, there are some exquisite specimens of these dissected leaves. To see these alone, a visit would be well bestowed.]

Biblical Curiosities.—I send you, my dear sir, the following, as being curious. The twenty-third verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra has all the letters of the alphabet in it. The nineteenth chapter of the second book of Kings, and the thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah, are alike. And in the book of Esther, which has ten chapters, neither the word LORD nor GOD is mentioned.—PINK, *Hastings*.

"Method" Everything, in the varied Duties of Life.—Will you, my dear sir, be so good as to register the following little apposite anecdote in OUR OWN? It requires no comment, but should be read over a dozen times at least. Once upon a time, it is recorded in History books, a lady was complimenting a clergyman on the fact that she could always recollect and recite more of the matter of *his* sermons than those of any other minister she was in the habit of hearing. She could not account for this, but thought the fact worthy of observation. The reverend gentleman remarked that he could explain the cause. "I happen," he said, "to make a particular point of classifying my topics; it is a hobby of mine to do so, and therefore I never compose a sermon without first settling the relationship and order of my arguments and illustrations. Suppose, madam, your servant was starting for town, and you were

obliged hastily to instruct her about a few small purchases—not having time to write down the items; and suppose you said, 'Be sure to bring some tea, and also some soap, and coffee too, by-the-bye; and some powder-blue; and don't forget to bring a few light cakes, and a little starch, and some sugar; and, now I think of it, soda,'—you would not be surprised if her memory failed her with regard to one or two of the articles. But if your commission ran thus: 'Now, Mary, tomorrow we are going to have some friends to tea; therefore bring a supply of tea, and coffee, and sugar, and light cakes; and the next day, you know, is washing-day, so that we shall want soap, and soda, and powder-blue, and starch;' it is most likely that she would retain your order as easily as you retain my sermon."—Here is a *memoria technica* for us, that is worth having. Half the ills in domestic life have their origin in a want of method.—FANNY A.

Selfishness.—You hate selfishness, my dear sir; so do I. Surely we ought to do good, whilst we live. There must be some grand end in our creation; and we would fain be remembered when we are gone. Multitudes of our species are living in such a selfish manner, that they are not likely to be remembered after their disappearance. They leave behind them scarcely any traces of their existence, but are forgotten almost as though they had never been. They are, while they live, like one pebble lying unobserved amongst a million on the shore; and when they die, they are like that same pebble thrown into the sea, which just ruffles the surface, sinks, and is forgotten,—without being missed from the beach. They are neither regretted by the rich, wanted by the poor, nor celebrated by the learned. Who has been the better for their life? Who has been the worse for their death? Whose tears have they dried up?—whose wants supplied?—whose miseries have they healed? Who would unbar the gate of life, to readmit them to existence?—or what face would greet them back again to our world with a smile? Wretched, unproductive mode of existence! Selfishness is its own curse; it is a starving vice. The man who does no good, gets none. He is like the heath in the desert; neither yielding fruit nor seeing when good cometh—a stunted, dwarfish, miserable shrub.—We will not be "selfish" my dear sir, will we?—PINK, *Hastings*.

[No; pretty Pink. Whilst we live, we will be loved. When we die, we will be regretted. 'Tis a bargain.]

Private Thoughts made Public. — "Some people" say "there is nothing in the world worth living for." Fie! Only conceive the happiness arising from the knowledge of some "one" person who is dearer to you than your own self; some one breast into which you can pour every thought, every grief, every joy! One person who, if all the rest of the world were to calumniate or forsake you, would never wrong you by a harsh thought or an unjust word; who would cling to you the closer in sickness, in poverty, in care; who would sacrifice all things to you, and for whom you would sacrifice all; from whom, except by death, night nor day can you ever be divided; whose

smile is ever at your heart; who has no tears while you are well and happy, and your love the same. Is *this* not "worth living for?"—HONEY-SUCKLE, *Henley*. [Let silence, dear Honeysuckle, give its most expressive consent.]

Choose Well and Wisely.—I was much struck, my dear sir, whilst strolling leisurely through the meadows the other day, with some sensible remarks which appear in a work called "Companions of my Solitude." I know they are so completely in unison with your ideas, that I gladly transcribe them for the benefit of the readers of *OUR OWN*. How sick at heart I feel that we are to see its loved face no more after the coming month! But knowing the cause—shame upon the public! say I—I bow my head submissively to the necessity of the case. The writer is speaking about Art and Fortune. He thus comments on them:—"Whatever happens, take great care not to be dissatisfied with your worldly fortunes, lest the speech be justly made to you which was once made to a repining person much given to talking of—bow great she and hers had been; "Yes, madam," was the crushing reply, "we all find our level at last!" Eternally that fable is true, of a choice being given to men on their entrance into life. Two majestic women stand before you; one in rich vesture, superb, with what seems like a rural crown on her head, and plenty in her hand, and something of triumph—I will not say boldness, in her eye; and she, the queen of this world, can give you many things. The other is beautiful, but not alluring; not rich, nor powerful; and there are traces of care and sorrow in her face—and, marvellous to say, her look is downcast and yet noble. She can give you nothing, but she can make you somebody. If you cannot bear to part from her sweet sublime countenance, which hardly veils with sorrow its infinity, follow her; follow her, I say, if you are really minded to do so; but do not, while you are on this track, look back with ill-concealed envy on the glittering things which fall in the path of those who prefer to follow the rich dame, and to pick up the riches and honors which fall from her cornucopia. This is, in substance, what a true artist said to me only the other day; impatient, as he told me, of the complaints of those who would pursue art, and yet would have fortune."—Are not these sentiments delightful? But how little is the advice acted upon!—LILLY OF THE VALLEY.

[Thanks, many, gentle maiden. These sentiments are indeed noble; and we rejoice in hearing you pronounce them such. They are "set" in our pages as gems of the purest water.]

"'Twas Thus They Parted,"—

AN EPISODE FROM ONE OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

I saw Bassanio and Antonio part.
Bassanio told him, he would "make some speed
Of his return." He falter'd,—“Do not so;
Tarry your leisure, and be merry.” Then
(Turning his face), he put his hand behind him;
And, with AFFECTION wondrous sensible,
He wrung Bassanio's hand:—'Twas Thus They
PARTED.

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