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KIDD'S  
OWN JOURNAL;

FOR

INTER-COMMUNICATIONS ON NATURAL HISTORY,

POPULAR SCIENCE, AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

CONDUCTED BY

WILLIAM KIDD, OF HAMMERSMITH.

VOLUME III.

COME, come, dear friends!  
Beneath the open sky abroad,  
Among the plants and breathing things,  
The blessed, peaceful works of God,—  
Let's share the calm this Season brings!

BRYANT.

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## TO THE READER.

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ON the completion of our THIRD VOLUME, it may be expected that we should, as usual, offer a few passing remarks.

It will be remembered, that the Editor of this Periodical has ever been proudly desirous that it should stand "alone" among the Serials. This, at a considerable pecuniary cost, and an immense amount of mental and bodily labor, has been accomplished. Its genial tone, and lofty aim, have been recognised and appreciated; its fame has gone abroad; and its patrons—not a few, are the very choicest of "choice spirits." All the supporters of OUR JOURNAL have indeed been fairly "won." We hardly need say that we hate "fine writing." We love Nature; and therefore write "naturally." All our Correspondents are of the same "happy family."

Hitherto, ours has been a "labor of love" ONLY. Not one penny in the way of remuneration have we yet received. "Faith" and "Hope" have supported us thus far. Now let the public kindly play the part of "Charity," and philanthropically enlarge the sphere of our usefulness; then are we willing to credit the hint given us—that "*another* six months must see us triumphant."

Bold as the effort may be deemed, we will e'en make it.

WILLIAM KIDD.

NEW ROAD, HAMMERSMITH,

July 1st, 1853.



THE HISTORY OF

# ENGLAND

FROM THE DEPARTURE OF THE ANGLES TO THE

PRESENT TIMES

The first part of this history, which is the most interesting, is the story of the Anglo-Saxons, who were the first to settle in England. They came from the continent of Europe, and their language and customs were very different from those of the Britons who had lived there before them. The Anglo-Saxons were a brave and warlike people, and they soon became the dominant race in England. They fought many battles, and they built many castles and towns. Their king, King Alfred, was a great warrior and a wise ruler. He defeated the Danes, who had invaded England, and he made the laws that still govern the country. The Anglo-Saxons were the first to introduce Christianity into England, and they built many churches and monasteries. Their language, Old English, was the first form of the English language. The second part of this history is the story of the Normans, who came to England in 1066. They were a French-speaking people, and they had a different culture and customs from the Anglo-Saxons. The Normans were also a brave and warlike people, and they soon became the dominant race in England. They fought many battles, and they built many castles and towns. Their king, King William I, was a great warrior and a wise ruler. He defeated the Anglo-Saxons, and he made the laws that still govern the country. The Normans were the first to introduce the feudal system into England, and they built many castles and towns. Their language, Norman French, was the first form of the French language. The third part of this history is the story of the Plantagenets, who came to England in 1154. They were a French-speaking people, and they had a different culture and customs from the Normans. The Plantagenets were also a brave and warlike people, and they soon became the dominant race in England. They fought many battles, and they built many castles and towns. Their king, King Henry II, was a great warrior and a wise ruler. He defeated the Normans, and he made the laws that still govern the country. The Plantagenets were the first to introduce the common law into England, and they built many castles and towns. Their language, Middle English, was the first form of the English language. The fourth part of this history is the story of the Tudors, who came to England in 1485. They were an English-speaking people, and they had a different culture and customs from the Plantagenets. The Tudors were also a brave and warlike people, and they soon became the dominant race in England. They fought many battles, and they built many castles and towns. Their king, King Henry VII, was a great warrior and a wise ruler. He defeated the Plantagenets, and he made the laws that still govern the country. The Tudors were the first to introduce the Reformation into England, and they built many castles and towns. Their language, Early Modern English, was the first form of the English language. The fifth part of this history is the story of the Stuarts, who came to England in 1603. They were a Scottish-speaking people, and they had a different culture and customs from the Tudors. The Stuarts were also a brave and warlike people, and they soon became the dominant race in England. They fought many battles, and they built many castles and towns. Their king, King James VI, was a great warrior and a wise ruler. He defeated the Tudors, and he made the laws that still govern the country. The Stuarts were the first to introduce the Presbyterian Church into England, and they built many castles and towns. Their language, Late Modern English, was the first form of the English language. The sixth part of this history is the story of the Hanoverians, who came to England in 1714. They were a German-speaking people, and they had a different culture and customs from the Stuarts. The Hanoverians were also a brave and warlike people, and they soon became the dominant race in England. They fought many battles, and they built many castles and towns. Their king, King George I, was a great warrior and a wise ruler. He defeated the Stuarts, and he made the laws that still govern the country. The Hanoverians were the first to introduce the House of Commons into England, and they built many castles and towns. Their language, Modern English, was the first form of the English language. The seventh part of this history is the story of the Georgians, who came to England in 1714. They were a German-speaking people, and they had a different culture and customs from the Hanoverians. The Georgians were also a brave and warlike people, and they soon became the dominant race in England. They fought many battles, and they built many castles and towns. Their king, King George II, was a great warrior and a wise ruler. He defeated the Hanoverians, and he made the laws that still govern the country. The Georgians were the first to introduce the House of Lords into England, and they built many castles and towns. Their language, Modern English, was the first form of the English language. The eighth part of this history is the story of the Victorians, who came to England in 1837. They were an English-speaking people, and they had a different culture and customs from the Georgians. The Victorians were also a brave and warlike people, and they soon became the dominant race in England. They fought many battles, and they built many castles and towns. Their king, King Victoria, was a great warrior and a wise ruler. He defeated the Georgians, and he made the laws that still govern the country. The Victorians were the first to introduce the House of Commons into England, and they built many castles and towns. Their language, Modern English, was the first form of the English language. The ninth part of this history is the story of the Edwardians, who came to England in 1901. They were an English-speaking people, and they had a different culture and customs from the Victorians. The Edwardians were also a brave and warlike people, and they soon became the dominant race in England. They fought many battles, and they built many castles and towns. Their king, King Edward VII, was a great warrior and a wise ruler. He defeated the Victorians, and he made the laws that still govern the country. The Edwardians were the first to introduce the House of Commons into England, and they built many castles and towns. Their language, Modern English, was the first form of the English language. The tenth part of this history is the story of the Georgians, who came to England in 1936. They were an English-speaking people, and they had a different culture and customs from the Edwardians. The Georgians were also a brave and warlike people, and they soon became the dominant race in England. They fought many battles, and they built many castles and towns. Their king, King George VI, was a great warrior and a wise ruler. He defeated the Edwardians, and he made the laws that still govern the country. The Georgians were the first to introduce the House of Commons into England, and they built many castles and towns. Their language, Modern English, was the first form of the English language.

BY

J. G. BURTON  
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# KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

JANUARY, 1853.

## THE PAST, THE PRESENT, & THE FUTURE.

NATURE,—attend! Join every living soul,  
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky!  
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise  
One general song! . . . We cannot go  
Where Universal Love smiles not around,  
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;  
From seeming evil still educing good,  
And better thence again,—and better still,  
In infinite progression! . . .  
Come then, expressive Silence, MUSE His praise!  
THOMSON.



WHILST OUR PEN IS NOW  
WRITING, the Old Year—  
one thousand, eight hundred,  
and fifty-two, is, though  
tempestuously raging, fast  
declining. Ere the ink which  
is flowing

in our pen shall be thoroughly dry, the old year will have sunk to his rest, and be known only as among the things that have been. Such is the winter of life!

The year which has just closed upon us, has been one of the most eventful within our recollection. It will be for the historian of the year, to collect the extraordinary circumstances that have occurred, both at home and abroad, within the past twelve months; and to place them in array before us. We who know them, and have watched them narrowly in their progress, can meantime ruminate on the significance of their meaning, and turn them to a profitable account. It is a favorite axiom of ours, that nothing happens by chance; and that everything that transpires is "right."

Holding such a strange doctrine as this, it will be less a matter for surprise that we have yet other singular ideas. For instance, we cannot fall in with the usual custom of seeing the Old Year *out*, and the New Year *in*—amidst riot, noise, smoke, drink, and debauchery. Let the wassail bowl have its votaries, the bottle its unflinching companions—but let us have an equally free choice. The results of intoxication have already met our eye. Men have been transformed into beasts, whilst Nature was kindly preparing to set before them the glories of a New Year! Ribald jests, profanity, and obscenity, have rent the air—at a season when every voice

should be filled with love for the Maker of Heaven and Earth! Alas! how little the regard paid to either body or soul, when feasting and excess are considered the main points of a good life! But let us change the scene.

The seasons of the year are the topics which most concern us and our readers at this time. It will be remembered, that the Winter of 1851-2 was a remarkable one,—all sorts of changes prevailing on one and the same day. It was sometimes cold, sometimes warm; sometimes frosty, and sometimes wet,—all within twenty-four hours. The consequence was,—perpetual illness, almost universal sickness, and a great increase in the Bills of Mortality. Spring and Winter seemed to have formed a coalition. They were hardly discernible the one from the other. The whole of the first half-year, as a perusal of OUR JOURNAL will testify, was unseasonable in every respect. We were deluged with rain; and all of us worn out with the pains and sufferings inseparable from such long-continued damp and cold.

Suddenly, Summer broke in upon us. And what a Summer! We rose at once from zero to boiling heat. We were all but fried as we walked along the streets. This continued for a goodly time. Our gardens soon felt the influence, and we found ourselves planted on every hand in a perfect paradise of flowers. The joys of *this* season we shall never forget; neither those connected with the commencement of Autumn. Our pen has already been eloquent on the subject, and our thoughts will be found registered in the leaves of OUR JOURNAL.

Of the concluding portion of Autumn, and of the commencement of Winter, we would fain be silent. We had such a constant succession of wet days, and wet nights—such storms, and such elemental discord, that we would indeed forget the remembrance of them. Many who were in the enjoyment of perfectly robust health in the Summer, were, ere the close of Autumn, consigned to their last resting place. Many, with whom we held much pleasing gossip upon bright future prospects during the past summer, have long since been



numbered with the dead. They sleep,—to meet us again in this world no more.

It is impossible to regard these things, as too many do, as mere matters of course. Old Time is stealing a march upon us, and we find *our* turn approaching. We know not how soon! This increases our desire, and our ardent longing, to be "useful" in our day and generation; and we will not deny that we feel some little pride in knowing that many feel interested in the extension of our life. Long ere Christmas, our earthly career was apparently at an end. Our sand, it was imagined, had nearly run out. Our life hung on doubt, for many days. We had prepared for the great change.

The wise Dispenser of events, however, caused hope to spring up. In the hands of a skilful practitioner we rallied. We contended vigorously against the invasion of our internal enemy; and, being a man of the most temperate habits, we finally vanquished him. For our victory, let us thank the God of all our mercies. We do so, most devoutly; the more especially, as many who were at the same time with ourself suffering from a precisely similar malady (but who were *not* men of temperate habits), sank under their sufferings. Another forcible argument this, for our favorite motto—Temperance in all things.

We have taken occasion, in former numbers of *OUR JOURNAL*, to commend to our readers' especial notice the due observance of Christmas,—a season when all families and their various branches should make a point of assembling together, to cement the bond of love. Nature, no doubt, rejoices as much as we do in the various réunions that take place at such a time. Many ill-feelings have perhaps been suffered to exist, between many parties, for many months previous to this grand meeting. A kiss of love at once annihilates the remembrance of these. Fresh vows are exchanged; future meetings planned; many sweet promises of communicating more frequently are given; and *so* the New Year dawns auspiciously on all. We repeat, that we look upon the season of Christmas, with its holly, misseltoe, and other commendable associations, with fond delight. Nor have we been wanting this season in performing our part in what we so strongly recommend to others. We feel individually all the better for it; and we will undertake to say as much for the possessors of the many happy, cheerful, loving, and lovely countenances, with which ours has innocently come in contact.

Well; we will not now dilate upon these matters; though we feel justified in hinting at them, and in gently enforcing their observance. Let us turn to the New Year.

It is a wise provision of Nature, to make

certain little breaks in the routine of our too regular life. She introduces a succession of pleasing changes, to keep our minds in equilibrio. From to-day, we shall live in the hope and pleasing expectation of seeing a daily change in the aspect of our fields and gardens. Hitherto stationary, there will be a progressive movement in vegetation. Though the year is young, there is already much to delight us; for the season, having been unusually mild, many pretty little heads are modestly popping up, even now, to greet us as we pass from place to place.

We must not forget, too, that the days are gradually lengthening; and that the dear, bright, and glorious sun has commenced his new annual course. Feeble though his rays at the beginning of the month, yet is his enlivening countenance shining upon us brighter and brighter every day. Still, Winter is upon us, and we must, for a little season, amuse ourselves indoors as well as out; for the voices of the birds are not yet fully heard, their "harps are hung upon the willows." It is a painful sight to see how some of our tiny friends are benumbed with the cold; but it is more than compensated by the pleasure we feel in welcoming them to the hospitality of our table. The wrens, the robins, "Dickey Dunnock," and the blue-headed titmouse, flock around us on every side; and many a grateful song do we get, by the way, in return for a few crumbs of bread thrown out of the window.

JANUARY, in its early days, is a cold, wet, drizzly, unsatisfactory month—a month of colds and asthma, rheumatism and lumbago. All nature partakes of its blighting influence. Still it comes with its awakening hand, and shakes grey-bearded old Winter in his chilly sleep:—

A wrinkled, crabbed man, they picture thee,  
Old Winter; with a rugged beard, as grey  
As the long moss upon the apple tree.  
Blue-lipt, an ice-drop at thy sharp blue nose;  
Close muffled up, and on thy dreary way  
Plodding alone through sleet and drifting snows.

Rude, too, and violent, is the awakening hand of January, causing the very icicles which bind old Winter down, to rattle again, whilst breathing into his frozen ear tidings that each successive day is longer than the last; and bidding him prepare to abdicate in favor of the tender, delicate snowdrops, whose graceful heads are even now visible as they exert their growing energies to make their way through the frost-bound earth:—

Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand  
Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,  
How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!  
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul  
That sees astonished! and astonished sings!

How wearisomely would the year pass away,  
but for these changes! How would life hang



heavily on our hands, were it not for the opening and shutting of the days, the advent and departure of flowers, the arrival and disappearance of birds, the infinitely-numerous races of insects, the wan coldness of winter, and the ruddy warmth of summer—all imparting to the year forms which correspond to our own changing existence.

We have lately taken several strolls among the lanes and bye-roads, with a view to reconnoitre the doings, and try to catch the voices, of the early birds of song; but alas! save the musical wren, the robin, and the hedge-sparrow, all has been desolation. The fields look cold and comfortless, the trees naked, and the hedges bare. A skylark now and then has risen on the wing, and given utterance to his short, winter note; a thrush and a blackbird, too, have been heard whistling low; but no joyous effusions of vernal melody. All this has yet to come, and it is worth waiting patiently for.

The notes of birds evidently undergo some extraordinary changes during the autumn and the winter; for we find them making many vain attempts to sing in January, without having the power to exercise their full compass. The difficulty of utterance appears to arise from some physical impediment; and this impediment is only gradually removed. Jenyns corroborates these observations; for he remarks that as the temperature increases, their system receives a corresponding stimulus, their song becomes more melodious, and also much louder. If our readers will test this by noticing the movements of the various tribes, they will not find it an unprofitable occupation.

We will not close these few remarks on the New Year, without directing attention to the necessity there is for all who would be well, to take exercise in the open air. It is a too common practice at this season, for people, young and old, to crowd over a large fire—half baking themselves on one side, whilst the other is unduly cold. This invariably produces illness. Let the apartment in which you live be well ventilated, and let a moderate fire be kept in the stove. Sit at a fair distance from it, and you will obtain an equable warmth. But ere you do this, take a nice bracing walk, if the day be dry. This will cause a due circulation of the blood, and keep you healthily warm. On your return home, your cheeks will glow with a ruddy tint, your appetite will be good, and your digestion equally so. All that is needful to guard against cold, is—a proper equipment.

Take no heed, young ladies, of being celebrated for a pretty foot, or a neat ankle; especially during the season of winter. Provide good, strong boots, with moderately-thick soles, so as to exclude water and damp. Put these on whenever you walk abroad,

and you will thank us for our advice long before they are half worn out. Warm gloves, (no muff), a neat little cloak, and a warm winter's dress, will, with the addition of a little "comfortable" bonnet, put you in marching order. Never miss a single day's exercise in the open air; unless indeed the ground be saturated with rain. You cannot imagine the benefits arising from walking out, during the winter months. You *shall* do so, however, ere we have kept your company long.

We shall take upon ourself, month after month, to study your welfare; and we shall not hesitate to tell you all that we conceive to be for your benefit. "Line upon line, precept upon precept," shall be lovingly offered; and we feel sure that we shall win our way to your favor, while laboring so earnestly for your good.

We speak now, more particularly, to our NEW Subscribers. There are many who are as yet strangers to us, and to our doctrines. Only let them listen to what we say, and let them be better acquainted with us, and we venture our reputation that we shall ALL speedily become a "United Happy Family."

We begin the New Year with buoyant spirits. Nature's treasury is about to be opened. We shall be there at the opening; and whilst we expose to view all her ladyship's boundless gifts to her children, as they present themselves, we feel sure that there will be but one feeling between us and our readers,—Love to God, and good-will to man.

This is our fondest desire,—our earnest hope.

#### THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE NEW YEAR.

It is a melancholy task, Mr. Editor, to reckon with the departed year. To trace back the curious threads of affection through its many-colored woof, and knot anew its broken places—to number the missing objects of interest, the dead and the neglected—to sum up the broken resolutions, the deferred hopes, the dissolved phantoms of anticipation, and many wanderings from the leading star of duty—this is, indeed, a melancholy task, but, withal, a profitable, and, it may sometimes be, a pleasant and a soothing one.

It is wonderful in what short courses the objects of this world move. They are like arrows feebly shot. A year, a brief year, is full of things dwindled, and finished, and forgotten. Nothing keeps evenly on. What is there in the running calendar of the year that has departed, which has kept its place and its magnitude? Here and there an aspirant for fame still stretches after his eluding shadow—here and there an enthusiast still clings to his golden dream—here and there (and alas! how rarely a friend keeps his truth, and a lover his fervor—but how many more, that were as 'ambitious, as enthusiastic, as loving as these when last year began, are now sluggish, and cold, and false! You may keep a



record of life; and as surely as it is human, it will be a fragmented and disjointed history, crowded with unaccountableness and change. There is nothing constant. The links of life are for ever breaking, but we rush on still. A fellow-traveller drops from our side into the grave—a guiding star of hope vanishes from the sky—a creature of our affections, a child or an idol, is snatched from us—perhaps nothing with which we began the race is left to us, and yet we do not halt. 'Onward—still onward,' is the eternal cry; and as the past recedes, the broken ties are forgotten, and the future occupy us alone.

There are bright chapters in the past, however. If our lot is capricious and broken, it is also new and various. One friend has grown cool, but we have won another. One chance was less fortunate than we expected, but another was better. We have encountered one man's prejudices, but, in so doing, we have unexpectedly flattered the partialities of his neighbor. We have neglected a recorded duty; but a deed of charity, done upon impulse, has brought up the balance. In an equable temper of mind, memory, to a man of ordinary goodness of heart, is pleasant company. A careless rhymer, whose heart is better than his head, says,—

"I would not escape from Memory's land,  
For all the eye can view;  
For there's dearer dust in Memory's land,  
Than the ore of rich Peru.  
I clasp the fetter by Memory twined,  
The wanderer's heart and soul to bind."

It was a good thought suggested by an ingenious friend, to make one's will annually, and remember all whom we love in it in the degree of their deservings. I have acted upon the hint since, and truly it is keeping a calendar of one's life. I have little to bequeath, indeed—a manuscript or two, some half dozen pictures, and a score or two of much-thumbed and choice authors—but, slight as these poor mementoes are, it is pleasant to rate their difference, and write against them the names of our friends as we should wish them left if we knew we were presently to die. It would be a satisfying thought in sickness, that one's friends would have a memorial to suggest us when we were gone—that they would know we wished to be remembered by them; that we remembered them among the first. And it is pleasant, too, while alive, to change the order of appropriation with the ever-varying evidences of affection. It is a relief to vexation and mortified pride, to erase the name of one unworthy or false; and it is delightful, as another gets nearer to your heart, with the gradual and sure test of intimacy, to prefer him in your secret register.

If I should live to be old, I doubt not it will be a pleasant thing to look over these little testaments. It is difficult, now, with their kind offices and pleasant faces ever about one, to realise the changes of feeling between the first and the last—more difficult still, to imagine against any of those familiar names the significant asterisk that marks the dead; yet if the common chances of human truth, and the still more desperate chances of human life, continue, it is melancholy to think what a miracle it would be if even half this list,

brief and youthful as it is, should be, twenty years hence, living and unchanged.

The festivities of this part of the year always seemed to me mis-timed and revolting. I know not what color the reflections of others take, but to me it is simply the feeling of escape—the released breath of fear after a period of suspense and danger. Accident, misery, death, have been about us in their invisible shapes; and while one is tortured with pain, and another reduced to wretchedness, and another struck into the grave beside us, we know not why nor how we are still living and prosperous. It is next to a miracle that we are so. We have been on the edge of chasms continually. Our feet have tottered, our bosoms have been grazed by the thick shafts of disease—had our eyes been spirit-keen, we should have been dumb with fear at our peril. If every tenth sun-beam were a deadly arrow—if the earth were full of invisible abysses—if poisons were sown thickly in the air, life would hardly be more insecure. We can stand upon our threshold and see it. The vigorous are stricken down by an invisible hand—the active and busy suddenly disappear—death is caught up in the breath of the night wind, in the dropping of the dew. There is no place or moment, in which that horrible phantom is not gliding among us. It is natural at each period of escape to rejoice fervently and from the heart; but I know not, if others look upon death with the same irrepressible horror that I do, how their joy can be so thoughtlessly trifling. It seems to me matter for deep and almost fearful congratulation. It should be expressed in religious places and with the solemn voice of worship; and when the period has thus been marked, it should be speedily forgotten, lest its clouds become more depressing. I am an advocate for all the gaiety that the spirits will bear. I would reserve no particle of the treasure of happiness. The world is dull enough at the best; but do not mistake its temper. Do not press into the service of gay pleasure the thrilling solemnities of life. I think anything which reminds mo of death, solemn; any time, when our escape from it is thrust irresistibly upon the mind, a solemn time; and such is the season of the new year. It should be occupied by serious thoughts. It is the time to reckon with one's heart—to renew and form resolutions—to forgive, and reconcile, and redeem.—P.

#### NATURE'S HOLIDAY.

Goodness thinks no ill where no ill seems.

MILTON.

ALBEIT use is second nature, yet does it require some little time to get out of an old beaten track—more particularly if memory dwells fondly upon beloved objects, met with in that track.

Our wonted habit of gossiping *weekly* with our readers, was a source of inexpressible pleasure to us. We could tell of a multitude of things passing at the time, and find ready listeners to share our joys and delights. They looked as anxiously for our weekly gossip, as we felt pleasure in preparing it for their eye. It was vexatious



that the proposed and needful change took place at Christmas.\* We had so much to prattle about at this season—so much of the interesting to communicate in the matter of social *réunions*, and the annual renewals of those affectionate feelings of love and friendship which do such honor and service to humanity. Well is it for us, that "Fashion"—the universal tyrant, has not swept away *this* annual custom of meeting together, as well as so many other of the wholesome observances of life!

There is a great deal of rust contracted on the human heart, in the course of a single year—aye, in the course of a few short months. Absence very often produces a cruel coldness amongst those who ought to be the best of friends; and this coldness of feeling too often grows into something worse than indifference. Then, people will get fancying all sorts of silly things; nor does ill-nature slumber under such circumstances. Many a sly hint will be thrown out by a venomous tongue, interested in spreading dissension, that will keep the choicest of friends at variance. However, "Time works wonders." The season for friendly meetings again comes round. Invitations are given and accepted. Old acquaintances meet; the hand is offered and taken—aye, shaken too! Doubts are cleared up; the heart expands under Nature's warmth, and all are "happy"—as they should be. Nature! how we love thee!

Well; all that we have been talking about has already taken place. Friends have embraced, laughed, danced, sung, played, and made merry. Youth and age have melted into one. The follies of fashion have, among the sensible, dwindled away; and Nature has reigned triumphant amongst her children. Thus has the New Year come in, radiant with smiles. The glorious sun heralded in the 1st of January, 1853. We saw his face with delight. It was but a glimpse, truly; but that glimpse shadowed forth a host of "promises" now in course of daily fulfilment.

Now let us improve these few opening observations on the season. Let each one of us boldly ask himself—if his heart does not feel all the lighter for the share he has taken in promoting the happiness of others? And the beauty of it is, the pleasure of pleasing

far exceeds any other pleasure. It leaves a goodly savor behind it. Selfishness must not, cannot intrude at such seasons. Beholding our friends happy, their hearts warm, their countenances radiant with delight; and whilst listening to the joyous sounds of merriment proceeding from their innocent children—we behold a sight, and hear sounds, which we cannot but rejoice in. May the time never arrive that shall see us differently minded!

Whilst very many thousands have been so enjoying themselves, it will hardly be imagined that WE have stood out. Oh no! Familiarly and pleasingly known as "OUR EDITOR," we have dropped in here, there, everywhere—a welcome, privileged friend. We were an invalid too; and, on that account, the more "interesting!"

Christmas Day was, of course, our "first appearance this season." On that happy day we were enrolled—Self & Co.—among the members of a numerous "happy family." We passed the day as it ought to be passed—in amity, friendship, love, and unity. We never tell tales; but we may relate, in confidence, that the "good old customs" were rigidly and properly kept up. One arch face—we will not say how many more arch faces followed the good example—slyly drawing us beneath

"The blossom that hangs on the bough,"

playfully remarked,—"Our Editor, being invisible,\* is nobody!" The arch face, with a pretty mouth, then whispered something—oh, how sweet!—in our ear; and as we sighed out,—*"Take heed,—whisper low!"* the lisp died softly away in the distance. "Sweet seventeen!" (—aye, and "Sweet twenty-one!") how we love thee! Long may innocence like thine live to greet us annually; long may we live to go through the same pleasing ceremonies of the season with thee! So treated, we will remain "nobody" all our life. We never can grow "old."

We have, no doubt, here touched a chord that will awaken in other breasts besides ours, many a pleasing reminiscence of Christmas 1852-3.

We are *all* children at such times, and ought to be so. It is Nature's gentle law, and must be obeyed. Thus do our minds become unbent, our best feelings expanded; and thus are all the avenues opened which lead to kind, friendly, and affectionate solicitude, one for the other.

PRUDERY must never dare show her ugly deformed features at holiday times. No! No! We will have none of her detestable

\* We have before mentioned (see our SECOND VOLUME, *passim*), "why" we have been constrained to convert OUR JOURNAL into a MONTHLY Periodical. The booksellers refused to procure it in its *weekly* form; and the complaints we received from all parts of the country in consequence, have left us no alternative. The tender mercies of a *bookseller* are indeed cruel! Their community stand unenviably "alone" in their feelings of envy and hard-heartedness.

\* Hereby hangs a curious tale. Our invisible cloak, and its mysterious properties, will be found duly chronicled in our first volume, page 104.



heresies introduced amongst Nature's children. Her ladyship claims to rule, in her own sweet way, once a year at least; and insists in putting us in the right way, whether we continue to walk in it or not. She hates the superficial and the artificial as much as we do. Oh that we could, between us, banish them for ever!

The curtain must here fall. Papas and mammas, boys and girls, young and old, grave and gay—all have met to keep Nature's holiday, and to rejoice together in love. Sight-seeing is at an end. The vacation is nearly over. The last boy is now "due" at school. Whilst we write, "Black Monday" is frowning on our young friends, and duty is beckoning them away from pleasure.

Well; they have had their treat, and must now away to improve their minds. We will, in their absence, try and prepare something to "assist" in this, against their return. The seasons will soon roll over; then will they again assemble to give a loose to the dictates of honest Nature.

May God bless our rising youth! say we; and as we grow older, may we contrive—if possible, to grow more natural!

#### THE BLESSING OF SIGHT AND HEARING.

THE following graphic sketch appears in the "Boston Transcript." There is a vein of feeling in it, which we wish to impress upon the mind of every reader. How little do we value our gifts, until by comparison we are brought to reflection!

A few days since, says Dr. C., the narrator, I paid a visit, by invitation, with a friend, to the "Blind Institution" at South Boston, where I had an opportunity of seeing Laura Bridgman. Although much has been written about this interesting young lady, yet I am inclined to believe that her actual condition is not generally well understood. The Blind Institution has long been established, and is now under the superintendence of Dr. Howe, a man whose intelligence and humanity admirably fit him for the situation.

Laura is blind, deaf, and dumb. She can neither hear, see, nor speak! I had somehow formed an opinion that she was a little girl, but I learned that she was 22 years of age, although she appeared not above 16 or 18. Her features are regular—an oval face, with a very pleasing expression of countenance. Her head is what phrenologists would call "finely balanced"—the moral and intellectual predominating. Her demeanor was lady-like, and attractive. One would not suppose she ever entertained a thought of sadness, from her appearance.

The mode of communicating intelligence to her, is entirely different from that of any other human being—she being the only per-

son living who is at once blind, deaf, and dumb. The deaf and dumb can learn by seeing; and the blind by hearing,—but Laura can learn in no such way. *She* can only learn by the sense of *touch* alone! Strange as it may appear, she has been taught not only to converse freely, but to write. This has been accomplished by the sense of *touch* alone. How did she learn her letters? How was the first idea communicated to her? As we entered the room, she was in earnest conversation with her blind companion. The blind girl could hear our approach, but Laura literally "turned a deaf ear" to us.

While viewing the two, we almost envied the condition of the blind girl, in contrast with the night of night in which poor Laura was encompassed. Laura could speak to others by the motion of her fingers, like the deaf and dumb spelling out every word. But while she could speak to others in this way, no one by similar motions could speak to her. She could not see the motion of their hands. In speaking to her, the motion of the fingers had to be made inside of her hand. She could then understand their meaning. Laura and the blind girl both conversed in this way. On the desk, before Laura, lay a piece of grooved tin, with a slip of paper. I asked if she would write her name for me; as I should prize it as a choice memento.

She complied cheerfully, after learning the request through her teacher. She placed the paper on the grooved tin, measuring the distance from the side; and wrote in plain round letters—"LAURA BRIDGMAN TO Dr. C." She guided her pencil with the left hand, in the grooves of the tin.

Poor Laura! Heaven grant that the darkness which now surrounds you, may end in this life! There is a kind Providence, whose care is over even the most obscure creature, and in time will compensate and rectify all wrongs. There is no blindness or deafness in Heaven. "There the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf unstopped." On leaving the Blind Institution, I trust I had a more truthful sense of the blessings of sight and hearing, and of the corresponding obligations they impose. Laura Bridgman is considered by those who know her condition and her attainments, as the highest object of interest in the world. Let those who indulge in complaints at the disappointments and disadvantages they suffer in life, only think of LAURA BRIDGMAN!

THE NEW YEAR.—Every first of January that we arrive at, is an imaginary milestone in the track of human life; at once a resting-place for thought and meditation, and a starting point for fresh exertions in the performance of our journey.



LITTLE KINDNESSES.

As welcome as sunshine  
In every place,  
Is the beaming approach  
Of a good-natur'd face.

As genial as sunshine,  
Like warmth to impart,  
Is a good-natur'd deed  
From a good-natur'd heart.

UNDER THE HEADING of "Little Kindnesses," we ventured a few seasonable remarks at the close of our last year's volume. Little did we imagine, whilst penning those remarks, that so many of our readers were in the possession of our thoughts, and that we shared those thoughts in common! Sympathy is indeed indescribable,—in its fountain and in its streams.

We are under obligations innumerable,—albeit they are pleasing obligations, to the many kind individuals who have not let the season of Christmas pass by without assisting; most liberally, in the decoration of our table; and in substantially providing us with regal fare to keep up the prevailing festivities with all due honor.

From all parts of the country, testimonials of gratitude for little services professionally rendered by us, have flowed in like a river. We name this under a general head, in order that *one* tribute of thankful acknowledgment may be accorded to all. We never could make a speech "under such circumstances;" and we shall most assuredly not attempt to do so now.

Among the assembled offerings was "one," most delicately conveyed. It reached us just before Christmas. It was franked throughout, and forwarded anonymously. On a sheet of paper, in a most loveable handwriting, were penned these words:—"For the Editor. From a grateful friend—wishing the Editor and his family a merry Christmas and a happy New Year." The "present" was a noble, snow-white bird, sacred to Christmas, weighing some eighteen pounds. A neat label notified that it had ceased to live, three days previously; and a ticket showed that it had travelled on the Southampton Railway. This offering of gratitude delighted us. The bird was not packed in the usual way. It had evidently occupied some little time in its preparation. It was placed (so neatly!) in a rush basket; and the sewing, it needed no prophet to tell us, was leisurely performed by a little hand which felt a secret pleasure every time the needle was inserted and withdrawn. We repeat we know not the donor; but we rejoice in feeling that we are remembered by "one," with whom time, perhaps, will make us better acquainted. A tribute *thus* paid can never be forgotten,—it were impossible.

We were becoming melancholy at the

close of the year,—despairing, perhaps, lest, after all, our enterprise should fall to the ground. When, however, we found ourself such a general object of regard, and experienced such overwhelming and convincing proofs that OUR JOURNAL had so won its way to favor,—creeping into the very hearts of our readers, we took fresh courage, and feel at the present time that there are those interested in our success who will never slumber nor sleep till we are placed beyond the reach of danger.

We have labored hard—very hard, to create a brotherly and a sisterly feeling among mankind generally. It has indeed been up-hill work! Our three-halfpenny readers positively derided us for our sentiments, and withdrew from our standard. It was "natural," perhaps—yet rather unkind. But let it pass.

Our present body-guard are of a *very* different order. They tell us, frankly, they could not expect us to write, nor could they be satisfied to read anything we had written, unless they knew that we were, at all events, protected from actual loss. This is manly, fair, and just. We love such sentiments.

The year 1852 has not passed without affording us many opportunities for noticing how much real good may be effected by kindness,—and that, in a multitude of little ways. The hollowness of "the world we live in," deadens those latent feelings that only want a fitting occasion to show themselves; and people, naturally kind, loving, and sociable, are by circumstances rendered too often callous, indifferent, and morose. They find no echo to their own sentiments, become misanthropical, and turn their backs upon society with disgust. These are the people after whom we seek. We have picked up many of them already, and they have become polished jewels. More,—many more, we trust, are yet to be found. Our pen shall search them out.

Kindness begets kindness, and sincerity of heart creates love. Love, when once born, never dies. We have set ourselves a task to prove this. We *will* prove it, if we live.

JOY,—EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL.

He who, to the best of his power, has secured the final stake, has a *fons perennis* (a perpetual fount) of joy within him. He is satisfied from himself. They, his reverse, borrow all from without.

Joy, wholly from without, is false, precarious, and short. From without, it may be gathered; but, like gathered flowers, though fair and sweet for a season, it must soon wither and become offensive.

Joy, from within, is like smelling the rose on the tree. It is more sweet and fair. It is lasting; and I must add, it is IMMORTAL.

YOUNG.



### REAL CHARITY.

When thou hast done a good deed, do not show  
It with thy finger, neither let it be  
Profaned : else it will come back unto thee  
Like to a handled flower, where the glow  
Of hue and sweetness of the perfume no  
More dwells. Upon God's altar, with all the  
First freshness on it, place it ; and then HE  
Will make its perfume everlasting, so  
'Twill be a joy for aye. There are but two  
To whom it matters that thy deeds be known—  
God and thyself. And if to these *alone*  
They be so, then rejoice thereat ; for you  
Thus know them to be good deeds, in the true  
And sublime sense—true, like thy father's own !

ELLISON.

### "Our Journal" and the Public.

AS IT IS NOW SOME FIFTY-SIX WEEKS since we put forth a Prospectus of the nature and objects of this Paper, it may be as well, for the benefit of new readers, briefly to re-state them.

Let it be borne in mind then, *imprimis*, that OUR JOURNAL is a Journal of Nature. We avowedly eschew all that is artificial ; we lay bare the wretched hypocrisy that so universally prevails in society ; and we call all things by their proper names. We regard life, not as a mere puppet to be played with as we will, but as a "reality"—involving considerations of the deepest interest here and hereafter. Thus viewed, it possesses a new interest altogether.

We are a grovelling nation, for the most part. Our lives are sacrificed in the vain pursuit of wealth. It is the only God that we "worship." When we get it, it hardens our heart ; and whilst we seek it, we neglect most of the kind offices of life. "In the midst of life we are in death," and know it not. Neither care we for it. Here is a daguerreotyped picture of humanity ! True to the letter, nevertheless. Well might WORDSWORTH say :—

The world is too much with us ! Late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.  
Little we see in Nature that is ours,—  
We have giv'n our hearts away, a *sordid boon* !

Whatever progress we may make in the mechanical arts, it is quite clear that, in *these* matters, we remain totally unchanged. Nay, we retrograde. Let us reform this altogether !

We seek to unite, and make of one mind, all who have hitherto prided themselves on rigid exclusiveness. We want to establish the fact, that we are, or rather ought to be, to a certain extent, all of one family,—connected by one object ; and that object, love to God and to each other. We labor hard to make people what they "seem to be," but

are not ; to show them that happiness does not consist in selfishness ; and that true charity, if sought after, can readily be found. We want to crush false pride wherever it inhabits, and to cement a bond of brotherly and sisterly love between those who now see no beauty in such a union. We want to establish common honesty among us ; a reign of kindness instead of a reign of terror. We desire to do away with a mass of the cool calculation that now exists amongst us as to "what we can get" by doing offices of so-called kindness. In fact, we want to regenerate the human heart.

Should it be urged that this is an impossibility,—we admit that it is so, to a certain extent. Yet have we evidence in our possession, that we have not labored in vain touching this matter. For twelve months has our pen been unceasingly occupied in the endeavor to accomplish what we now profess to be our aim. During that period, our correspondence from all parts of the world has been immense,—more particularly during the latter quarter of the past year.

Among this correspondence are letters, whose value we can never sufficiently appreciate. Entering fully into our views, and fathoming our heart, the writers of these letters have not hesitated to tell us the large amount of good we have already done, in certain quarters ; and they urge us to persevere with increased energy in "the noble work we have undertaken." This it is that has kept us so unflinchingly to our self-imposed task ; and that has induced us not to give up all as lost, without a further effort.

We have found out, that there is many a heart seeking,—aye, pining, for feelings in unison with its own ; but which, for lack of opportunity, it has never been able to fall in with. These hearts—not a few, have sought and found a resting place, a harbour of refuge, in OUR heart. There they have lived—do live, and will live, whilst we are an inhabitant of this lower world. This is one of the "rewards" we claim for our labor of love.

The other main objects of OUR JOURNAL are—harmless amusement, blended with solid popular instruction ; and an inter-communication of ideas between ourselves and the Public, connected with Natural History and matters of every-day life.

This renders our Miscellany an amusing one for the time being ; and stamps a lasting value on it as a work of reference on Natural History, and Things in General.

Our two First Volumes are still in print ; and we are well contented to let them speak for us in the absence of a longer prospectus. "Deeds, not words," is our motto ; and it is one which is now very generally received.



## SOMETHING "SEASONABLE."

## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY,—1853.

Soon as grey morn invests yon eastern hill,  
 What perturbations youthful bosoms fill!  
 What throbs! what strange anxieties are known—  
 While "doubt" remains where Love shall fix his  
 throne!

IT SEEMS BUT AS YESTERDAY, that we sat down to pen a few random thoughts on this most interesting day; and yet have very nearly twelve months passed over our heads since our expressed thoughts went forth to the world.\* So very quickly does the time slip away when the mind is fully occupied!

The importance of St. Valentine's Day no person attempts to dispute. Birds and animals, lads and lasses, young people and old people, rich and poor, gentle and simple,—all seem to regard the day as an eventful one in the Calendar. As for the poor post-men—those shamefully ill-paid, but best of men, their legs know little rest from morning till night. So laden are they with "heavy" messages of love, and borne down by "pictures" of the wooed and the wooing; some very like—a whale!

A tolerable idea may be formed of the extent of adoration lavished by the worshippers at the shrine of St. Valentine, on the objects of their heart, when we state a little statistical fact in connection with the 14th day of *last* February. Up to five o'clock, p.m., 200,000 letters over and above the ordinary daily average, had passed through the Post Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand. This was for London alone; and the net profit was nearly £1,500. When we come to calculate further the quantity of ink, paper, wax, and pens used, and also the cost of the "Devices," &c., we imagine the revenue must feel grateful to the "good saint" for his patronage.

The "pairing of birds" is said to commence on this day; and many bird-fanciers make their preparations in consequence. It is not for us to debate upon the policy of such a step, at a time like this; at all events, the birds are not allowed to have all the love to themselves. The example they set, is thought good enough to be followed by their young masters and mistresses. Accordingly, we find the day ushered in with an amount of pleasing curiosity, and harmless excitement, perfectly indescribable. Poor Robin says, in his Almanac for 1557, "Term is no sooner out, than in comes Valentine, to trade in sweethearts. Then the maids look out sharp to have *him* for a Valentine (if possible) whom they could inwardly incline to choose for a husband." He adds:—

"A glorious month indeed, maids, this is!  
 It brings you scores and scores of kisses,  
 For always, when the sun comes there,\*  
 Valentine's Day is drawing near;  
 And both the men and maids incline  
 To choose them each a Valentine.  
 Should a man get the one he loves,  
 He gives her first a pair of gloves;  
 And *entre nous*, to seal his bliss,  
 He crowns the favor with a kiss.  
 The kiss begets more love—and then  
 That love begets a kiss again;  
 Until the man this trade doth catch,  
 And then he does propose the match.  
 The maid is "willing" tho' she's shy,  
 She gives her swain this soft reply:  
 "I'll not decide one thing or other  
 Until I first consult my mother!"  
 When she says so, 'tis half a grant,  
 And may be taken for 'consent.'"

Just so, good Robin. Only get the ear of your "heart's idol" to listen to you. Your words will quickly sink into her heart; and *her* "wish" will be her mother's "law." Never go one step, say we, without the consent of the mother. *Her* blessing is above all. This is a remark by the way.

We are inclined favorably towards the little displays made on this memorable day, inasmuch as they are for the most part purely harmless. The ideas are, with a few exceptions, cut and dried. They are not the irrepressible bursts of passion, made by a heart "full to o'erflowing." No! The "sentiments" are prepared in a garret by some poor author, or disappointed suitor, perhaps; and disposed of by him to the printers of these literary curiosities. They have then to be wedded to certain symbolic designs, and invested with a dignity meant to strike deep into the heart. We will not attempt to turn such poetical effusions into contempt. Oh no! Let them go forth with their speaking voices; led by rosy-faced Cupids, armed with majestically-mischievous bows and glittering arrows, and attended with the flaming torches of Hymen—chariots of love, crowned with roses, and drawn by sylphs, flying ethereally towards the altar.

There is a pretty considerable trade done in these elaborated missives of love. No sooner has the new year dawned upon us, than "Valentines" greet us in multitudes, in nearly every successive window of the shops of London and the suburbs. How we do delight in halting now and then, to fathom the hearts of the many pretty, innocent faces, that we behold gazing into those same shop windows! Nor will we affirm that we have not made a *vivâ voce* observation more than once, that has called forth a bewitching smile from the rosy lips, parted by a row of ivory, which belonged to the fair creature we have been addressing.

\* See our article on "St. Valentine's Day," in Volume 1, of OUR JOURNAL, page 97.

\* The sun this month enters into "Pisces."

As regards ourself, we very strongly object to all these "ready cut and dried" effusions. They are tasteless—spiritless—meaningless. They have no point. They will do for one; they will do for all. Over-grown Cupids rolling over clouds, their cheeks bedaubed with vermilion—ugly little hump-backed churches, botched with imitation-ivy (where no sane mortal could ever think of getting married); and top-heavy chariots shining in ochre—such attempts at heart-stealing as these, delight us not. Nor have we ever been seriously smitten by those hosts of little mnd Cupids, who so mysteriously creep out of full-blown cabbage-roses, making the best of their way to large over-grown hearts, stuffed with double-headed arrows—these said hearts uttering dolorous complaints in so-called verse, whilst frying in their own flames. These never took our fancy.

We believe we were the first to originate the idea, of sending the girl of our heart an emblematical device on pasteboard of a closed cabinet, with a latch attached. On lifting this, the doors flew open; and an elegant silvered mirror, concealed by a veil of silver gauze, was seen suspended in the front. Beneath it was written:—

Remove this veil with care, and see  
The ONLY girl who's dear to me;  
If she will let me call her "mine,"  
I'll seek NO OTHER Valentine.

This, though a boyish effusion, was, we remember, a dead shot. The idea was a pretty one; we were suspected, accepted, beloved, and caressed (of course).

HURDIS says, writing of this memorable day:—

This day doth herald in St. Valentine!  
Now maids are brisk, and at the break of day  
Start up and turn their pillows, curious all  
To know what happy swain the fates provide  
A mate for life. Then follows thick discharge  
Of true-love knots, and sonnets nicely penned;  
But to the learned critic's eye no verse,  
But prose distracted.

We have not made much progress since the days of Hurdis. If ladies' hearts fall before the poetry of modern Valentines, they must, we think, be indeed made of "melting stuff!"

It is said that the sweet air of "Rousseau's Dream" was first imported into this country some fifty years ago; and that the first English words ever written to it were in the form of a serenade from a lover to his betrothed, on the morning of St. Valentine's Day. We have a copy of the lines in our possession, and we subjoin them:—

Health to thee, mine own sweet lady!  
Health and blessing, first and last!  
Now may Heaven, all bounteous, aid me  
Round thy path new spells to cast.

Blessed be thine early morning!  
Blessed be thine evening close!  
Blessed thy going and returning,  
Summer hours and winter snows!

Not to thee, all undecieving,  
Pure of spirit, frank of heart,  
Shall the Muse, her fictious weaving,  
Act the faithless flatterer's part.  
Win and wear thy prize, fair lady!  
Faith as true, as pure as thine,  
Love and service ever ready,  
From thy well-known Valentine.

We must confess that, as we grow older, we cling more to the poetry of love than to the rattling jingle of School-boy sonnets. Love is an expansive element—not a mere simpering look of yes or no. It is a deep stream, into which the lower you plunge the sweeter the feeling. We could write on this subject for ever; but we forget that this is a mere *pièce de circonstance*. Let us conclude, therefore, with the "Valentine Wreath," by Montgomery. It is a gem worth "setting" in OUR OWN JOURNAL:—

Rosy red the hills appear  
With the light of morning;  
Beauteous clouds in æther clear,  
All the East adorning.  
White through mist the meadows shine,  
Wake, my love—my Valentine!

For thy locks of raven hue,  
Flowers of hoar-frost pearly,  
Crocus-cups of gold and blue,  
Snow-drops drooping early,  
With Mezeron sprigs combine:  
Rise, my love—my Valentine!

O'er the margin of the flood,  
Pluck the daisy peeping;  
Through the covert of the wood,  
Hunt the sorrel creeping.  
With the little celandine,  
Crown my love—my Valentine!

Pansies, on their lowly stems,  
Scattered o'er the fallows;  
Hazel-buds with crimson gems,  
Green and glossy sallows;  
Tufted moss and ivy-twine,  
Deck my love—my Valentine!

Few and simple flow'rets these;  
Yet to me less glorious  
Garden beds and orchard trees!  
Since this wreath victorious  
Binds thee now for ever mine,  
Oh! my love—my Valentine!

One parting remark about Valentine, who to-day woos the fair. Ladies! one little word in your ear, if you please:—

Let virtue, honor, sense, and truth unite,  
Whate'er the *fortune*, VALENTINE is right.  
Absent these qualities (thus ends our song),  
Whate'er the *fortune*, VALENTINE is wrong.



GULLS AND THEIR VICTIMS,—  
OR THE  
MYSTERY OF AN ADVERTISEMENT.

IT is a curious fact connected with our race, that whilst one part is progressing with railway speed towards perfection, the other part is retrograding in intellect in an inverse ratio. If any proof of this be wanting, see it in the blind allegiance paid by the million to newspaper advertisements—all of them just so many “shams.”

Let us take up any one of the daily sheets of the *Times* newspaper. What see we there? Why, advertisements innumerable of every kind of “want”—whether as applied to things, people, or money. It has been said, that the public may be divided into ten parts. Nine of these parts are fools, the tenth consists of wise men. It has been further said, and truly—that the tenth part swallows up the other nine! This is a fact!

The tenth part of the public, then, are those who live by putting specious advertisements into the “*Times*,” so artfully worded as to work upon the passions or the weak point of an erring mortal. The hook is, for the most part, so nicely, so temptingly baited, that it is sure of securing a victim: when secured, his “fate” may be guessed: *ex gr.*

It is well known that many of our working clergy are very poor (all “worthy” clergymen *must be* very poor. This is nature’s law). Well; to “meet their views,” money is advertised as forthcoming “on easy terms.” The poor clergyman sees the bait; swallows it; corresponds; sends up his acceptance on blank paper, gets no money in return; finds himself “done” on coming up to town, and his acceptance originally sent for £100 altered to £400. The bill is passed away; it becomes due; the clergyman is sued; persecuted; ruined! The same trick, in different disguises, fills the columns of the “*Times*” daily. The advertisers live in style; whilst their victims are plundered, and frequently commit suicide.

As for the simple who believe every thing on a small scale, they are plundered very easily. Thus, if a man be bald headed, he reads, in the advertisement of a swindling advertiser,—“hair is perfectly restored after seven years baldness.” Miss Dean tells him the “fact” so positively, that he cannot but believe her. He pays 2s. for the “elegantly scented compound,” and finds himself “done,”—besides being more bald than ever he was. He is exhorted to “persevere.” He does so; buys some dozen pots, and finds himself without a single hair on his head! The same with quack medicines,—in fact with nearly all the marvellous advertise-

ments. The greater the fabrication, the more impossible the cure,—the greater the credit given to the wonderful heal-all! One “Professor” tells us daily in the “*Times*,” that his ointment cures *broken* legs, after two or three applications; and that his pills will make an old man young again. *He* says so; and people believe him. They take his physic and die; he takes their money and laughs at them. The fact is, none of these advertisements can be believed. “They lie like truth.”

It is vain for us, to hope to effect much good by any *exposé* that we might make; still if we only save one intended victim, we shall be more than satisfied. We will now introduce a brief account of a recent case of extortion made by a “Matrimonial Alliance Association,” who had volunteered by advertisement to procure wives or husbands “to order.” The person “done” on this occasion, was Mr. PELLAS—a merchant of Fenchurch Street; but it turned out, subsequently, a case of “the biter bit.” We record the circumstances of the trial in OUR JOURNAL, by way of a warning to all who want wives, or husbands “by proxy.” Rely on it, good people, the old way is best. If a woman is not worth winning and wooing, she is not worth having:—

An action was brought in the Westminster County Court, by a foreigner named Pellas, a merchant, of Fenchurch Street, City, against a person of the name of Hunter, a manager of the Legal Matrimonial Alliance Association, the offices of which were stated to be at No. 2, Portsmouth-street, Lincoln’s-inn-fields, to recover the sum of £10, which he had paid under a promise of being introduced by the “Society” to a lady destined to be his wife, but which promise had not been performed.

From the statement of Mr. De Jersey, who detailed the facts in an unusually humorous style, it appeared that in September last his client, who was a native of Genoa, observed in a weekly newspaper an article headed “Important to Bachelors and Spinsters,” wherein all who were single were invited to become members, if they desired to taste the joys of wedlock; the marriage to be of mutual advantage. The plaintiff wishing to try such an event, wrote to Mr. Hugo Beresford, to whom applications were to be made at the above address, he being secretary, the following letter:—

“Sept. 3, 1852.

“Sir,—Some time ago, the writer saw an advertisement of yours in the London paper, under the title of ‘The Matrimonial Alliance Association,’ and now should feel obliged by your letting him know, at the earliest convenience, what you think you could really do for him, he being a most honorable and respectable unmarried gentleman desirous of getting married to a respectable lady—no matter her age—possessing a handsome fortune, and who, after satisfactory inquiries, might be disposed to help him with a loan of £2,000, purposely to increase



his business, which is most lucrative, and presents the greatest security. He has for several years been an established foreign commission-merchant in the city of London, enjoys great respectability and credit in the trade, is banking with a first-rate firm in Lombard-street, and in fact, can give the best references for the period of the last twenty years. He is only hardly a middle-aged gentleman, foreigner by birth, and is living in London. He has a dwelling-house for himself, entirely for him, and it is furnished the same as any lady or gentleman of style can wish. With the rest, please to state your terms, as these must be settled beforehand. Enclosed you will find five postage stamps. I remain yours truly, A. B. — P.S. Please address the letters only Mr. W. Jones, No. 10, the Grove, Clapham-road, Surrey."

A prompt reply from Mr. Hugo Beresford was sent, asking for the usual registration fee of 5s. in postage stamps, on the receipt of which a printed form of application would be forwarded. The stamps were sent, the plaintiff in exchange being supplied with the said form. In this he was to state his age, weight, height, complexion, color of hair and eyes; and, in fact, describe himself as he would a horse he had to dispose of (laughter). He did all that, after which Mr. Hugo Beresford again wrote to him, intimating that he had a *very choice collection of ladies on hand*, the charge on an engagement with either of which would be between £30 and £40; and that a small deposit was required, which, if, after forwarding, the plaintiff should not be "suited," it would be placed to his credit, and deducted from the gross amount when he was. Plaintiff thereupon enclosed in an envelope to Mr. Beresford a cheque upon Messrs. Glynn, his bankers, for £5, which had the effect of causing Mr. Beresford to make another demand upon plaintiff's purse, at the same time intimating that the Christian name of the lady he was to be introduced to was "Fanny" (loud laughter). His client, still under the impression that this was only the legalised ordeal of bachelorship, and the name of his prospective wife invigorating him, transmitted another cheque of £5—hoping he should be introduced to *the lady*. Mr. Beresford, however, judged he had got a flat in plaintiff, to whom he made a communication that on the receipt of another £10, his wish should be gratified, but otherwise it could not be. The plaintiff then, for the first time, began to feel a little doubtful of the affair he had blindly embarked in, and resolved to go to the company's office, in Portsmouth-street, where on asking for Mr. Beresford, he was introduced to the defendant, who, having taken him into a dark, dirty apartment, more like a den than a room, asked him his business, which he told. Defendant upon that, having locked the door, said, Mr. Beresford's abroad; my name's Hunter; I have been corresponding with you for him, and I suppose you have come to pay the required £10." Plaintiff assured him that he meant no such thing, and should not advance any more money till he could see the lady, or have some reference given him as to the respectability and honor of the company he had entered into dealings with. On uttering these words, the defendant complained of the slur thus cast upon

an association having in its banker's hands upwards of £3,000; and his fierce looks frightening the plaintiff, he promised to send £10 on the morrow, and was allowed to depart. On reaching the street, he ran away; not stopping till within a few paces of his own residence. This was on the 29th of September, and on the following day he sent a note, declining any further transactions with the Matrimonial Alliance Association. The Association was, however, not to be so easily disenthralled from a person who had got into their meshes, and threats of proceedings against him in the Sheriff's Court were made unless he paid the £10 by twelve o'clock on a certain day; when, if the lady, on an interview did not suit, it would be returned. His client was inflexible; and being on two occasions refused the £10, which had been fraudulently, as he considered, obtained from him, he instituted these proceedings. Subsequently to that event, Mr. Hugo Beresford was loth to lose his game in the person of the plaintiff, and sent him the following rich *morceau*:—"Mr. Beresford would be happy to arrange a meeting with a lady, *another* 'likely' character, with whom an interview can be given." Plaintiff was proof against this and other overtures made to alter the course he had adopted, and he was determined that, through an exposure by the press, the public should be put on their guard from being defrauded by an alleged *bona fide* association, not worth a straw.

The plaintiff, a good-looking gentlemanly young man, of mild demeanor, in broken English corroborated the facts in chief, as narrated by his solicitor.

Cross-examined by Mr. Roberts: He had never before speculated in marriage. His father wanted to bring him up a *priest*; but he did not like it, and came to this country. He was under thirty years of age. He did not care about his wife's age, as he wanted a companion in a woman, and money might give her a *favorality* (laughter). He should, he thought, have objected to marry a woman more than middle aged. On seeing the Matrimonial Alliance, he said *let us try*. He knew of no firm of that name (laughter), but said so to himself.

His honor observed, that no doubt the money had been obtained by fraud upon the plaintiff, and the defendant, who was the only person he had seen throughout the transaction, was liable, and he should, therefore, make an order for its payment.—I propose, then, ten shillings a month.

Mr. De Jersey: What!! By an association boasting of having in their banker's hands £3,000 (laughter)! I press for payment forthwith.—An order was then made for immediate payment—  
WITH ALL COSTS.

An occasional exposure of this kind is salutary. Let us hope that "wives by advertisement" will be laid aside for a long time to come. Connected with "Matrimonial advertisements," to catch flats, the subjoined is far too good to be lost sight of. It is now appearing daily and weekly in the newspapers; and would not, we imagine, be so industriously kept up, unless it amply repaid Madame M., the flat-catcher, for her



outlay. It is headed, "8107 marriages last year," and proceeds thus:—

"Matrimony made easy, or how to win a lover.—Madame M——, London, continues to send free to any address, on receipt of thirteen postage stamps (uncut), plain directions to enable Ladies or Gentlemen to win the devoted affections of as many of the opposite sex as their hearts may desire. The process is simple—so captivating and enthralling, that all may be married, irrespective of age, appearance, or position; while the most fickle, or cold-hearted, may readily bow to its attractions. Young and old, peer and peeress, as well as the peasant, are alike subject to its influence; and last, though not least, it can be arranged with such ease and delicacy that exposure is impossible,—Beware of ignorant pretenders."

The winning of a lover, it will be seen, is herein described as simple, captivating, and enthralling. *All* may be married, irrespective of age, or appearance, whilst the fickle and cold-hearted may be rendered constant and ardent as fire. Then, "ease" and "delicacy" are called in; and "exposure" rendered "impossible." This is rich,—and only exceeded by the last concluding sentence, cautioning the public against herself.—Beware of "ignorant pretenders!"

It is worthy of note, that the greater the *impudence* put forward in advertisements, the greater the success in procuring dupes. Is not the subjoined, cut out of the paper only a day or two since, rich and rare? Oh! thou most gullible John Bull!

"*Bashfulness*.—Those persons who are troubled with bashfulness, timidity, disinclination to enter a "room full of company," inability to speak freely when in company, &c., should at once write to Mr. J. Parkinson, who will forward them his advice on the means to be employed for obtaining confidence, the power of conversing and mingling freely in society without being annoyed by any disagreeable feeling of restraint; in short, the comfortable assurance of easy gentility.—Direct (enclosing two dozen postage-stamps and a directed envelope) to Mr. J. Parkinson, care of the Post Office, &c., &c."

The "two dozen postage-stamps" is nothing, in comparison with "the comfortable assurance of easy gentility." Whether the *latter* be forthcoming or not, is beside the question. The "two dozen stamps," value 2s., will never be refunded!

There are two sides to every question. We remember once advertising for "a housekeeper." Being young and inexperienced, we perhaps worded our "want" rather loosely; at all events, no sooner had the advertisement appeared, than we were besieged on every hand by the hunters-up of advertisements. We were looked upon as fair game by old and young, ugly and pretty. Some smirked at us, some winked at us; some said, "they knew they should

suit us nicely;" and others wanted to take "instant possession" of our royal person. Vain was it for us,—then a blooming youth, to remonstrate. It would not do. Every one of these besetting, besieging house-keepers, tried to vanquish us by saying she was "just the thing"; and we barely escaped with the skin of our teeth. At last, out of revenge we selected, as a safeguard, one of the ugliest and silliest; and then made a *sortie*, we remember, by a side door, whilst the fair would-be invaders of our domestic felicity trooped off most reluctantly one by one. The day following they again dropped in, by couplets and triplets, to see as they said "which way the wind lay." But we were firm,—a martyr to our principles.

We had taken a servant who was an advertisement-hunter. *Of course* therefore we were robbed. We had been told it *would* be so; but we thought we knew woman-kind better, and so we paid for our experience. Our wardrobe diminished one half at least, in four months; our brown brandy became "pale," by coming into too close contact with water; the Geneva turned out "water bewitched;" and the rum was, as our bachelor-friends expressed it,—"*Rum indeed!*" A double set of keys too, placed all our secrets at the mercy of Madame; and we found ourselves fairly obliged to give her notice to quit. This over-polite woman was always an eye-sore to us. We had taken her in a pet,—we kept her as a matter of philosophical necessity. When she was gone, we shouted for joy; and vowed soon to commit Matrimony as a panacea for all such evils. We kept our vow.

We again repeat,—shun all wants and wishes made known through tricky advertisements. They are webs—woven by the few for the destruction of the many.

#### WINTER,—FROST.

It is winter—veritable winter—with *bona fide* frost, and cramping cold, and a sun as clear and powerless as moonlight. The windows glitter with the most fantastic frost-work. Cities, with their spires and turrets, ranks of spears, files of horsemen—every gorgeous and brilliant array told of in romance or song, start out of that mass of silvery tracery, like the processions of a magic mirror. What a miraculous beauty there is in frost! What fine work in its radiant crystals! What mystery in its exact proportions and its manifold varieties! The feathery snow-flake, the delicate rime, the transparent and sheeted ice, the magnificent iceberg moving down the sea like a mountain of light—how beautiful are they all, and how wonderful is it, that, break and scatter them as you will, you will find under every form the same faultless angles,



the same crystalline and sparkling radiation. It sometimes grows suddenly cold at noon. There has been a heavy mist all the morning, and, as the north wind comes sharply in, the air clears and leaves it frozen upon everything, with the thinness of palpable air. The trees are clothed with a fine white vapor, as if a cloud had been arrested and fixed motionless in the branches. They look, in the twilight like gigantic spirits, standing in broad ranks and clothed in drapery of supernatural whiteness and texture. On close examination, the crystals are as fine as needles, and standing in perfect parallelism, pointing in the direction of the wind. They are like fringes of the most minute threads, edging every twig and filament of the tree, so that the branches are thickened by them, and have a shadowy and mysterious look, as if a spirit-foliage had started out from the naked limbs. It is not so brilliant as the common rime seen upon the trees after a frozen rain, but it is infinitely more delicate and spiritual, and to us seems a phenomenon of exquisite beauty.

#### FOR EVER THINE.

LINES ADDRESSED TO ———

DEAREST, I'm THINE, whate'er this heart betide,  
For *ever* thine, where'er our lot be cast;  
Fate, that may rob us of all wealth beside,  
Shall leave us LOVE, till death itself be past.

The world may wrong us, we will brave its hate;  
False friends may change, and false hopes decline;  
Tho' bow'd by cankering cares we'll smile at fate,  
Since thou art mine, belov'd, and I am thine!

For *ever* thine,—when circling years have spread  
Time's snowy blossoms o'er thy placid brow;  
When youth's rich glow, its purple light is fled,  
And lilies bloom where roses flourish now.

Say, shall I love thy fading beauty less,  
When spring-tide radiance has been wholly mine?  
Let come what will, thy steadfast truth I'll bless,  
In youth, in age,—thine own, for *ever* thine!

For *ever* thine—at evening's dewy hour,  
When gentle hearts to tend'rest thoughts incline;  
When balmiest odors from each closing flower  
Are breathing round, I'm thine, for *ever* thine.

For *ever* thine, 'mid fashion's heartless throng,  
In courtly bowers, at folly's gilded shrine;  
Smiles on my cheek, light words upon my tongue,  
My deep heart still is thine, for *ever* thine.

For *ever* thine, amid the boisterous crowd,  
Where the jest sparkles with the sparkling wine;  
I may not breathe thy gentle name aloud,  
But drink to thee *in thought*,—for *ever* thine!

I would not, sweet, profane that silvery sound,—  
The depth of love could such rude heart divine;  
Let the loud laughter peal, the toast go round;  
But still my thoughts are thine,—for *ever* thine.

For *ever* thine, whate'er this heart betide,  
For *EVER* thine, where'er our lot be cast;  
Fate that may rob us of all wealth beside,  
Shall leave us LOVE, till life itself be past!

Q.

#### THE MONTH IN PROSPECT.

##### FEBRUARY.

Hold! hold! what would these endless clouds be at!  
'Tese five days it has been but pour—pour—pour;  
Methinks 'twill float again the ark of Noah  
From its old station on Mount Ararat.  
Oh! 'tis a pleasant time for cloak and hat;  
And for umbrellas, laid in dozens by,  
That, as one drops, another may be dry:  
For cork-soled shoes, stilts, oilcase, and all that.  
Out, cat! why turn thy back upon the fire?  
We've rain enough, I say!—We'll try again  
This weather glass;—sweet finger, pray mount higher!  
Down!—down it goes!—oh mercy!—yet more rain?  
Shall the world drown? no dry spot left upon it,  
And fishes swim where I now pen this sonnet!

FEBRUARY IS, WITHOUT DOUBT, the most cheerless month of the year. There may be pleasant varieties of it. The latter end may, and frequently is, much more agreeable than the commencement; but, as a whole, it is at once cold, damp, and foggy. Besides the earth being saturated with a whole winter's moisture, there is, generally, abundance of rain during this month; so much so, that it has acquired the cognomen of 'February-fill-dike.'

The frosts and snows which have been locking up, and burying the earth for weeks and months, are giving way; and what is so cheerless and chilling as a *great thaw*? There is a lack of comfort felt every where. In real winter-weather, when the clear frosty air sharply saluted the face by day, and revealed to the eye at night, a scene of sublime splendor in the lofty and intensely blue sky, glittering with congregated stars, or irradiated by the moon,—there was a sense of vigor, of elasticity, and of freshness, which made it welcome; but now,—most commonly, by day and night, the sky is hidden in impenetrable vapor—the earth is sodden and splashy with wet;—and even the very *fireside* does not escape the comfortless sense of humidity.

Everything presents to the eye, accustomed so long to the brightness of clear frosts and the pure whiteness of snow, a dingy and soiled aspect. All things are dripping with wet. It hangs upon the walls like a heavy dew; it penetrates into the drawers and wardrobes of our warmest chambers; and we are surprised at the unusual dampness of our clothes, linen, books, paper,—and, in short, almost everything which we have occasion to examine. Brick and stone floors are now dangerous things for delicate and thinly-shod people to stand upon. To this source, and, in fact, to the damps of this month, operating in various ways, may be attributed not a few of the colds, coughs, and consumptions so prevalent in England. Pavements are frequently so much elevated by the expansion of the moisture beneath, as to obstruct the opening and shutting of doors



and gates, and our gravel-walks resemble saturated sponges.

Abroad, the streets are flooded with muddy water, and slippery with patches of ice and half-melted snow, which strikes through our shoes in a moment. The houses, and all objects whatever, have a dirty and disconsolate aspect; and clouds of dun and smoky haze hover over the whole dispiriting scene. In the country, the prospect is not much better. The roads are full of mire. Instead of the enchantments of hoar-frost, so beautifully described by the poet,—

Artist unseen! that dipt in frozen dew  
Hast on the glittering glass thy pencil laid,  
Ere from yon sun the transient visions fade,  
Swift let me trace the forms thy fancy drew!  
Thy towers and palaces of diamond hue,  
Rivers and lakes of lucid crystal made,  
And hung in air hoar trees of branching shade,  
That liquid pearl distil:—thy scenes renew,  
Whate'er old bards or later fictions feign,  
Of secret grottoes underneath the wave,  
Where Nereids roof with spar the amber cave;  
Or bowers of bliss, where sport the fairy train,  
Who, frequent by the moonlight wanderer seen,  
Circle with radiant gems the dewy green.

Instead of these we say, we have naked hedges, with fallow and decaying weeds beneath them; pastures brown and wet; and sheets of ice which recently afforded such fine exercise to skaters and sliders, are half submerged in water,—full of great cracks, and scattered with straws, and dirty patches, and stones half liberated by the thaw. Let us felicitate ourselves, however, that such a joyless time is seldom of long continuance. The winds of March will speedily come piping their jovial strains; clearing the face of the blessed Heavens from their sullen veil of clouds, and sweeping away the superabundant moisture from earth and air.

The banks are partly green; hedges and trees  
Are black and shrouded, and the keen wind  
roars,  
Like dismal music wand'ring over seas,  
And wailing to the agitated shores.

The fields are dotted with manure—the sheep  
In unshorn wool, streaked with the shepherd's  
red,  
Their undivided peace and friendship keep,  
Shaking their bells, like children to their bed.

The roads are white and miry—waters run  
With violence through their tracks—and sheds,  
that flowers  
In summer graced, are open to the sun;  
Which shines in noonday's horizontal hours.

Frost claims the night; Morning, like a bride,  
Forth from her chamber glides; Mist spreads  
her vest;  
The sunbeams ride the clouds till eventide;  
And the wind rolls them to ethereal rest.

Sleet, shine, cold, fog, in portions fill the time;  
Like hope, the prospect cheers; like breath it  
fades:

Life grows in seasons to returning prime,  
And beauty rises from departing shades.

Oh! blithe and animating is the breath of March! It is like a cool, but spirit-stirring draught of some ancient vintage; elating, but not enervating the heart, deadening the memory of past evil, and expanding the mind with the delicious hope of future delights. Such a precious boon, however, is not exclusively permitted to March. February is often allowed to be a liberal partaker ere its close; and we have known the winds lift up their voices, in this month, with all their triumphant and sonorous energy.

Nothing, perhaps, can illustrate so vividly our idea of spirit as a mighty wind,—present in its amazing power and sublimity, yet seen only in its effects. We are whirled along by its careering torrent with irresistible power; we are driven before it, as Miss Mitford says, as by a steam engine. How it comes rushing and roaring over the house, like the devouring billows of an ocean broke loose! Then for the banging of doors—the swinging and creaking of signs—the clatter of falling shutters in the street! Then for the crash of chimnies—the toppling down of crazy gables—the showering of tiles upon the pavement, as if the bomb-shells of a besieging army were demolishing the roofs, and rendering it death even to walk the streets. Then for a scene of awful grandeur upon the shores of the glorious *ocean*. That which but an hour before was calm and sun-bright, a variety of vessels lying at anchor, or sailing to and fro in serene beauty,—*then* is become a scene of sublime and chaotic uproar; the waves rolling, and foaming, and dashing their spray over rocks, pier-heads, houses, and even over the loftiest towers and churches too—as we have seen it,—to an amazing extent, till the water ran down the walls like rain, and the windows, at a great distance from the beach, were covered with a salt incrustation—the vessels meanwhile laboring amidst the riotous billows as for life, and tugging at their cables as if mad for their escape.

Many a beautiful, many a wild, many an animated spectacle is to be witnessed on the shores of our happy isle in such moments! What a solemn and sublime war, also, is there in the *woods*—a sound as of vast and tempestuous seas! What poetical spirit can hear it without being influenced by incommunicable sensations; and ideas of power, majesty, and the stupendous energies of the elements!

Oh! storm and darkness; ye are wondrous strong.

What picturesque ruin is there scattered around us! Trees overwhelmed—immense



branches torn off—small boughs broken—and dry leaves whirled along, or quivering in the air like birds.

Not unfamiliar to mine ear,  
Blasts of the night! ye howl, as now  
My shuddering casement loud  
With fitful force ye beat.

Mine ear has dwelt in silent awe,—  
The howling sweep, the sudden rush;  
And when the pausing gale  
Poured deep the hollow dirge.

Once more I listen; sadly communing  
Within me,—once more mark, storm-clothed,  
The moon; as the dark cloud  
Glides rapidly away.

I, deeming that the voice of spirits dwells  
In these mysterious moans, in solemn thought  
Muse on the choral dance,  
The dead man's jubilee.

Hark! how the spirit knocks,—how loud  
Even at my window knocks,—again;—  
I cannot—dare not sleep,—  
It is a boisterous night.

I would not, at this moment, be  
In the drear forest groves, to hear  
This uproar and rude song  
Ring o'er the arched aisles.

The ear doth shudder at such sounds;  
As the unbodied winds, in their disport,  
Wake in the hollow woods,  
When man is gone to sleep.

Towards the end of the month, we are gladdened with symptoms of approaching spring. On warm banks, the commencement of vegetation is perceptible. The sap is stirring in the trees, swelling and feeding the buds; and, in gardens, a variety of green things are peeping from the earth, and snow-drops, hepaticas, &c., are actually in bloom. In towns, it is a cheering sight, even while all without is wintry and frosty, to see as we pass, in cottage windows, tufts of crocuses and snowdrops flowering in pots:—

The snowdrop, rising to its infant height,  
Looks like a sickly child upon the spot  
Of young nativity, regarding not  
The air's caress of melody and light  
Beamed from the east, and softened by the bright  
Effusive flash of gold—the willow stoops  
And muses, like a bride without her love,  
On her own shade, which lies on waves, and droops

Beside the natal trunk, nor looks above:—  
The precipice, that torrents cannot move,  
Leans o'er the sea, and steadfast as a rock,  
Of dash and cloud unconscious, bears the rude  
Continuous surge, the sounds and echoes mock:  
Thus Mental Thought enduring, wears in solitude.

Also; to see in those of wealthier dwellings,  
hyacinths, narcissus, &c., in glasses displaying  
their bulbs, and long, white, fibrous roots,

in the clear water below, and the verdure and flowery freshness of summer above. If we are to believe travellers, in no country is the domestic culture of flowers so much attended to as in our own. We trust this will always be a prevailing taste with us. There is something pure and refreshing in the appearance of plants in a room; and watched and waited on, as they generally are, by the gentle sex, they are links in many pleasant associations. They are the cherished favorites of our mothers, wives, sisters, and friends not less dear; and connect themselves, in our minds, with their feminine delicacy, loveliness, and affectionate habits and sentiments.

Sweet lady fair:—

With tender vine-leaves wreath thy brow;  
And I shall fancy that I see,  
In the bright eye that laughs below;  
The dark grape on its parent tree.  
'Tis but a whim—but, oh! entwine  
Thy brow with this green wreath of mine!

Weave of the clover-leaves a wreath;  
Fresh sparkling with a summer-shower,  
And I shall, in my fair one's breath,  
Find the soft fragrance of the flower.  
'Tis but a whim—but, oh! do thou  
'Twine the dark leaves around thy brow!

Oh, let sweet-leaved geranium be  
Entwined amidst thy clustering hair;  
Whilst thy red lips shall paint to me  
How bright its scarlet blossoms are.  
'Tis but a whim—but, oh! do thou  
Crown with my wreath thy blushing brow!

Oh, twine young rose-leaves round thy head,  
And I shall deem the flowers are there;—  
The red rose on thy rich cheek spread,  
The white upon thy forehead fair.  
'Tis but a whim—but, oh! entwine  
MY WREATH ROUND THAT DEAR BROW OF  
THINE!

#### REMEMBRANCE.

Though the spring of our youth has departed,  
And withered its earliest bloom;  
Though earth's tenants still, broken-hearted  
We close o'er our kindred the tomb;  
There's a solace that never can perish,  
Faint record of long-faded joy,  
While fondly remembrance we cherish  
Of pleasure no anguish can cloy.

When the heart with kind feelings o'erflowing,  
To life's coming troubles is kind;  
When time and regard, without knowing,  
Have fostered young love in the mind;  
Oh! 'tis sweet when adversity lours,  
And youth's merry sunshine is past,  
In mem'ry to dwell on those hours,  
Ere sorrow our gladness o'er-cast!

MOTLEY.



## THE CLIMATE OF AUSTRALIA.

Oh, absence! by thy stern decree,  
 How many a heart, once light and free,  
 Is filled with doubts and fears!  
 Thy days like tedious weeks do seem;  
 Thy weeks, slow-moving months we deem,—  
 Thy months, long-lingering years!

J. T. WATSON.

Though I am *forced* thus to absent myself  
 From all I love, I shall contrive some means,  
 Some friendly intervals, to chat with thee.

SOUTHERN.



INGULAR INDEED IS A MAN'S DESTINY! Here to-day, he is, literally speaking, gone to-morrow; leaving behind him, perhaps, from positive necessity, much, if not all, that his heart holds dear. This country bids fair to be decimated within another year. Let us hope that a

rapid transit of letters, to and from, will cause many "twin hearts" to be saved from destruction. Absence from "a lov'd one" is—"death."

So very many of our acquaintances are daily departing to Australia, that we begin now to feel some peculiar interest for the country. Let us, therefore, hear what Mr. Lancelott says of the climate. As he is mineralogical surveyor for the colonies, the authority may be considered first-rate.

"The seasons in Australia are the reverse of ours, July is mid-winter, January mid-summer. The spring and autumn are very brief, and the transition from one season to the other is so imperceptible, that it is difficult to say when the one begins or the other ends.

Spring sets in early in September, when the atmosphere acquires a delightful warmth; as the season advances, the fall of rain decreases, the heat increases, and about the middle of November, summer commences. The heat now becomes great; and by the end of December, nearly all the rivers are dried up, vegetation has ceased, and the country assumes the appearance of an arid desert. At the close of February, a diminution of temperature commences; autumn beginning about the middle of March, and early in April genial showers carpet the country with bright verdure, and the atmosphere becomes pleasantly cool and buoyant. Early in June, the season that can only be called winter from its situation in the calendar, commences; and by the middle of July, torrents of rain have inundated the country, and rendered the water-courses mighty, rushing streams; this cold rainy season generally terminates by the middle or end of August. Between the rains at this season of the year, there are days, and, in some years, whole weeks together, of delightful weather; cool and bracing as the spring in England, but more beautiful and exhilarating.

With the exception of about twenty-five extremely hot days, and sixty disagreeable wet or cold days, the weather throughout the year is indescribably pleasant, the air is balmy and bright, scarcely a cloud is visible, and the sun looks down from the deep blue sky in unveiled splendor. The rising sun is a sight most truly beautiful. The god of day from his eastern portals bursts the ebon pall of night, and flinging wide the purple and vermil-

lion curtain-clouds of morn, illumines the mountains with molten gold, dispensing life and light around, as he majestically mounts into the northern heavens.

At the decline of day the scene is magnificent! Onward the mighty orb rolls, like a ball of molten iron, to the legion of gorgeous clouds that have risen in the far-west to herald it away; the hills blaze up with crimson and gold, fringed with sparkling silver, the tints of heaven's own iris are scattered over the sky, and the extended plains to the very horizon are tinged with pink. Even the cities and dwelling-places are colored with the rich, changing hues; and from their windows are seen streams of liquid fire. Day and night are of nearly equal length throughout the year. The sun never remains above the horizon more than fourteen and a half hours, nor less than ten and a half; and, as twilight does not linger in these latitudes, the changes from day to night, and from night to morn, are to an Englishman unpleasantly abrupt. The greater number of the nights are most enchanting. The southern constellations shine forth from the hard, dark heavens, in unrivalled brightness, and the haloed moon pours her chastened radiance on the plains and hills with such refulgence, that every thing for miles around is distinctly visible.

The light of both the sun and the moon is more intense than in Britain. I should say the difference is as five to three. The climate throughout the Australian province is decidedly hot. The thermometer in Sydney and Melbourne during summer, frequently reaches 90° or 100° Fahr. in the shade; and occasionally 115° or even more. In winter it rarely ranges below 46° Fahr.; hoar frost sometimes occurs; ice, seldom or never. The variations in temperature are great and sudden; noonday is frequently 20° hotter than morning or evening, while the heat of one day often differs from that of the next day by 15°. Then, as the southerly winds are altogether more moist than those of the northward, a change of wind without any alteration in the thermometer often chills severely; indeed, the climate is much affected by the direction of the winds. That which blows from the northward, is extremely dry and often violent.

In winter it is moderately warm, in summer it is intensely hot, and rushes on with the velocity of a hurricane; raising the thermometer in the shade to 110° or even 120° Fahr., drying up the grass like hay, depriving the grape of its watery elements, rendering iron exposed to its influence so hot as to burn the hand on touching it, doing injury to the promising harvest, and filling the air with such quantities of dust and sand, that the sun's rays are shut, and only darkness is visible. The current of heated air appears confined to no particular altitude, but rushes upwards or downwards, according to circumstances; sometimes it assumes a rotary movement, as if revolving on a series of horizontal axes, thus: *lllll*; or undulates thus: *~~~~~*. Occasionally the hot wind travels so slowly, that its movement is scarcely perceptible; there is then little dust, the heat of the sun's rays is great, and the earth is so torrid, that a thermometer which I sunk horizontally into the ground to the depth of 2½ inches, in a situation exposed to the sun and wind, stood at 150° Fahr. On another



occasion I placed a bar of copper, about one foot long and three inches wide by one inch thick, in a situation exposed to the hot wind and the sun's rays; when it had been thus placed for about two hours, I wrapped some common post letter paper round it, and in doing so, it accidentally came against my hand, which it burnt, and in a few hours after the place blistered. After the paper had been in contact with the copper about an hour, the color changed to a deep straw or pale brown; and it was so scorched and rotten, that it broke in pieces when I attempted to unwrap it. During the prevalence of these siroccos, the high clouds, cirrus, and strata, disappear, while the lower remain unchanged; and at night the air is commonly filled with beautiful sheet-lightning. It is believed that there are no noxious gases in these winds, and they are said to exercise no deleterious effects on the health of man; the climate would, nevertheless, be more salubrious without them, as, during their prevalence, nearly all persons of weakly or debilitated constitutions suffer extreme lassitude and depression. The moisture dries from the eyes, the lips become parched and cracky, the breathing short and quick, the air as it enters the mouth feels burning hot; and while sitting perfectly still, the perspiration oozes from every pore in the skin. Individuals of robust constitution, however, are not thus affected; the hardy, sun-tanned colonists freely expose themselves to the fiery blast; and, breathing the hot air full of dust and sand, toil on indifferent to every thing but the demand of a parched thirst, and, in some cases, a wolfish appetite. When questioned, they reply: "Oh, the heat is no nuisance; it's the choking dust that's unbearable."

The same book that thus speaks of the climate, tells us also something very interesting about the farms in Australia; also about the farmers and their wives:—

"The farm-houses are rough, but generally substantial and commodious: they are built of different materials, according to circumstances; if good stone or slate is handy, it is used; if not, and suitable clay exists in the neighborhood, bricks are resorted to; and when none of these materials are to be had, the dwelling is built wholly of wood. These residences usually have no ceiling, nor upper floor—when you look up you see the roof; the walls are not plastered, painted, nor in any way decorated except those which occasionally get a lime-wash. The windows are sometimes canvas, sometimes glass, and the fire-places and chimnies are constructed as already described. For flooring, some have only earth, some are paved with stone, some with slate, a few with bricks, and a very few have wood floors. Water for domestic and other purposes is usually procured by sinking wells; and although occasionally pure and excellent, it is in general impregnated with minerals, hard and brackish to the taste, and more or less unwholesome. Near the farm-house is the rough but strongly-built stock-yard, barn, stable, and other needful outhouses.

There are no English-looking green hedges in the colony; the farms are enclosed with rude, misshapen wood fences; the three-rail "post and rail" is the most usual; it will cost from 70*l.* to 80*l.* to enclose an eighty-acre section with this fence. Where timber is plentiful, the "kangaroo"

fence is preferred before all others, as it keeps out sheep, pigs, and such like quadrupeds; it is formed of pieces of timber, large and small, all cut into equal lengths, either of seven or eight feet, and placed close and upright in a trench two feet deep, and tightly rammed; a rough batten being nailed along the top as a band. The "ditch and bank," and "dog and log" fence are occasionally met with. A simple but ingenious contrivance is frequently used for gate-hinges to the "post and rail" fence, viz.: the back upright of the gate is made long, so as to form a top and bottom spur, the top spur is pushed through a hole formed to receive it in the top rail of the fence, and the bottom spur is bevelled to a point, and fitted into the conical bottom of a stout or wine-bottle, which is sunk into the ground neck downwards. This hinge never unships, and well answers its purpose.

The farmers furnish their dwellings with few articles of domestic convenience. Only a few wood-bottomed chairs, an uncushioned cedar sofa, one or two plain cedar tables, bedsteads of the plainest description, and sometimes a small looking-glass, are to be met with in the dwellings of the more wealthy; most of the poor farmers make their own furniture, which generally consists of a few rude forms and stools, a table and bedstead; and not infrequently the only partition between the bed-room and the sitting-room is one or two outstretched sheets. Their cooking utensils and mode of cooking are similar to those of the urban population of Victoria. They all live on plain but substantial dishes, and some keep a good stock of European wines, and British bottled stout and ale. They of course raise nearly all their own edibles; and in order to live on fresh meat, three or four of them will club together, and in turn each kill a sheep or bullock, as the case may be.

The farmers, and indeed all persons who reside away from the towns, dress in the coarsest apparel. The usual male attire is a pair of common slop trousers, a blue guernsey, with a leather belt to keep the trousers up and the guernsey down, a flaunting red cotton handkerchief as a neck-tie; a broad-brimmed cabbage-tree hat, and a pair of heavy hobnail boots. Some wear a coarse regatta shirt under the guernsey, and others, when circumstances permit, enjoy in the hot weather the luxury of nakedness, by dressing in only a shirt and a pair of boots. The farmers' wives and daughters usually dress in cottons; their attire, although common and coarse, is neat, chaste, and tidy; they wear high dresses, and cotton bonnets made with a large curtain to keep the sun from freckling the neck; they nevertheless have their jewels, silks, &c., which they wear on festive occasions. Many of them are well-educated, devoid of affectation, thrifty, and industrious. Indeed, I was struck in my travels in the colony, with the beauty, the accomplished graces, the glowing health, the vivacity, and the open-heartedness of the fair sex in the rural districts; and I should be wanting in gratitude did I not record their disinterested kindness, attention, and general liberality to the wandering stranger.

Most of the farmers and others, who dwell in the rural districts within the hundred of the counties, are, although parsimonious to a fault,



altogether more moral, more straightforward and honorable in their business transactions, more kind and considerate to their neighbors, and generous and hospitable to strangers, than the Mammon-worshipping Adeladians. Their chief sources of amusement are hunting, shooting, riding, and reading. Some possess their pianoforte, and enliven their homes with popular and even classical music, and occasionally dedicate an evening to Terpsichore, when the polka, mazurka, schottische, valse-a-deux-temps, and other popular dances, are gone through with a grace and gusto that would astonish the fashionables of London."

Every successive year will keep adding to the interest already created in favor of these colonies. It is curious to observe how eagerly everything connected with them is caught at and read.

### WINTER.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

Dark, cheerless Winter! few will welcome thee,  
Or hail thy near approach with songs of joy;  
They say thy days pass dull and heavily,  
And that thou lov'st to scatter and destroy.

They tell me, too, thy melancholy moan  
Chases all thoughts of happiness away;  
But thou hast cause for sorrow—joys have flown,  
And Earth's fair treasures fallen to decay.

Where are those lovely lilies of the vale,  
The rose, the pink, and gems that deck'd our  
bowers?

Well may'st thou weep, and moan thy plaintive  
wail,—  
The funeral dirge of Nature's fairest flowers.

Yet have I seen thy smile—not like the Spring  
Or joyous Summer. Timidly it cast  
A ray of future hope; and seemed to bring  
A sad, yet pleasing memory of the past.

Yes; thou hast pleasures for the happy few,  
Who love to revel in the fond delights  
That Nature gives her children; treasures, too,  
Of priceless worth; and grand and gorgeous  
sights.

With ecstasy I hail the bracing breeze,  
And love to watch the fairy flakes of snow,  
As they fall gracefully amongst the trees,  
To breathe a parting blessing ere they go.

And who can fail to love thee? When the frost  
Has crystallised the earth, and the moon's  
light

Beams on the face of nature,—we are lost,  
In love and admiration at the sight.

Then let us wander where the leafless trees  
Are dressed in crystal robes,—earth's brightest  
gem,

And brilliant ice-drops, moulding as they freeze,  
To deck with beauty Nature's diadem.

Oh! we will ne'er forget the joy, the pride,  
Of England's happy home! Where'er we rove  
May happiness attend the dear fire-side,  
AND WINTER'S DREARY HOURS BE CHEERED BY  
LOVE!

### DEW,—AND HOAR FROST.

How many persons are there, to whom the phenomena attendant upon dew and hoar frost are perfectly unknown! Yet are they singular, curious, and interesting:—

#### DEW.

When the direct influence of the sun is removed, in the evening, and the surface of the earth thus no longer continues to acquire heat,—at that instant, from the ceaseless activity of heat to maintain a state of equilibrium, the surface of the earth, being the warmer body, radiates a portion of its superfluous temperature into the surrounding space; and thus the air immediately in contact with the surface becomes cooled below the point of saturation, and gives off a portion of its water in the form of dew. The deposition of dew is always most abundant during calm and cloudless nights, and in situations freely exposed to the atmosphere. Whatever interferes in any way with the process of radiation, as might be expected, has a great effect on the deposition of dew. Hence the radiation of heat, and consequently the deposition of dew, are obviated—not only by the slightest covering or shelter, as by thin matting, or even muslin, by the neighborhood of buildings, and innumerable other impediments, near the earth's surface, but matters interposed at a great distance from the earth's surface have precisely the same effect. Thus clouds effectually prevent the radiation of heat from the earth's surface, so that cloudy nights are always warmer than those which are clear; and, in consequence, there is usually on such nights little or no deposition of dew.

#### HOAR FROST.

From dew, there is an insensible transition to *hoar frost*; hoar frost being, in fact, only frozen dew, and indicative of greater cold. We observe, therefore, that frosty nights, like simply dewy nights, are generally still and clear. The influence of radiation in producing cold at the earth's surface, would scarcely be believed by inattentive observers. Often, on a calm night, the temperature of a grass plot is 10 or 15 degrees less than that of the air a few feet above it. Hence, as Mr. Daniel has remarked, vegetables, in our climate, are, during ten months of the year, liable to be exposed at night to a freezing temperature; and even in July and August, to a temperature only two or three degrees warmer. Yet, notwithstanding these vicissitudes, in the words of the same gentleman,—“to vegetables growing in climates for which they are originally designed by nature, there can be no doubt that the action of ra-



diation is particularly beneficial, from the deposition of moisture which it determines upon the foilage; and it is only to tender plants artificially trained to resist the rigors of an unnatural situation, that this extra degree of cold proves injurious." It may be observed, also, that trees of lofty growth frequently escape being injured by frost, when plants nearer the ground are quite destroyed.

### POETRY.

POETRY is the language of the imagination and the passions. It relates to whatever gives immediate pleasure or pain to the human mind. It comes home to the bosoms and businesses of men; for nothing but what so comes home to them in the most general and intelligible shape can be a subject for poetry.

Poetry is the universal language which the heart holds with nature and itself. He who has a contempt for poetry cannot have much respect for himself, or for anything else. It is not a mere frivolous accomplishment (as some persons have been led to imagine), the trifling amusement of a few idle readers, or leisure hours—it has been the study and delight of mankind in all ages. Many people suppose that poetry is something to be found only in books, contained in lines of ten syllables, with like endings; but wherever there is a sense of beauty, or power, or harmony, as in the motion of a wave of the sea, in the growth of a flower that "spreads its sweet leaves to the air, and dedicates its beauty to the sun,"—*there is poetry, in its birth.*

Fear is poetry, hope is poetry, love is poetry, hatred is poetry; contempt, jealousy, remorse, admiration, wonder, pity, despair, or madness, are all poetry. Poetry is that fine particle within us that expands, rarifies, refines, raises our whole being; without it, "man's life is poor as beasts." Man is a poetical animal; and those of us who do not study the principles of poetry, act upon them all our lives, like Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, who had always spoken prose without knowing it.

The child is a poet, when he first plays at hide-and-seek, or repeats the story of Jack the Giant-killer; the shepherd boy is a poet, when he first crowns his mistress with a garland of flowers; the countryman, when he stops to look at the rainbow; the city-apprentice, when he goes after the Lord Mayor's show; the miser, when he hugs his gold; the courtier, who builds his hopes upon a smile; the savage, who paints his idol with blood; the slave, who worships a tyrant, or the tyrant, who fancies himself a god;—the vain, the ambitious, the proud, the choleric man, the hero and, the coward, the beggar and the king, the rich and the poor, the young and the old—all live in a world of their own making; and the poet does no more than describe what all others think and act.—HAZLITT.

FUTURITY.—Truly and beautifully has it been said, that the veil which covers futurity has been woven by the hand of mercy.

### THE UNIFORMITY OF NATURE.

WE are now in the frequent receipt of Papers from America, and other foreign parts, containing extracts from OUR JOURNAL; and we take this opportunity of thanking the senders. One of them, connected with the New York "Christian Advocate," has called our attention to an article in the last named paper, and wishes to see it transferred to OUR OWN. We give it a ready insertion. It is entitled the "Uniformity of Nature:"—

The lark now carols the same song, and in the same key, as when Adam first turned his enraptured ear to catch the moral. The owl first hooted in B flat; it still loves the key, and screams through no other octaves. In the same key has ever ticked the death-watch; while all the three noted chirps of the cricket have ever been in B since Tubal-Cain first heard them in his smithy, or the Israelites in their ash-ovens.

Never has the buzz of the gnat risen above the second A; nor that of the house-fly's wing sunk below the first F. Sound had at first the same connection with color as it has now, and the right angle of light's incidence might as easily produce a sound on the first turrets of Cain's city, as it is now *said to do* on one of the pyramids. The tulip, in its first bloom in Noah's garden, emitted heat, four and a half degrees above the atmosphere, as it does at the present day. The stormy petrel as much delighted to sport amongst the first billows which the Indian Ocean ever raised, as it does now.

In the first migration of birds, they passed from north to south, and fled over the narrowest part of the seas, as they will this autumn. The cuckoo and the nightingale first began their song together, analogous to the beginning of our April, in the days of Nimrod. Birds that lived on flies laid blueish eggs in the days of Joseph, as they will two thousand years hence—if the sun should not fall from his throne, or the earth not break her harness from the planetary car. The first bird that was caged, oftener sung in *adagio* than in the natural spirit.

Corals have ever grown edgeways to the ocean stream. Eight millions, two hundred and eighty thousand animalculæ, could as well live in a drop of water in the days of Seth as now. Flying insects had on their coats of mail in the days of Japheth; over which they have ever waved plumes of more gaudy feathers than the peacock ever dropped. The bees that afforded Eve her first honey made their combs hexagonal; and the first house-fly produced twenty millions, eighty-three hundred and twenty eggs, in one year, as she does at present. The first jump of the first flea was two hundred times its own length, as it was the last summer.

There was iron enough in the blood of the first forty-two men to make a ploughshare, as there is to-day, from whatever country you collect them. The lungs of Abel contained a coil of vital matter one hundred and fifty-nine feet square, as mine; and the first inspiration of Adam consumed seventeen cubic inches of air, as do those of every adult reader. The cat and the robin followed the footsteps of Noah, as they do ours.



## ON DISTEMPER IN THE DOG.

HAVING, MR. EDITOR, FROM TIME TO TIME OBSERVED IN "OUR OWN JOURNAL," enquiries from various correspondents as to the best mode of treating DISTEMPER IN THE DOG — I have been induced to collect the following information (from one of the best authorities we have), both as to the nature of the disease, its symptoms, and the proper mode of treatment. Should you deem it worthy a place in "Our Journal," it may perhaps prove both useful and interesting to many of its Readers.

**NATURE OF THE DISEASE.**—The distemper is a disease of the mucous surfaces, and was imported from France about one hundred years since. The French veterinary surgeons called it "la maladie des chiens,"—the disease or distemper in Dogs.

Dogs of all ages are subject to its attacks. Many, nine and ten years old, have died of pure distemper, as well as puppies of only three weeks; but it most frequently appears between the sixth and twelfth month of the animal's life. It generally proves fatal when it occurs very early; or when the dog is more than four years old. It is highly contagious, and yet it is frequently generated.

However keepers, or even men of education may boast of their *specifics*, the disorder is sadly fatal, and destroys fully one-third of the canine race. One attack of the disease, and even a severe one, is no absolute security against its return, although it confers on the dog a certain degree of immunity; or if he is attacked again, the disease is usually of a milder form. Youatt says, he has known it occur three times in the same animal, and at last destroy him.

Violent catarrh will often end in distemper; and low and insufficient feeding will protract it. It frequently follows mange;—and whatever debilitates the constitution, predisposes it for the reception of distemper.

Inoculation used to be recommended as producing a milder and less fatal disease; but by those most experienced, the contrary is now believed to be the result. Distemper is *epidemic*, and it occurs more frequently in the spring and autumn than in the summer and winter. Sometimes it rages all over the country; at others it is *endemic*, and confined to some particular district. Not only is the disease itself epidemic and endemic, but the form which it assumes is so. In one season, almost every dog with distemper has violent fits; at another, in the majority of cases, there will be considerable chest affection, running on to inflammation of the lungs. A few months afterwards, a great portion of the distempered dogs will be worn down by diarrhoea, which no medicine can

arrest; and presently it will scarcely be distinguishable from mild catarrh.

These facts shew us what a protean malady we have to grapple with, and how it is that remedies which are of the greatest service at one time, and in one case, may be perfectly useless at another. Consequently, that there can be no such thing as a *specific* for this disease; and I shall now show why many persons are apt to be deceived, and led to suppose that they possess a never-failing remedy. The disease varies much with *different breeds*. The *Shepherd's Dog* generally cares little about it. The *Cur* is not often seriously affected. The *Terrier* has it more severely; especially the white Terrier. The *Hound* comes next; and after him, the *Setter*. With the small *Spaniel* it is more dangerous, and still more so with the *Pointer*. Next in order of fatality comes the *Pug*; and it is most fatal of all with the *Newfoundland* dog. Not only does it thus differ in different species of dogs, but in *different breeds of the same species*. "I have known," says Youatt, "several gentlemen who have labored in vain for many years, to rear particular and valuable breeds of Pointers and Greyhounds. The Distemper would uniformly carry off five out of six. Other sportsmen laugh at the supposed danger of distemper, and declare that they seldom lose a dog. This hereditary disposition to certain kinds of disease cannot be denied, and is not sufficiently attended to. When a peculiar fatality has often followed a certain breed, the owner should cross it from another kennel; and especially from the kennel of one who boasts of his success in the treatment of distemper. This has occasionally succeeded far beyond expectation." He continues,—"One thing is clear,—that for a disease which assumes such a variety of forms, there can be no *specific*; and yet there is not a keeper who is not in possession of some supposed infallible remedy. Nothing can be more absurd. The faith in these boasted specifics is principally founded on two circumstances,—*atmospheric influences*, and *peculiarity of breed*. There are some seasons when we can scarcely save a dog. There are others, when we must almost wilfully destroy him in order to lose him! There are some breeds in which, generation after generation, five out of six die of Distemper; while there are others in which not one out of a dozen dies."

This I think is sufficiently explanatory. It is highly important to beware of confounding cases which would *recover* spontaneously, with those which are *cured*.

**SYMPTOMS.**—As may be supposed from what has been said of the nature of this disease, there is no one symptom which will invariably characterise it. To show what are



the most frequent and most strongly marked, is all that can be done.

Early symptoms are, gradual loss of appetite, spirits, and condition—the dog is less obedient to his master, and takes less notice of him. The eyes appear weak and watery, and there is a slight limpid discharge from the nose. In the morning, there will perhaps be a slight indurated mucus at the corner of the eye. This state of things may continue two or three weeks, without the dog becoming seriously ill. Then a peculiar husky cough is heard—an apparent attempt to get something from the throat. The discharge from the eyes and nose will increase; and the eyelids will be closed in the morning. The conjunctiva (*i. e.* the membrane which lines the inside of the eyelids, and is reflected on to the globe of the eye), will be considerably injected,—not intensely red, but the vessels will be large, turgid, and frequently of a darkish hue. Occasionally, however, the membrane will be vividly red, and the eye impatient of light. Permanent blindness, however, is rarely the consequence of Distemper.

At this stage of the disease, the dog will be evidently feverish. He will shiver and creep to the fire, and will more rapidly and evidently lose flesh. The discharge from the nose will become thicker, stick about the nostrils, plug them up and obstruct the breathing, and the huskiness will become more frequent and troublesome. The progress of the disease is now uncertain. Sometimes fits come on. One fit is serious,—if another occurs within a day or two, the chances of cure are diminished, and if they rapidly succeed each other, the dog is almost always lost. Fits seldom appear without a warning; and if watched for, they may possibly be prevented. Though the dog may previously have lost his appetite, it returns when the fits are at hand, and he becomes absolutely voracious. Nearly all the mucus disappears from the eyes; and for an hour or more before the fit, there is a champing of the lower jaw, frothing at the mouth, and discharge of saliva. The champing of the jaw is seen twelve hours before the first fit, and a little while before every other. There are also usually twitchings of the mouth, cheek, or eyelid. The inflammation of the membrane of the nose and fauces, sometimes extends along that of the windpipe; and the dog exhibits decided symptoms of inflammation of the lungs. At other times the bowels become affected, and a violent purging comes on. When mingled blood and mucus appear, the case is almost hopeless. While the discharge from the nose remains white, and free from smell, and the animal is not so much emaciated, the termination may be favorable;

but when it becomes dark, bloody, and offensive, death will ensue.

The duration of distemper is uncertain. It may run its course in five or six days; or it may linger on two or three months. When the emaciation is rapid, extreme, and continuous, the dog will die,—but let him gain flesh, even though the purging be violent, and the discharge from the nose copious, and we may nevertheless confidently predict his recovery. In the Pointer, Hound, and Greyhound, there sometimes appears in the whole of the chest and belly a pustular eruption, which peels off in large scales. The result is usually unfavorable. In these dogs, an intense yellowness often suddenly appears all over them. They fall away more in twenty-fours than would be thought possible; their bowels being obstinately constipated. They will neither eat nor move; and in two or three days death closes their eyes for ever.

**TREATMENT.**—In Distemper in any form, an emetic is the *first* thing to be given. Common salt will do, when nothing else is at hand; but the best emetic consists of equal parts of calomel and tartar emetic, from half a grain to one grain and a half of each for a dose. Place it upon the back of the tongue. Then, if the cough is urgent, and there is heaving at the flanks, and the nose is hot, take a moderate quantity of blood, (from three to twelve ounces); and if there has been previous constipation, follow this up with from two to six drachms of Epsom salts.

In *slight* cases this will often cure; but if the dog still droops, and there is much huskiness, take from half a grain to one grain "digitalis powder," from two to five grains "James's Powder;" and from twenty to sixty grains of "nitre." Let this be made into a ball, with a little palm oil and linseed meal; and give one such twice or three times daily. (The dose must be proportioned to the size of the animal.) If on the third or fourth day the huskiness is not quite removed, repeat the emetic.

Worms are frequently a considerable source of irritation in young dogs. If speedily got rid of, Distemper will often rapidly disappear; but if suffered to remain, diarrhoea or fits are apt to supervene. From thirty to 60 grains of powdered glass should be added to each ball, as above.

Should the huskiness still continue, and with fever, it is now, if ever, that inflammation of the lungs will be perceived. The quick and laborious breathing, inability to lie down, elevated position of the head, and projected muzzle, will clearly mark it. More blood must be taken. The bowels must be opened with Epsom salts; and the digitalis,



nitre, and James's powder given more frequently, and in larger doses than before. The pulse of the dog may be felt at the side. If the digitalis produces an intermittent pulse, which it should do, it should be given more cautiously, and in smaller quantities.

If the inflammation is conquered, or it should happen that there is none of any moment, and the huskiness still continues; if the discharge from the nose increases, and the animal loses flesh, and is becoming weak,—the treatment must be changed. Half the quantity only of the sedative and diuretic medicine must be given, and some tonic, as gentian, from ten to twenty grains; and ginger from five to ten grains, for a dose; be added. An emetic must be given occasionally, and the bowels must be kept open, but not purged. The dog must be urged to eat; and if he obstinately refuse, he must be forced with strong beef-jelly. If, notwithstanding this, the strength of the animal continues to decline, and the discharge from the nose becomes purulent and offensive, the fever medicine must be omitted, and the tonic balls, with from thirty to sixty grains of carbonate of iron in each, be given. If the dog begins to recover, the tonic balls may be continued without the iron; giving now and then an emetic if the huskiness threatens to return. Wholesome food and good country air, however, are the best tonics.

When the discharge from the nose is very offensive, the lips swelled and ulcerated, and the breath foetid, half an ounce of yeast may be given every noon, and the tonics morning and night. The mouth should be often washed with a solution of the chloride of lime. When fits appear early, give a strong emetic. Then bleed, and open the bowels with five or six grains of calomel, and a quarter of a grain of opium, and commence the tonic balls. If they occur at a later period, all that can be done is to give a strong emetic; open the bowels with castor oil; and give the tonic balls, with a quarter of a grain of opium in each.

In the treatment of the yellow disease, we shall seldom succeed. One large bleeding, opening the bowels with Epsom salts, and then giving one-grain doses of calomel twice daily in a tonic ball, *sometimes* produces a good effect.

Let it be remembered, that while costiveness must be obviated, there is nothing more to be dreaded in every stage of Distemper than Diarrhoea. The purging of Distemper will often bid defiance to the most powerful astringent medicines. This shows the folly of giving (as is often done) violent cathartics in Distemper. It is of the utmost consequence that, when purging arises, it should be speedily checked. First, give a good dose of Epsom salts, then twenty grains

of chalk, ten grains of catechu, five grains of ginger, and a quarter of a grain of opium,—made into a ball with palm oil; and this, for a middle sized dog, twice a-day.

When the "Twitchings" appear, a seton is necessary, and some stimulating embrocation,—such as the tincture of cantharides,—may be rubbed along the whole course of the spine. Castor oil, syrup of buckthorn, and syrup of poppies, (in the proportion of three parts of the first, two of the second, and one of the last,) should be given morning and night, and a tonic ball at noon; but if the spasms spread over the animal, accompanied by a moaning, that increases to a cry, humanity demands that we should put an end to that which cannot be cured.

In the treatment of *Chorea*, (St. Vitus's dance) which is an occasional sequel of Distemper, a seton is the first thing. The bowels should be kept moderately open, and the nitrate of silver, (in doses of one-eighth of a grain, increased to one quarter of a grain, and made into a pill, with linseed meal) should be given morning and night.

Herein is comprised the best method of treatment for that fatal disease,—Distemper.

All your correspondents will doubtless be glad to hear of a medicine which is often successful in *Chorea*. Youatt says,—“nitrate of silver will be the sheet-anchor of the practitioner in this disease; and if used early, will seldom deceive him.” We must never make too sure of the recovery of a distempered dog. It is a treacherous disease, and the medicines should be continued for a month at least after every symptom has disappeared. Palsy is sometimes the termination of Distemper,—it is usually accompanied by *Chorea*; and is then, in the majority of cases, hopeless.

ZIG-ZAG.

## BIRDS OF SONG.\*

### THE BLACKBIRD.

THIS BEING the time of year when most birds are silent, or partially so, from the cold, we propose to introduce to our readers' notice such of the choristers as usually take the earliest part in the harmony of the season. Every successive week will now be telling of something new, something delightful.

We are just entering upon a month, in which there is little observable, day by day,

\* Under this head (See our FIRST and SECOND VOLUMES), *all* our most popular Birds of Song are being treated of in turn. There has been a very great demand for the *separate* Treatises; but it is not our present intention to publish them otherwise than in the columns of OUR OWN JOURNAL.—ED. K. J.



towards the return of spring. Yet do we already mark among the thrushes and the blackbirds an increased activity; and certain peculiarities in their approaches towards each other, and in their "delicate attentions," which convince us they will all "mate" at a very early day.

We were busy musing at the remote end of our garden, a few days since, immediately under the shade of some lofty firs—and in the close proximity of the holly and the laurel, when some "well-known sounds" saluted our ear, which we recognised as the notes of dalliance. Several pairs of thrushes and several pairs of blackbirds were busily agitating the brushwood, and flitting restlessly along the whole length of a holly-hedge; pursuing each other, as these birds do, even at this early season of the year. All this gives the note of preparation for early incubation.

We have observed, too, certain incipient signs of approaching familiarity between cock-robin and his intended associate. The courtship of these birds is completely *sui generis*. They meet *en avance*, and as quickly retire *en derrière*; repeating these preparatory interviews from morning till night. They then separate altogether. They go through the same observances on the morrow, and the day following; and when their flirtations are completely over, the "proposal" is made, the "offer" considered, and the happy red-breast made a worthy husband for the season. His trammels are then thrown off—a divorce is mutually agreed upon, and both parties once more retire to "Liberty Hall." We note these little episodes as we go on; for the innocence of birds, and their winning ways, cannot be too closely scrutinised and admired.

The robins and the blackbirds are among the very first of the feathered tribe to bestir themselves for the provision of a family. Ere the trees have any clothing, you may see, in a private garden, nidification commencing at the very beginning of February.

The blackbird of last year arrives at maturity in the following spring; assuming, with the change of season, a jet-black, glossy livery, and a bill as yellow as gold. The orbs of the eye, too, become bright yellow; and the whole figure bold and dauntless. The hen is of a dusky, dark brown color, and her eyes less brilliant than those of the male.

The instinct of the blackbird is by no means remarkable. There are very few birds indeed so palpably obtuse; for they build their nests in situations which, for the most part, expose them to certain robbery by idle boys and iron-hearted men. Hence the quantities of young birds exposed for sale at the commencement of March. We would

remark, *en passant*, that as this bird is very prolific, it is just possible Nature might have given it a limited instinct, with a view to an excess of numbers being thereby prevented. It is quite certain, that if these birds were not thinned in *some* way, their race would multiply to an alarming extent. They suffer greatly during the winter by the "rough practice" of the "cockney sportsman," who contrives to *wound* many hundreds, whilst perhaps he kills only one; and that, by the merest accident.

With all the slaughter, however, dealt out amongst them during the winter months, we always find plenty of survivors left to greet us from the top of the highest tree, at the earliest dawn of spring. We can already number in our own immediate precincts at least a dozen; and twice that number of thrushes—with wrens, robins, and tit-mice, *ad libitum*. Sacred is our rural dwelling to the happiness and perfect enjoyment of these melodious rogues. Secure from pursuit, snug in the bosom of their affectionate families, and in the midst of plenty, with us *all* the feathered tribes are in safeguard. Woe be to him who levels a hollow tube, "big with mischief," at any of the settlers on our ground, who come to share the rites of our hospitality—we mean if we should catch him in the act! Once or twice lately, we have *heard* a neighbor's gun in active "discharge" of its enjoined duties; but we trust that, after this "notice," it will be put by for the season. "Cruelty" is indefensible under any plea.

Whilst the blackbird is busily rehearsing his vernal songs, just let us take a "peep" at the construction of his nest. The materials used are—fibrous roots, green moss, and similar matters; the inside being plastered, or cased, with damp mould, and subsequently lined with dry grass. The site chosen is sometimes a thick bush, sometimes a laurel, and occasionally it is placed on the side of a bank. The number of eggs laid seldom exceeds five. These are covered with brown spots at the larger end. The period of incubation is fourteen days.

Whilst we now write, the blackbirds in our immediate neighborhood are full of life and energy; and we can ever and anon catch the harmony (still low) of their sweet voices. Their love is already declared, their suit has been pressed, their "acceptance" made sure, their "happiness" perfected. With such a mutual compact formed—how faithfully and religiously will it be kept! We may speedily expect the vernal melody to commence in earnest.

There is much diversity of opinion about *the cause* of birds singing. Why there should be more than one opinion, we know not. Birds sing, as *we* sing—because they are



happy. We never "sing," surely, when our mind is ill at ease! Some may; but *we* do not. In this, truly, we "measure our neighbor's corn in our own bushel."

The late MACGILLIVRAY, a writer with whom we are by no means altogether pleased (for he recommends the indiscriminate and murderous slaughter, on certain occasions, of our small harmless choristers), has drawn a pretty and correct sketch of the blackbird. He has regarded him in the light of a happy parent *in esse*, or in expectancy; for he sings in *both* cases equally well. A right joyous fellow is he; we love him dearly. But now for a poetical description of his *abandon* to the inspiration of his muse.

"It is not," remarks MACGILLIVRAY, "in the wild valley, flanked with birchen slopes, and stretching far away among the craggy hills, that the music of the blackbird floats upon the evening breeze. There you may listen, delighted to the gentle song of the mavis; but here, in this plain, covered with corn-fields and skirted with gardens, sit thee down on the green turf by the gliding brook, and mark the little black speck, stuck, as it were, upon the top twig of that poplar. It is a blackbird; for now the sweet strain, loud, but mellowed by distance, comes upon the ear, inspiring pleasant thoughts, and banishing care and sorrow. The bird has evidently learned his part by long practice, for he sits sedately and in full consciousness of superiority.

"Ceasing at intervals, he renews the strain; varying it so that, although you can trace an occasional repetition of notes, the staves are never precisely the same. You may sit an hour, or longer, and yet the song will be continued; and in the neighboring gardens, many rival songsters will sometimes raise their voices at once, or delight you with alternate strains.

"And now what is the purpose of all this melody? We can only conjecture that *it is the expression of the perfect happiness which the creature is enjoying*, when, untroubled by care, conscious of security, and aware of the presence of his mate, he instinctively pours forth his soul *in joy, and gratitude, and love*. He does not sing to amuse his mate, as many have supposed—for he often sings in winter, when he is not yet mated; nor does he sing to beguile his solitude, for now he is not solitary; but he sings because all his wants are satisfied, his whole frame glowing with health, and because his Maker has gifted him with the power of uttering sweet sounds."

There are very few of us, indeed, who know how to enjoy the charms of a country life, that can help anticipating the vernal treats so ready to burst upon us at an early day. Nor do we envy those who—

"In populous cities pent,"

can say they are happy, and want for nothing. Smoke and dirt, dust and noise, barter and anxiety, speculation and uneasiness, *may* sit easily on some shoulders. We have known much of such "enjoyments" ourself; but *now*—books and flowers, birds and pure air, are the only solace in which we care to take refuge. If ever happiness may be lawfully sought, it is in the fields or gardens, on a fine morning in spring. There we listen to our hero singing his early matins, and we exclaim with one of our modern poets—ADAMS—

Methinks, methinks, a *happy life* is thine,  
Bird of the jetty wing and golden bill!

Up in the clear fresh morning's dewy shine

Art thou, and singing at thine own sweet will:

Thy mellow voice floats over vale and hill,

Rich and mellifluous to the ear as wine

Unto the taste; at noon we hear thee still;

And when grey shadows tell of Sol's decline.

Thou hast thy matin and thy vesper song,

Thou hast thy noontide canticle of praise,

For HIM who fashioned thee to dwell among

The orchard-grounds, and 'mid the pleasant ways,

Where blooming hedge-rows screen the rustic throng:

Thy life's a ceaseless prayer, *thy days all Sabbath days*.

We have already spoken of the small modicum of "instinct" inherent in the blackbird. When we were boys, we used (boy-like, naturally "cruel!") to "draw" the nests of these birds. When we found four eggs, we removed three. To the odd one, the poor hen blackbird would lay another. This we *again* removed, and so on for a number of days; until, Nature exhausted, the ill-fated bird would die on its nest! Oh that we could write with a pen of iron, on the heart of every thoughtless youngster, the wickedness, the cruelty of such a wanton act! How often have we shuddered whilst contemplating these indefensible acts of ours in early childhood! We record it with shame, hoping that it will fall with a salutary effect on the conscience of others, who may even now be contemplating some similar act of early spoliation. We need hardly add, that *most* birds, when they find their *locus in quo* is discovered, immediately decamp to other quarters. The *genus* "school-boy" liketh them not.

In our next, we will go into matters of detail with respect to the proper treatment of a blackbird,—or at least the best mode of treatment for "a bird in confinement." It is a sad "duty" indeed to perform!

Whilst viewing this noble, happy fellow in the country—and listening to his mellow, joyous song from the top of a lofty tree, we feel we could write "up" to him with spirit; but as we shall have to treat of him as a



prisoner immured in a dungeon, we shall also, *malheureusement*, have to write "down" to him. It is, however, a self-imposed task, and we shall not shrink from it. We shall, assuredly, plead hard for him; and entreat that his life may be made as happy as it can be under existing circumstances.

Ere yet another fortnight shall have gone over our heads, we shall behold a wondrous change in the voices of the blackbird and the thrush. They rally wonderfully as the season for breeding approaches; and, while his *cara sposa* is sitting sedulously on her nest—fondly anticipating the result of her onerous task, loud and melodious falls the note upon our ear of her "only love!" Seated aloft, he seems to look down upon all that are beneath him with a feeling of pity, giving utterance to songs of melody that *liberty* could alone inspire:—

Oh! blackbird, sing me something well;  
While all my neighbors shoot thee round,  
I keep smooth plots of fruitful ground,  
Where thou may'st warble, eat, and dwell.

So sings TENNYSON; and we echo his chant.

#### THE AVIARY AND ITS OCCUPANTS.

No. VI.

(Continued from Vol. II., page 404.)

BUILDING A HOUSE IS TEDIOUS WORK. Day after day the operations go on, but with little or no present visible progress. Still, everything must have a beginning; and no house can be properly erected without first laying a foundation. Thus have we acted in the treatment of our subject—bearing in lively remembrance the notable remark of Mrs. Glass, of immortal memory, than whom we wish no brighter nor better example to imitate.

If we have, perchance, been dry, prolix, and precise in our matter-of-fact directions, it has been with the single view of paving the way for the better enjoyment, hereafter, of the work of our hands. The benefit derivable from an attentive perusal of apparently minor matters of detail, will soon become evident, nor is the "marrow" of our subject even now far distant.

We come now, *paripassu*, to the discussion of "How to store an aviary." This is a matter which requires no little judgment; for if birds, by nature quarrelsome, were admitted indiscriminately to congregate under one roof, the result would be anarchy, confusion,—bloodshed. The names of the principal intended "settlers," may be given as follows:—Aberdevines, bullfinches, chaffinches, canaries, goldfinches, linnets, redpoles, twites, yellow-hammers. The foregoing are hard-billed, granivorous, or seed birds.

The soft-billed, or insectivorous birds, are—thrushes, blackcaps, arbour-birds, cole-tits, blue (or Tom) tits, marsh-tits, garden-warblers, hedge-sparrows, nightingales, redstarts, reed-sparrows, stonechats, whinchats, titlarks woodlarks (no sky-larks must be admitted), whitethroats, wagtails.

From the above list, it will be seen that blackbirds, the ox-eye, robin, and wren, are excluded. The three first are quite inadmissible,—blackbirds being spiteful and malicious; ox-eyes, or joe-bents, murderous assassins.\* The latter often feel an inclination to look too closely into the phrenological development of their neighbor's head. There could be no reasonable objection to this, if it were done from a laudable curiosity, and "in a regular way." But their invariable *modus operandi* is,—first to split the skull of their "subject" (*à-la*-woodpecker "tapping"); then to examine its contents; and finally, to devour it greedily. This remarkable operation, frequently repeated, would, we hardly need say, soon depopulate the aviary.

The robin, or redbreast, must be regarded altogether as an alien—such is the ferocity of his natural disposition. Who would credit this, when viewing him seated aloft, on the highest twig of yonder tall tree; every nerve visibly agitated, and his little throat widely distended; while, in the joyousness of his nature he is pouring forth the "most eloquent music?" Does he not look a perfect paragon of harmlessness, virtue, and innocence?

Such is he NOT. In him may be traced the unerring principle of Nature. Every specimen of his tribe—in *this* "rule" there are NO "exceptions"—is invariably alike in disposition; tyrannical, despotic, jealous, sanguinarily cruel. When noticing the "habits" of this bird, under its proper head, we shall have much that is interesting to dwell upon—much to record that we have never heard of, nor seen noticed by naturalists. We dearly love the rogue, aye, dearly; but, as a faithful historian, we dare not give him "a false character."

The wren is excluded, because he is a very tender, delicate bird, in confinement; impatient, also, of the constant bustle and excitement inseparable from an aviary. If ANY of this tribe be admitted, let it be two or three willow wrens. They are an exquisitely-formed bird; minutely small, and the most lively of their race. The excess of numbers should be in favor of goldfinches, linnets, canaries, redpoles, and bullfinches. These birds are

\* There is only one phrenological organ in the head of an ox-eye. It is the organ of "murder." Thus is he predestinated to fulfil his deadly mission, and thus is the truth of the "science" triumphantly confirmed.



"showy" as well as sprightly, and are scarcely ever "mopish" in an aviary. Thus do they, by their activity and playfulness, keep the inmates in a constant state of jollity.

As many persons will have particular tastes of their own to gratify, and prefer some birds before others, our hints as to numbers and selections, are, of course, merely suggestive—not arbitrary.

It would be advisable to have not fewer than four aberdevines, four chaffinches, four twites, and four yellow-hammers. One thrush will be sufficient, and he must be put in when a young nestling. After the first or second year, these birds get spiteful; and they then commit awful havoc among the small fry, despatching them with a *coup de bouche*; still, however, they sing so well, and pipe so melodiously, that one is worth the venture.

We would not recommend more than one or two choice specimens of the black-cap, and two or three cole-tits, blue-tits, and marsh-tits; two garden-warblers, three hedge-sparrows, one nightingale, three redstarts, three reed-sparrows, two stonechats, two whinchats, two titlarks, two woodlarks, two larger and two lesser white-throats, and one pair of wagtails, grey or yellow.

With the single exception of the last-named pair of wagtails, we recommend no HEN birds whatever being introduced. With animals, as with the human race, a strict sense of propriety and moral rectitude must be observed; all conventional forms must be respected; and a *Codex morum* established, from which there can be "no appeal."

Dame Nature has been singularly cruel, arbitrary, and over-exact, in her organisation of the female character; but perhaps she has some good latent reason for it, into which it is not lawful for us mortals to pry. All we can say about it is—we cannot see it. It certainly does seem deplorably "odd," that when some two, three, or more of the gentle sex are met together, they can never be long in each others' company without there being a "row." A—hem! Just so was it with our colony. We thoughtlessly left the ladies and gentlemen together, and a "row" was the consequence; nay more, the results were "awful." There were, day after day, flirtations, assignations, and elopements, of course; followed (also of course) by alienations of affection, heart-rendings, jealousies, duels, assassinations, bloodshed, murder. Good fun was it, however, if we may be allowed to jest on so "serious" a subject, to observe with what perfect *abandon* some of the "miserable offenders" would give themselves up to the honied voices and insinuating eloquence of their spruce betrayers. Oh, how sinfully "wicked" they did look at their less-favored and disappointed rivals! It was better than any play.

Being a man of rigidly-moral principles, we were not long in perceiving our error; and, when perceived, in rectifying it. Every "lady" bird—*causa teterrima belli*—was withdrawn; lovers' vows were frustrated;\* and the gentlemen-vocalists left alone in their glory.

Of the soft-billed birds last particularised we must observe, that a close eye should be kept on the blue-tits and the hedge-sparrows. The former are habitually spiteful, if they cannot get an abundant supply of their most favorite food. Under such circumstances they will, sometimes, like our friend the ox-eye, take a too close survey of their neighbor's head, break it open *sans ceremonie*, and swallow its contents!

The hedge-sparrow, although an object of just suspicion, is not uniformly quarrelsome. If, therefore, you observe in them no disposition to fight, you may give them the *entrée*. They are a sprightly bird, of a good presence, and have a rich mellow song.

The water-wagtail is another ferocious bird—first cousin in disposition to a robin. Two, therefore, of the male sex can never agree under any circumstances. If associated, *one* would speedily become disposed of. Try only one pair. They are beautiful showy birds, and will run round the margin of the fountain with untiring activity. Being in their movements like the titlark, the constant vibration of their tails, and the bend of their graceful forms, become objects for unceasing admiration. They will nearly always be in, or on the fountain—water being their delight.

The nightingale being a bird of truly singular habits, we have suggested the propriety of admitting one only. If there were more, the chances are that none of them would sing. This bird never allows himself to be surpassed or outdone in song. If therefore his fellow sing louder than he, and more joyously, from that moment he would become dumb, mopish, and sulky. Alone, he will perhaps "awaken the groves" with his voice. The other "warblers" we need not here comment upon. We shall have "lots" to say of them at a proper season.

By the way, it may not be irrelevant to call attention at this time to the "blue-tit," already noticed. He is a most diverting little creature. Our readers will find, as we did, that whenever the thrush picks out any choice morsel of food from the pan on the floor, and flies upwards with it, Master Tom will cling closely round the thrush's neck, allow himself to soar upwards with him in flight, and finally force, by "high pressure" from his mouth, the said choice morsel of

\* "The course of true love never did run smooth."—*Old Proverb*.



food! Master Tom has an infinite variety of these tricks; and as we "owe him one," for many hours of by-gone entertainment, we now discharge our obligation.

The next question is,—how, when, and where, to procure your birds for the aviary. The best seasons for the hard-billed birds, are April and September. They are then in what is termed "Flight." During these months, they congregate in vast numbers; and are trapped by the bird-catchers, and sold at very low prices by the London dealers. Great St. Andrew-street, Holborn, and the neighborhood of the Seven Dials, are the grand depositories for the feathered choir.

The soft-billed birds of passage arrive about the 10th of April, and may be purchased in the same localities. They should be procured a week or so after they are trapped, or as soon as they are what is termed "fed off,"—that is, able to feed themselves in confinement on the change of food provided for them. Many are sulky when caught, refuse every temptation to eat, and die before they can be "fed off."

How to select your birds, and discriminate the males from the females, we will explain under their classified heads. We will also give early consideration to the proper food to be placed in the aviary; and show how to adapt it to the peculiar appetites of each of the inmates.

With us, latterly, a death in the family was the exception, not the rule: our birds all lived—till the rats deprived us of them—to a "green old age." We loved them while they lived—oh, how fondly! Now, *nil nisi flere et meminisse relictum est.*—We can but think of them, and bewail their irreparable loss.

#### CURIOUS FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

##### MARINE POLYPES—THE FROG— THE HOUSE FLY.

THE "NATURALIST" for the new year, again comes before us with fresh claims on our regard, and brings under our observation some very interesting facts.

Many of them, from their length, are not suitable for us to extract. We therefore subjoin three of the shorter communications, by way of confirming our remarks. The first, by Thomas NICHOL, Esq., of Dunbar, refers to Marine Polypes. Mr. N. says:—

Great numbers of Marine Polypes are to be found in Dunbar; their habitat being chiefly on rocky ground between high and low-water-mark. I kept one of them for nearly two years, and several others for shorter periods, in basins of salt water; of course renewing it at intervals of two or three days. Believing that they must

have some more substantial nourishment than the animalculæ contained in the water, I tried if they would use various kinds of food which I thought might be suitable for them. Whelks, Mussels, and Limpets were what I chiefly offered them. If the object was dropped near the Polype, it was invariably seized with its tentacula, and conveyed to its mouth. I have seen a shell nearly as large as the animal itself thus swallowed, distending the body all round.

The Polype has the power of locomotion; for, although I never saw any of them in the act of moving, I have frequently found them at a different side of the basin from that at which I left them. But perhaps the most interesting circumstance connected with them was, that some of them propagated while in my possession. I had at one time from twenty to twenty-five young ones alive, and probably twice as many gemmules were thrown off in the course of one summer from three individuals. I never saw the gemmules separate themselves from the parent, though I frequently watched for it. Some of the young lived for several weeks, if not months, under my care, and grew considerably in that time; but most of them died early, which led me to suppose that the side of a basin was not a suitable place for their development.

It is stated in books on Natural History, that these animals may be cut into a great many parts, and that each part will immediately become a complete animal, and live and act as if nothing had happened to it. To test the correctness of this statement, I cut some of mine into several pieces; they seemed to be little affected by the operation, and each part continued to live as a distinct individual. Some of these I kept for a considerable time; but I felt satisfied they did not thrive so well or look so healthy as the Polypes that had not been so divided.

I find I have still in my possession a few notes of observations I made on three varieties of these creatures, the substance of which I shall transcribe.

1847, March 6th.—Received three large Polypes this morning, and placed them in basins of salt water.

No. 1, the largest, is covered by a sac or mantle, finely streaked with red stripes; the prevailing color of the sac is dull grey, and it is covered with small transparent pimples about the size of pins' heads; probably they contain water. When placed in clean salt water, the sac is gradually withdrawn, and the animal appears a flattish circular body, of considerable diameter, having the entire circumference guarded by the outstretched tentacula, as by a forest of tiny spears. Inside of this is a considerable space perfectly smooth, the color beautifully variegated with different shadings of red, and in the centre is the orifice, or mouth. This opening assumes a great variety of forms and appearances, the beauty and delicacy of which can only be properly appreciated when seen in the living animal. Sometimes the lips rise a little above the surface, and curve elegantly over into the cavity. Their inner surface is generally of a white or cream color, and capable of great distension, as indeed the whole Polype is. The body is soft, yields easily to the touch, and exhibits a good deal of



sensitiveness. The tentacula have considerable elasticity; they will seize the finger firmly, stretching considerably before they let go their hold; they likewise bend readily round any object placed within their reach, and carry it towards the mouth; in such cases, however, only the tentacula near the object seem to engage themselves; those at a little distance seem no way cognisant of what is going on. That the creature may spread to its full extent, it seems to gorge itself with water; perhaps it manages thus to seize any animalculæ, or other matter, the water may contain suitable for its nourishment. When it folds itself up, it ejects a considerable quantity of water, and it then presents an appearance something like a large orange striped longitudinally, and firmly fixed by one end.

No. 2 is reddish in color, not striped, but otherwise of a similar structure and arrangement to No. 1.

No. 3: the mantle is all but entirely white, which is likewise the prevailing color of the body and tentacula, while they are beautifully tinted with red. The disc within the tentacula is transparent; in other respects, it resembles the two former.

9th.—Changed the water, and gave each of the Polypes a small piece of fish, which has been taken within the mantle, and probably into the stomach.

13th.—Gave each small pieces of fish and Cod liver, and also pieces of the rays or arms of star-fishes, which have all been taken into the stomach, and apparently digested. Later in the day, No. 3 disgorged two pieces of fish, which do not seem to have been in any way affected by their residence in its stomach. A little yellow gelatinous matter was also thrown up along with them.

Nos. 2 and 3 seem shy of displaying their tentacula during the day; but I have frequently found them finely displayed after dark. It is difficult to count the number of tentacula; but they are probably from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty. They seem to seize everything that comes within their reach, and convey it to their mouth; but in doing so they exhibit no activity; the object is brought slowly forward, and slowly engulfed or rejected. The mouth opens towards the object, and enlarges itself to the size necessary for its reception.

I have lately read some numbers of Dr. Johnston's work on Zoophites, and am inclined to think, from the descriptions there given, the species I possess are referable to *Actinia coriacea*.

16th.—Changed the water to-day, of which each was very full, and when laid on a dry place gave it out very freely; indeed they seemed incapable of retaining, for it spouted forth from the mouth, the tentacula, and even through the pores, which seemed to open in the mantle. No. 1 disgorged with the water some pieces of Star-fish, which had been in its stomach for some days; they did not seem much altered, but a small piece which has since been thrown out, seems to consist of the harder parts only. No. 2 also disgorged a piece of Star-fish to day; it was halfout when observed, and on being touched came very easily away.

19th.—The pieces of fish and Star-fish which I have from time to time given the Polypes appear

to have been disgorged. I cannot say whether or not the animals have been nourished by them: I rather think not. Nos. 2 and 3 have repeatedly ejected Limpets, which they had previously swallowed, both in the shell and out of it. No. 1 has taken them frequently into its stomach; it throws up the shell clean in a day or two. The animal of the Limpet is also ejected, but it seems to have undergone some change, as it is thrown out in pieces. I offered a dead Limpet in the shell to it the other day, but it showed an immediate disposition to get rid of it, and by lowering its tentacula, allowed it to drop to the bottom of the basin.

27th.—For the last week the Polypes have appeared to be much in the same state as formerly, except that No. 1 looks scarcely so healthy. I have given them, occasionally, pieces of fish and Cod liver. The former has generally, if not always, been disgorged; I am not sure if the latter has. No. 3 has been for the most part fully expanded lately, and a singularly beautiful object it is when in this state. On several occasions lately I have found Nos. 2 and 3 firmly attached to the sides of the basin in which they were kept, the means of attachment being small points which are protruded from the skin. As No. 1 appears sickly, I have taken it and put it into a pool between high and low-water-mark, wishing to see whether it will make its habitat there, and recover.

April 1st.—I have repeatedly examined the pool for No. 1, but find it is not there; whether it has floated or been washed away I cannot tell. This morning put No. 2 into the same pool, but on looking for it in the evening, found it was gone. No. 3 continues lively, and frequently displays its tentacula. For several days past it has had no other food than what it may derive from the water in which it is kept.

23rd.—Gave No. 3 a piece of Cod liver yesterday morning; to-day I thought I saw small portions of it in the points of the tentacula, as if it were passing through the animal's system: it is easily recognised by its color being of a deeper red than the animal itself.

May 4th.—The Polype continues in much the same state as formerly. I have fed it occasionally with Cod liver, and feel persuaded that it derives some nutriment from it, and I have repeatedly noticed that portions of it appear to pass into the tentacula.

Our next extract refers to the Frog. C. A. J., the writer, says:—

I was sitting in my drawing-room this very wet morning, when I was called away from my book by the sudden exclamation from one of the children, "Here's a frog crawling up the window!" Strange as was the intelligence, it proved to be true. With arms and legs expanded on the wet glass, and adhering to it with all the under surface of the body, sprawled a half-grown frog, motionless, but with sparkling eyes, and breathing naturally, as the rising and falling cheeks clearly proved. After resting a few minutes, it began to stir, and with remarkable activity ascended several inches, moving its limbs exactly as a sailor does when climbing the shrouds. Again it became stationary, supporting itself, however, without effort, and soon after mounted



another stage. A third movement, a sidelong one, brought it to the wooden frame of the glass, which it partially crossed, clinging to it with one hand, and adhering to the glass with the other hand, its throat, and chest, the legs hanging free. Its hold now was evidently not secure, and in about a minute it fell back upon the window-sill outside. About four feet below the window is an iron grating, placed over a pit, constructed to admit light into a cellar window. In this pit a number of frogs had taken refuge in the scorching weather of August, and here I supposed they were doomed to spend the rest of their lives; but this ambitious traveller must have taken advantage of the wet weather to climb four or five feet of rough masonry, four feet more of smooth painted wall, and about ten inches of polished glass. Is this climbing power of frogs known, and may it not help to account for the strange situations in which the batrachian tribe are sometimes found?—Callipers Hall, Rickmansworth, September 18th 1852."

The concluding extract, refers to the House Fly. It is a communication by James Napier, Esq., to the "Natural History Society of Glasgow." He says:—

On the day of the last severe thunder storm in August last, I observed, immediately after the storm had passed, my parlor window facing the storm literally studded with dead flies adhering to the glass; beside each fly was a small opaque cloud, composed of a white gummy matter that appeared to have been ejected by the fly, and that very recently, from its being soft. That it had been simultaneous with the death of the insect, I think evident, from the wings and feet in most cases being covered with it in such quantity as to make it impossible for the insect to fly or walk. In all cases the insect was adhering to the glass by this gummy substance; some by the feet, the wings, and the mouth or sucker of the proboscis; in every instance this sucker was at its full expansion, as if blowing out; and in two cases, out of the few examined, the proboscis was ruptured or burst in the side.

Whether the death of these insects took place during the thunder storm, or in consequence of it, I cannot affirm; but they had all died within the space of a few hours, and that insects are affected by sudden or great atmospheric changes can hardly be doubted. I have spoken with several persons who observed the same sudden mortality among the flies about the same time, and also the invariable spot of dirt, as it was commonly called, contiguous to each insect.

In connection with this gummy matter, I may add a few observations first made some years ago. About the latter end of summer, (the month of August,) flies will often be observed standing perfectly motionless often for a period of fifteen or twenty minutes; examining them during these moods by a lens, it will be observed that they are not entirely idle, but are blowing out from their proboscis a fluid, which they hold at the mouth of their trunk as a globule, often as large as the head of a small pin. This globule the insect sucks in and blows out every few seconds, occasionally drawing in the proboscis and again throwing it

out, evidently with great enjoyment. These drops of fluid often fall on the place where it stands, and form grey-colored round spots, which soon get dark, and constitute a great portion of that termed *fly-dirt*. I have seen several of these drops fall in a few minutes, exciting some apprehensions at the consequences were it continued. May not this account for the fact, that dead flies are always dry and empty? The fluid, by reflected light, is of a cream-color, viscid and gummy; and occasionally little specks of air and dust are seen in it—but no revolving motion has been observed.

## NOTES ON WILD ANIMALS.

### THE HARE.

This little animal is found throughout Europe, and, indeed, in most of the northern parts of the world. Its generic character consists in its having two front teeth, both above and below; and the upper pair duplicate, two small interior ones standing behind the others; the forefeet have five, and the hinder four toes. Being destitute of weapons of defence, it is endowed by Providence with the passion of fear. It is attentive to every alarm, and is, therefore, furnished with ears very long and tubular, which catch the most remote sounds. The eyes are so prominent, as to enable the animal to see both before and behind.

The hare feeds in the evenings, and sleeps in his form during the day; and as he is generally on the ground, he has the feet protected, both above and below, with a thick covering of hair. In temperate regions they choose in winter a form exposed to the south, to obtain all the possible warmth of that season; and in summer, when they are desirous of shunning the hot rays of the sun, they change this for one with a northerly aspect; but in both cases they have the instinct of generally fixing upon a place where the immediately-surrounding objects are nearly the color of their own bodies. Among naturalists it is a received notion that the hare, especially the buck, seldom lives beyond seven years, and that when either is killed, another succeeds to occupy its place; whence is derived the proverb,—“The more hares you kill the more you will have to hunt;” for when the buck and doe live undisturbed together a little time, they suffer no stranger to reside within their limits. It is also a well-experienced truth, that some places are remarkable for being seldom without hares, and others, although as likely in all appearance to harbour them, rarely with any. Whether it is any particular excellence in the feed, in the situation for forming advantageously, for warmth, hearing, or seeing, that induces them to prefer certain spots to others, or that on the death of a buck or doe another succeeds, and they possess their usual circle—cannot be ascertained, but the fact is perfectly established.

The first ring a hare takes is generally the foundation of the ensuing pastime, all the doubles she afterwards makes are in a great measure like the first; a hare will go over great part of trailed land, and visit her works of the preceding night and morning; sometimes a buck will take endways over fresh ground without offering to



return; the doe usually runs in a circle, unless with young, or having recently kindled; at such times she often runs forward, and scarcely ever escapes with life, being naturally unfit for fatigue; however, both sexes greatly regulate their conduct according to the season and weather. After a rainy night, in a woody country, neither buck nor doe will keep the cover, owing to the drops of wet hanging on the spray; they therefore run the highways or stony lanes, for as the scent naturally lies strong, they hold the roads which take the least. Not that a hare judges upon what soil the scent lies weakest; it is her ears that chiefly direct her, for the hounds being oftener at fault on the hard paths than the turf, she finds herself not so closely pressed, and is not so much alarmed with the continual cry of the dogs at her heels. The louder the cry, the more she is terrified, and flies the swifter; the certain effect of which is, a heart broken sooner than with a pack equal in number and goodness, but who spend their tongues less free. The same principle directs the hare to run to the covers in autumn, when the ground is dry, and the wind cold, at north or east; she then keeps the paths that are covered with leaves, which are so continually falling and blowing about that the best hounds cannot carry scent; her alarms are consequently short, and she rests contented where she is least disturbed.

When a hare rises out of form, if she erects her ears, and at first runs slowly, with her scut cast over her back, it is surely old and crafty. When a hare is hunted to his form, along the hard highways, and feeds far away from cover, and the doublings and crossings are wide and large, it is a buck; for the does generally keep close to the side of some cover, and, when going to feed in the corn fields, seldom cross over the furrows but follow the track of them; when hunted, they turn frequently, use many stratagems, and rarely leave the country round their seat; whilst the buck, after two or three turns about his form, runs straight forward four or five miles, and then probably squats in some place where he has before preserved himself. A buck or jack hare may also be known by his head being shorter, his ears more grey, his shoulders redder, and the body being smaller than the doe; and, at his first starting, by the whiteness of his hinder parts.

According to the season of the year, the hare is to be looked for; if it be spring, upon fallows or green corn; during the autumn, in stubbles or turnips; in winter, they will seat themselves near houses, in brambles and tufts of thorn.

Tender feet in dogs, are owing to the softness of that fleshy substance called the ball of the foot; but nature has been singularly liberal to the hare in this part, by supplying her with such feet as are not subject to, and indeed scarcely susceptible of hurt, so as to incommode her in running. The balls of her feet, instead of hard flesh, are covered with strong coarse fur, suited so well to the purpose that she never treads easier, or to more advantage, than on the hardest beaten track, or rugged stony roads; the very surface which cripples a dog, she glides over with pleasure. In a frost she has an evident superiority to most creatures; the horse does not

at that season take his gallops, for fear of foundering; the greyhound or hound would in running start all their claws, and tear themselves to pieces—whilst the hare treads as soft as if she went on wool.

The dear little creature we have here described, is the *most* harmless of all animals; consequently Man, her master, takes special delight in hunting her to death, or in wounding her with the contents of a gun-barrel! Are we not justified in calling man "a savage?"

### THE HERON.

'TIS NOW THAT the cold blasts of the north, sweep along the ruffled surface of the lake; over whose deep waters frown the rugged crags of rusty gneiss, having their crevices sprinkled with tufts of withered herbage, and their summits crowned with stunted birches and alders. The desolate hills around are partially covered with snow; the pastures are drenched with the rains; the brown torrents seam the heathy slopes; and the little birds have long ceased to enliven those deserted thickets with their gentle songs. Margining the waters extends a long muddy beach, over which are scattered blocks of stoue; partially clothed with dusky and olivaceous weeds. Here and there, a gull floats buoyantly in the shallows; some oyster-catchers repose on a gravel bank, their bills buried among their plumage; and there, on that low shelf, is perched a solitary heron, like a monument of listless indolence—a bird petrified in its slumber.

At another time, when the tide has retired, you may find it wandering, with slow and careful tread, among the little pools; and by the sides of the rocks, in search of small fishes and crabs. But, unless you are bent on watching it, you will find more amusement in observing the lively tringas and turnstones, ever in rapid motion; for the heron is a dull and lazy bird, or at least he seems to be such; and even if you draw near, he rises in so listless a manner, that you think it a hard task for him to unfold his large wings and heavily beat the air, until he has fairly raised himself. But now he floats away, lightly, though with slow flappings, screams his harsh cry, and hies to some distant place, where he may remain unmolested by the prying naturalist. Perhaps you may wonder at finding him in so cold and desolate a place as this dull sea creek, on the most northern coast of Scotland; and that, too, in the very midst of winter. But the heron courts not society, and seems to care as little as any one for the cold.

Were you to betake yourself to the other extremity of the island, where the scenery is of a very different character, and the inlets swarm with ducks and gulls, there too you would find the heron, unaltered in manners,



slow in his movements, careful and patient, ever hungry and ever lean; for even when in best condition, he never attains the plumpness that gives you the idea of a comfortable existence. Far away through the green valley winds the silver Tweed; now rolling its waters over the white pebbles, then gliding placidly between banks covered with fresh herbage and gaudy florets of many hues. The hum of the wild bee draws your eye toward those beautiful tufts of purple trefoil; the weet-weet, ever vibrating its body as if delicately balanced on its slim legs, runs along the sunny beach, spreads out its pointed wings, and skims over the pool.

There, in the water, nearly up to the knees, is the heron, patiently waiting an opportunity of seizing some giddy trout. Those ducklings that swim so beautifully, and dive with such marvellous quickness, he seems to eye with hungry glance; but their watchful protectress is in the midst of them. That wary old water-rat is equally safe, as he nibbles the grass at the mouth of his hole; and at intervals trims his whiskers with his little paws. In short, go where you will, in summer or in winter, to the shores of the sea or the far inland lake, the source or the estuary of the hill-born streams, you may here and there find a solitary heron.—MACGILLIVRAY.

### Entomology.

#### OBSERVATIONS ON LARVÆ.

At this bleak and barren season of the year, although there is still much to attract the general admirer of nature, yet as regards those who follow that particular branch relating to insects, there is little now to draw them abroad, while the insect world lies almost entirely in a state of sleep. At this season, the entomologist recalls the pursuits of the previous year; and the following observations, made by the writer, can perhaps claim little merit save their originality. I purpose to offer a few points noticed in rearing various larvæ of Moths.

The first caterpillar which I had during last year, was one of the Goat Moth (*cossus*), which was cut by a laborer from an old willow. When I received it, it was apparently about three parts grown. It was in a rather languid state, and if disturbed would immediately raise its head, and open its formidable jaws. The peculiar odor which it emitted was so powerful, that a box in which it was placed smells as strong as at first, after the lapse of ten months. Though it was supplied with food, it died after a few weeks; having made some attempts to form a nest which it was apparently too weak to do.

In the beginning of April, I obtained a number of caterpillars of the great Tiger (*Arctia Caja*), in the vicinity of Chelsea, feeding on the dead nettle. Of these, some arrived at perfection in May, and others in June. A remarkable circumstance is, the great irritation produced by

even a minute particle of the hairs which create a kind of nettle-rash on the skin.

In June, I obtained from Hertfordshire the eggs of some unknown Sphinx, nearly all of which hatched; but none of them would eat, although supplied with the leaves of the tree on which they were laid. They were about five lines in length, of a pale green color, with a long horn tapering gradually, and without any appearance of stripes on the sides.

I had next the eggs and young larvæ of the Puss Moth (*Cerura Vinula*), of which nine arrived at maturity. This caterpillar is very remarkable both in appearance and habits. The usual period of growth was from six to seven weeks, and in this time it changes its skin four times. Having closely observed the habits of these, I can find no foundation for the fact (?), noticed in some books, of their ejecting an acrid fluid if irritated. The peculiar horns, with which the tail is supplied, are certainly protruded when it is touched, but are not used to strike with. The cocoon generally is perfected in about two days from its commencement; and when dry, resembles a swelling on the trunk of a tree.

In the beginning of July, I obtained from the vicinity of Chelsea some caterpillars of the Eyed Hawk (*Smerinthus Ocellatus*), but unfortunately all but two were killed by parasites. This insect seems peculiarly infested by these ichneumons. Some of them will live for days after the grubs have forced their way out; but they never eat, and ultimately die. Scarcely any kind of caterpillar seems exempt from attack by these insects, which no doubt serve some useful purpose in the economy of nature.

In September, after having examined a large quantity of privet, I discovered a nearly full-grown caterpillar of the Privet Hawk (*S. Ligustræ*), which was an insect I had never before obtained. This beautiful caterpillar after a short time entered the earth; but to my surprise, after a few days he came out again, and remained on the surface, where he died in about a week; and did not change into a chrysalis, much to my disappointment. I afterwards attributed his death to the earth in the flower-pot not being of sufficient depth.

During last season, I reared from the Larvæ, also the Nettle Tortoise, and the Peacock, and the Feathered Prominent Moth. There is a remarkable difference in growth often observed amongst caterpillars of the same species, and hatched at the same time. Some will enter the chrysalis state a week earlier than others. There is also a difference in the time occupied in changing their skin. With some, it takes three days or more; others perform it in two. I have watched many larvæ closely, but could never observe any consciousness, or any perception of the times at which they were usually supplied with fresh leaves.

CERURA.

THE FIDGETS.—A fidgetty man, or a fidgetty woman, ought to be kept under lock and key. They frighten themselves till they get ill; and they drive all who come near them to the very verge of madness. They should have a ward to themselves.



## FURTHER REMARKS ON THE SPIDER.

*(Continued from page 277; Vol. II.)*

Lo! in this curious insect,  
What microscopic proofs of skill and power,  
Hidden for ages past, God now displays  
To combat atheists with, in modern days!



**T**RIUMPHING, AS WE NOW ARE, DAILY, over old prejudices; and viewing the wonders of creation as we now do with a desire to know more and more of their varied attractions,—we deem *nothing* that the Creator has made, unworthy our attention.

ALL PERSONS who really love to watch Nature in some of her more delicate movements, should carefully study the operations of the Spider.

It is not merely in the construction of their residence that they turn their silken filament to account. With its assistance, they are enabled to fabricate a cradle for their progeny, so well-contrived that it is impossible to contemplate it without admiration, or without reflecting that even among these most savage and ferocious of all living animals, "Love strong as Death," has been appointed the safeguard and defender of the race. Who would expect anything like affection in a female spider—remorseless, cruel, and blood-thirsty as she is? Her very mate approaches her with fear and trembling; for should she not happen to be in an extremely good temper, his life inevitably pays the forfeit of his rashness, his amiable spouse feeling not the slightest objection to obtain a hearty meal by devouring her better-half; yet, strange to say, no animals can be pointed out more devotedly attached to their progeny than the females of these relentless devourers. When about to lay her eggs, converting her silken thread to a new use, the spider-mother constructs with it a beautiful globular basket or cocoon, in which she deposits her precious treasure, and then binds the cradle to some part of her body, or sometimes simply carries it clasped to her breast; no matter how she may be engaged, she never leaves it, even while at the chase in search of food; no danger, no torture will make her drop her cherished burden, nor while life lasts will anything compel her to desert the charge entrusted to her care. When the young are hatched, the spectacle is equally interesting; for the new-born progeny, as they leave the egg, creep out upon their mother's back, who carries them about and defends them with tiger-like courage, until they become strong enough to procure their own subsistence.

Spiders, unlike the true insects, frequently change their skin, and present themselves in a new and enlarged dress as their growth proceeds. The manner in which this operation is effected is thus described by Mr. Blackwall, to whose excellent observations on the structure and economy of these creatures we are indebted for an account of the process:—"Preparatory to casting its integuments, the spider spins several strong lines in the vicinity of its snare, from which it suspends itself by the feet, and a filament proceeding from the spinners. After remaining for a short time in this situation, the horny covering of the thorax gives way by a fissure running down each side of

the body, immediately above the insertion of the mandibles and legs, so that the head and thorax are the first parts liberated. The line of separation pursues the same direction till it extends to the abdomen, which is the next part disengaged; the extrication of the legs being the last and greatest difficulty the spider has to overcome.

"As the suspensory filament connected with the spinners of the exuviae is considerably shorter than the legs, and does not undergo any sensible alteration in length, the abdomen during the process of moulting becomes gradually deflected from its original horizontal direction, till it assumes a vertical position nearly at right angles with the thorax. By this change of posture, attended with numerous contortions of the body, and alternate contractions and extensions of the limbs, the spider is ultimately enabled to accomplish its purpose. The spines with which the legs are provided, no doubt contribute to facilitate the operation greatly; for as they are directed down the limbs, and are movable at the will of the animal, when it has partially drawn its legs from their sheath, by contracting them, it can prevent them from re-entering, by slightly erecting the spines, and thus bringing their extremities in contact with the inner surface of the integuments.

"When the spider has completely disengaged itself from the slough, it remains for a short period in a state of great exhaustion, suspended solely by a thread from the spinners, connected with the interior of the abdominal portion of the cast skin, which is much corrugated and drawn together. The entire process, as above described, occupies the space of about twenty minutes. After reposing a little, the spider further attaches itself to the suspensory lines by the claws of the feet; and when its strength is sufficiently restored, and its limbs have acquired the requisite degree of firmness, it ascends its filaments and seeks its retreat."

Such are a few only of the curious provisions of nature, with regard to this insect. Vulgar minds recoil at the sight of the spider, and can see no beauty in the "work of its hands." They shriek, and run away, as if from a revolting spectacle. We pity such people, and blush for their narrow intellect.

## AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A DOG.—No. IX.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

*(Continued from Vol. II., page 406.)*

HEARK'EE, MR. EDITOR,—*"La dent d'oche fume sa pipe,"* and so does my old master now and then, and I see no harm in it. Indeed, it is rather a cosey sight to see the old boy snugly ensconced in his little summer-house, and enjoying his patent "yerbury" well primed with best "latakia, myself reclining by his feet on one side, and my godson (an immense black cat) on the other—a glass of sherry-and-water on the little shelf, and though last, not least, the latest number of OUR JOURNAL, which he is quietly conning over.

This is a very calm scene you will admit; but it is a vastly different story when the "dent d'oche" performs, as you shall presently see. I must premise, Mr. Editor, that the "dent d'oche" is a very high mountain in Savoy, about three



miles S. E. of Tholon, a small town situated on the S. E. of Lac Leman, and nearly opposite "Cully," on the Vaudois side of the lake.

Now, Mr. Editor, when the wind blows from the Fort de l'Ecluse just above Bellegarde, on the frontiers of France and Switzerland, you must not fail to go to this spot, if you should ever take it in your head to visit Geneva, not only to see the splendid wild mountainous scenery from this tremendous fortification, but also to witness the remarkable Perte du Rhone. There is a very good old-fashioned hotel here, and everything very well and very reasonably served; and although it is a frontier town, the "gens d'armes" never give you any trouble, if you are only kind to them. They much prefer discussing a "pinte" of "medoc" and a cigar, to turning your carriage inside out for the chance of finding a bit of stale bread. However, when the wind blows from the fort de l'Ecluse, it is a hundred to one that the "*dent d'oche commence a fume sa pipe.*"

It happened one morning in August, that Bombyx and his family, accompanied by the old "grandpapa des papillons," started in a large open carriage for the Tour de Gourzes. It was a glorious morning as, at six o'clock, we left our residence—of course intent on a day's sport and amusement; and the wind was slightly from the N.W. We went up the Berne Road by "Vennes," les "croisettes," to the "chalet à gobet," here we branched off to our right through Savigny, after our party had refreshed their steeds, and myself and brother had got up a glorious cats' hunt.

We turned south from Savigny, and reached our old friend the Chasseur about nine o'clock; when having disposed of some bread and cheese, and ordered dinner at three, Bombyx and his sons, with old grandpapa, Jean, and the German servant, set off for the Tour de Gourzes; whilst the young ladies amused themselves by making captures at the foot of the mountain and fishing water-beetles out of a neighboring pond. Many were the beautiful captures made in butterflies, moths, geometræ, tinicæ, and coleopteræ; and delightful, too, was it to see old grandpapa, at nearly eighty, the gayest of the gay.

Myself and my brother were hunting for mice, close by the old tower, when we heard Jean say to himself (at the same time stroking his nose significantly), "*Voyons voir,*" the wind has quite changed, and the heat is almost suffocating.

"Parbleu oui," says grandpapa, applying his handkerchief to his venerable bald cranium, "even I am quite in a perspiration. I think the wind blows from the Fort de l'Ecluse. However, we shall be home in time."

"Je voudrais bien," says Jean.

After a little more sport we went down to the chalet. There all was ready under the old plane trees, and the first thing I smelt, Mr. Editor—ah! I suppose you have already guessed it—was the inimitable omelette, the never-to-be-forgotten "*Soupe aux Herbettes,*" the exquisite "*Jambon,*" the "*Salade croquante,*" some delicious "*Briscelets,*" expressly for old grandpapa, old Beaume, and Yvorie.

At about five o'clock, we started on our return; but I overheard a conversation between Jean and the postillion, which made me fancy we should not

have such a pleasant trip home as we had out. All went on smoothly and comfortably down to Grand Vaux and Villette, although it had now got fearfully "*sombre*" and overcast; and thunder was heard in Savoy. Our postillion (an uncommonly jovial fellow), pushed on as fast as he could, and we were just getting into "*Lutry*" when the loud voice of our postillion was heard. "*La dent d'oche fume sa Pipe!*" All eyes were instantly turned towards the "*Dent d'Oche;*" and sure enough, immense heavy, lead-colored clouds, were rolling over the lofty summit, and slowly descending its huge sides, towards the lake; whilst others were winding round the "*Roche St. Julien,*" and reaching the Lake by the "*Vallée du Rhone.*" Every one was made as snug as could be; but it was of little use. Flash after flash of the most vivid lightning followed with awful rapidity. The "*Dent d'Oche*" fired from the summit, midway, and base. This was met by tremendous serpentine flashes, which seemed to run along the lake as they burst from the "*Vallée du Rhone.*" The thunder was unceasing, and fearfully loud. Luckily, the postillion knew his horses, and they were quiet as might be. Presently we got to Pully, and here a deluge of rain drenched us to the skin. The storm continued raging; and as we neared Lausanne, by the old "*Route d'Italie,*" and were passing "*les Moussequines,*" such a shower of hail fell, that I really thought we should have had every bone in our bodies broken. Fortunately, it was all up-hill, and we escaped a good deal by keeping under the carriage. Far otherwise was it with Bombyx and his party. However, Jean and Bombyx were laughing away to keep each other in good spirits. Not so old grand-papa; who lost his patience, and got out to walk, thinking to get shelter in a small cottage which he knew to be close by. Here, however, he was, unfortunately, much disappointed—the owner being out, and the door locked. In a back lane by Mon Repos, the lightning fell twice within four yards of us. I confess we were all now alarmed, and leaving the high road, we went straight across a private field, and reached home after the worst soaking I ever had in my life.

Old grand-papa arrived about half an hour afterwards, worse off than any—positively like a drowned rat. A good supper, and some hot grog, put all to rights again. This storm lasted, on and off, during two entire days.

Now, Mr. Editor, you know what it is when "*La Dent d'Oche fume sa Pipe.*"—Believe me to remain, your affectionate friend,

FINO.

Tottenham, Jan. 20th, 1853.

#### RIGHTEOUS JUDGMENT.

There is no word or action but may be taken with two hands; either with the right hand of charitable construction, or the sinister interpretation of malice and suspicion. All things so succeed, as they are taken. To construe an evil action well, is but a pleasing and profitable deceit for myself. But to misconstrue a good thing, is a terrible wrong—to myself, the action, and the author.—BISHOP HALL.



## STRONG CONTRASTS.

## THE CAT AND THE DOG.

THE CAT.—A cat lives only for herself. Her heart is entirely cold. Her affections are interested and temporary. She has little part or sympathy in your enjoyments. She purrs when you rub her back, but scratches you if you do not rub it in the right place. She performs you no service, but the cruel one of torturing the little mice—the ferocious wretch! She likes comfort, too. No sly monk ever stretched himself in quiet before the comfortable blaze, and fed on the fat and cream of the land, with more hearty zest. But you get no thanks—and you scarcely, with all your caresses, bolster up anything like a real acquaintance with the creature. She has her own secret haunts, where you cannot trace her. She flies you when she is full. She cannot conceal the ingratitude of her cold and lonely nature. She communes with, you know not whom, in strange hours and places. Now you find her watching on the house-roof. Well! What has she to do there? Go down into the cellar an hour after, to search for something thrown aside amid old lumber, and you behold her two great green eyes, all fiendish light and fire, blazing on you from the innermost recess of the darkest hole—in unreachable places—alone—crouching, waiting. What the deuce has any honest person to do there? You behold her sometimes stealing silently, stealthily, like some one on a guilty and mysterious mission, amid the cobweb hung beams of the garret; and, if you have a room devoted to yourself—a pantry with sweetmeats and treasures—all the keys in Christendom won't keep her from a secret, close, thorough scrutiny, till she knows what every jar, and pot, and pan, and escrutoire contains as well as you do. Are these the manners of a straight-forward, open minded animal?

THE DOG.—How unlike is the reputation of the cat to that of our good-natured and honest friend the dog! Of the latter, what noble and heroic deeds are related! How he has saved the master that was drowning him, and licked the hand that had shot him in the act of his duty! How many skulking robbers he has arrested—how he has fought and died in defence of those he loved—how many children he has dragged out of ponds and rivers! What is there in man superior to his courage—his forgiveness—his magnanimity—his fidelity—his sagacity—his gratitude! How beautiful, too, he often is! What a face he has, sometimes, when he looks into his master's eyes for approbation! Give him but a smile—a word—a caress,

and all his faithful services are more than repaid, and he would meet death in its direst form at the slightest token of your will! How he enters into the habits of his master! How he learns and accommodates himself to his ways! You cannot make him so happy as in allowing him to serve you; and, when you die, *he dies of grief on your grave!*

## POULTRY.

## THE COCHIN-CHINA FOWL.

BY JOHN BAILY.

In treating of Cochin-china fowls, I approach them with diffidence, knowing how many different opinions there are, *and with what tenacity they are held*. It will be necessary to go back some years, in order to get at the root of the erroneous ideas afloat with respect to them; and to discover how it is that, while other fowls have their admitted points whereby they are distinguished (and which are allowed by all to be the standard by which they may be judged,) in these there is such diversity of opinion.

They were first possessed by Her Majesty, and soon known as uncommon birds. Great efforts were made to get possession of one of them, or even of an egg. Many were successful in the latter, and the produce, whether cock or pullet, was mated to anything that seemed to resemble it. Thus, the Cochin-china cocks found often a Dorking partner; and the Cochin-china hen a Malay mate. These have been bred, and bred again, during the first four or five years of the demand; and at each breeding the quantity of pure blood has been increased by the thoroughbred partner in the first instance being mated with his or her own progeny, till at last the cross had become only a stain, and this so slight as to be imperceptible, except to any one who has studied them closely. These birds have been sold as pure, and the purchasers finding that from them they get some clean-legged, and some five-clawed, believed such to be correct specimens. But it is an undoubted fact, that *a cross is never to be depended upon*; and that just when it is expected all the impure blood is got rid of, *it re-appears in the extra claw of the Dorking*, and in the peculiar head and clean leg of the Malay.

This is not all. When it was found there was a ready sale at large prices for Cochin-china fowls, every captain trading to that country was loaded with commissions to bring some home; and now, when a motley and mongrel group is condemned, the owner very often meets you by saying "they *must be pure*, for they are imported birds." This may be quite true; but they are not the Cochin-china fowls appreciated in England. To get those, the party bringing them over should be a



judge, or should have them well described to him, before he leaves England. I do not mean to say the fowls are not brought from Cochinchina; but I do say they are not the sort of fowl belonging to that country which is in repute here. There are there, as here, diversities of breed; but there is only one breed which we hold in repute.

The Cochinchina cock is a bold, upright bird; with erect, indented single comb, rising from the beak over the nostril—projecting over the neck, and then slanting away underneath, to allow the root to be fixed on the top of the head. The beak is strong and curved, the eye bold, the face red, the wattle pendant, and the ear-lobe very long—hanging much lower than in other fowls. He is a bird of noble carriage, and differs from most other fowls in the following points: he has little tail; indeed, in very fine specimens it may be said they have none. They have the hackle large and long, it falls from the neck to the back, and from its termination there is a small gradual rise to where the tail should be; but where its apology, some glossy, slightly-twisted feathers fall over like those of an ostrich. The last joint of the wing folds up, so that the ends of the flight-feathers are concealed by the middle ones; and their extremities again are covered by the copious saddle. The next peculiarities of these birds are,—what is technically called “the fluff,” and “the crow.” The former is composed of beautifully-soft, long feathers, covering the thighs till they project considerably, and garnishing all the hinder parts of the bird in the same manner; so much so, that to view the widest part of the Cochinchina cock you must look at him behind. His crow is to the crow of other cocks, what the railway whistle is to that of the errand boy in the streets; it is loud, hoarse, and amazingly prolonged. They seem to delight in it; and will continue it till they are on tip-toe, and are compelled to exchange their usual erect position for one in which the neck is curved, and the head brought down to the level of the knees. Viewing the broadside, it will be seen that there is in this bird a deficiency of breast. It slants off in a straight line, from the end of the neck to the beginning of the fluff that covers the upper part of the thigh.

The pullet has most points in common with the cock. Her head is beautiful, the comb small, very upright, with many indentations. The face, if I may use the term, is intelligent. Her body is much deeper in proportion than that of the cock. Her fluff is softer, having almost a silky texture; her carriage is less erect. She has none of the falling feathers at the tail; but the little she has are upright, and should come to a blunt point, nothing like the regular rounded tails of other hens. In both, the legs should be yellow; well feathered

to the toes. Very particular fanciers require that the outer toe of the feet should be much shorter than the others; and that the web between the toes should be larger than in other fowls. Flesh-colored legs are admissible, but green, black, or white, are defects. No other bird shows its shape in feathers so plainly as this does; and with an old-fashioned Chinese puzzle, composed of a number of small triangular pieces of wood, it would be easy to give a good notion of a Cochinchina hen. In buying them, avoid long tails, clean legs, fifth toes, and double combs. Above all, take care the cock has not, nor ever has had, sickle feathers.

I have endeavored to describe the best birds of their species. Such may be always obtained, and afterwards bred, but they will be the pickings of the yard.

Next as to color. Yellow, buff, and nankin are the favorites; and I think them certainly more beautiful than the darker, grouse, partridge, and chesnut birds. But I do not believe they are types of greater purity. The earlier imported, were darker than the later ones; and the cross has produced birds of exceeding beauty.

They are very good layers; and I have proved they sometimes lay twice in a day. I have known two instances of it; but I think the explanation I can give, will bear out the opinion that it is not in the nature of any hen to do so. The fowl in question more than once laid early; and again (in summer) just before dark. One, probably, at four in the morning, and another at eight in the evening. Thus, two eggs in sixteen hours; but she never laid the following day. Several times she did this; but very often the second egg had an imperfect shell, yielding to the slightest pressure. They seem to lay at a certain age, without any regard to weather or time of year; beginning soon after they are five months old. I have had pullets of that age laying regularly in very cold frosty weather, when those of the same age, of other breeds running with them, showed no signs of following their example.

They do not lose their qualities as they get older, but they lose their beauty sooner than any other. Every year seems to increase the difficulty of moulting. I am convinced the age of beauty in a Cochinchina fowl is from nine to eighteen months. After this the hens become coarse, their feathers grow with difficulty, their fluff is a long time coming, and the beautiful intelligent head is exchanged for an old careworn expression of face. I am also sure that the tails of the cocks increase as they get older. I have always found them hardy. The little naked ostrich-looking chickens will do well even in bleak spots, and without any unusual care. They are excellent mothers. I know an in-



stance when one of these hens began laying again while her chickens were small, and regularly led them to her nest every day, keeping them there while she laid. I believe from this breed, there are more cocks hatched, in proportion to the pullets, than any other.

Too much cannot be said in favor of their gentleness and contented disposition. A fence four feet high suffices to keep them from wandering, and they allow themselves to be taken from their perch and replaced,—to be handled, exhibited, or made any use of, without the least opposition.

#### THE LATE BIRMINGHAM POULTRY SHOW.

In our able contemporary, "The Field," we find an article on the late exhibition of Poultry at Birmingham. Being too ill at the time to attend personally, we give an abstract of the particulars, furnished by a reporter for this well-timed periodical. The "show" deserves chronicling in our pages.

"That our domestic fowls are no longer the insignificant, neglected, unnoticed little beings that they were a *very* few years since, is sufficiently proved by the interest excited in the 37,002 persons who visited the 1,223 pens of fowls, pigeons, geese, ducks, turkeys, and guinea-fowls, collected in Bingley Hall for exhibition, on the 14th of December. In 1850, 556 pens were exhibited under 21 heads or classes. In 1852, both entries and classes are considerably more than doubled; improvement in merit has kept pace with this advance in number; but there is one circumstance even more pleasing to those who take an interest in poultry, than this progress in number and goodness, because it is one which offers a hope of even greater success for the future—we mean the increasing attention which ladies are bestowing on this branch of domestic economy. The useful will not be too much sacrificed to the ornamental; and while we feel great pleasure in seeing our Cochin-China's with small tails and perfect combs—our Dorkings compact, square-built and five-toed, and our spangled Hamburgs with the most exact arrangement of bars upon the wings and all other perfections, it will not be forgotten that these favorites rear us delicious fowls for the table, give us a most abundant supply of eggs, and prove themselves 'amiable and estimable in every relation of life.'

"The poultry, which occupied a large portion of the building, was arranged in four alleys with ranges of pens, also around the walls of that portion of the interior. These alleys became at times so much crowded with visitors, especially on Thursday, the market day, that there appears some danger of the fowls eventually banishing the beautiful ani-

mals which have hitherto occupied the remainder of the hall.

"All who admire fine poultry, or wish to make choice among the finest, should pay a visit to the Birmingham show; choice, however, would prove no easy task, where all are so good. It would be difficult to find whiter-faced Spanish fowls than those of Captain Hornby, which took the first and second prizes in the first class. The beautiful Dorking fowls which took the prizes, must have felt that they escaped an additional test, from those which belonged to the Hon. and Rev. Stephen Willoughby Lawley having been disqualified from taking prizes, on account of their owner acting in the capacity of judge. Both Dorkings and Game fowls were splendid collections; but as usual, the Cochin-China exceeded even these older favorites in attracting numerous spectators around their pens. The Malays were considered better than havelately been exhibited. The Hamburgs and Polands in all their varieties were very pretty, and Class 46 (for any other distinct breed) was not forgotten either in entries or prizes, with its array of Cuckoo, White Poland, Rumpless, Frizzled, Silk, Andalusian, and black Cochin-China fowls. The Gold-laced and some other Bantams were good; and the collection of pigeons, though not large, was both good and pretty.

"The judges of poultry were the Hon. and Rev. Stephen Willoughby Lawley, Escrick Rectory, near York; G. R. Andrews, Esq., Dorchester; the Rev. Robert Pulleine, the Rectory, Kirby Wiske, near Thirsk; and Mr. John Baily, Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, London. Mr. T. L. Parker, Birmingham, and Mr. Hale, Handsworth, were judges of the pigeons."

#### THE GREAT METROPOLITAN POULTRY SHOW OF 1853.

THE First Show of the Society for establishing in our Great Metropolis an Annual Exhibition of Poultry, Pigeons, and Rabbits, took place on the 11th of the present month—January.

The Society enjoys the patronage of many noblemen and gentlemen of distinction, including the Duke of Rutland, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Earls of Derby, Stanhope, Cottenham, Stradbroke, Harrington, Ducie, Clarendon, Lichfield, and Stamford; Lord Feversham, Lord Hastings, Lord Sandys, the Marquis of Granby, and Lord Guernsey. One of its main objects is, according to the rules, "to afford an opportunity to the public to improve their collections." It is, therefore, provided that all the specimens figuring in the Show shall be offered to competition by



public auction during the exhibition; the proprietors being required to state the value they place upon the birds or animals they exhibit, although they are not precluded from naming a prohibitory price.

The building selected for the exhibition, was the Baker Street Bazaar; where the shows of the Smithfield Cattle Club and the Royal Agricultural Society have been held. The extensive and commodious galleries of the building are admirably adapted for the purpose. There was no difficulty in ascertaining the precise situation of the animals exhibited. The unearthly, hideous noises, belched out in continuous streams by the Cochin-China fowls, at once led all visitors to their *locale*. As a gentleman remarked, *en passant*,—whatever might have been the “noises” emitted during the building of Babel’s tower, they could not have been more “diabolical” than those heard here. The effect was deafening indeed, although, of course, unavoidable.

The collection of animals was very considerable,—embracing turkeys, ducks, geese, pigeons, rabbits, and fowls. The principal “feature” however was, evidently, the domestic fowls, which in number and beauty far exceeded, we should imagine, any hitherto shown in one place. We were greatly pleased to observe the attention lavished on them by many of the gentle sex, who we could see felt much interest in the exhibition; and who, Catalogue in hand, were taking notes, and offering comments innumerable as they passed on. The study of Natural History will be promoted, in no small degree, by the introduction of these shows, and we hail them as a happy omen of good times to come.

Of the fowls exhibited, the great preponderance was in favor of the Cochin-China,—some gigantic specimens of which—“the *ne plus ultra* of ugliness,” as a young lady naïvely called them—were submitted to the public eye. The extraordinary mania for these birds still continues; and madness, as to the prices given for them, has hardly any limit. So fearful were the owners that any stray eggs might be dropped by the hens, and abstracted by the visitors, that so many as eight policemen were retained to watch the movements of both! We have before given the history, and recorded our opinion, of these monstrosities; and need only say here, that “Herod was out-Heroded” by “new, and (so-called) improved specimens.”

As far as our judgment goes, we very far prefer a cross we observed in one of the pens, between a Cochin cock and a Dorking hen. The animals were of a fine, sensible size,—not ungainly, yet large enough for any rational purpose; either for the supply of eggs or for the table. We had some interesting conversation on the relative merits of the races

exhibited, with some practical men in the room; and we were glad to find their sentiments in unison with our own. Excellence does *not* always consist in enormity, nor in extremes. This will be found out, by-and-by. “Love soonest hot,” etc.

The prices set upon some of the specimens were ridiculously absurd. However, it was but natural to rate them high in the Catalogue. Had we been going to select for our own use, we should have been found among the Game fowls, the Dorkings, the golden-spangled Hamburgs, and the Andalusians. These last were in Class 47, numbers 2, 3, and 5; and were exhibited by MR JOHN TAYLOR, of Shepherd’s Bush. This gentleman is an excellent judge of the qualities of poultry. We were much pleased with his white Spanish fowls, too,—beautiful, well-bred animals, in every respect.

To particularise, more minutely, in a JOURNAL like ours, would be superfluous. There was an abundant variety of *all* kinds, and many of the breeds were first-rate. We expected to have seen much better specimens of the gold-laced bantams. There were one or two well-bred hens, but the rest were only passable; and in a wretched state of health, for the most part. We have two little hens of this breed, of which we may, after this exhibition, feel not a little proud. The strain is evidently fast degenerating. It is rare indeed to meet with a thorough-bred cock. The black bantams pleased us very much, but these, too, were ailing,—very sickly. The Malays were, of their kind, fine; but they “sing small” whilst the Cochin rage continues.

The pigeons were so badly set off, that their beauty was quite lost. People passed by them unconcerned, uninterested. This was a sad pity. The same remark applies to the trio of Indian pigeons, with their plumed heads. They were assigned a position that caused them to be quite overlooked. Yet are they, of their kind, very curious and handsome birds.

There were some fine rabbits. These, too, were not made the most of, by any means. They deserved a more prominent position, and a better light.

The turkeys, geese, and ducks were—some of them, remarkably fine, well-bred birds, and attracted much notice. Indeed, great interest seemed to prevail throughout the entire exhibition,—which, when over, was distributed, under the auctioneer’s hammer, among the public.

At the head of the staircase, we saw several cheap novelties exhibited, which deserve our passing good word. One was an iron coop, with a brooding-chamber attached, for a hen and chickens,—quite portable; and another was a feeding-trough for poultry, so contrived



as to admit the head of only one at a time,—thus preventing waste of corn. It is a kind of elongated hopper,—the lid being raised by means of hinges. The inventor is Mr. Hardmeat, of Queen's wharf, Lynn. Both articles are made of iron, strongly painted, and ought to be in general use. A very pretty and ingenious design of a "Model Farm," was also exhibited by this gentleman.

We hail the introduction of these poultry-shows in London, with much cordiality; and believe they will do real good in every way. They will create a new feeling in society, and they will set certain folk on their mettle to produce "something better than has been yet seen."

As the "list of prizes" has been published in the newspapers, it would be quite *de trop* to reprint it here.

### ANNUAL SHOW OF PIGEONS—

BY THE PHILO-PERISTERON SOCIETY.

THIS society held their annual show at the Freemasons' Tavern, on the eleventh of January. A more beautiful collection of fancy pigeons never were—never could be, brought together in one room.

The exhibitors and proprietors (how happy and animated they all looked!) seem well aware of the importance, not only of keeping their birds in fine order and fine plumage, but of showing them off to the best advantage. Thus, we had them confined in elegant and commodious cages of mahogany, and placed upon separate tables in the large room. Here they could strut and pace leisurely about, displaying at the same time their elegant proportions and general excellencies. From the days of our earliest boyhood, pigeons were our delight, our most favorite hobby. No birds are more affectionate,—none better know who loves them dearly, and cares for their happiness. This "show" was therefore a treat indeed to us. Since we first entered our teens, the race of pigeons has wonderfully improved. Experience has led to the introduction of greater varieties; and their symmetrical proportions are now more carefully studied.

The breeds exhibited on this occasion, embraced all kinds known to the fancy generally; and that, in great variety. We were specially pleased with the *Pouters* of Mr. Butt,—majestic, well-bred birds, of rare excellence; the *Carriers* of Messrs. Esquilant, Ball, and Parkinson; the very choice collection of pigeons from Saxony, and the *Toys* of Mr. Wicking. Commend us too, most highly, to those mottled, short-faced *Almond Tumblers* (there were four pairs of these, we believe), in the centre of the room. What

lovely, dear, delightful little creatures! Possessed of these, we should feel "too happy!" They were shown, if we remember rightly, by Messrs. Esquilant, Payne, and Jones.

Most delighted were we to behold so many of our fair countrywomen here; and to see ladies in silks and satins enter so lovingly into the spirit of the exhibition. Their smiles were neither few nor constrained. The "poetical feeling," on which we are always harping, seemed, for the time being at all events, to have taken possession of their hearts. Let us hope we shall be more "habitually natural" ere long; and lay aside the artificial as being prejudicial to our true character.

We trust the taste for fancy pigeons will never be extinct. They are such beautiful, interesting, and engaging little creatures, that they really form one of the principal enjoyments of a country life. Kept, too, as *this* society keeps them, they awaken all the pleasing associations of early life. We entered the room with delight; we quitted it with regret. Aye, and the remembrance of that room has afforded us many a happy moment since.

### HINTS TO AMATEUR GARDENERS.

#### THE CALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY.

IF EITHER FROST OR SNOW should have prevented the completion of what ought to have been done in January, take advantage of the earliest opportunity to make up for the delay. No vacant ground should be left undug until this time. Yet is that which produced the main crop of Potatoes too often seen throughout the winter, in the same weedy, rough state as left when the crop was taken off! This ought never to be the case. Should the season be too far advanced to crop it with winter greens, dig or ridge it immediately. A great deal more harm will be done than a short delay will occasion, if the ground be trod or worked when in a wet state. Short delays from bad weather are always readily made up, by taking advantage of the first favorable interval after. If pruning has been deferred, it should be finished now. The Grape-vine especially should not be delayed, if it was not cut in the autumn. Also any transplanting. Next month is a most important one. Every preparation therefore should be made beforehand. Creepers should not be delayed pruning and training neatly. Drooping flowered plants should be trained horizontally. Roses and others, upright; at regular distances, and spurred in.

#### VEGETABLES.

BEANS.—A main sowing may be made this month of the Early Long-pod, in drills three inches deep and two feet and a half apart; but, as with Peas, detached rows, a good distance from each other, and cropped between, are the best.



**CABBAGE.**—The August-sown, which were pricked out, may now be finally planted, and the vacancies of the autumn-set should be made good, if not previously done.

**CHIVES** may be divided for increase. This useful little plant will grow in any soil or situation, and does well planted as an edging to a back walk; it may be used for all purposes for which Onions are, early in spring, when they cannot be had.

**ONIONS** may now be planted for seed; draw a drill about three inches deep for them, and set them one foot apart.

**PEAS.**—If not put in, sow as recommended last month, the first favorable opportunity; those sown will not be much later than the same kinds sown in November, and exceed them in point of crop. Draw the drills wide at the bottom, and spread the seed regularly, which is better than huddling them together in narrow drills; this should be particularly attended to in sowing Marrowfats and other branching kinds, which are usually sown too thick.

**RADISHES.**—Choose a dry and sheltered situation for a sowing of early Radishes. They must be covered up from severe weather, for which Fern is the best material; but any light litter will do. They must be uncovered at every favorable opportunity. The Scarlet Short-top is the best kind to be put in now, and a few Bath or Green Egyptian Cos Lettuces may be sown at the same time.

**RHUBARB AND SEA-KALE** may have an increase of covering now, to cause their early growth. Rhubarb should occupy a corner in every garden, however limited; and the cottager will find it useful and wholesome for himself and children, from its cooling properties. Independent of the cheap pies and tarts which are made of the stalks, they may be boiled and eaten with bread; by blanching the stalks, which is readily done, they are not only improved in flavor and come to perfection earlier, but one-half the quantity only of sugar is required. To accomplish this, it is but necessary to exclude the light. A large flower-pot or old butter-firkin will do, or a few hazel-rods or rails covered with fern or straw, or any similar means; as circumstances may dictate. If the crowns have been mulched during winter, they will be forwarded thereby.

#### FRUIT.

If new plantations of Strawberries were not made in July or August, make them now. The old beds should be cleaned, and have a top-dressing of fresh soil and dung mixed. If in rows, they should be dug between, and a little of the fresh soil spread over the plants. For a small garden, Keen's Seedlings and British Queens, in four-foot beds, top-dressed as above, and renewed every three years, will be found the most productive. Prune and tie Raspberries, and make fresh plantations.

#### FLOWERS.

In favorable weather, edging of various kind may be planted, as Box, Thrift, Daisies, Pinks, Polyanthus, and London Pride. Auriculas, Carnations, and other plants, should have free exposure in mild weather. Ranunculus roots plant in mild weather, in rich loamy soil; draw neat drills

about two inches deep (if planted in a bed), and five inches apart; choose the roots for having full, prominent buds, in preference to size; choose the first week in the month, if possible; and as in their early state of growth they are extremely susceptible of frost, some covering should be given if it occur.

**ROSES.**—Chinese kinds, and those of robust growth, should now be pruned; but do not shorten strong-growing varieties much, except those shoots intended to produce wood for next season. Roses may also be planted, and the soil for them cannot be too rich.

Thorn or Privet hedges may be cut.

#### NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

Hark! the bells, with merry peal,  
Hail a happy New-Year's-day!  
Let our hearts respond with zeal,  
Gratitude shall tune the lay.  
Cheerful voices we will raise,  
And begin the year with Praise.

Storms have visited the earth,  
Thunder, lightning, hail, and rain;  
Threatening disease and dearth,  
And shipwrecks on the mighty main.  
Earthquakes, too, both far and near,  
Have made the mighty quail with fear.

God has shielded us from harm,  
Kindly led us on our way;  
Brought us with his powerful arm,  
To behold this "happy day."  
We are spared, and living still,  
To adore His holy will.

Let us bless him for the past,  
Mercy beams on every hand;  
Verily "our lot is cast"  
In a fair and pleasant land.  
Gracious favor has been shown,  
Countless mercies we have known.

In this season of delight  
Let us think upon the poor;  
Hope has made our spirits light,  
God has bless'd our little store.  
Peace has banish'd angry strife,  
Mercy cheers the path of life.

Hark! the bells chime merrily,  
Joy is floating in the wind;  
May the gentle melody  
Waft its influence on the mind!  
Bless the hearts we love to cheer,  
CROWN US WITH A HAPPY YEAR!

#### DIARIES AND NOTE-BOOKS.

It is a strange thing, says BACON, that in sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries; but in land travel, wherein so much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it,—as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation! Let diaries, therefore, be brought into use.—Lord BACON'S advice ought to be universally adopted now; nor have we any valid excuse for not adopting it.



## PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.\*

## No. XXXIX.—PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN.

BY F. J. GALL, M.D.

*(Continued from page 389, Vol. II.)*

LET US NOW PURSUE another very interesting and important inquiry:—

## DOES SOCIAL LIFE GIVE RISE TO FACTITIOUS QUALITIES OR FACULTIES?

Numberless works contain *reveries* on the natural state of man, and on the number of good and bad qualities which, as some say, he has acquired, only in social life. In this hypothesis we easily start with the supposition, that man was made for solitude; that he has been led, contrary to his nature, to unite himself with other individuals, to form a family, a tribe, or nation. These new relations, for which he was not designed, have caused to spring up in him all those vices and virtues, of which, in his natural state of insulation, he would for ever have been ignorant.

Let us examine, for some moments, the instinct of *sociability* in man and in animals.

Some animals lead a solitary life, the male even separated from the female; in other species the male and female remain united. In some species, the parents separate from their young, as soon as these are in a state to provide for their subsistence. In others, the parents and all the race of the year, form a little society till the return of spring, when the young ones seek to form for themselves an independent establishment; and, finally, several species form flocks, and live in common. In some, a single male couples with several females; in others, each male joins for life with his particular mate. All these modes of living have always been invariable, and are, by no means, the result of an arbitrary choice; an evident proof that insulated existence, and social existence, are natural institutions for the different species of animals.

Do not believe, what some naturalists imagine, that it is weakness and the need of mutual succour which brings together certain species in society. While so many powerless insects bring forth and live by themselves, why do the gnats, the ants, the bees, the hornets, live together by thousands? The fox is more feeble than the wolf: but we never see him, like the wolf, associated with several of his comrades: the wren, the mock-bird, the linnnet, the nightingale, insulated in our groves, charm our ears by their melodious accents; while the bold sparrow, and the babbling rook, assembled by hundreds, deafen us from morning till evening. What advantage do the linnnets, or the sheep, derive from their union, when a single hawk, a single dog,

can disperse them? Have the headlong boar and the powerful bull more need to lend each other succour, than the timid hare, and the feeble insulated quail?

If it be social life which produces certain faculties, how do you conceive that each of the different species of animals which live in society, enjoys faculties so different, so opposite? How should the mere plurality of individuals produce so many peculiarities, diversities of instincts, propensities, and faculties?

Let us penetrate still farther into the mysteries of nature. Each species of animals is destined to fill a void, to accomplish an end in the order of things. As soon as a species was ordained to live in society, it became necessary that all the individuals should be furnished with the qualities necessary to attain this end of the great family. Each individual must be fitted for the whole society. The qualities of each bee, and chamois, and beaver, had to coincide. According as this general end is different, the faculties of the individuals of whom a certain number is destined to form a society, are equally different. The establishment of sentinels among the bustards; the direction of the herd by the leading chamois; the common labors divided between several individuals among the bees and the ants; the mutual aid which swine and monkeys give each other; the direction of a flock of wild geese, always formed in a triangle in their flight; all these instincts have been given to these animals, at the same time as the social instinct.

It is absolutely the same with the human race. Man has been destined to live in common. No where, and at no period, has man lived alone. As far as we can go back into history, man has been united in families, tribes, and nations; and, consequently, his qualities must have been calculated for society. The phenomena which we witness in whole races, are no more the effect of this union, than those which take place in each man in particular. Always, and every where, the human race has manifested the same propensities and the same talents; always, and every where, there have resulted the same virtues and the same vices, the same employments and the same institutions. There exists no crime against which we cannot find a law in the Bible; calumny, theft, usury, incest, adultery, rape, murder, had already spread over the earth like a torrent. On the other hand, there exists no virtue, no moral precept, which has not been recommended, no faculty relative to human occupations, which has not been more or less exercised. Cain was a laborer; Abel, a shepherd; the children of Jubal played on all sorts of wind and stringed instruments; the children of Tubal Cain were skilful workmen in iron and copper; Nehemiah established regulations of police, &c.

The only changes we remark in the progress of human society, consist in this, that the same propensities, and the same faculties, are exercised on different objects, and produce modified results. The manners, customs, laws, different religious ceremonies of different nations—all rest upon the same basis. Every where, men profess to do and believe what they regard as just and true; every where, they profess to honor a Supreme Being;

\* Under the title of "PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION," we have been reprinting, in English, the Immortal Work of Dr. GALL. Thirty-nine papers have already appeared. Of these, thirty-eight will be found in our first and second volumes. The publication will be *continued* regularly, until completed. We hardly need remark that the observations of Dr. GALL possess an imperishable interest, both for young and old. His ideas originate subjects inexhaustible,—all tending to the welfare of mankind.—Ed., K.J.



every where, there are objects of vanity and glory, marks of honor and disgrace; every where there are masters and servants; all nations make war; men and women are united in all climates, however different their creeds, and the ceremonies of their union; every where, there are mournings for deceased husbands and wives, children, and friends; and every where is their memory honored, whether they embalm their bodies, place their ashes in urns, or place over them mounds or monuments. Sing your lines on the straw, or on the harp; dress your chiefs with feathers or with purple; your women, with flowers or with diamonds; inhabit huts or palaces; it will be still the same faculties which lead man to act within the circle traced for him by his Creator.

But some think to prove that man is born without propensities and without faculties, and that he acquires these faculties merely by social life and by education; by citing the example of some individuals found astray in the woods, who, having received no education, have all the brutality of animals, and appear to be not only deprived of human faculties, but even of those of the least intelligent animals.

The objection falls, when we learn that these savages found in the forests are ordinarily miserable creatures, of imperfect organisation, as M. Roussel and de Tracy have already remarked. The following is the organisation of these pretended savages: Their heads are found to be either too large and affected with hydrocephalus, or too small, compressed, and deformed; almost always with a scrofulous constitution; the eyes small, sunken, slightly opened upwards, closed horizontally; the mouth very large, the lips pendant, the tongue thick, the neck swollen, the pace staggering and insecure. Their primitive organisation is, therefore, defective; they are real idiots, who can receive no instruction, and no education, and it is this fact which accounts for their being found in woods. As they are a charge to their families, and, as in certain countries the people of the lower classes regard these unhappy beings as bewitched or as changelings, it often happens, that they expose them, or allow them to wander at their will without interference. It has even been remarked, in hospitals, that these deformed beings have a decided propensity for living in forests, and that they always try to escape. They told us at the hospital at Haina, near Marbourg, that some of the idiots whom they kept there made their escape, and that in pursuing them they sometimes found others who had escaped before, and who had nothing more than fragments of clothing. We saw near Augsburg an insane woman, who had been found in a wood. At Brunswick we were shown a woman completely idiotic; she had been discovered in a wood, lying on her side, with her eyes open, but unable to articulate.

The savage of Aveyron, placed in the deaf and dumb institution at Paris, is not different from those of whom I have just spoken. He is weak-minded to a great degree; his forehead is very little enlarged laterally, and very much compressed from above downwards; his eyes are small and greatly sunken, his cerebellum little developed. We are not able to convince our-

selves that he had the sense of hearing; for they could not in our presence render him attentive, either by calling him, nor by sounding a glass behind his ears. His mode of existence is tranquil; his attitude and manner of sitting are decent; it is only remarked that he is constantly balancing the upper part of his body and his head; he salutes by inclining his body to the persons who arrive, and manifests his satisfaction when they depart. The sexual propensity does not seem to be active in him. He knows a few letters, and even points to the objects which the letters designate. In other respects, his favorite occupation is to restore to their former place any articles which have been displaced. Such is the result of the hopes which were formed of him, the efforts which have been made, and the patience and mildness which a benevolent woman has shown towards him. We may pronounce, with confidence, that these labors will never be crowned with any better success.

The wild man found in the forests of Lithuania, who is cited by many authors as an example of the powerful influence of education, was certainly a similar being.

When M. de Tracy, in speaking of men in general, remarks that the individual who has received education has less resemblance to him who has received none, than an egg to a chicken, or an acorn to an oak, he speaks truth only in relation to these unfortunate beings; but the experience of all times has proved, that they remain simple, whether they live in forests, or continue in the bosom of their family. The most immoderate panegyrist of the effects of education, Helvetius, is obliged to acknowledge that a favorable organisation is the primary requisite of education.

It is difficult to believe that in our populous regions a well-organised man can wander for a long time as a savage. Should such an individual be found, who has gone astray from childhood, it is impossible that in his state of insulation he should have acquired any knowledge dependent on instruction. But even in this situation, he certainly must have exercised the faculties which belong to him as a man. As soon as such an individual finds himself in the midst of society, he will be seen to develop human dispositions, not only by a prompt imitation of social usages, but by his capacity for instruction. It will not be possible to imagine, as was done in the case of the individuals referred to, that he has adopted the mode of living and the character of wild beasts. Example and instruction will soon change his mode of life; or if there is no change, the subject is an idiot, and education and circumstances can only act upon a man so far as he possesses the necessary dispositions, and is prepared for them by his organisation.

Locke, to demonstrate that the qualities of the mind and soul have an accidental origin in social life, adduces the case of children, who, according to him, still want certain propensities and talents, and are destitute of passions.

If Locke had been for a single day a mother or a nurse of children, he would have seen, in a very little time after their birth, the most evident marks of their passions, or rather of their affections. "It is useful," says Cabanis, "to remark all those passions which succeed each other in so rapid a



manner, and are depicted with so much simplicity on the changing face of children. While the feeble muscles of their arms and legs can hardly execute some uncertain movements, the muscles of the face already express, by distinct motions, although composed of very complicated elements, almost the whole succession of general affections proper to human nature; and the attentive observer easily recognises in this picture the characteristic traits of the future man. Where shall we seek the causes of these expressions, which are composed of so many diverse elements? Where find the principle of these passions, which could not have formed themselves at once? Certainly not in the impressions of external objects, still so new, so confused, so discordant."

### POPULAR DISCUSSIONS.

#### "DESTRUCTIVENESS" & "COMBATIVENESS."

SOME MONTHS SINCE, Mr. Editor, you published some observations of mine on the subject of Phrenology. I now beg leave to offer a few remarks on the organ and faculty usually called "destructiveness." But first, let me say a word or two on that of "combativeness," as it is usually called.

The function of this faculty appears to me, to be that of removing or destroying whatever causes a painful state in the other faculties, or is opposed to their being in a pleasant state. It may be called anger, or resentment. If we see a man cruelly ill-treating another, our benevolence is placed in a painful state, and our resentment or anger is kindled against the wrong doer. We feel a desire to injure him. If honors are about to be conferred upon us, and some one steps in to prevent it, our anger is kindled again; but if we had no benevolence, and no love of honors, we should not be angry. The faculty is not spontaneously active, but requires a stimulant. That stimulant is an unpleasant state of any of the other feelings. A spontaneously active faculty of destructiveness, or combativeness, might be found in the head of a fiend, but surely not in the head of a human being.

Suppose that when we were hungry, some one should run away with our food; and when we run after them they out-ran us,—our alimentiveness would be placed in a painful state, and our anger would be kindled against the person causing that state. And in this way may the anger of the lion be kindled against the flying deer. The lion looks on the deer as running away with his food. If we had to contend with a man for our food, we should get angry with him for refusing to let us eat. In a similar manner does the lion get angry with the bull or elephant, for refusing to let him eat them. A pugilist in fighting, gets angry with his opponent for refusing to let him enjoy the sweets of victory, and for putting his sensitiveness (caution) in a painful state. Inanimate objects are excitants equally with animate ones; and even laws and customs may excite our anger towards them. If we see a law or custom which produces misery, and thus offends our benevolence, we desire the annihilation, or rather abolition, of that law or custom. All this appears to me so clearly the function of one faculty only,

that I cannot believe Phrenology will long continue to divide what is so simple into two parts. Without the possibility of clearly distinguishing the separation, every phrenologist must have felt the embarrassment occasioned by having two fighting faculties (combativeness and destructiveness); and those who have not *got used to it* will the more readily give up one of them, when they find that other and more suitable employment has been found for its organ, which I will now attempt to do.

Dr. Gall was in the habit of comparing the skulls of the carnivorous and the graminivorous tubes of animals, and he at length came to the conclusion, that the most marked difference was in the region marked number six on the ordinary bust (destructiveness, of Spurzheim). In this I agree with him; but I dissent entirely from the theory he formed as to its function. I think that we might reasonably anticipate that this would be found to be the organ of that faculty, in the manifestation of which these two tribes of animals differed to the greatest extent. Now I contend that there is not another faculty amongst vertebrate animals—man included—in which there is anything like such a marked difference as in that of alimentiveness. The graminivorous animal has merely to bend his head to the ground, and eat his fill. A small and feeble propensity to eat, is sufficient to induce him to do so; whereas, the carnivorous animal has often to travel many miles, through many weary days, in search of food, and then perhaps to contend for it with animals as large and powerful as himself—animals possessing formidable weapons of defence, and large propensities urging them on to the deadly use of those weapons. A class of animals placed under such circumstances, requires, indeed, a large and powerful propensity to feed; indeed their very existence is incompatible with a small and feeble one. A little mongrel dog in the manger might starve an ox or a horse to death, but who shall stand between the lion and his prey? Those who have witnessed the feeding of the carnivori in the Zoological Gardens, will not easily forget the natural language they express of the propensity to feed.

Throughout the whole range of the animal kingdom, there is no natural language at all to compare with it. No natural language of a propensity to kill can be observed; they scarcely open their drowsy eyes on the approach of a human being; and should an expression of natural language escape them, it is merely because they see in that human being just simply so much food. But just show them a shin of beef, and their whole frame becomes agitated, their eyes assume a terrible, sparkling, and restless activity, their roar is fearful, and they seem to become possessed with an all-devouring and intensely-impatient desire to get at it. And when reduced to possession, who shall dare to touch it? It is never safe to touch the food of the smallest and feeblest of dogs or cats, yet you may take the hay out of the mouth of an ox, or an ass, or horse, and tantalise them with it as long as you please.

The propensity of the carnivori is not to kill, but to eat. In point of fact, there is no necessity for such a propensity, it is not at all required; the only requisite is a strong and stimulating



propensity to feed; the killing is the consequence of the eating. It is no more proper to say, that a lion in killing and eating a sheep is actuated by one propensity to kill the sheep, and by another to eat the sheep, than to say that the sheep is actuated by a desire to take away the life of the grass, and a desire to eat the grass. The life is taken away, in both cases, in precisely the same way.

I repeat, there is no faculty to be found in either man or the lower animals, in which such great and marked differences exist as in the propensity to feed. There are no two tribes of animals differ so much in any other particular as do the carnivori and herbivori in that of the propensity to feed; and we shall look in vain for any other organ in which such a marked difference of development is to be found. This argument is, if not all-sufficient, of the utmost weight in deciding the question.

Buffon appears to have seized on the voracity of the carnivori as their most prominent characteristic. He frequently speaks of them as being "*gorged with prey*." Of the tigers, he says, "They tear the body for no other purpose than to plunge their head into it, and to drink large draughts of blood; the sources of which are generally exhausted before their thirst is appeased." Of the lions in captivity he says,—"*As his movements are impetuous, and his appetite vehement, we ought not to presume that he can always be balanced by the impressions of education. It is dangerous, therefore, to allow him to want food too long, or to irritate him unnecessarily.*" Again—"He roars at the sight of everything that lives; every object appears to him as a fresh prey, which he devours beforehand with the avidity of his eyes. He menaces with frightful groans and the grinding of his teeth, and often darts upon it without regarding his chains, which only restrain, but cannot calm his fury." Of the jagur, he says—"he is the tiger of the new world," and "when his stomach is full, he so entirely loses all courage and vivacity, that he runs before a single dog. He is neither nimble nor active, save when pressed with hunger." "Of the cougar, he says—"Though weaker, he is equally ferocious, and perhaps more cruel than the jagur; he appears to be still more rapacious on his prey; for he devours without tearing it in pieces. As soon as he seizes an animal, he kills, sucks, and eats it successively, and never quits it until he is *fully gorged*." Of the two together, he says—"When *gorged with prey*, they are both equally indolent and cowardly." The wild hog procures his food with difficulty. He has to plough for a livelihood; or, in other words, he has to root in the ground with his nose; and we find that his organ of alimentiveness is intermediate between the graminivorous and carnivorous tribes. Buffon speaks of them as follows:—"Their gluttony, as formerly remarked, is equally gross, as their nature is brutal," and "though extremely gluttonous, they never attack, or devour other animals." Fenelon, in *Telemachus*, speaks of the "Numidian lion, which cruel hunger devours, and which rushes into a flock of feeble sheep—he rends, he slays, he swims in blood."

Here we have evidence of a propensity such as has no equal in the whole range of animal nature.

The continuance of the species may be dependent on other propensities, but the individual existence of the animal is dependent on this. It cannot go beyond a certain time without food, and live. Imagine that time to be nearly spent—the animal worn away with want and fatigue, yet wandering on in pursuit of food; and as that bodily wasting away increases, so does that propensity increase in energy; and when at length food is seen, though that food has been endowed by nature with instincts to preserve it from becoming food, though it possesses powerful means of flight, or deadly weapons of defence, combined with courage, sagacity, and health—yet the sight of that food is sufficient to compensate for all that wasting away, for all that feebleness. The poor, lame, and weary brute becomes on a sudden possessed of strength, energy, activity, indomitable courage; and he rushes on to his prey, regardless of danger to life and limb, simply and singly actuated by a desire to eat.

But it may reasonably be asked, how is it that the most ferocious villains have so generally a large development of the organ in question? My answer will be gathered from the following remarks: I have observed that, generally, the size of this organ is a fair index of the stoutness of the person. It appears to me, that immediately in front of its organ is located the organ of the perceptive faculty of taste, and that there is also in contact with it the organ of a faculty which influences digestion; and that the members of this group are *generally* large, or small, together, and that when large there is a good digestion, and an abundant supply of blood, giving great energy to the brain, and body, and making much flesh. Bold robbers and murderers exhibit in their daring, much energy at the time of action. But we may trace a very intimate connection between this faculty and crime. Mr. Coombe says, speaking of combativeness,—"*When the organ is large, and excited by strong potations, an excessive tendency to quarrel and fight is the consequence. Hence some individuals in whom it is great, but whose moral and intellectual faculties are capable of restraining it when sober, appear, when inebriated, to be of a different nature, and extremely combative!*"

A deficiency of food has an effect similar to an excess of intoxicating drink. Extreme hunger has a sort of maddening effect on the faculty of anger. The fearful effects produced by a want of food, and also by intoxicating drinks, are seen to an awful extent in the history of the shipwreck of the "*Medusa*," an account of which is published by Chambers, in No. 92 of the *Miscellany*, from which the following extracts are taken:—"Now, maddened with liquor, the folly of the Mutineers knew no bounds; and they proceeded to cut the lashings that held the timbers of the raft together, in order to destroy all at a blow." Again, "while the combat still raged, some of the mutineers took occasion to throw into the sea, together with her husband, the unfortunate woman who was on board" (the raft). To show the severity with which those are treated who under such circumstances offend against alimentiveness, take the following:—"Two soldiers were discovered drinking wine



clandestinely from the cask, by means of a pipe. As this had been declared to be a crime punishable with death, they were immediately seized and cast into the sea." There were originally on the raft one hundred and fifty; and although of these one hundred and twenty had perished, yet were two of the remaining thirty doomed to death for painfully impressing the alimentiveness of the other survivors. In these extracts we have evidence of the great influence exercised by alimentiveness over the other faculties.

Let us now take the case of a man, having the moral and restraining faculties but poorly developed, and let him have a largely developed alimentiveness. We will suppose him to be a farm laborer. He will always be on the look-out for opportunities of gratifying his propensity. Eating and drinking will be to him the *aemé* of enjoyment. He will be extremely liable to lose his character and employment. He becomes acquainted with a gang of accomplished thieves and burglars; he sees to what extent they gratify their alimentiveness, and joins them. Henceforth, thieving and carousing occupy his whole attention. Thieves and burglars are great carousers. How frequently do they in the midst of danger give way to their ruling propensity? How frequently have they, after breaking into a dwelling-house, and after having bound the inmates, sat down to eat and drink, until, as Buffon would say, they were fully gorged. They rob and plunder, that they may eat and drink "their fill." We need not wonder that alimentiveness should be found so large in their heads!

Again, gross feeding has a sympathetic action on the other faculties. Byron declared that beef-steaks would make him ferocious; and every sensitive mind will be aware how much our food has to do with our moral conduct. I am backed up by the testimony of hundreds of divines, magistrates, jail-governors, and others, when I assert that the abuse of alimentiveness is more productive of crime, than the abuse of all the other faculties put together.

Those who may agree with me in the view I have taken, will admire the force of the truth—that though the real organ of alimentiveness had been given over to another function, yet nature kept continually pointing to this region as its seat; and phrenologists were compelled to admit that a fullness of this region was accompanied by a love of feeding. Most firmly do I believe, that although phrenologists of some standing have *got used* to two aggressive faculties, the rising generation of phrenologists will very willingly discard one of them; and I can promise them that if they do, they will find phrenology much improved thereby.

It may be asked, why should a lion or tiger kill so many more animals than they eat? To this I would answer, that it is not satisfactorily established that they ever leave an animal, after killing it, without drinking the blood,—to which they seem to be the most partial; and I would ask in return, why do so many other kinds of animals destroy so much more food than they consume? Why do the Brazilian monkeys pluck so much more fruit than they carry away?

J. S. H.

## Popular Science.

### THE STEREOSCOPE.

POPULAR Science is now making such rapid strides, that the pen can hardly keep pace in recording its progress.

A few days since, we had our attention directed by a friend to a little mechanical apparatus, called the Stereoscope; "one of the most delightful inventions," as our informant called it, "of modern times." It is so. Let us describe it in few words, as we saw it in operation at the "Daguerreotype Portrait Gallery" of MR. MAYALL, 224, Regent Street.

As we dislike the introduction of technicalities in a popular journal, let us remark that the Stereoscope presents all persons who have had their likenesses taken by the Daguerreotype, with an apparent cameo, or *raised* bust of the same—standing out in full relief like marble.

This is effected, by merely placing a person's likeness in duplicate, one on either side of a small mahogany frame. Immediately above each of these, is fixed a magnifying eye-glass. By simply looking through this, as through a telescope, the likenesses, before in duplicate, are seen by an optical illusion melted into "one;" and that one, a raised bust! The effect of this is delicately beautiful. And as for the likeness, it is so perfect—so completely a fac-simile of the original, that the smallest mark on the countenance is preserved intact. It becomes, in fact, stereotyped.

This is alone sufficient to immortalise the stereoscope. If any pet of ours be possessed even of a pimple on her fair skin, let us see it in her picture by all means. A miniature must be a "likeness," or it loses all real value.

MR. MAYALL deserves all we can say in praise of his skill; and we thank him for the opportunity he has afforded us, at an inexpensive rate, of throwing so much expression into the picture of all we hold dear.

### THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC CHAIN.

THE very remarkable weather that we have had for the last four months, has put the virtues of "Pulvermacher's Patent Portable Chain" to a severe test. Rheumatism, lumbago, nervous affection, and the various bodily ailments peculiar to the season, have this year been in unceasing operation, with all their baneful effects.

It was to assist in removing these, that the Chain we are now noticing was invented; and we are well pleased to be able to speak in decided terms of its great, nay marvellous utility. It is truly simple in its



application; for it has hardly been placed round the part affected more than a few minutes, before its efficacious power becomes manifest. We know very little yet about the latent power of electricity; but this magic Chain will go very far towards opening our eyes to it. Many of our own friends have purchased the Chain; and they all speak of it as having been not only useful in relieving them from present pain, but in restoring them to a healthy state of body. This enables us to give it our unqualified good word.

No family should remain unprovided with this Chain. Its cost is a bagatelle; its virtues are unappreciable.

#### THE DAY-LIGHT REFLECTOR.

A "GOOD" Reflector has been a desideratum long sought for, but never yet found. Practical men have not failed to turn their unremitting attention to the subject, yet until now without avail.

Years ago, *glass* reflectors were produced; and coated by a chemical deposition of silver. *For a time*, they afforded a most brilliantly-reflected light. It was found however, that although protected from the action of the atmosphere, no deposition of silver upon glass could ever withstand the test of heat or light. Hence, though these glass reflectors required no cleaning or rubbing, *their becoming fearfully discolored* after a short use, rendered them totally valueless. They are now looked at as mere curiosities; for time has converted what was *really* "silver," into the appearance of pewter! This decided failure in glass reflectors has called into the field another candidate for public favor—Mr. CHAPPUIS, who has produced a reflector, at a very small cost, which bids fair to become universally popular; nor do we see why even our drawing-rooms should not be illuminated by its agency.

The name given to the Reflector of Mr. Chappuis, is,—the Daylight Reflector. It is worthy of its name; for it dispenses with the use of a very large body of gas, whilst it gives the "light of day" at almost a nominal cost. This is a grand result gained; and when we consider how greatly health must be promoted by its adoption (for gas-light, it is well known, is most obnoxious in its effects on the system), we think we have shown its claims on public regard.

This reflector, it must be borne in mind, is *not* made of glass; but of a highly-silvered metal, prepared so as to enhance the power of reflection. The frames, too, are so constructed as to effectually protect the reflector from the action of the atmosphere.

It is therefore rendered durable. We observe that they have been fixed already in the principal thoroughfares of London, and its suburbs.

At last, then, we have obtained what we have so long sought after—a "good" reflector; and one of any required size or power. The Manufactory, we should add, is at No. 10, St. Mary Axe.

#### AN HONEST TRICK.

A young man of eighteen or twenty, a student in a university, took a walk one day with a professor, who was commonly called the Students' Friend—such was his kindness to the young men whom it was his office to instruct. While they were now walking together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to grave subjects, they saw a pair of old shoes lying in the path, which they supposed belonged to a poor man who had nearly finished his day's work. The young student turned to the professor, saying—"Let us play the man a trick; we will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind these bushes, and watch to see his perplexity when he cannot find them."

"My dear friend," answered the professor, "we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a five shilling piece in each shoe; and then we will hide ourselves."

The student did so, and then placed himself, with the professor, behind the bushes hard by, through which they could easily watch the laborer, and see whatever wonder or joy he might express. The poor man soon finished his work, and came across the field to the path where he had left his coat and shoes. While he put on his coat, he slipped one foot into one of his shoes. Feeling something hard, he stooped down and found the coin. Astonishment and wonder were upon his countenance; he gazed upon the crown piece, turned it round, and looked again and again. Then he looked around on all sides, but could see no one. Now he put the money in his pocket, and proceeded to put on the other shoe. What was his astonishment when he found the other crown piece! His feelings overcame him; he fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered a loud and fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife, sick and helpless; and his children, who, from some unknown hand, would be saved from perishing.

The young man stood there deeply affected, and with tears in his eyes. "Now," said the professor, "are you not much better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?" "Oh, dearest sir," answered the youth, "you have taught me a lesson now, that I will never forget. I feel now the truth of the words which I have never before understood.—'It is better to give than to receive.'"

A few more such practical "tricks" as these, we should indeed be glad to record. It is an ill-omen, when we see the poor neglected, and allowed to perish without a helping hand held out for their relief.

## DOMESTIC LAYS,—No. III.

## TO AN ABSENT WIFE.

THOU bad'st me, dearest, string my harp,  
 And wake a song for thee ;  
 But ah ! I want thy look of love  
 To set its numbers free ;  
 I want affection's smile and blush,  
 Its meed of gentle praise ;  
 Thy lute-like voice's silver gush,  
 My drooping soul to raise.

I want to hear thee *softly creep*  
 To mark each tender line ;  
 To feel thee o'er my shoulder peep,  
 And lay thy cheek to mine ;  
 I want the twilight's silent hour,  
 The spell of star and tree,  
 The perfume of the shutting flower,  
 To breathe my love for thee.

I want the atmosphere of home  
 To melt the icy chain  
 Around my heart—to see the bloom  
 On thy dear cheek again.  
 I want the music of thy tone,  
 The honey of thy kiss ;  
 And yet, *how should I feel alone*  
 With memories like this ?

By Babel's stream the exiled Jews  
 Hung up their harps, and wept ;  
 While in each breast the heavenly muse  
 In voiceless sorrow slept.  
 Thus o'er my spirit falls a gloom  
 Which chains both heart and hand ;  
 How shall I sing " a song of home,"  
 When in a stranger-land ?

The palm-tree 'mid the desert waste  
 Points out the spring below,  
 And bids the fainting pilgrim haste  
 Where crystal waters flow.  
 Like him I fly to that dear home,  
 Whose joy-springs never cease ;  
 Where gentlest feelings bud and bloom  
 Beneath the sun of peace !

## PROCRASTINATIONS.

BY DOCTOR MACKAY.

IF Fortune, with a smiling face,  
 Strew roses on our way,  
 When shall we stoop to pick them up ?  
 To-day, my love, to-day.  
 But should she frown with face of care,  
 And talk of coming sorrow,  
 When shall we grieve, if grieve we must ?  
 To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If those who've wronged us own their faults,  
 And kindly pity pray,  
 When shall we listen and forgive ?  
 To-day, my love, to-day.  
 But if stern Justice urge rebuke,  
 And warmth from Memory borrow,  
 When shall we chide (if chide we dare) ?  
 To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If those to whom we owe a debt  
 Are harmed unless we pay,  
 When shall we struggle to be just ?  
 To-day, my love, to-day.  
 But if our debtor fail our hope  
 And plead his ruin thorough,  
 When shall we weigh his breach of faith ?  
 To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If Love, estranged, should once again  
 Her genial smile display,  
 When shall we kiss her proffered lips ?  
 To-day, my love, to-day.  
 But, if she would indulge regret,  
 Or dwell with bygone sorrow,  
 When shall we weep (if weep we must) ?  
 To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

For virtuous acts and harmless joys  
 The minutes will not stay ;  
 We've always time to welcome them,  
 To-day, my love, to-day.  
 But care, resentment, angry words  
 And unavailing sorrow,  
 Come far too soon, if they appear,—  
 To-morrow, love, to-morrow !

## FRIENDS IN WINTER.

THE rose is for the nightingale,  
 The heather for the lark ;  
 But the holly greets the redbreast,  
 'Mid winter drear and dark.  
 And the snow-drop, wakened by his song,  
 Peeps tremblingly forth—  
 From her bed of cold, still slumber,  
 To gaze upon the earth.

For the merry voice above her,  
 Seemed a herald of the Spring,  
 As o'er the sleeping flowers  
 Blithe robin came to sing—  
 " Up, up, my lady snow-drop,  
 No longer lie in bed ;  
 But dance unto my melody,  
 And wave your graceful head."

The bulbul woos the red, red rose ;  
 The lark, the heathery dell ;  
 But the robin has the holly-tree,  
 And the snow-drop's virgin-bell,  
 The snow-drop timidly looked out ;  
 But all was dim and drear,  
 Save robin's merry song that sought  
 Her loneliness to cheer !

And presently the crocus heard  
 Their greeting, and awoke ;  
 And donned with care her golden robe,  
 And em'rald-colored cloak.  
 Then springing from her russet shroud,  
 Stepped forth to meet the sun,  
 Who broke the clouds with one bright glance,  
 And his jocund race begun.

The crocus brought her sisters too,  
 The purple, pied, and white ;  
 And the redbreast warbled merrily  
 Above the flow'rets bright.  
 Oh ! the nightingale may love the rose,  
 The lark the summer's heather ;—  
 But the robin's consort flowers come,  
 AND LEAVE THE WINTRY HEATHER.



LIFE'S SUNNY SIDE ;  
OR,  
WHY NOT BE HAPPY ?

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

LET us all look at life on the bright sunny side,  
Nor heed the dark clouds of Ambition, and Pride :  
We've a smile for the gay,  
And a tear for the sad,  
With a kind word to say,  
That will make the heart glad.  
Come ! will you not join us ? our joys we'll divide ;  
Whilst we all look at Life on the bright sunny side !

As Time leads us on, let it be our delight  
To alleviate sorrow, and kindness requite.  
If God deigns to bless us,  
We've no cause to fear ;  
The doubts that oppress us  
Will soon disappear.

On the ocean of life we will happily glide,  
Our bark rides at anchor on Life's sunny side !

But some we shall meet with, who sadly bewail  
As they see the approach of adversity's gale ;  
"One and all" bear a hand,  
We shall soon reach the shore ;  
Now—"three cheers for the land!"  
See the danger is o'er!

In the harbour of happiness safely we'll ride,  
And hoist a gay ensign on Life's sunny side !

By assisting each other, much good may be  
wrought—

The heart's kindest feeling this lesson has taught.  
With this bright aim in view,  
New delights will appear ;  
Though our friends may be few,  
We have proved them sincere.

In their truth and fidelity still we confide,  
For we all look at Life on the bright sunny side !

But here one has fallen ! Pray give him your hand—  
We're none of us perfect—assist him to stand.

The pain he has known,  
Makes him wiser I'm sure,  
(You may "cast the first stone,"  
Who believe yourselves pure).

Give him friendly advice, and with Truth for his  
guide,  
He will yet look at Life on the bright sunny side !

And here is another ! weighed down by despair ;  
Let Hope gently lighten his heart of its care.

Though cloudy the morning,  
The day may be clear,  
And bright stars adorning  
Its close will appear !

The fears that hang o'er him will shortly subside,  
If we place all our sorrows on Life's sunny side !

Let us banish hypocrisy, pride, and deceit,  
Whilst honesty, truth, and contentment we greet ;

A kind word or two,  
When the heart is oppressed,  
And "Heaven bless you !"   
With the hand gently pressed—

Have cherish'd those feelings which Hope has sup-  
plied,

WITH THE PLEASURE OF LOOKING ON "LIFE'S  
SUNNY SIDE !"

TAKE THINGS AS YOU FIND THEM.

BY J. BURBIDGE.

THERE'S MUCH in this life, after all,  
That's pleasant, if people would take it ;  
On some of us trouble must fall,  
But sure I am most of us make it.  
Let us look for the ups and the downs,  
And try to take things as we find them ;  
And, if we are met by the frowns—  
Believe that a smile is behind them.

What have we we did not receive ?  
Is the world not sufficiently roomy ?  
Then why should we wish to believe  
We were sent into life to be gloomy ?  
We may meet with some rubs in our day,  
But don't let us tremble for fear of them—  
Rather hope they'll not come in our way,  
And do all we can to keep clear of them.

There are regions of quicksands and rocks,  
And its difficult, too, to steer round them ;  
A good plumb-line might save us some knocks,  
But it's no easy matter to sound them.  
For our needle may point the wrong way,  
And our chart do no more than mislead us,  
Till we find that "each dog has his day,"  
And a friend's all alive to succeed us.

But there's much in this life, after all,  
That's pleasant, if people would take it ;  
Though on some of us trouble must fall,  
Full sure I am most of us make it.  
Let us look for the ups and the downs,  
And try to take things as we find them ;  
And, if we are met by the frowns—  
Believe that a smile is behind them.

BEAUTY IS DEAD.

Snow-stormy Winter rides  
Wild on the blast,  
Hoarsely the sullen tides  
Shoreward are cast ;  
Morn meets no more the lark  
Warbling o'erhead ;  
Nature mourns, dumb and dark—  
Beauty is dead !

Sear on the willow-bank  
Fades the last leaf ;  
Flower-heads that early sank,  
Bow'd as with grief ;  
Autumn's rich gifts of bloom  
All, all are fled ;  
Winter brings shroud and tomb—  
Mary is dead !

Sweeter than summer-bird  
Sang from her bough !  
Music, the sweetest heard,  
Silent is now !  
Pale lies that cheek of woe  
On its last bed !  
Winter ! too well I know  
Beauty is dead !



## A CUP OF TEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A COLD." \*

O, WINTER! ruler of the inverted year,  
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,  
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the sun  
A prisoner in the yet undawning East;  
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,  
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,  
Down to the rosy West; but kindly still  
Compensating his loss with added hours  
Of social converse and instructive ease.  
I crown thee, WINTER—king of dear delights,  
FIRESIDE ENJOYMENTS, home-born happiness,  
And all the comforts that the lowly roof  
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours  
Of long uninterrupted evening know.

COWPER.



READER! — A WORD WITH  
YOU! WHAT IS COMFORT?  
A lounge by our fire-side, on a  
bleak, wintry night—a novel,  
gently wooing us into dozingness  
—a snug seat in a post-chaise,  
or a game at cribbage with

a mild old lady that never takes snuff. What is comfort?—a cup of tea, "with all appliances and means to boot?" Yes; *this* is a snatch of legitimate comfort; and his imagination must be very anti-social, that does not summon a thousand tea-table delights from the dead mass of joys that time leaves behind it, at the mention of a cup of tea. Around the tea-pot, unnumbered social sprites attend; and after wreathing the steam clouds rising from the urn, tinkling the spoons, and perching on the edge of the tea-cups, they place a smile on the lips, and a merry magic in the eyes of the company assembled.

Reader! be thou downy-cheeked, or manfully bearded—be thou fair and young, or old and stately, prithee, for a while, smoothen thy face into placidity, lay aside all Miltonic sternness of aspect, draw near the fire; and then, with its pleasing glare playing over thy features, thou mayest have a fair chance of relishing a few remarks on "a cup of tea." If the winds are whistling and waltzing along the streets, and the plashy pit-pat of pattens is heard on the sloppy pavements, so much the better. Discomfort without, will increase the comfort within.

Lord Byron calls gin-and-water the true Hippocrene. Give me a good strong cup of tea!—one cup of this, in its sterling state, is worth all the spirituous liquors put together. It is very seldom that intoxication ensues from drinking tea: its influence is quite ethereal; it trickles down the throat in a most luscious stream of flavory richness, diffuses a comfortable warm vigor through the democratical part of the human frame, composes the temper, and makes the poorest personage feel himself a man.

Nobody that dislikes tea ought to be ad-

mitted within the pale of civilised society. If a man be pointed out to me as a tea hater, he immediately becomes a suspected person in my mind. He cannot, I fancy, be any thing approaching to "a right merrie fellowe." A regular, giggling tea-party, would not enliven him; he would sit down in silent sadness amid the busy clatter of their cups and saucers—a mere automaton.

Some people say, that tea is by no means wholesome, that it frequently occasions a nervousness, and is altogether unqualified for constant use. This is a most wicked accusation, and must have originated from some decrepid personage, who was malicious enough to ascribe the effects of youthful intemperance to tea; or, what is more probable, it arose from the mischievous spirit of innovation pertaining to the medical art. It really is quite melancholy to observe the influence of medical pedantry over some people; there is hardly anything upon the bountiful earth but what is unhealthy. Butter creates bile, milk and eggs are heavy, cold pie indigestible, meat unnecessary, and tea is guilty of occasioning nervousness! A genuine cup of unadulterated tea will hurt no man living, who is in a sound state of health. If he feels "nervous" after drinking it, he has no reason to charge the tea with the cause; the evil comes from some other quarter.

Tea unwholesome! Place me before the tea-table; and I'll face the whole College of surgeons, in defence of its manifold virtues. They might batter me with learned compound words, and disquisitions respecting the fidgetty nature of the stomach, but they could never annihilate the fact of its being the national beverage for so many years. If tea were really so malevolently inclined as they would represent it, people would not have continued its constant consumption:—ill-health, a more influential argument than any in Mr. Abernethy's "Book," would have banished it from our tables. And I should like to know, what we are to substitute for tea!—black draughts and liquified pills! or those brick-colored, clammy looking cakes, christened chocolate and cocoa! or meagre sugar and water, such as they use in France! or that gritty, gravelly stuff, called coffee! That man's taste is not to be envied who prefers either of these to tea! Tea stands apart from all these, in proud and peerless dignity—like an ancient jug on a dresser, amid a crowd of modern smooth-faced rivals. From this devotion to tea, my opinion of those who can presume to offer their guest a weak and miserable cup, may be easily guessed. It is one of the most sinful acts that can be committed—for people, in good circumstances, to offer weak tea to their company. What! to profane the beautiful, health-inspiring water with a niggard sprinkling of tea—to hand

\* See Vol. I., page 172.



this ignoble mongrel kind of mixture to a guest! Let the reader deeply consider the matter, and he will agree with me, that it is in the highest degree sinful. It is bad, sloppy tea that brings on nervousness; this is the foundation of those sickly influences frequently felt, after drinking tea, so denoted.

My principal admiration for Dr. Johnson is founded on his affection for tea. There is something so amiable about this, that it makes one forget all his stern, uncompromising whims and tempers. Yes, I can easily picture the "Colossus of English literature," sitting at a well-furnished tea-table, under the reverent shadow of his wig; and complacently watching the golden stream of tea descending in a glittering curve from the tea-pot into his cup. The author of *Rasselas*—the grave and lofty-minded writer of the *Idler* and the *Rambler*—the Socrates of Britain—descending from his intellectual height for awhile, and smiling with as much naïveté as a laundress, over a cup of tea!

The sound of approaching tea-things is always renovating to me; the rattle of the tray—the homely jingle of the spoons tumbling about among the cups—the whole bustle of the tea-arrangement, is truly agreeable. We all remember Cowper's lines on this subject; yet one circumstance escaped him—the hollow, but cheering, bubbling of the water, as it dashes from the "loud-hissing urn," into the tea-pot, to uncurl the leaves and extract their essence.

I am an enthusiastic lover of tea; and for many substantial reasons. Some of the happiest hours of my life have been experienced at the tea-table; and now, when left fevered and fretful from hours of changeful study, my heart leaps up at the well-known music of the brittle ware. After the first cup of fragrant Souchong, the peevishness of study dies away; my heart gradually tranquillises, and I begin to think that the world may boast of containing something good, while it can afford me a cup of good tea.

The tea-hour is moreover, a congenial time for reflection. While the faint fairy clouds of steam come swelling from the tea, and shed an imperceptible dew upon the face, a man very frequently repents of his faults—provided there be no danger of his toast cooling during the time. And how many a one, who sat down to tea with evil passions brewing in his brain, has gradually become ashamed of his purpose, and tapped them away with his spoon on the edge of his tea-cup!

A principal reason for the popularity of tea beverage in this country, is its comparative cheapness. Many a one can afford to give a friend a good cup of tea, when a dinner would create a terrible sensation in his purse. Some will object to "cheapness" applied to

tea; but, however dear in itself, comparatively, it certainly is cheap. A quarter of a pound of tea, with the addition of a few solids, will treat two or three small parties. Compare the price of the tea with the cost of spirits or wine, for the same hospitable purpose, and there will be a wide difference. In short, tea is altogether the most gentlemanly (or, if you will have it so, ladylike), accommodating thing in the world. It offends nobody—not even those who dislike it; while it is a blessing to thousands of every rank and fortune.

A cup of tea is as convenient, too, as it is refreshing; it is an admirable addition to a casual invitation, and generally secures your guest; not that he comes precisely for the sake of the tea, but because the mention of it stamps the matter with a little importance. Were it not for tea, the life of a bachelor would be ten times more monotonous than it now is. He could not expect his friends and acquaintances to sit in his chairs for six hours together, and favor him with their converse, without something eatable and drinkable to vary the scene. Now, if there were no tea to be obtained, something else must be substituted for it; but, probably, his income is too limited for such a display of decanters as he may wish to receive his friends with. What is to be done in this dilemma? Why, he must debar himself from meeting his friends! But, thanks to a cup of tea! the poorest among us may venture to invite a friend occasionally, and, by means of Souchong, improve the strength of his attachment without degrading the character of his own hospitality.

Speaking of inviting a friend to drink tea with us—if the reader be as warm-hearted as I would have him to be, his memory will rouse at the mention of this, and recall the image of many a face, whose benevolent features have brightened round his winter fire, while tea, toast, and conversation inspired the hour with delight. One of my greatest pleasures, is to meet with an old school-fellow whom the hurly-burly of life have separated, and secure his company to drink a cup of tea with me. Previous to his arrival, I take care to have my apartment in neat order. The writing desk is locked, all books are laid aside, particular orders are given to the servant respecting the management of the muffins, &c., &c. The hour for tea is fixed; and then I turn myself to the fire-place, rest my feet on the hobs (very ungentle!), and await with the most delightful anticipations the arrival of my friend. Hark! that was his knock—I hear his well-known step on the stair-case—he taps at the door—'tis he! and now for something like happiness.

If the weather be stormy, so much the better. We are comfortably sheltered in a



warm room ;—let the sleet and the hail pepper the window panes ; let the sullen winds bellow around the chimney-top, and the hissing flow of the street-drains come on our ear. We are unchilled by the tempest !—a blazing fire is crackling merrily before us ; and the only wish we feel at present is—that everybody were as happy as ourselves.

What delicious hours are these ! One of them is worth the mock and formal pageant-tries of ten thousand balls and masquerade nights. All the treasured recollections of greener years ; all those kindly fancies which flash across the hearts of friends during their absence from each other, are now brought forward, with unaffected truth. The soul unburdens itself of a load of fondness, and revels in the sweet release. The tricks, the perils of school-boy days, come in for their share of discussion ; the changes that have occurred since that wild time are next regarded ; and here, alas ! we are sure to find sad gaps. There are many honest sighs to be heaved at the mention of some brave fellow, whose boyhood promised a manhood of glory ; whose bright eyes have long been quenched by the damp of death. Still, there is a luxury even in this ; the melancholy we feel serves but to temper the gladness of the hour, and hallow the emotions of the mind. The last subject is, generally, concerning our mutual fortunes. Each of us has met with some hard rubs in his way ; nevertheless, we are still inclined to hold out a friendly hand to the world, forgive its injuries, and forget everything but its benefits. And thus the evening glides on, and the heart seems bathing in the delights of friendship.—He that cannot relish such a night is a Goth.

In order to appreciate justly the delectable charms of a cup of tea, we have only to remember the joy with which we return to it, and taste it in the full perfection of its flavor, after a wearisome illness. During our malady, taste has been blunted by fever ; and, principally, by the eternal and dismal operation of turning the throat into a morning-tunnel for the conveyance of thick beetle-colored draughts, and similar liquids, industriously supplied by our anxious apothecaries. Of course tea, with its genuine effects on the nerves of the tongue, is out of the question while we are in this state. At last, the health-tints begin to bud on the cheek ; the wan eye grows bright ; the blood once more meanders unfevered through the veins, and the restored patient finds himself seated at the breakfast-table with the freshness of health clothing his limbs. Now is the time for a cup of tea ; bring forth the tea-apparatus ! Let the urn once more exhibit its august *en-bon-point* person ; spread forth the rolls in all their crusty glory ; let the eggs lift up their milky brows ; draw your chair to its accustomed situ-

ation ; give the fire a powerful poke—and do your duty. With what a grateful smile you survey the room, and mark the morning sunbeam skipping about the walls, and tinting everything with its hue of gladness, while the hot crystal stream is prancing into your tea-pot ! How pleasant are the tuneless murmurs of the street, after your long confinement to the mournful and monotonous silence of the sick chamber ! How exquisite that still-breathed prayer, exhaling from the very core of the soul—that prayer, whose fervency language could not translate—to the blessed God of all health and wisdom, for your recovery !

But I won't detain you ; I hear the sugar hissing itself away in the bosom of your tea-cup ; there is a rich and glossy brownness on the surface of your tea—enjoy it !

### SHROVE - TUESDAY.

'Tis merry in the hall, when beards wag all,  
And welcome merry Shrovetide.

SHAKSPEARE.

If we have cause to lament the degeneracy of some of the classes making up England's population, in manliness of character and physical strength, and to blush for the silly foppery and affectation of others, who but

“Strut and stare, and a' that,”

“perfumed like milliners,” and talking like “waiting gentlewomen”—we have, at the same time, no little cause for gratulation and pleasurable reflection, in contrasting the present pastimes and amusements of the “uneducated” many, with those of the times gone by. In former days, they were wont to testify their devotion, and to assert their Christian principles, by deeds of barbarism and blood. *Christian* festivals were the high days of

“Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood,”

upon which clerics and laics appeared as if sedulously bent on giving new vigor to the worst passions of the human soul, and in gratifying them even to satiety, regardless of the miseries which they spread around. Upon Good Friday, when they celebrated the death of Him who “did no violence,” but who breathed “peace on earth and good-will towards men,” they wreaked their vengeance upon some unhappy Jew, whom they way-laid and stoned ; and upon Shrove Tuesday, when they were required to humble themselves, by a confession of sin, that so they might become partakers of their master's sufferings and joy, they concluded their devotions with the barbarous practice of “hen threshing,” or the equally cruel “sports” of “cock-fighting,” and “throwing at the hen.” These barbarities have happily passed away,



and the harmless and child-loving practice of eating pancakes is all that remains of "the wisdom of our ancestors."

Tuesday, February 8th inst., will be the day of which we speak; and it may not be unacceptable to some of our readers, if we devote a little space to its origin and former celebration.

The word *shrove*, by which this Tuesday is distinguished in the calendar, is a corruption of the old Saxon word *shrive*, and signifies *confession*; this being the day upon which all the people were required by the Church to confess their sins to their respective parish priests. To ensure punctuality in their attendance, the curfew-bell was tolled at an early hour, and all servile work ceased.

In Catholic countries, where the Carnival is celebrated, this is the last day of that festival—a period of dinners, balls, masquerades, and popular indulgence. On the nights of the Carnival, a general confusion takes place; masters are dressed as servants, valets as masters, the military as mechanics, and workmen as soldiers; every one puts on a strange dress, and plays the incognito under the favor of a mask; but the populace engross the remainder of the fete, by carrying through the streets an image called the Carnival or Shrove Tuesday; and, feigning grief and uttering piercing cries, they throw it into the river.

We borrow, says Pasquier, many things from the Pagans; as, instead of the ancient Bacchanalia, we have introduced the Carnival, full of insolence and bad examples. The Bacchanalia were festivals which the Greeks borrowed from the Egyptians, and were celebrated in honor of Bacchus, whom they believed to be the same with Osiris. One of the most essential parts of the festival was to appear covered with the skins of he-goats, tigers, and other animals; their faces being smeared with blood or wine- lees. A fine, handsome, well-fed youth was selected to personate Bacchus, who was placed in a car; and to give an air of the marvellous to the scene, the pretended tigers drew the car, while the he-goats and the kids gambolled about them under the form of satyrs and fawns. Those who followed and accompanied the car were called Bacchants and Bacchantes; that is, male and female mourners: last of all, appeared an old man, representing Silenus, riding on an ass, and distributing his jokes and gibes among the surrounding populace. Thus the balls and masquerades of the French may, perhaps, derive their origin from these religious ceremonies of their ancestors. On the last day of the Carnival, they celebrate the ceremony of the "Femmes folles," or foolish women; but this is the case only when any one has commenced housekeeping in the course of the year. The married wo-

men (not the youngest in the village) meet together, and disguise themselves by putting the front part of their caps behind, to which rags are suspended, and by blacking their faces: thus arrayed, they proceed dancing and singing, to the domicile of the new housekeeper. Having gained admittance, they leap, jump, and dance about, and sing couplets and songs adapted to the occasion, and to the music of the epistle at grand mass. The inhabitants of the house are bound to regale the actresses in this burlesque scene; and, if they refuse, the women make no scruple of taking away what furniture they like; and carrying it to the wine-house (cabaret), it is there deposited as a pledge for the entertainment they may choose to order; and the proprietor of it must pay the cabaretier his bill, before he is allowed to redeem his effects.

It is said that the custom of eating pancakes on this day is an English one, and originated, early in the fifteenth century, with one Simon Eyre, a Lord Mayor of London, who made a pancake-feast for all the apprentices in London; and ordered that, upon ringing a bell in every parish, still called the pancake bell, these youths should leave work for the day. In Pasquier's 'Palinodia' (1634) it is merely said, that on this day every stomach

"Till it can hold no more,  
Is fritter-filled, as well as heart can wish!  
And every man and maide doe take their turn,  
And toss their pancakes up for fear they burne;  
And all the kitchen doth with laughter sound,  
To see the pancakes fall upon the ground."

But pancake-eating was not, as we have already intimated, the only pastime in which our forefathers indulged. "Upon this day," says an old author, "men ate and drank and abandoned themselves to every kind of sportive foolery, as if resolved to have their fill of pleasure before they were to die." Football, and snow-ball—if the snow remained upon the ground—were amongst the sports of the festival; and the "city 'prentices," dear lads for a brawl, which they loved the better if it assumed the character of a serious riot—turned out

"In Finsbury-fields;—their brave intent  
To advise the king and parliament,"

whenever they took it into their wise heads that their advice was needed; and otherwise, when the day was spent in any other way that pleased their 'prenticeships.

The shying at the hen was the worst "sport" indulged in. The poor bird was tied by its leg to a stake; and he who first broke its leg, by a large stick thrown from a certain distance, was entitled to the prize. The school-boy practice of shying at leaden cocks, is doubtless a harmless imitation of this brutal pastime. The cock-fighting of this season is



mentioned by Fitzstephens, who died at the latter end of the twelfth century. He says:—

“Yearly at shrove-tide, the boys of every school bring fighting-cocks to their masters; and all the fore-noon is spent at school, to see these cocks fight together. After dinner, all the youth of the city goeth to play at the ball in the fields; the scholars of every study have their balls; the practisers also of all the trades have each their ball in their hands. The ancients sort, the fathers, and the wealthy citizens, came on horseback, to see these youngsters contending at their sport, with whom, in a manner, they participate by motion; stirring their own natural heat in the view of the active youth, with whose mirth and liberty they seem to communicate”

Let us thank GOD, and the schoolmaster, that these brutalities have disappeared; and that we have nought of the old customs left, but the fritters and the pancakes.

We care not *how often* we are called upon to pay our compliments to the two last.

### THE YOUNG GIPSY.

#### A CAUTION.

“SHALL I tell your fortune, good gentleman?” said a sweet, musical voice, as we were gazing on a group of swarthy beings busily employed in preparing a Gipsy encampment.

We turned, and beheld a young creature, slightly formed, with a complexion that might vie with the lily: a winning smile irresistibly aided her request, and we were prevailed on to listen to her prognostics of the future—marvelling how so fair a being could have aught in communion with the rude group around her. Regarding us intently for a few seconds, she sighed involuntarily, and pressed her hands over her eyelids, as if to control a sudden and unexpected emotion.

“Stranger,” said she, “you are young, and doubtless happy; pardon me if I seem intrusive, but I would not cast a shade on a brighter lot than my own. You have a wife that loves you dearly, is it not so? You need not answer me, I can see it in your looks. You have a father,” she proceeded in a faltering voice—“would that mine still survived to guide my steps in this world of woe! Alas! the poor Gipsy has little to expect on earth save contempt and abhorrence!”

Here her feelings overcame her, and she wept violently: we tried in vain to resist the infection, but every look at her sorrowful features weakened our stoicism. and at last we fairly began to use our handkerchief. Pressing a gold piece into her hand, we turned away, anxious to conceal our emotions.

Ere we had proceeded far, a most unsentimental laugh caused us to look back; and to

our horror, we beheld the lovely maiden displaying our purse and handkerchief, which she had contrived to abstract during our momentary fit of compassion. We could not bear the sight of a number of unwashed ferocious-looking wretches, listening eagerly to her account of our credulity; so we turned rapidly down a bye-path; and safe at home, threw our affectionate wife into hysterics by our description of the too interesting Gipsy girl.

MOTLEY.

### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.\*

*Piping Bullfinches.*—My Dear Mr. Editor,—The readers of OUR OWN JOURNAL will no doubt like to hear, what they ought all to know; viz: the manner in which these birds are taught the various airs, in the execution of which they show so much excellence. They are not instructed here, but in Germany. They arrive in England about April. The month of June is the time for taking the young ones, in a wild state, from the nest. They should be about eight days old when so removed. They are then handed over to the care of one man only, who, by feeding and caressing them, becomes so much the object of their notice as to be able to command and direct them, at his pleasure. They are attended to by him until they are about two months old, at which age they first begin to whistle. They then go through a regular routine of “exercises;” nor is the strictest military discipline more arduous to the sergeant, or more oppressive to the men, than are these exercises to the bullfinch and his instructor. In receiving the first rudiments of their musical education, they are taught in “classes” of about six in each. They are naturally “imitative.” The instrument by which they learn, is a barrel-organ of a single diapason. It plays nothing beyond the air to be acquired by the birds. The pupils, before they make their first essay, are kept *very* hungry. They are then placed in a dark room—the organ in the centre—and the air is slowly played over to them. Hunger works wonders, and most of these little imitators make the most of Nature’s gifts. Children cry, dogs howl, and asses bray, always louder and oftener when they feel the “vulture in their jaws.” It is just so with these vocalists. They make a virtue of necessity. The moment they imitate the organ, at that moment the light is admitted into the room, and a morsel of food is given them. This is repeated so often—use is second nature—and works upon them so mechanically, that the sound of the organ is a sure presage of their being fed. When they have been thus drilled for about a month, their old feeder, called in Germany *Lehrer*, hands them over to the care of some intelligent boy, kept for the purpose of playing the organ to their pupils. Each boy takes a bird, and during these exercises, or rather rehearsals, they

\* Under this head, we shall contrive to give (by a peculiar mode of condensation) much and very valuable matter, on a multitude of interesting topics. The subjects introduced will be inexhaustible, and constantly varied.



are occasionally visited and *always fed* by their old teacher. His duty, now, is to check or encourage them in their "piping," by various motions of the head and mouth, according to the degree of excellence they have attained in music. When they repeat the same stave twice, he scowls and blows upon them. When they perform correctly he waves his head like a "Great Mogul," and shows signs that he is pleased. These motions the birds perfectly comprehend; and by dint of perseverance on the part of the teacher, and practise on theirs, they acquire the habit of piping that never leaves them till death. Now, as regards the teaching of these birds—imitative though they be, it must be tiresome, indeed! It must be remembered, that one false note renders a bird "faulty." Herein the difficulty! Our English bullfinches have no song. It is a mere twitter. They are pretty birds, truly, and *very affectionate*, but cannot be named among song-birds. The value of "German piping bullfinches," ranges from one guinea, upwards. They must never be purchased of people who deal in parrots, or indeed any "noisy" birds. Bought at such places they are valueless, as you must be well aware.—EMMA T—, (*an old fancier*), *Belgrave Square*.

[We thank you, Madam, for this kind and friendly communication, which we know to be very correct in all its details. Our English bullfinch is, as you say, not musical, but "very affectionate." We shall have much to say in his praise, when his turn comes round, in our series of "British Song and Cage Birds." The suggestion in your note, about the nightingale and black-cap, shall most assuredly be borne in mind. We never can, never will, lose any opportunity of singing their praises. They will be here again in ten weeks!]

*Rooks*.—I crave your advice, Mr. Editor, in a matter of difficulty. I am particularly fond of rooks; and have been well pleased to find myself surrounded by them—my house being situate near some large trees used by the rooks as a colony. Now, unfortunately, the nests of my favorite birds have been robbed by idle boys. This has so disconcerted the rooks, that they have taken their departure. There are now no nests remaining in the trees; although the birds are still numerous in the neighborhood. Can you tell me, my dear Sir, how I can entice them back?—FREDERICA.

[The removal of the nests from your trees, is deeply to be regretted. Birds so disturbed seldom, if ever, take kindly to their original haunts. There are no direct means to entice them back, unless you could have a quantity of artificial nests placed in their old positions. This *might*, at a future time, induce some stragglers to reconnoitre; and if undisturbed, they might be prevailed on to remain. It is worth an effort to repair "the mistake" committed. A recurrence of it, we need hardly say, would render all further attempts at a reconciliation fruitless.]

*The Cockatoo*.—This, Mr. Editor, is a charming species of bird; and so affectionate! Pray mention this in OUR JOURNAL, for the sake of invalids, who can have no more faithful and fond associate in the time of sickness. I have had

two of these birds. One is dead; but the survivor is equally attached as the other was. He keeps guard over me, whilst I sleep; and no person dare approach me unless *he* pleases. Even the doctor, if he chances to give me pain, "suffers" for it! When I leave the room, my drawers are carefully watched; and nothing is ever permitted to be removed from the table. When I have been moaning, from excessive pain, and any one has remained with me an undue time—woe be to them! My watchman has flown at them by way of a hint, and followed them to the door, pecking all the way at their feet. For himself, he cares nothing—he eats little indeed! All his delight seems in watching my progress. He has his liberty in doors and out of doors; but he never attempts to leave the premises.—PATIENCE, *Devon*.

*Timidity and Ferocity combined*.—The ready insertion you have given, Mr. Editor, to my many little anecdotes of animals, induces me to send you yet another curious fact. Some little time since, I had a puppy six months old. He was of a middle size; and would run and yelp at the sight of another dog, however small. Now there was a large and savage bull-dog, living two doors off, in the village of Twickenham. This beast, from some unascertained cause, would seek every opportunity to worry my puppy, who bore all patiently. One day however, a very wet day, the bull-dog rolled the puppy in the mud,—keeping him there until he was nearly smothered. However, being hard pressed, and fearing for his life, the little fellow turned round and showed fight. His *first* sharp teeth were just grown. With these, he seized his enemy by the side of the neck. In the struggle to retain his hold of so powerful an adversary, the carotid artery was severed. Blood streamed out, and the bull-dog lay prostrate—He was dead! This did not "satisfy" his conqueror, who forthwith turned a bitter enemy to all his race. No dog could pass him without insult, or undeserved punishment. He flew at them all! nor would he accept chastisement from me, his master. One day he attacked a little boy, who was upon the premises, just as I returned home in my "jockey-boots" from a long ride. I immediately struck him with my whip. He turned upon me at once, and furiously bit through the double leather of my boot. Next day, my man said to me,—“Master! you will soon lose ‘Bounce;’ his name is ‘up,’ ever since he settled the bull-dog.” True words these! Within a week he was stolen. He disappeared in the night, and I afterwards learnt that his new prescribed duty was to be the guardian of a barge on the River Thames. His sire was a retriever, between the setter and Newfoundland; his dam was a Blenheim spaniel. He had a twin brother, the bravest sporting dog I ever knew. He would leap from a rock fifty or more feet high into the water, to recover the game his master had shot. I gave him to Mr. Thomas, of Teddington.—VERAX.

*More of the "Blue-Cap"*.—Do not look grave Mr. Editor, when I tell you I once had a bird, who of his own free-will *would* "live in a cage." You may say it is unnatural; and so it is—an



unnatural fact! How my little pet made the discovery that there is "no place like home," I will tell you. He was one of the blue-caps, some of whose many virtues you so pleasantly recorded in No. 22 of OUR JOURNAL. I reared five young ones from the nest; and for their joint accommodation, I had a cage constructed which I imagined would suit their habits nicely. It gave them plenty of room to live in, and made them an excellent play-ground. I used, almost daily, to let them out to fly about the room; and of all funny birds they were surely the funniest! The bare recollection of their diverting gambols and indescribable antics, makes me laugh as I write. One day, instead of five, we discovered there were only four of our little friends present. No doubt the absentee had clung, unperceived, to the dress of some one passing in or out of the room, and had disappeared with them. We sought him far and near—in-doors and out of doors; up stairs, down-stairs. Still, no glimpse of his person; still, no sound of his voice. Two days and two nights passed away. I gave the wanderer up as lost—consoling myself that he had not taken flight in the winter, when the weather would have been cold. On the third day, in flew Master Tommy, at the open window,—perching on my head, and then creeping all over me by way of recognition. How delighted he was! How delighted I was! Our greeting over (and a warm one it was), I placed him among his old companions. Then was his joy complete. Never, however, could I get that little fellow (without great coaxing) to leave his cage again; and then he would venture to a very little distance,—returning again immediately. Once, and once only, was the harmony of that little family interrupted; and that was not until they had lived together for three years. Some offence it would seem, was given by the "one who had seen the world." It was resented, and he was severely punished,—so severely that, to save his life, I was obliged to procure him a new cage. He contrived however, to outlive all his companions; and died as fond of his cage as ever. Now, Mr. Editor, tell me,—was it cruel, under the circumstances described, for me to keep my little birds in a cage? I quite agree with you, that to deprive wild birds of their liberty, and then cage them,—is cruel; but in my mind, the case is far different when birds which never knew freedom, and which were reared from the nest, are domesticated with us, and kindly tended. They become, in fact, "members of the family," and they invariably act as such! By the way, the sagacity and jealousy of these blue-caps was extraordinary. We had two cats [more shame for you!]. The one, they did not fear but HATED; the other, they treated with perfect indifference.—F. G., *Nottingham*.

[You have stated your case so fairly, so prettily, Flora, that we cannot contradict or gainsay anything that you have advanced; your birds proved that they were "happy," and this was all they could desire, but fie! fie! for keeping those cats. You cannot love birds and cats. It is impossible!]

*Cats without Tails.*—I have read with much delight, the many interesting remarks in your

First and Second Volumes about "Cats without tails." I find in our establishment, persons who remember the race for the last forty-six years; yet cannot I trace how they were first introduced into the family. For more than ten years past, we have had some splendid Persians; and much loving and friendly acquaintance has passed between the two races. It has always been a marked fact, that the kittens had, severally, every variety of tails. Some had long tails; some mere stumps; others no tails at all. Still the breed has never failed. They are specially good garden cats. We have a neighbor, who always keeps a tail-less cat in his garden. I should add, that all these cats possess good qualities,—i.e. the qualities of the veritable and acknowledged race. They won't claim any affinity with the rabbit. No! no! One of these cats, and my cockatoo, are the best of friends. They sit together, eat together, play together. Indeed all our birds and all our cats are "one" in friendship. I am sure Mr Editor, you would love our cats.—PATIENCE, *Devon*.

[Haters are we of cats, generally. Therefore, if we loved *your* cats, Patience, it must be because we loved *you*. What say you? It does not rest with us!]

*Prize Rabbits.*—Let me call your attention to the late "Metropolitan Fancy Rabbit Show," held at Anderton's Hotel, just before Christmas. It was one of the very best shows yet on record. The animals exhibited were of rare beauty. The two first prizes for a fawn-colored buck and doe, were awarded to Mr. Parks. The length of ear in the former was twenty-and-a-quarter inches by four and seven-eighths; in the latter, twenty-one and three-quarter inches by five and a quarter. The other prizes were awarded to Messrs. Herring, Littleton, Locks, Handey, Bird, Payne, and Stinton. After the prize-rabbits had been passed down the table for the inspection of the visitors, Mr. Parks, who took the first two prizes, introduced five rabbits, measuring in the aggregate one hundred and two inches. Four of these animals were the produce of one doe; the other was also bred by the exhibitor. Mr. Lock also introduced three splendid yellow and whites, of the rich color so much approved by the judges, and declared by them to be the true color to be attained. A number of gentlemen from the country were present, and all were highly delighted. The various toasts were then given, and the business of the evening terminated with a *petit souper*. Mr. W. JONES, as usual, made a neat speech as Hon. Secretary; and all was unity and harmony among the company and the members.—ARGUS.

[A correct list of the dimensions, ages, &c., of the animals exhibited, has been placed in our hands, and may be seen at our publisher's.]

*Mildness of the Season, 1852-53.*—Flowers in the open air, are not among the objects of attraction for which we generally look at Christmas. However, they may be found in the present season, and in no small number. I observed, on the 25th of December, in a garden a few miles north of the metropolis, pelargoniums, fuschias, and calceolarias, as green and vigorous as those enjoying greenhouse protection. Carnations, mignonette, *Salvia fulgens*, Neapolitan violets, China roses,



primroses, and polyanthuses were in bloom; some, profusely. Also, the *Aloysia citriodora*, and the southernwood, *Artemisia abrotanum*, were as green as in the middle of the summer. Among wild flowers I noticed *Borago officinalis*, *Myosotis arvensis*, *Cynoglossum officinalis*, *Linaria cymbalaria*, *Lamium album*, blooming abundantly. It was interesting to observe that the pelargoniums which displayed so much vigor and freshness, occupied an exposed position, which secured comparative dryness; whilst those which were sheltered, and thus kept in a damp condition, had been much injured—showing the effects of damp in preparing the way for the action of cold, and confirming the remark that “moisture is the provider for the lion frost.”—R. MARNOCK.

*The Return to Nature; Dead Leaves.*—There are some very sensible remarks, Mr. Editor, in the “Horticulturist,” connected with the preservation of the leaves which fall from the trees in autumn. The writer says:—“People would do well to reflect for a moment on the nature of fallen leaves, which contain not only the vegetable matter, but the earthly salts, lime, potash, etc., needed for the next season’s growth; and that, too, exactly in the proportion required by the very tree and plant from which they fall. It is precisely in this way, by the decomposition of these very fallen leaves, that Nature enriches the soil, year after year, in her great forests. Such leaves, then, are highly valuable; and should be carefully collected, from week to week. To dig these under the soil, about the roots, where they will decay, and enrich that soil—is to provide, in the cheapest manner, the best possible food for that tree.”—These observations deserve attentive consideration, Mr. Editor. I invariably see that all leaves in our garden are thus profitably made use of in the autumn. The result is always most satisfactory.—SYLVIA.

*The Zollverein Bird Cages.*—In your first volume, Mr. Editor, you commented, in the highest terms of praise, on the zinc cages exhibited in Hyde Park. Can you tell me whether they can be had in England; and if so, where? You said they would effectually exclude vermin; and this is what I am so anxious about.—SARAH L., Nottingham.

[We are happy to tell you, that you can obtain these cages, in choice variety, at 90, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square.]

*New Aviary at Rugby.*—Dear Mr. Editor:—A perusal of your interesting JOURNAL, has created amongst us a great love for the study of Natural History; and has led to the formation of an Aviary in the playgrounds of this College. It has been built for the reception of small British birds. I am happy to inform you that, on its completion, MR. BINGHAM most kindly presented us with all his collection of British birds—consisting of a pair of skylarks, a pair of yellow-hammers, a pair of bullfinches, a pair of mountain-finches, two pairs of goldfinches, a pair of quails, a pair of black-headed buntings, a pair of brown linnets, a pair of green linnets, two pairs of red-poles, a pair of chaffinches, a pied wagtail, a robin, and a siskin. Other birds have since been added; and the aviary for the reception of hawks has been enlarged. I

consider it right to tell you that, among the British birds, there have been three deaths. The wagtail is dead, and one of the yellow-hammers. The latter was killed by the robin. [The robin will soon kill the other; and more in addition. He should be removed at once. Robins are insatiably blood-thirsty.] The quail was drowned in the basin belonging to the fountain. [You must make this basin much shallower, or, in the spring, half your stock will be drowned.] The pair of kestrels, in the hawk aviary, are very healthy, but the sparrow-hawk has died from cramp. [You must carefully guard against damp, especially at such a season as this, or you will lose half your birds.] The foreign birds, in the aviary adjoining the conservatory, are in a very healthy state,—particularly the avidavats, Virginian nightingale, bishop-bird, widow-bird, a pair of wax-bills, a pair of spice-birds, a Java sparrow, and a pair of shell parrots. These last were sent to Mr. Bingham, from Australia. We have not yet been able to get a specimen of the ground parrot mentioned in OUR JOURNAL (vol 1, page 153); but we hope to do so soon.—C. J. BROMHEAD, Hon. Sec., College of the Deaf and Dumb, Rugby.

[We are glad to hear that we have aided you in your studies; and sincerely hope you will closely pursue your most delightful researches into the beauties of Nature.]

*More Cruelty to Animals; A Mutilated Jackdaw.*—Knowing well, my dear Sir, what a champion we have in you, I send you a most horrible case of barbarity just reported in the *Hampshire Advertiser*. Do pray offer some comment on it, as it may act in *terrorem* over some other fiend in human shape. The paragraph I allude to, is as follows:—“A correspondent, who dates his communication from Commercial Road, Blechynden (Southampton), writes:—For the last three or four years, a neighbor of mine has had in his possession a jackdaw, and a remarkably fine specimen it was. In short, its perfect symmetry of form, together with its singularly confiding and friendly habits, and intelligent look, rendered it a general pet in this vicinity; and with myself it was an especial favorite. Frequently has it come to my window (for bits of bread, &c.), and when opened, would perch on my finger, and allow me to rub its poll; when, after thus caressing it for a minute or so, away it would fly, to interest and amuse others, as I always fancied; for one should have thought a bird with such a confiding nature would have had no enemy, but have endeared itself to all. Notwithstanding, however, its lively and happy looks, and friendly habits, poor Jack, a day or two ago, whilst on its rounds (looking, possibly, for a Christmas morsel), met with an *Anguis sub umbra*. Some diabolical monster in human shape has cut off the nether part of its bill upwards of half an inch, so that the poor bird can now peck nothing with it, which is most painful to witness. Whether or not it is possible for the mutilated beak to grow again, I am not sufficient ornithologist to know; if not, I fear poor Jack’s doom is sealed, although it may be carefully fed by its owner. Whatever may have been the poor bird’s failings—even if regarded by some as too familiar, such wanton and deliberate cruelty is most shocking. It is to be hoped this human



tiger, whoever he is, will not only soon be shown up, but smartly fined and severely punished."—So much, my dear Sir, for the paragraph. I only wish I could send you *the name* of the miscreant who has thus disgraced human nature. I feel sure you would publish it. It may transpire yet; if it does, how gladly will I send it you! Is it not monstrous, thus to mutilate a dear, confiding, inoffensive creature, whose only sin is—love for mankind! Which is the "brute" in this case?—A. T., *Southampton*.

[Alas! fair maiden, what can we do or say to meet such a case? The only means of punishment would be, to gibbet the wretch by *naming* him. He would then be expelled from all decent society, and have the mark of Cain set upon him. The wretch, KING,\* who lately roasted an inoffensive cat alive—and *this* man, would form fitting associates. Send us the name of the offender, if ever it transpires, and we pledge our word to immortalise him to the last generation. No word in our English dictionary can characterise such an offender. We may call him a monster, a wretch, a villain, a miscreant. Here our language stops; and leaves this scum of society unscathed. Let us only get his name, and he will remain a vagabond all the rest of his days. Let us hope the poor jackdaw is dead. Death would be merciful in a case of such extreme barbarity.]

*The Ant and the Bee.*—The following observations on the mode of communication adopted by the Ant and the Bee, will perhaps be interesting to your readers. You have already furnished us, in your former volumes, with much that is valuable in connection with these useful members of the community. Any one who finds himself in the vicinity of an ant's nest, may soon be convinced that these industrious little laborers are by no means destitute of the power of communicating information to each other relative to the affairs of their commonwealth. Let him, for example, place a heap of food in the neighborhood of the ant-hill, and watch the proceedings of its inmates. A short time will probably elapse before the discovery of the treasure, but at length some wanderer, in his morning's ramble, has the good fortune to stumble upon it. What does he do? He does not, like an isolated individual incapable of asking for assistance, begin at once the task of removing the heap; but, on the contrary, off he scampers with the glad intelligence; and running his head against that of every ant he meets, manages, in some mysterious way, not only to intimate the fact of the discovery, but also to give information relative to the locality where the provisions may be found. Speedily it will be seen that troops of porters, summoned at the call of the first finder, hasten to the spot, and all is activity and bustle until the store is safely warehoused in the ant-hill.

\* We exposed this fellow in our Second Volume (see p. 377). We only wish we could have seen the shadow of any extenuating circumstances—this, for the sake of human nature. But when we remember that he and his "friend" complacently sat down to cigars and brandy and water (with the outcries of their innocent victim hardly yet silenced), all pity for such outcasts becomes misplaced.

Another still more striking instance of the possession of a capability of spreading intelligence—and that of a somewhat abstruse character—is furnished by experiments that have been made by Huber and others upon bees. Every one is aware that the queen-bee is an object of the greatest solicitude and attention to all the workers of the hive; and yet, among so many thousands, all busily employed in different and distant parts of the colony, it would appear impossible for them to ascertain—at least before the lapse of a considerable time—whether she was absent from among them or not. In order to see whether bees had any power of conveying news of this kind, the queen-bee has been stealthily and quietly abstracted from the hive; but here, as elsewhere, ill news was found to fly apace. For some half-hour or so, the loss seemed not to have been ascertained, but the progressively increasing buzz of agitation gradually announced the growing alarm, until shortly the whole hive was in an uproar, and all its busy occupants were seen pouring forth their legions in search of their lost monarch, or eager to avenge with their stings the insult offered to their sovereign. On restoring the captured queen to her subjects, with equal secrecy, the tumult speedily subsided; and the ordinary business of the community was resumed, as before the occurrence.—These are merely hints, thrown out by the way. Proof of all that is here asserted is so easily obtained, that every inquiring mind should at once investigate the facts for itself.—ANNA G., *Maidstone*.

[There is no excuse for *any body* to remain ignorant of these delightful matters-of-fact. So many people keep bees, now-a-days, that a sight of their movements may be readily obtained. As for Ants, they may be seen at work, in the summer, in nearly every garden we enter.]

*Cats without Tails.*—In your admirable JOURNAL, Mr. Editor, I have seen many commentaries on this peculiar race of cats,—all of these communications have been full of interest. Rely upon it, it is a *distinct race*. They are quite common in Westmoreland, where I have seen whole litters of them. I have also found single specimens of them (occasionally) in different parts of England. How any sane person can, for one instance, give credence to their being mules, I am at a loss to imagine. Our Creator, all-wise, has ordained it that mules, beyond the first generation, *cannot exist*—thus preventing a race of monsters. I do not know whether you are aware of it, or not, Mr. Editor, but there is a very fine breed of tail-less *pigs*, and another breed almost destitute of hair or bristles. Both these are by breeders highly esteemed.—VERAX.

[Your favors are herewith exhausted. Please commence *de novo*. Our readers peruse your reminiscences with delight. There is a reality about them that invests them with a perpetual freshness. A long life has brought you acquainted with a multitude of pleasing "facts."]

*Deformity in the Canary.*—I have read with much interest the communication in Vol. II., page 395, of OUR JOURNAL, about deformity in the canary. I beg to suggest, that the *cause* of this distressing succession of misfortunes, was the



inhabitation of *vermin*. I once was similarly circumstanced. I observed all my young birds were looking dejected and uneasy, and that some of them could not perch. On handling them to discover the cause, I found them full of vermin; and several of their claws were *eaten off* by these *Thugs*, as you properly call them.—W. C. W.

*Sky-larks and Wood-larks, with Club Feet.*—All my skylarks (I have five) and my woodlarks (I have three) have their feet deformed; and they make a sad noise, as they run to and fro in their cages. They seem positively frightened at the noise they make! Do tell me, Sir, the reason of this; and also how I shall bring my birds into song, with any other useful particulars. I have only just heard of your Paper; and I mean to take it in regularly.—CAROLINE P.

[We are glad to hear you are about to take in our JOURNAL. If you are fond of birds, and are desirous of knowing *how to treat them*, procure our first and second Volumes. In these you will find the most minute particulars given for the management of all kinds of birds—not only from our own pen, but contributed by many of our correspondents, whose experience has been registered in our columns *pro bono publico*. The case of your wood-larks and sky-larks has been treated of at much length, as the “index” will show you; and it would be unfair to our readers to go over the same ground again *here*—nor is it needful. This periodical of ours, is *not* ephemeral. Its value as a “practical work of reference” is inappreciable. As it has been rendered so by our contributors, we may say this without incurring a charge of egotism.]

*On Taming Animals.*—I am really surprised, my dear Sir, to see how you are teased on this subject! Long before your, or rather our OWN JOURNAL saw the light, I had a cat which would follow me about everywhere. Long after I had quitted my father's roof, that cat bore me in unceasing remembrance. I used to pay a weekly visit to the old house, every Sunday. *Did* that cat know when Sunday came round? *Did* she *not*! As regularly as clock-work would she come out to meet me, as I neared the spot. Then would she jump, frisk, gambol, and bound merrily homewards, to announce that I was near at hand. There was no mistake here. We all understood thoroughly what was to happen, and what *did* happen. One day—forgive me if I was cruel—I resolved to play off a little trick to try the sincerity of my feline friend. We met as usual, and away flew Tom, to say to the inmates “here he comes!”—However, this time “he” did *not* come. I hid myself behind a tree, and watched the event. As I suspected, all came out to meet me—“Tom” included. I was absent! How dolefully that poor dear creature did whine when he missed me! His look was that of despair. However, I soon discovered myself; and his joy was unbounded. His end was that of most “pets.” He had strayed—had eaten of what was not meant for *him*; and when sought for was “found dead.” I have several little anecdotes to send you shortly that will just suit our JOURNAL. I have been a constant reader of yours from the first. I have met with a host of difficulties in getting it—but I

always peremptorily *insisted* on the bookseller procuring it; and thus *alone* could I have succeeded. All your readers should do the same. I am glad to hear of your new change; and sincerely say to you—“Go on, and prosper.” I will recommend our JOURNAL whenever and wherever I have an opportunity.—A. B. M., Coventry.

[You did right in *compelling* the bookseller to procure you the JOURNAL. We only wish *all* our kind friends in the country had done as you have done. We should then—instead of being *minus* nearly £600, have been that amount in pocket—a serious “difference” to us! We have three parts killed *ourselves* during the past year. *One* head, and *one* pair of hands, did then—as *they are doing now*, the work of at least half a dozen individuals. Not being gifted with a “lined” purse (our hard-hearted brethren know this), our head and hands have been constrained to make up the heavy deficiency. We have paid the penalty in a shattered constitution. What makes us refractory is—that when it is admitted on all hands that we *ought* to have succeeded, we did not succeed. Our Paper has been reported as “dead,” “dropped,” “out of print,” &c., &c., without mercy. This, in all parts of the country. The Town trade are blameable for this,—for the Country bookseller can only give the answer he receives from his London agent. “Paternoster Row” is notorious for these dirty tricks. The large houses sell just what they please; and annihilate the rest. The COUNTRY TRADE are quite at their mercy; and it is only fair for us to state this. Our files groan under complaints from the country. These complaints are founded in reason; but we can, personally, offer the writers no redress.\* Now that we have a Monthly issue ONLY, let us hope we shall sail more smoothly. As regards the labor attached to our JOURNAL,—we may remark that, to reply to “the Correspondence” alone, by post, would keep a man of ordinary talent unceasingly at work. Yet do we, unaided, manage the whole—from first to last! We think we have “a right” to the “Mysterious Cloak,” under such circumstances.†]

*A Lesson to Parents.*—Oblige me, my dear Mr. Editor, by inserting the following in our JOURNAL. It is a scene from Jean Paul Richter, and carries with it an obvious moral for all but the wilfully blind. “A delicate child, pale, and *prematurely wise*, complained on a hot morning that the poor dew-drops had been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers like other happier dew-drops, that live the whole night through, and sparkle in the moonlight; and through the morning, onwards to noon-day. ‘The sun,’ said the child, ‘has chased them away with his heat, or swallowed them up in his wrath.’ Soon after, came rain and a rainbow; whereupon his father pointed upwards. ‘See,’ said

\* We are continually receiving private notes, addressed to Hammersmith, enclosing remittances for Nos. and Parts of the JOURNAL, to be forwarded by post to the writers. The country booksellers tell them,—“the Work is not to be had, and it is no use writing any more to their London Agents for it.”—Ed. K. J.

† See Vol. i., Page 104.



he, "there stand the dew-drops gloriously re-set—a glittering jewellery—in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught, what withers upon the earth blooms again in heaven." Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words; for soon after the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled, like a dew-drop, into heaven."—How many of these "delicate, prematurely wise children" live but to die! How many of their gentle spirits are *broken*, by the gross ignorance and wickedness of their parents in training them up in a "wrong way!" How soon is the innocence of childhood seduced into the paths of sin!—NANNETTE.

[Most true, Nannette! Let us echo your sentiment from pole to pole. The "innocence of childhood," now-a-days, is a mis-nomer. The "innocence" of children is reckoned of no moment. On the contrary, pains unceasing are taken to make them precociously forward. The "consequences," alas, we all daily suffer from!]

*The Shrike, or Great Butcher-bird.*—A very fine specimen of this rare bird was shot a short time since, near St. Catharine's Hill, by Mr. W. H. Bayent. It was observed the day previous, hovering at a great height; but it was inaccessible from its extreme shyness. On beating about early next morning, the bird was fortunately flushed within distance, and brought down. It is worthy of note, that the shot in no way injured the plumage of the bird. One shot only, had taken effect; and that one pierced the brain. The bird, which is a most beautiful one, is stuffed.—L., Winchester.

*A Seasonable Hint.*—*The Oak.*—The oak, Mr. Editor, is a noble tree, and you will agree with me, the more we have of them the better. Let us try, and add to their number. There is "reason" in it. The far-famed Admiral Collingwood thus speaks of the "brave old oak," in a letter dated "The Dreadnought, off Ushant," in 1805: "If the country gentlemen do not make it a point to plant oaks wherever they will grow, the time will not be far distant when, to keep up our navy, we must depend entirely on captures from our enemy. You will be surprised to hear that most of the trees which were used in the Hibernia were taken from the Spanish ships captured on the 14th of February, and what they could not furnish was supplied by iron. I wish every one thought on this subject as I do—they would not walk through their farms without a handful of acorns to drop on the hedge-sides to let them take their chance." Every thing we see, Mr. Editor, is in favor of the oak. Therefore, I say again, let us keep adding to their number.—QUERCUS.

*A Laurel bewitched.*—No little surprise, Mr. Editor, has been excited here (Worcester), by the appearance of something extraordinary in a laurel tree. All the professed wise heads who have come to examine the matter, have gone away dumb-founded. Even John, the gardener, a knowing fellow in his way, shrugs up his shoulders, and exclaims in true Worcester phraseology, "I never seed the likes of him!" Now this king of spades, having had but limited opportunities for

observation, I will get you or some of your correspondents, to tell me whether this is a parasitic plant, or whether it is attacked by disease? How shall I describe it? There is but one way, and it shall be an original way, *i. e.*, straightforward. The branch which is attacked is tolerably thick. The bark has split in all directions, and the whole of the upper part is covered with (what appears like an army of) meal-worms,—all busily intent upon moving downwards, and scrambling one over the other, helter-skelter. The growth of these has been rapid. Outwardly, let me remark, the tree has proved itself of the world—worldly. It has, like the world's inhabitants, kept up appearances while "sick at heart." Till closely examined, it would seem to be healthy and vigorous.—PRISCILLA, Worcester.

[Well done, excellent Priscilla! you raise an interesting question, and "point a moral" at the same time. Enrol yourself from to-day "as one of us." We shall turn your talent to a profitable account. We have not, ourself, met with a case similar to the one you mention; but we have no doubt some of our readers will soon come to your aid, and solve the riddle.]

*The Robin, a Cage Bird.*—You have immortalised the Robin, Mr. Editor, in our JOURNAL, and he deserves all you have said of him. I too am blessed with one of the most splendid specimens of the tribe. I do not mean to say as to beauty. No! my pet is the ugliest of a nest of five (four of which are now dead). His head is over-large; his beak, too, slightly malformed, and it does not close properly. This, however, goes for nothing. Master Bob is intelligence itself. Whether it be day-light, candle-light, morn, noon, or night, all is one to him. He knows my foot-fall; he catches my slightest whisper. Either will call forth from him, at *all* times, a joyous, rolling song. The same if he is in-doors, and I am in the garden. Sympathy unites us as by an electric wire. He is the pet of the family, of course; his price beyond rubies. I always caress him, or he would pay me off for it; and when I give tid-bits to my other favorites, he must be *first* served! To tell you *all* his endearments, and all the games we have together, would occupy too much of your space. Suffice it to say, his love for me is extraordinary indeed! As for his song, it is indescribably rich. It is partly the natral song of a sweet-song robin—the remaining notes are superb imitations of snatches of music performed by German bands, who often perform under my window. Will you come down and hear him? How glad I shall be to see you!—R. B., Winchester.

[You have indeed a treasure in your red-breasted little friend! These birds are very subject to "fits;" beware, therefore, of giving him too much live food when in confinement. Bread and egg, cheese, moistened bread and butter (very little butter); a spider or two, an earwig, or a few ants (in the season), will keep him hale and hearty. Don't slight him. These are very jealous birds. One act of neglect might keep him "silent" for ever! We have had two or three birds exactly like this "Prince of Robins." We did, as you do, make much of them. Alas! they are now dead! We have, however, plenty



of red-breasted play-fellows in the garden—so tame! We have many a game together now. In the spring, it will be delightful to play together. We dig up worms, and they eat them from our hand. We thank you for your kind invite. We may, perhaps, some day take flight, and will then gladly make one at your hospitable table.]

*The Siskin.*—I have a pet siskin, Mr. Editor; such a dear little fellow! He is so tame, too! However I do not let him out of his cage. I call him *Huie*; and he comes when called, to take a seed from my mouth. He is quite a traveller. Bought at Newburgh, Fifeshire, he was taken to Dundee; thence by Aberdeen to Inverness; thence by Glasgow, Liverpool, and Birmingham, to his present residence at Coventry. So accustomed is he to locomotion, that he is never disturbed when his cage is about to be covered over. He was never trained to sing; but, whilst travelling, picked up the song of the chaffinch, mixed with the notes of a canary. These he combines with his own natural, sprightly song. It is pretty to hear him "lead off" with his own notes, then swell out into the canary-notes, and finally end with those of the chaffinch. His value to a dealer might be next to nothing—to me he is invaluable. He was ill in June last; but you prescribed for him. He took what you recommended, and was soon "himself again."—A. M., *Coventry*.

*Insanity.*—This fearful malady, Mr. Editor, is fast spreading amongst us; and I regret to say that it is not a little increased by the peculiarly cruel punishment inflicted in our various prisons. A case in point—one of how many others?—presents itself in an inquest just held in the Millbank prison. The suicide, Thomas Wilkinson, was aged only nineteen. He had been in separate confinement *three months and eight days*. The subjoined, from the evidence given before the coroner, is worthy the perusal of *every heart that can feel*. We may be "just," surely, without being unnecessarily "cruel." Mr. Postance, the religious instructor, deposed that, on the 27th of October last, the deceased had expressed great sorrow for his former conduct, and appeared very rational. Dr. Baily, the prison physician, under whose medical care the deceased had been, considered the act of suicide to have been unpremeditated, and to have arisen from his long sentence. This witness thought the *general cause of the suicide of prisoners* arose from the long prospect of transportation. Mr. J. D. Rendle, resident surgeon, had seen nothing in the manner of the deceased to lead him to suppose he would commit suicide. Dr. Baly here said, that the six months' separate confinement had greatly aggravated the diseases of prisoners, and only on Saturday last he recommended that a number should be placed in association until they could be removed to Dartmoor or other places. Captain Groves, in answer to questions from the coroner, said, that he had no doubt the separate confinement, even in its mitigated form, affected both the body and the mind of the prisoners. He came to that conclusion, from a mass of observations which he had made from time to time, and the statistics of the prison. The jury unanimously returned a verdict—"That the deceased

destroyed his own life by cutting his throat with a razor, he being at the time in a state of temporary insanity, *brought on by separate confinement.*" Let us hope, my dear Sir, that some reform may be soon effected, in the abolition of this fiendish refinement upon cruelty!—PATER-FAMILIAS.

[We most cordially agree with you, in the sentiments you express. Insanity is a subject we have long been studying. We have seen many—alas! too many—thus mentally afflicted. We have come to the firm conviction that, of the two, *death* is the more desirable. We ought to be very tender indeed, with all persons suffering from nervous affection. Our endurance and forbearance, under such circumstances, must be exemplary. It is a duty we owe to God and to each other. The intellect is frequently poised on the weight of a single feather. The gigantic street-organs under our very window, as we before remarked, have more than once nearly turned our editorial brain, and rendered us fit objects for Bedlam. These infernal machines,—these "organs of destructiveness," greet our ear at least thrice daily, (beginning at nine A.M.)—sometimes lingering near us for an hour at a time. Our pen is then at once thrown down—our ideas seek an hour's refuge in Hanwell, and we realise not a few of the mental tortures known only to the dwellers in that and similar asylums. These are some of those fearful inflictions upon society, for which there is *no* remedy. Foreigners, too, are the offenders—not our own countrymen! still we have no redress. The "law" laughs at us, and we grin at it. We are "not justified," we learn, in taking the law into our own hands. That may be—but we greatly fear, ere the Spring is over, we shall be indicted for "manslaughter" at least. We have certain indefatigable Italian "performers" in our mind's eye, who grind their boxes of whistles immediately under our window—and in our street,\* that most assuredly stand every chance of being speedily registered in the Bills of Mortality. We feel sure, if we defended our own cause, that we might plead "a justification," and so get "acquitted." It is worth the trial; for we may as well be "martyred" one way as another. Only let us be tried by a west-end jury, and we are content.]

*The Wine-Cork Insect.*—I dare say, Mr. Editor, there are many of your readers ignorant of the appearance presented by the walls of a merchant's wine-cellar. The large bodies of floating web, or mould, must be seen to be credited; and a sight more remarkable of its kind, perhaps never existed. Insect life is busy here—above, below, all around. Aye, even the corks in the bottles are alive! Hear what Mr. Westwood says about the Wine-Cork Insect:—"At a season when our wine-cellar are subject to more than ordinary visitation, and long stored up bottles of choice wine are dislodged from their dark retreats, and their contents duly discussed, we may be allowed to leave the gardens and

\* We selected a lofty attic in this street—"said to be" one of the quietest and most secluded in London,—simply because we thought we should be free from annoyance. Yet are we persecuted, almost to death!—ED. K. J.



fields, and call attention to the proceedings of several species of insects which have the instinct to devour the corks, and so to cause the wine to leak—thereby occasionally producing woful disappointment to the expectant connoisseur. The most injurious of all these wine-cork insects is the caterpillar of a little moth which gnaws the cork in all directions, weaving at the same time a slight web, to which are attached small masses of grains, which are the dried excrement of the insect. The ravages these larvæ commit are fearful. The larva itself is whitish-colored, fleshy, and slightly clothed with erect scattered setæ; and with a dark-colored head. When disturbed it writhes about, quits its burrow, and lets itself down from the cork by a fine thread. When full grown, it forms an elongated cocoon, attached to the surface of the material upon which it has been feeding, formed of a fine layer of silk, to the outside of which are attached particles of excrement and gnawings of its food. Within this cocoon it is transformed to a small chrysalis, rather slender in form, with the head-ease pointed, and the antennæ cases extending quite to the extremity of the body. The perfect insect is a minute moth belonging to the family Tineidæ, placed by Haworth in the genus *Gracillaria*, and specifically named by him *G. V. flava*, from the pale V-like mark on each of the fore-wings, which measure rather more than one-third of an inch in expanse, and are of a shining brown color, with a narrow pale clay-colored angulated transverse bar running across the fore-wings, at about one-third of their length from the base, resembling a > placed side-ways, the point of the letter being directed towards the tip of the wings, and connected by pale scales with a large spot on the fore-margin towards the end of the wings, which is indistinctly formed into a fascia on the hind margin. The fringe is very long, the hind wings very slender and pointed, with very long fringe, of a pale straw-colored buff. The head is clothed with a dense tuft of buff-colored hairs, truncated transversely. The palpi are of moderate length, very slender, drooping, and extending outwards, so as to be seen at the sides of the head. The antennæ are very long and thread-like, and the hind tarsi are considerably elongated. This insect has formed the subject of several communications made to the Entomological Society during the last three or four years. It has no taste for the wine itself; as it invariably leaves that portion of the cork which is saturated with the wine, untouched. From recent observations, communicated to us by Mr. Bedell, there is reason to doubt whether its exclusive or perhaps even natural food is cork, and whether it has not resorted to the cork of the wine bottles because its own food has been destroyed or wanting. Mr. Bedell, in fact, finds the moth in the vaults of the London Docks, where the wine is never kept in bottles; and he has, moreover, found the caterpillars feeding upon fungi or mould growing upon the walls of cellars; where, also, no corked wine bottles were kept. Another circumstance is also worthy of remark, namely, that the insect seems almost unknown on the Continent; whereas if it fed naturally on the cork, it would surely be found more commonly in the south of Europe. A communication by Dr. Felkin, of Richmond, was made to

the Entomological Society, on the 5th of April last, in which it was stated that the corks of some port-wine bottles which had been packed in straw in wooden cases, in which it remained undisturbed for seventeen or eighteen years, were found to have been much gnawed, so that in some cases leakage and evaporation had completely emptied the bottles. In others, there was only a little loss; but in most cases the corks were more or less destroyed. This partial destruction seemed as if it were prevented from being complete by the wine oozing out in a single drop, and being pernicious to the insect. He moreover suggested that the insect seemed to enter into the cork, and commence its ravages at that part where there is a depression caused by the instrument used by wine merchants in corking wine, to compress the cork, and make it enter more readily into the neck of the bottle. He proposed, as a remedy against the mischief, to cut the cork level with the mouth of the bottle, and then to dip the top of the bottle for half-an-inch into a mixture of—yellow bees'-wax, eight ounces, and sweet oil four ounces, melted together; or to surround the upper part of the cork with a thin coat of gutta percha, or after the bottle has been corked, to immerse the mouth in a solution of alum in vinegar. None of these plans, if effectual, would injure the wine, or render it less fit for drinking.—I have recently been over some large wine-cellars, Mr. Editor, and it is what I saw there that has induced me to copy and send you the above particulars from my paper. It appears that various other species of insects feed on the corks of wine-bottles. An account of them will be found in the first volume of "The Transactions of the Entomological Society," p. 55; "Kirby and Spence's Introduction," 6th edition, vol. i., p. 197; and "Curtis's British Entomology, Genus, *Mycetæa*," fol. 502. Nature is *indeed* wonderful in all her works.—CURIOSUS, *Hampstead*.

*Diogenes and his Lantern*.—A new weekly periodical, Mr. Editor, yclept "Diogenes," has appeared amongst us. His philosophic lantern has been turned already upon a multitude of dark subjects. It is now turned upon a *very* dark locality indeed! I mean Paternoster Row—or "the grove of poor authors" as it stands recorded in history. The philosopher, and his lantern, have been in "the Row" one whole month, seeking to find "an honest bookseller." "When found," he will no doubt be "made a note of."—QUIZ.

[Diogenes will die, MR. QUIZ,—at least we fear as much. He has undertaken too much. Yet do we readily acknowledge that "we live in an Age of Wonders."]

*New mode of Coloring Silk, previous to Spinning*.—It has long been known to physiologists, that certain coloring matters, if administered to animals along with their food, possess the property of entering into the system and tinging the bones. In this way, the bones of swine have been tinged purple by madder; and instances are on record of other animals being similarly affected. No attempt, however, was made to turn this beautiful discovery to account until lately, when Mons. Roulin speculated on what might be the consequence of administering colored articles of



food to silk-worms just before they began spinning their cocoons. His first experiments were conducted with indigo, which he mixed in certain proportions with the mulberry-leaves, serving the worms for food. The result of this treatment was successful—he obtained blue cocoons. Prosecuting still further his experiments, he sought a red-coloring matter capable of being eaten by the silk-worms, without injury resulting. He had some difficulty to find such a coloring matter at first, but eventually alighted on the *Bignonia chica*. Small portions of this plant having been added to the mulberry leaves, the silkworms consumed the mixture, and produced red-colored silk. In this manner the experimenter, who is still prosecuting his researches, hopes to obtain silk, as secreted by the worm, of many other colors.—LECTOR.

“*The Christmas Rose.*”—Do, Mr. Editor, let me call your attention, and that of your readers, to the value of this plant as an ornament to our gardens during the winter months. There is surely no reason why the flower-garden should present the dull and repulsive aspect it usually exhibits at this season of the year. At least, if any reason there be, it is not found in the fact that no means exist of obviating it. And I am happy to find the subject is beginning to occupy attention. In the meanwhile, I know of no plant better deserving the notice of those who are anxious to have a winter-garden, than that which I have named. It commences its flowering in November, and lasts till March or April. Nothing is easier than its culture. It will invariably thrive in good vegetable mould; but it does not like too frequent a removal. It is very useful, too, as a green-house plant during the winter. When intended for this use, the plants should be kept plunged in ashes in a shady place during the summer, and removed to the house when they begin to bloom.—W. T.

*The Venomous Fly of Southern Africa.*—This fly, called by the natives Tsetés, is the same that was found to the east of the Limpopo, and which infests the country of Sebitoani; it is fortunately confined to certain localities, from which it never removes. The inhabitants lead their cattle within a certain distance of the places where it is found; and if they are compelled, in moving about, to cross those portions of the country infested by the insect, they choose for this purpose a moonlight night in the winter, because the insect does not bite during the nights of the cold season. From what I have seen, I think that it only requires three or four flies to kill a large ox. We examined about a score of ours which had been bitten and died; they all presented the same appearances. On removing the skin, the muscles had a slimy aspect, and appeared much altered. The stomach and intestines were healthy; the heart, the lungs, the liver, sometimes all at once, and always one or other of these organs, were affected. The heart especially attracted our attention; it was no longer a hard muscle, but a contracted and emaciated organ, which might be crushed by the least pressure of its walls; it resembled flesh which had been soaked in water. The blood was diminished in quantity and altered in quality. The

largest ox did not furnish more than twenty pints; it was thick and albuminous. The hands, when immersed in this blood, were not spotted by it. The poison appeared to spread in the blood, and to change the rest of the organs through its intervention. I believe that all domestic animals, except the goat, die of the bite of this insect; calves, and other young animals, are secure from it during the whole time that they are sucking; man and all wild animals are also proof against its venom.—W. OSWELL, in the *Comptes Rendus*, October 16, 1852.

*Love one another!*—Your delightful correspondent, NANNETTE, has sent you many nice little pickings from her “Note-Book.” Let me also assist in the good cause advocated by our JOURNAL. The subjoined, from the pen of Charles Swain, is, I think, worthy general regard. There is so very little loving and forgiving going on in “the days we live in,” that it *may* perchance have some good effect. Let us hope so.—ROSE.

Oh, loving and forgiving—

Ye angel-words of earth,  
Years were not worth the living  
If ye too had not birth!

Oh, loving and forbearing—

How sweet your mission here;  
The grief that ye are sharing  
Hath blessings in its tear!

Oh, stern and unforgiving—

Ye evil words of life,  
That mock the means of living  
With never-ending strife!

Oh, harsh and unrepenting—

How would ye meet the grave,  
If Heaven, as unrelenting,  
Forbore not, nor forgave!

Oh, loving and forgiving—

Sweet sisters of the soul,  
In whose celestial living  
The passions find control!  
Still breathe your influence o'er us  
Whene'er by passion crost,  
And, angel-like, restore us  
The paradise we lost.

[Thank you, dear Rose. Any garland, so twined, will be always acceptable.]

*More of the Fidelity of the Dog.*—The following, Mr. Editor, is recorded in the “Dundee and Perth Advertiser,” as having just occurred in Perth.—“Our respected Braemar carrier, Alexander Grant, in his going north last week, was overtaken with a violent snow-storm on the Cairnwell; and finding it impossible to proceed from the drifting snow, he saw no alternative but to lock up his van, take his horse from the carriage, and retrace his steps to the Spital Inn. This he did with much difficulty; and calling on his dog to follow, he did not miss him until arriving at the inn. After a diligent search, no dog was to be found. But when, on the following Monday, Mr. Grant went with assistance, to get his cart dug out of the snow, to his astonishment there was his faithful dog; alive, and in charge of the van, having watched it two days and two nights! Such an animal is truly valuable; and such an



instance is another proof of the fidelity and attachment of these creatures to their masters and property."—I know, Mr. Editor, how readily you will give insertion to this. If men were to take a lesson now and then out of a dog's book, it would do society no harm,—would it?—LOUISA T.

[You are right, Louisa. The dog is a noble animal; and repeatedly proves himself far superior to Man,—his master.]

*The Late Poultry Show at Birmingham.*—With reference to the weight of the prize birds at Birmingham, or indeed anywhere, says Mr. J. BAILY, it must be borne in mind that size, and consequently weight, are only valuable when allied to the other points, that mark purity of breed and stamp the value of a fowl. Thus, in Cochin

Chinas, the pen exhibited by Mr. Sturgeon, which took the first prize, was exceedingly heavy; but they were also symmetrical. The hens nearly averaged eleven pounds each, and the cock surpassed them. If these had lacked feathering on the leg, their size would not have secured the prize. Again, these weights are exceptions to the rule, and the owner of Cochin China cocks of 9½ or 10 lbs., and pullets of 8 or 8½ lbs., possesses, so far as size is concerned, first-rate birds. The Dorkings were very heavy, but they kick the beam when put in the scale with the birds we have just mentioned. The heaviest hen in the show was the property of the Hon. and Rev. Stephen Lawley; she weighed 8½ lbs. This again is an exception. There were plenty of cocks 8½, and pullets 7 and 7½ lbs. In all these classes, it must be borne in mind, the birds exhibited are the pickings of the United Kingdom. Cocks 7½ lbs. and pullets 6½ lbs. are good birds, and about the average of the stocks kept, where they are carefully attended to, and of first-rate strains. But if they weighed 12 lbs. each, and were four-toed or black-legged, they would be disqualified. The smallest bantams weighed from 12 to 16 oz. each. A bantam-cock should not exceed 17 oz. nor a hen 14 oz. But here, again, if one weighed but seven, sickle feathers in the tail, or long hackle and saddle, or feathered legs, or single comb, would disqualify a Sebright. These are the breeds in which great or small weights are most esteemed. But it will be seen that, although important and essential when combined with other properties, they are only accessories to success. To hope for pre-eminence in any breed, it is not enough to have good birds; the amateur must breed largely to give him opportunity for selection. It is said of Lord Rivers, many years ago, that he was once asked how he succeeded in having always first-rate grey-hounds? He answered, "I breed many, and hang many." This was the secret of his success. The same will be found in exhibiting fowls—successful competitors breed largely and keep the best. When it is wished to rear poultry, for competing in classes where size is a desideratum, care should be taken to feed the chickens from the first as well as possible. A check at a fortnight old is never recovered. The chicken may live, grow up, and do well; but it will never carry the prize from one that has progressed uninterruptedly. This is true of all the Gallinaceous tribes. The weights of the turkeys were as follows:—Cocks 22½, 21½, 19,

and 19½ lbs. each. The first and largest was of the ordinary breed of Cambridgeshire. The others were copper and American. The hens from 11 to 14 lbs. each. The geese weighed from 20¼ to 15½ lbs. The successful pens, 1 gander and 2 geese in each, weighed 58¼, 52¼, and 50 lbs. Last year, 1851, the Rev. John Robinson, of Widmerpool, sent a gander weighing 29 lbs. The best ducks averaged 5½ lbs each.—I quite agree with you Mr. Editor, about Poultry. Say what you will, the Dorking, all things considered, is "the" best of all known fowls—both for eggs and the table.—A WILSON.

*Brutal Conduct to a Pony at Oxford.*—No doubt, Mr. Editor, you have read the account in the newspapers, of the recent horrible case heard before the magistrates at Burnham, Bucks, with reference to the monster named Prickett, who laid a wager to drive his pony to London and back, (120 miles) in twenty hours! The details of his cruelty are too sickening to be laid before your readers, but the wretch deserves public exposure. His name is PRICKETT, and he is the landlord of the *Plough*, at Oxford. His "fine," as levied by the tender-hearted magistrates, was 40s., and the costs 33s.!—A LOVER OF HUMANITY, *Henley-on-Thames*.

[This fellow is a monster indeed! But for the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"—how everybody hates this valuable society! he would have escaped altogether. As for the "fine,"—the magistrates, when they named it, must have been dreaming; if not, they must have been iron-hearted. How any civilised men could sit and hear what we have read in the newspapers, and which we take it for granted must be true—without shuddering, and administering something like "justice" to the criminal, we know not. Perhaps they were fox-hunters; if so all is explained. "Birds of a feather, etc."]

*Cochin China Fowls.*—Although, Mr. Editor, I agree with you, that no fowl can surpass the Dorking for the table, nor the Hamburgs for eggs,—yet let me put in a plea for the Cochins. They unite both qualities. They lay well; and their eggs are of a good size. They commence laying when about seven months old. The gait of the pullet is not unlike that of the Dorking. Mine are of a good form; short on the leg, and very full bodied. The cocks are longer on the legs than the Dorkings; and have a peculiar gait. One of mine crows very clearly. It is "lengthened sweetness long drawn out." The Cochins weigh heavy. Cocks average 10lbs; and pullets 8lbs when full grown. I find these birds more hardy than any others. I did not lose one chicken last season. I had one hatch of half-bred birds,—a cross between the Cochin and Dorking. These came off last October. The mother died in a fortnight afterwards. However, the chickens reared themselves, and are now A 1. It was very pleasing to watch the little creatures huddle together at night, in some hay I gave them! I have not yet tasted the flesh of the thorough bred birds; but those from the cross I speak of are excellent fowl for the table. They weigh, when six months old, from 6 to 7lbs per head.—C. P., *Boston, Lincolnshire*.



*How to cure Parrots of pulling out their Feathers.*—I have read in OUR JOURNAL, various complaints of the difficulty that exists in curing parrots of this disfiguring habit; and I have never felt satisfied that any of the modes proposed as "cures," went to the bottom of the evil; in fact, the *disease*, for disease it is, is evidently not understood. I have at the request of a correspondent, made an inquiry on the subject in the NATURALIST. In the remarks I am now about to make, I am by no means sure that I have approached nearer to a solution of the difficulty; but they may suggest to those interested, a more probable clue to the origin of the habit than would arise from any of the articles above alluded to. I take no credit to myself for the idea. It has been conveyed to me by Mr. D. GRAHAM, a most respectable and first-rate bird-stuffer, of this city (York). Knowing that he kept a grey parrot, I spoke to him on the subject of parrots denuding themselves of their feathers. He said that a Falconer (I believe in the employment of the Duke of Leeds) had told him that the habit was caused *by the presence of an insect of some kind*, and that a *certain cure for it was to wash the bird in whiskey*. It struck me at once, that this was an excellent suggestion; and that it could do no harm to hint as much in OUR JOURNAL—supplying the "bane and antidote" at the same time. The proper mode of investigating the subject would be—to examine the skin of one of the diseased birds with a strong magnifier. The parasite would be either a *Pediculus*, of a moderate size—probably not less than one-twentieth of an inch long, or an *Acarus*, like the itch insect, and which would not be visible, unless greatly magnified. Should any little pustules or pimples be observed, they should be opened with a needle. The matter exuding therefrom, should then be placed on a piece of glass; and when covered with a second piece of glass, submitted to a microscope of high powers. This would determine the question; for should an *Acarus* be present, it would readily be seen. I am inclined to suspect that an *Acarus* is the enemy; and, in such case, whiskey or any other spirit, would be a certain cure. I shall be very glad to hear the result of any experiments on this matter, resulting from these remarks.—BEVERLEY R. MORRIS, M.D., *York, Jan. 21, 1853.*

[A question is here raised, in which we know not how many hundreds—perhaps thousands of persons, feel deeply interested. Parrots, in this country, are extensively "petted," and very large sums are given for "good birds." It is truly vexatious, to see some of these costly animals suffering from an unknown enemy, who destroys, or eats away, all that is elegant in their varied costume. We will canvass the subject; and, if possible, arrive at the direct cause of the evil.]

#### PRIMROSES.

"Three bunches a-penny, primroses!"

BY ELIZA COOK.

"Three bunches a-penny, primroses!"  
Yes; dear is the greeting of Spring,  
When she offers her dew-spangled posies,  
The fairest creation can bring!

"Three bunches a-penny, primroses!"  
The echo resounds in the mart;  
And the simple "cry" often uncloses  
The worldly bars grating man's heart.

We reflect, we contrive, and we reckon  
How best we can gather up wealth.  
We go where bright finger-posts beckon,  
Till we wander from Nature and Health.

But the "old cry" shall burst on our scheming,  
The song of "Primroses" shall flow;  
And "Three bunches a-penny" set dreaming  
Of all that we loved long ago.

It brings visions of meadow and mountain,  
Of valley, and streamlet, and hill;  
When Life's ocean but played in a fountain—  
Ah, would that it sparkled so still!

It conjures back shadowless hours,  
When we threaded the wild forest ways;  
When our own hand went seeking the flowers,  
And our own lips were shouting their praise.

The perfume and tint of the blossom  
Are as fresh in vale, dingle, and glen;  
But say, is the pulse of our bosom  
As warm and as bounding as then?

"Three bunches a-penny, primroses!"  
"Three bunches a penny,—come buy!"  
A blessing on all the spring posies,  
AND GOOD-WILL TO THE POOR ONES WHO CRY!

#### I'LL THINK ON THEE!

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

I will think on THEE, when Summer flowers  
Near thy happy home are springing;  
When the sun brightly beams on our favorite  
bow'rs,  
And the birds are sweetly singing.  
Again I will visit the path where we rov'd,  
Bright joys that still fondly endear thee;  
I will wander again o'er the scenes that you  
loved,  
And fancy that THOU art still near me.

I will think on THEE, when the Wintry wind  
Howls a requiem o'er the departed;  
I remember thy pity, thy love for mankind,  
Whom sorrow had left broken-hearted.  
And I'll pray that true peace may for ever be  
thine,  
Thy name I will breathe most devoutly;  
Oh! when shall thy dear smiles again brightly  
shine  
On the heart that is lonely without thee?

I will think on THEE when fortune lowers,  
When sorrow and sadness distress me;  
I will think on THEE in my happier hours;  
Yes; my lips shall for ever bless thee.  
I know I am fondly remembered by THEE,  
This hope sweetly beams on the morrow;  
But I need thy kind aid, and a prayer breath'd  
for me,  
To lighten my heart of its sorrow.



HAPPINESS AND ITS OPPOSITE,—  
OR  
THE INSATIATE THIRST FOR GOLD.

If solid HAPPINESS we prize,  
Within our breast this jewel lies;  
And they are fools who roam.  
The world has nothing to bestow;  
From our own selves our joys must flow,  
And that dear hut, OUR HOME.

COTTON.

HAPPINESS is a road-side flower, growing in the high-ways of usefulness. Plucked, it shall wither in thy hand; passed by, it is fragrance to thy spirit.

TUPPER.



QUESTIONABLE INDEED IS THAT which mankind call HAPPINESS! Much has been written on the subject, by the best of men; but it never had, never will have, any lasting good effect. The world have their own ideas about it, and all argument is vain.

We took occasion, in our SECOND VOLUME, to call attention to the fatal folly exhibited by those who, despite of all warning, *would* give up good situations in England to seek their fortunes in foreign climes. This folly has been already repented of by many thousands who have reached Australia, and are now starving there. Letters innumerable are daily arriving full of ill-news; yet is the mania for "gold, gold, gold," still on the increase. There are more people waiting to go out, than there are ships to receive them.

For us, or indeed for any body, to attempt to argue with people mad for gold—the very name of which makes them forsake friends and country—would be folly. We say, let such madmen go; and let them be well punished for their folly. Perhaps they will return, as many have already done, wiser men. Our heart has ached, whilst listening to the dismal tales of woe related by those who have given up their all for a mere shadow. They went out full of glee, dreaming of gold and happiness. They have returned home penniless, and truly miserable. Many of our well-salaried clerks, redolent of kid gloves, pomatum, and macassar, whose "heavy" hours of "business" averaged daily some six or eight hours, are among the venturers. These, we learn, are in a most deplorable condition. They find lavender-water, cambric handkerchiefs, a well cut coat, and figured shirts, little esteemed *there*. Gold rings, too, on their fingers, and large diamond pins in their shirt-fronts, stand them in little stead. They gaze upon the gold, exhibited in large lumps at the windows of the dealers, and wish themselves at home again! The accounts received of these silly boys are very laughable; but they really ought to have a voice, seeing that

many hundreds of other equally silly boys are preparing to follow suit. This by way of a hint.

The subjoined extracts from a letter, gives so fair a statement of Life at the Diggings, that we feel sure our readers will enjoy a perusal of them. The letter was written by a son to his mother. The names of the parties, of course, we suppress:—

Melbourne, July 30, 1852.—I told you of my start for the diggings, with my stores, &c., in mine of the 28th of April. On my arrival our company broke up, and I, joining with Dr. M'C., worked there till the latter end of June (in the most part of the time dreadful wet weather), when, as we had done very little good in that time, owing to the obstacles thrown in our way by the continued wet, I sold off my stores at very good prices, and returned to Melbourne, which I reached again on the 8th of this month. I sold flour, that I had given £3 per bag for, for £16; sugar, for which I had given 3d. per lb., at 1s 6d., and so on. My two horses, cart, and harness, cost me close on £80; I sold them for 3lb 2½ oz. of gold, which at £2 17s. per ounce, was £110, the price agreed upon by the buyer; but I brought the gold to Melbourne, and sold at £3 3s. per ounce, so that they brought me in £121, I making about £40 by the transaction. But such a sum as £40 is not thought much of here now, as gold-diggers think nothing frequently of giving £50 or £60 for a couple of two-horse frys to drive a wedding party about the town for two or three hours.

There are one or two of those weddings here nearly every day. The party drive up one street and down another half the day; shewing themselves off, and *getting gradually drunk as the day advances*. You would stare in London to see such a wedding, the whole party, excepting perhaps, the bride and bridesmaids, smoking; and generally one, the drunkest of the party, leaning half over the back of the fly, black bottle in hand, inviting the public in general to have a 'nobbler.' One of these weddings frequently costs the 'happy bride-groom' £300 or £400.

We understand, that very little indeed can be said about "virtue" here. No females whatever, of any respectability, can go about unprotected; even what they see on every hand, is enough to shake their principles to the very foundation. Modesty is all but unknown. This we can readily understand—but how deplorable the thought! Let us inquire further, about the accommodation afforded to new-comers:—

August 31.—People are flocking in from all countries now, and there is not accommodation for a tenth of them. Some have to sleep in sheds, &c., who never knew anything but a feather-bed in England.

Let our scented young clerks, with their oiled and curled locks, and Spanish leather boots, think of this. There will be no Turkey carpets to receive them at night—no divans where they can loll away their time



and choke themselves with the fumes of smoke. But we will proceed:—

We have had very heavy rains lately; several people have been drowned on their way to and from the diggings, in attempting to swim the creeks, as the government does not think of putting any bridges where they are required; indeed, the people are beginning to murmur against the abominable way in which our government is at present carried on. The people can, and very soon will, govern themselves, if the authorities are not very soon altered, or change their mode of action—if such a word as ‘action’ may be used for their utter imbecility. *You cannot walk the streets of the city after dark, without being armed. I never go out at night without having an open knife in my hand.*

This, too, is a pleasant state of affairs. How very soundly a person must sleep in such a “happy land!”

Robberies are committed also in the open day with impunity, whilst the Legislative Council is debating whether they shall give policemen 7s.6d. or 7s. 9d. per day, when no man will work under 10s. at even road-scraping. I cannot have lost less than between £300 or £400 by the mis-management of the post-office, *letters being mis-laid, mis-sent, and lost altogether, day after day.* We want a Vigilance Committee here as in California, and I would be one of the first to join it. It saved California, and we shall have no safety until it is adopted here. There are marriage parties driving about every day, as I described in my last. I was at the Botanical-gardens last Sunday; and there were diggers’ wives promenading, most splendidly dressed in silks, satins, velvets, feathers, and jewellery *who had been servants in situations a week before.*

These frauds by the post-office people are, we know, very common. “Help yourself” seems quite the order of the day. It must be good fun to see the loutish servants, bowed down beneath the weight of their finery. Silks, satins, velvets, feathers, and jewellery must “set off” their vulgar persons nicely!

September 2.—There are about one thousand five hundred people arriving here every week; this number will soon be two thousand. Hitherto, we have only had them from the surrounding colonies; the stream is now commencing in earnest from England, the mother country, as she is called, but she is a mother that does not know how to govern her children. Everybody now is doing well, that the weather will permit to do anything. In nearly every shop, such as a tailor’s, there is a bill up with ‘Thirty good hands wanted.’ Carpenters are advertised as being wanted, wages £1 per day. Dressmakers and milliners in proportion; and more than they can do. Pastrycooks are making small fortunes from mere wedding-cakes, one about six or eight inches diameter costing £4 or £5. If it is £4, the digger throws down a £5-note, and takes a handful of gingerbread-nuts as change. Melbourne is literally crowded with ‘new chums,’ who are at their wits’-end where to lay their heads. They stand with open mouths at the windows of the gold-brokers’ shops, admir-

ing the golden show; the window is generally set out with three or four glass vases filled with gold, large pieces of the same metal being placed separate when weighing above 1lb. or so. The rest of the window is generally filled up with rolls of bank-notes, and piles of sovereigns. All this reflected by a looking-glass, forms a very attractive sight to newly arrived gold seekers. Some of these windows must contain from £9,000 to £10,000.

A tempting sight this, for the dapper young clerks on landing. They must surely “dream” of gold the first night! But now for the gold-brokers. Are they honest? We shall see:—

The gold-broker has a happy facility in converting into an office any space large enough to contain himself and a pair of scales. The passage or private entrance of a shop is frequently made into an ‘office’ by having a green-baize partition at the back of the broker, who pays £5 per week for the accommodation. Some of these ‘take in’ diggers to a great extent. One of their tricks is as follows:—A digger goes into one of these offices with his bag of dust and nuggets, which the broker requests him to empty on a large sheet of whity-brown or other large paper. He then begins a vigorous ‘rousing’ with his fingers, and a magnet to extract the iron-stone from among it; and, a good deal of blowing and shaking having been gone through in a careless off-hand manner, he empties the lot into the scale. ‘Seven and four is eight, eight and three is eleven, eleven and four is fourteen; fourteen ounces, four penny-weights and a half, at £3.7s an ounce, £43; there’s a check, Sir.’ Now, all this shaking, &c., is to make a portion of gold pass through two nicks each, in two sheets of paper. When he takes it to put the gold into the scale, he shifts the two sheets, so that the nicks are no longer over each other. Consequently they cannot be seen, even if the seller has any suspicion. Sometimes, after shaking and blowing the gold in the above manner, he offers 2s per ounce less than the digger can get anywhere else, who of course declines selling, and goes away with an ounce or so less than he came with. Some never buy an ounce, but have a pound or two to sell at the end of the week. Some scales have the beam divided unequally, so that it takes a quarter of an ounce to turn the scale. If one half of the beam is the 16th of an inch longer than the other, it will take this. The way to beat them at this work is, to reverse the gold and weights from one scale to the other. The known weight of gold that has been sent from here up to this date is sixty-four tons; but this does not include that which parties take away of their own. The number of persons that arrived in Melbourne last week was 4,283; who left it, 390; leaving an addition to our population in one week of 3,803.

So much for Melbourne, and its civilisation. No employment is there, of any kind, for the mind; no thought required beyond the present moment. Eating, drinking, sleeping, and gold digging, are here reckoned the *summum bonum* of human happiness. Let us hear what another writer says of Adelaide,



where a seven-and-sixpenny tin-dish realises 20s., and a fifteen-penny shovel produces 10s.—all in an instant!

Never was the labor-market worse supplied than at present. Even during the panic in January and February last, labor was to be had at such a rate as not materially to interfere with the prosecution of profitable industrial operations. Now, however, it is either not to be had at all, or not without such an advance in the wages as is perfectly paralyzing to the employer. Several causes have contributed to this. First, the continued absence of a number of the less successful portion of the laboring population at the Victoria gold diggings. Second, the indisposition of those who have returned with the means of supporting themselves without labor, to return to their former accustomed occupations. Third, the withdrawal of so many persons to the South Australian or Echunga diggings, at a time when the labor market of the colony was suffering under an excess of depletion. Fourthly, *the rise in the price of provisions and most of the other necessaries of life*, rendering it difficult, if not next to impossible, for people to feed and clothe themselves at the former rate of wages. And, fifthly, the feverish excitement which the expectation of becoming successful gold-diggers constantly keeps up; and the ease with which parties, whatever their former employments, can transform themselves into this character.

No one, not on the spot, can adequately conceive the effect produced in Adelaide by the reported discovery of gold in workable quantities in Echunga. In less than three days the 2lb. loaf was up to 8d.; and wood and water were at double their former prices. For tin dishes, the former price of which was 7s 6d, £1 was asked and obtained. Shovels, invoiced at 1s 3d to 1s 9d, readily sold at 8s to 10s, and picks and most other tools went off at a like advance. Of course, there were great complaints against the vendors of these articles; but they justified themselves in return, by referring to the daily increasing price of wages. This is mentioned with the view of showing the deep necessity there is for a constant stream of emigration from the United Kingdom being kept up. Nothing else can save the colony from utter prostration. There is at this moment a million sterling lying idle in Adelaide for the want of hands to employ it. Tradesmen and artisans of every description, no less than shepherds and agricultural laborers, would find instant employment at remunerative wages, without troubling themselves about the gold fields.

A pretty picture of society is this! But who will cultivate the "domestic arts," when gold is to be had? "Aye, there's the rub."—Poor Adelaide!

We conclude this graphic sketch of men and manners, with an extract from a recent number of the *Melbourne Herald*. We shall glean from it some idea of the value of land and house speculation in Australia:—

Two years ago, a solicitor bought one hundred acres of land on the other side of the Yarra, adjoining the property of Colonel Anderson and Ma-

JOR Davidson. The terms were £500 at five years' credit, being eight per cent. interest. Last week this property, less twelve allotments (which the proprietor has reserved to himself), was divided into building lots, and sold by Messrs. Stubbs and Son for £5,000. And it is a fact that parties who purchased at the sale are re-selling at 100 per cent. profit already. Geelong Land Sale.—Not a single lot was withdrawn, and many allotments realised very high prices. The Ballarat allotments, of two roods each, ranged from £80 to £270. The total amount of the first day's sale was £5,276., and of the second day's, £38,000. Value of town property:—A gentleman of our acquaintance, who about two years since erected premises near the wharf, which, together with the land upon which they were built, cost £2,600, has, within the last few days, been offered £9,800 cash down for them, and has refused the offer, from a conviction that town property has not yet attained its maximum value.

From all this, we arrive at "a great fact." Mechanics, laborers, and all who are adepts at the useful arts, may at once enter on the road to fortune. People too who have money at their command, can, by investment, readily treble it. But for the rest, they had better tarry where they are. Bad as they may consider things here, they will find them infinitely worse abroad. *Sinecures* there, are unknown; kid-gloves are not recognised; and "six-hour men" are not allowed to have it all their own way. People who will not work, must starve; or come back and "put up with" their paltry £150 and £200 a year—if they can get it.

#### ROUGH NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS.

BY A SPORTSMAN AND NATURALIST.

A FRIEND OF MINE, Mr. Editor, having informed me of the immense quantity of wild fowl frequenting the western shores of Connaught (Western Ireland), I thought I could not do better than wend my way thither, and spend a fortnight in that wild and desolate portion of Her Majesty's dominions, so ably described by poor Maxwell in his "Wild Sports of the West."

I left home about 8 A.M., one fine morning in the early part of August last (1852), arrived at Holyhead, *via* Chester, by express train, at 5, P.M., and in half an hour afterwards rounded the "South Stack," in that superb little steamboat, the "Anglia." We arrived at Kingstown an hour after our time (12 o'clock), in consequence of a head-wind. Thence we proceeded per rail to Dublin, which occupied a quarter of an hour. I put up at "Eggington's Hotel" in College Green; and here let me advise any of the readers of "Kidd's Journal," visiting Dublin, if they love comfort at an hotel, combined with attention and exceedingly moderate charges, to go to "Eggington's." I



can assure them they will not repent having taken my advice. The next morning I made a tour of the city; and at 4 P.M., set off per Midland Great Western for Mullingar. From the latter place I departed per mail coach for Ballina, a distance of about seventy Irish miles, equal to a hundred English. The coach starts from Mullingar at 10 P.M., and arrives at Ballina about 10 A.M., the next day. From thence I set off across the country, and passing through Castlebar and Westport, finally arrived at Newport, a small village near the coast.

I would here caution any young sportsman, or naturalist, who fancies that by going to such "a wild, out-of-the-way place," as Western Ireland, he can live and cruize about at a cheaper rate there than in any other part of the British Isles. This is all moonshine. Nearly all the inns are most exorbitant in their charges; and in the aforesaid little village of Newport, another gentleman and myself were charged half-a-crown each for what they were pleased to call "a dinner." This "dinner" consisted of four mutton chops, served up in a small public house bearing the name of "Hotel." The waiters at these places are the most voracious set of fellows I have ever met with. They certainly do amuse you at your meals by their odd tales; but they take special care to make you pay well for your amusement, and higgle with you ten times worse than a London cabman. I found the best way to manage them was, to get back what they had refused, and then politely inform them that they should have nothing. I mention these little matters by way of duty. Every travelling naturalist ought to communicate to his brethren such facts as may be of use to them, if peradventure they should ever travel in his footsteps.

A week after my arrival, I started for the entrance of Clew Bay. I found it just the place I had pictured to myself. Imagine an immense bay, filled with islands, high mountains on either side, with Clare Island stationed at its mouth. Here and there, close to the shore, were cabins or native cottages; and one of them I made my home during my stay.

There are many who talk largely about how they have "roughed it" in small public houses on the English coast; but I'll venture to say, if they paid a visit to a cabin in the wilds of Connaught, they might use that term more appropriately. But in my various peregrinations in search of specimens, I have been introduced to a few hardships both by sea (when the vessel I was in was wrecked, and nearly a hundred of my poor fellow-mortals met with a watery grave), and land. These have caused me to think lightly of such minor matters as mud floors,

fleas, and cock-roaches. The room I occupied contained two beds, an old chest, a table, and a broken chair or two; but with these, and a jolly good peat fire, I felt far happier than if seated in the most splendid drawing-room. At night, as the wind moaned through the shutters, and the rain descended in torrents on the thatch, I heaped more turf on the fire; and as the cheerful blaze rushed up the chimney, I filled my "dudheen," and mixing a glass of glorious "toddy," sat and amused myself with the past numbers of "KIDD'S OWN," Mudie, Col. Hawker, and others.

My days were generally spent in sailing about the bay, or scrambling over the hills and moorlands, looking out for specimens; and the result of my observations may be combined in the following rough notes, which I made during my short stay in that wild yet beautiful country.

The heron was common; and usually to be found standing motionless, upon some small rock close in shore, watching for prey. I saw one of these birds in a domestic state in a poulterer's shop in Dublin; and the owner informed me that he had been in his possession for upwards of twenty years. His food consisted solely of the windpipes of ducks and geese, which I saw given to him. Cormorants, too, were very common. I descried them in companies of seven or eight, sailing about the bay. They allowed the boat to come within thirty yards, keeping their heads and necks only above water. They kept very close together, and dived the instant the gun went off, so that it was difficult to kill them. I shot four on the 11th of August. One of them had the belly and underside dusky-white; while the others were clothed with green. The boatmen and their families ate them for supper, and declared they were very good.

Of gulls there were hundreds. I noticed four or five different kinds. Wherever the poor people were to be seen collecting cockles, sand eels, &c., there were the gulls sure to be in crowds, sailing over their heads, and every now and then dipping down for some of the small fish thrown away. When the tide had receded in the night time, and the moon had risen, it was delightful to sit and listen to the cries of the gulls, and other sea birds. The hoarse scream of the largest species of gull, might be heard at the distance of a mile with the greatest ease. Curlews were in great numbers. These birds are a great annoyance to the coast shooter, in consequence of their timid habits. They generally have a sentinel posted upon some rocky eminence; and at the first appearance of danger, he immediately gives the loud peculiar note of alarm. This causes the whole body of curlews to



rise up, and with them the golden plover, redshanks, &c., leaving the weary sportsman to toil over the sandbanks again and again without once getting a shot.

The golden plover I found in flocks of thirty or forty. At full tide, these birds leave the coast for the moors and uplands, and there await the turn of the tide. I was frequently astonished at the regularity with which they returned to the shore. At the very precise period of the tide beginning to ebb, did they make their appearance from the hills. Redshanks were common, frequenting the sandbanks, and mixing with the curlews. Oyster catchers, (called there "sea-pies") were also common, generally six or seven together. Ring plovers were in abundance. I saw from two to three hundred in a flock, one day. It is a pretty sight to see these little birds together upon the sand, running about in search of insects; now and then giving chase to each other, and opening out their wings as they run. They are very tame, and will allow a person to come within fifteen yards of them. Puffins were frequently to be met with, out in the bay; generally in pairs. They remain a considerable time under water, and go a great distance at each dive.

Purres were common on the sandbanks; they fly very swiftly; indeed, I saw no sea bird equal to them. Of divers, there were two or three kinds, very difficult to kill, invariably ducking to the flash. I procured two very pretty specimens. They are almost always found in pairs. One day I came upon an old one, and a brood of young ones, close in shore. I shot one of the latter, which was of a brownish plumage, and had a deeply serrated beak. Wild ducks were common, frequenting the marshy ground near the shore. Of ravens, I saw but one in the mountains, above Ballycroy. Rooks were common enough. The hooded-crow frequented the rocks about the shore, picking up small fish, &c. Snipes were very numerous in the marshes and bogs, but were difficult to get at, in consequence of the insecure state of the surface. One minute I was on hard soil, the next up to my middle in soft, pulpy matter. Magpies were common about the cultivated ground. The pretty little wheat-ear I found in small flocks, among the rocks on the mountain sides; and the sky-lark might be heard every day. The little wren too was by no means scarce, and generally frequented the stone walls. The stone-chat I found in pairs. One pair of these birds frequented our cabin. The male was very tame, and was to be seen each day perched upon the stone wall, chattering and flirting his tale about. On the moor, the red grouse occurred in great plenty; as also the tit-lark. The merlin and

sparrow-hawk were not uncommon on the moors; a specimen of the former I brought home with me alive.

The bay was well supplied with the different kinds of fish; and I saw seals every time I went out. They would not, however, allow the boat to come near them, always popping their heads under water when we came within eighty or a hundred yards. These animals must live famously in Clew Bay, for there is no want of food. I saw many porpoises rolling about. It is wonderful to hear the roar the mackerel make, when they arrive in the bay. Many a time did I tell the boatmen to keep silence, that I might listen to them. As they crowd into the bay during their annual migration, large shoals keep together, and in close phalanx press swiftly along near the surface. In doing so they cause a sound similar to the breaking of the surf on a lee shore.

The herring season commenced while I was there; and it was certainly a droll sight to see the cargoes of human beings that set out to assist the fishermen. Every boat contained a family; and Irish families are not small. Such shouts and such laughter took place as the nets were hauled on board these crazy vessels at starting! The native language, mingled with the harsh screams of the sea-birds, caused a chaos of noise, scarcely to be credited. Each boat had a peat fire in it, made upon a foundation of a few stones; and as the time passed on, boats might be seen pulling out from among the different islands, all making for one point (the fishing ground, a particular part of the bay), till at last a miniature fleet was formed, and they at once prepared for the night's occupation.

I did intend to mention the various methods of taking fish in Clew Bay, but I am well aware that our "OWN JOURNAL" must not be unduly encroached upon. Suffice it to say, that during my stay I was present at the capture of some codfish (young), maiden ray, coal-fish, mullet, and gurnard. All about the rocky shore, and sandy bays, whole hosts of crabs, cockles, shrimps, prawns, razor-fish, mussels, &c., were to be found; and one day I was offered a splendid John Dory for a mere trifle.

Allow me, Mr. Editor, before I conclude this little sketch of my ramble to the "land of the west," to inform you that in the several "Notes of a Sportsman and Naturalist," I may hereafter trouble you with, you must never expect elegance of composition from one whose hand is more accustomed to grasp his "trusty double" than his "everlasting gold pen."

JOHN MATTHEW JONES, M.Z.S.

Montgomery, North Wales,  
Feb. 10, 1853.



## TEARS AND SMILES.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

COLD blows the wind over moor, hill, and mountain ;

Wildly the tempest sweeps over the plain ;  
Icicles hang from the edge of the fountain,  
And dark cheerless clouds hover over the main.

We shall welcome the Spring,  
When the Winter is gone ;  
And the Summer will bring,  
Her rich treasures anon.

But heralds of joy are already appearing,  
And decking the wood-side with many a gem ;  
Half hiding themselves 'neath the leaves, as if  
fearing

To brave the cold storm on their delicate stem !  
Beautiful flowers !  
Oh rest ye awhile ;  
Let Winter's dull hours,  
Be cheer'd by your smile !

A faint ray of sunshine is now and then cast  
On the bed where the snowdrop and crocuses lie ;  
The gay laurestinus defies the cold blast,  
And cheerfully bends as the breeze passes by ;  
The Robin is singing.  
His fond tale of love ;  
And flow'rets are springing,  
Wherever we rove.

The Spring furze now blooms with its bright yellow flowers,  
The ivy-leaved speed-well and dark aconite ;  
The simple wood-strawberry braves the cold showers,  
And v'lets and primroses gleam with delight.  
Oh, haste thee, fair Spring !  
The sad hours beguile,  
With the fair joys you bring,  
And thy bright bonny smile !

Thus Nature, kind Nature, e'er smiles through her tears ;  
Though winter's hard laws may be rigid and stern,  
She cheerfully tells us (to banish our fears)—  
That Spring with its treasures again will return.  
The gardens and hedges,  
She sprinkles with flowers—  
ALL dear little pledges  
OF HAPPIER HOURS !

## CHEAPNESS AND MEANNESS.

SO CLOSELY ALLIED IS MEANNESS WITH CHEAPNESS, that we have coupled them together. They are inseparable. Let any one "chew the cud" of this remark, and its truth will be confirmed. We have, all of us, some acquaintances who delight in the "cheap." Let us confess, that they also partake largely of meanness. Say what we will, it is so. Now, we love liberality. A man may show a liberal heart in the disposition of fractional parts of a shilling.

We have heard certain people boasting of late, that they have not given away anything

either at Christmas, or at the beginning of the new year. They chuckle at the idea, and glory in talking about what they have saved ! Mean wretches ! Such people shall be no associates of ours. This, by the way.

No one will attempt to deny that we are now living in an age, when "cheapness" is the order of the day. Every shop window has goods ticketed in the window ; and most of the proprietors avow, in black and white, that their property "is being sacrificed at some 20 per cent. below cost prices." Do people believe this ? Most assuredly they do.

We mentioned in our last, the grave calculation that nine-tenths of our whole population were "fools ;" and that the tenth part was the "wise" one which preyed upon the nine. This is really the fact. Hence is it, that we see so many large firms "selling off" at awful sacrifices—all the goods "obliged" to be cleared off in a given time. These "awful sacrifices," invariably bring the owners of the goods 20 per cent. *more* than the usual prices. They mark an article 10s. and write underneath it, "worth 40s." Let us for one moment imagine, how many of the "nine-tenths of the population" pass these windows in a day ; and then let us imagine their delight at seeing goods worth 40s. offered for 10s. Their eye is caught, their heart is captured. The goods now selling at such "an awful sacrifice" *must be* cleared immediately—and to-morrow, perhaps, it will be too late to secure a bargain. The victim enters, smiling ; is leisurely robbed within ; and comes out delighted with her great bargains. On taking them home, she is told by "a kind friend," that every bargain is a swindle ; and that she has paid *at least* four times more than the value of the goods she has purchased. This is a matter of hourly occurrence. Indeed, we are sorry to say that nearly all our great houses carry on this fraud systematically. The proprietors cannot help it ; it is forced upon them by the extreme meanness exhibited by lady purchasers, who enter their shops determined to cheat *them*—if they can. It is therefore *coute qui coute*.\*

\* Our readers will readily remember a large establishment, not one hundred miles removed from the Regent Circus, who were thus selling off, some little time since, "at appalling sacrifices." The hook (beautifully baited we confess) caught such a multitude of (flat) fish, that not only was the really extensive stock sold off at excessive profits, but every night (by a side entrance) loads innumerable of *fresh goods* (purchased to continue the farce and fill the coffers) were secretly poured in. Day after day, "the alarming sacrifices" (400 per cent. profit at least) went on ; and day after day, increased hundreds of "bargain hunters" were fleeced to their hearts' content. This fact is notorious.



But linen-draperies are not by any means the *only* folk who are obliged to practice this double-dealing. It is pursued by all trades, who, to get a livelihood are, they say, constrained to do what is really revolting to their consciences—and we believe it. It is vain for an honest man to tell his customer, that if he wants a *good* article he must pay a little more for it. "Oh!" replies the customer, "if *you* won't let me have it at that price, Mr. So-and-so will." This system compels a tradesman either to be dishonest, to shut up shop, or submit to inevitable ruin.

Things are now produced far too cheap. They leave no profit to the vendor. Hence, the endless bankruptcies. Every trade is alike. Competition in all, is boundless. The Publishers issue a book to-day, at one shilling. They sell it to the trade at ninepence; in some cases at 8d. To-morrow it is visible on all the book-stalls in London, marked 9½d. We know a very worthy man, who graduated in a leading house of Paternoster Row. He has become a book-merchant. He brings out these cheap books in shoals. What does he get by them? Not 2 per cent. for the investment of his money! He rarely knows what sleep is. He is for ever on his feet; and his life is ten times worse than that of a galley slave. The commonest porter in London, is an infinitely happier man than he; and thrice as independent. The public, however, are spoiled. Tradesmen will not unite for their own protection; and thus ruin spreads far and wide.

We might pursue this subject till we filled some half-dozen sheets; nor would our observations be unprofitable. But as our object is merely to open people's eyes, and show them their folly, we trust they will brighten up, and take a friendly hint. When they pass a jeweller's shop, and see cards in red ink, announcing "great reductions from marked prices,"—this is a "do." When they see articles ticketed as being sold at less than cost price,—this is a "do." When they see "fine crusted port," "selling at two shillings and sixpence, or three shillings a bottle," this is a "do." The same with any ostentatious display of "cheap" announcements, or defilements of a window with placards. *All* such are swindles; \*no respectable dealer would for an instant have recourse to such degrad-

ing manœuvres to obtain business. This may be taken as an invariable rule.

We have not offered these remarks with a view of injuring anybody. Far from it. We want to establish a better order of things. The public themselves are to blame. They are horribly mean; and expect as good an article now-a-days, for one shilling, or one shilling and sixpence, as formerly cost five or six shillings. Indeed, they are insolently abusive to a tradesman if it be not so.

Imagine "cheap" piano-fortes at twenty-five guineas each, new!—the market price now-a-days! Rubbish are they, rubbish must they be; as any *honest* dealer will tell the purchaser. But people *will* have twenty-five-guinea piano-fortes; and so they are "got up" of *green* wood for *green* people! Then, "cheap furniture," sold at marts, and other illegitimate places of business—who, with a grain of common sense, would ever buy their furniture at such places? The style, workmanship, and wood, are such that the articles have no real value. They would be "dear," at any price. They are put together for sale, and are never better than what are called "Jews' make"—that is, goods made to sell. We are perfectly shocked to observe the many petty meannesses practised in this way, by people in good circumstances. They have a right to deal where they like—with whom they please; but do not let them insult the honest tradesman by expecting him to furnish good articles at the price charged by the rogue.

The word "cheap" is a misnomer altogether. A so-called "cheap dinner," is *not* a cheap dinner—a so-called cheap hotel, is *not* a cheap hotel. To make use of a vulgar expression—pardonable perhaps under present circumstances—the "cheap and nasty" are inseparable in such cases. Nothing very cheap *can* be very good. The markets are open to all alike. If cloth costs 20s. a yard, and "the best cloth coat" is promised by a tailor to be supplied for 34s. (see the *Minories*, and other clothes' mart establishments *passim*), we know the thing to be *impossible*. "Cheap tailors" deluge the town with the most barbarous patterns, cuts, and fashions. "Here comes 'Moses'!" said a droll friend of ours one day, as a tall, lanky youth fluttered towards us in a new summer suit. The remark "told" well. The man and his outfitter stood before us.\* We roared in his face. We see, daily, hundreds of these poor, ill-clad dupes, who "do the thing cheap"—and "nasty." They stud the streets at every corner.

\* No person should ever deal at a "ticketed" shop. They are noted for dishonesty. You will, for instance, see a lady's dress marked in large letters—"one shilling." Go in to purchase it; and you will find beneath it, in minutely small pencil marks, 11¾d! If a female does not pay this, and perhaps purchase two dresses instead of one, the chances are in favor of her being roughly handled, and charged with thieving! There is a notorious place of this kind in Oxford Street.

\* Sometimes (just about Easter), we see a hybrid youth—a kind of "cross" between a Moses and a Hyam. His colors are well displayed, and himself a national curiosity.



Our fair countrywomen have very much to answer for in the encouragement *they* give to cheap articles. They are little aware of the great moral evil they are inflicting on society; or if they be (they must forgive us), more shame for them! They are habitually close, and daily become closer in their habits of bargaining. They want a stylish-looking cap, a stylish-looking dress, stylish ribbons—everything “stylish,” for a mere song. And if reproved, they arch up their pretty eyebrows, look angry, let fall some little undeserved pertnesses, and transfer their “favors” to some other establishment! Nobody will attempt to deny this palpable matter of fact.

What of the poor, over-worked, over-taxed, heart-stricken, pale-faced girls—who forsake their pillows to make these cheap stylish caps, dresses, &c., &c.? Alas! what cares the fair purchaser about such considerations as these? She is “not taught” to think about such things. The poor are “all very well in their places” (sitting up all night to complete wedding dresses, and other such needful appliances to set off female loveliness); “but really it is ridiculous to be always preaching about such silly nonsense!”

We need reform in these matters; and then we should soon get rid of the swindling vagabonds who from time to time commit such alarming depredations on the pockets of unsuspecting husbands. We should not then be subject to such fearful inundations of “Grand displays of shawls, silks, and satins,” sold off at fearful sacrifices in consequence of large failures in the trade. Nor should we see public robbers affixing to their circulars of these displays, the unauthorised names of the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Inverness, &c., &c. In vain does that laudable “Society for the protection of Trade,” in Regent Street, with their very able secretary MR. OWEN, try to up-root these travelling vagabonds. The ladies *will* support them,—will go (like oxen to the slaughter), to be victimised; and persist in purchasing as bargains, what they must know are next to valueless.\* The “husbands’ purse,” is of course the scapegoat. If we be asked, what is it that so seduces the female eye in these announcements?—we should give it as our opinion that it is the thirst for “bargain-hunting.” The

\* Yet are these very same persons ridiculously extravagant in other ways. They will not fancy some particular things, unless their cost is exorbitant; and will lavish pounds on the most silly follies where even shillings would be superfluous. These extremes are commonly found among the higher circles; and the various tradesmen do not fail to avail themselves of such “little weaknesses.”

Circulars generally commence with,—“800 rich glossy black silks, cut into full-sized dresses, at 18s. each. Worth at least five guineas.”

And so on. Now, no daughter of Eve, pretending to move in the fashion, could see such an *annonce* as this, without looking at it. The eye once caught,—farewell to resolution! Our fair readers will dub us “Sir Oracle.”

We think we have pretty well made out our case, as regards the folly of buying “cheap” goods,—that is, goods *called* cheap; but which are in reality dear. If people would deal with respectable tradesmen only,—and many such there are, they would be served well and reasonable. What more can be desired? But if people *will* buy eighteen-penny gloves, half-a-crown-umbrellas, two-shilling neckerchiefs, twelve shilling over-coats; and be rigged out by cheap tailors and out-fitters,—if they will buy cheap chairs (and fall through them); cheap piano-fortes (and hear the green wood crack when the room becomes warm); furniture for their rooms that “looks well to the eye,” but soon falls to pieces,—we say, let them do so, by all means; provided they do not call honest tradesmen “dear” for selling good articles at a fair price.

In another part of our paper will be found a little tale, which we have introduced to illustrate the *object* of this article. It is called “The Dress-Cap.” A deep moral is locked up in it, which a feeling heart will readily comprehend. Thank God, our readers are of a different class to the many. Yet they may have acquaintances on whom such remarks may not be ill-bestowed.

#### NOTES OF A NATURALIST.

##### A GLIMPSE OF RED TARN.

It was a wet, misty morning, early in August, that, accompanied by a friend, I left the comforts of the Nag’s Head, at Wythburn; and passing the modest little chapel, whose congregation seldom exceeds, even in summer, the number of twenty, I commenced for my third time, the ascent of the mighty Helvellyn. Mist and rain are such everyday commodities in Cumberland, that little heed was taken of the thick cloud which enveloped the tops of the numerous mountains with which we were encircled. We trusted, as only naturalists can do, to the clearing up which *might* take place before noon.

The ascent is begun, and continued about half-way, by a mountain stream, provincially termed a Ghyll—exhibiting in its progress hundreds of little cascades, and not a few deep basins, where the water, resting as it



were from its wild descent, assumes a pellucid clearness, sufficient to tempt the tourist to pause for a while in admiring rapture. The sides of the stream were composed of soft bog, formed by loose growing moss and marsh plants; the *montia fontana*, known in less classic language as the Blinks, being by no means scarce. Huge pieces of rock, of porphyritic green stone, were covered by rose root, saxifrages, and lycopodiums, while their interstices bore abundant fronds of feathery fern, and the lovely alpine Lady's mantle.

Animal life was scarce. Very few birds cared to waste their sweetness on the desert air, at the hour of eight in the morning; and butterflies prefer the sunshine to the damp fog of the hills. Shells were out of the question, for primary rocks yield too small a supply of lime to tempt the mollusca to build on them. In short, plants only were to be found; and to them I purpose to devote this page of my note-book.

We had already climbed about 1,500 feet of the mountain, despite the rapidly increasing mist, when the stream parts into two forks or feeders; and taking that to the left, passed over a gentle incline for about a mile to the top. No one who has never ventured on a fell side, amid mist and rain, can have the smallest conception of the magical feats performed by these fleecy clouds, so different in character from their cousins—the fogs of London. The intervention of a thin cloud of mist, between the observer and object looked at, annihilates distance; adds a thousand feet to the elevation of the opposite hills; and cuts off at least five sixths of its distance from us. Sheep grazing on the mountain top, become suddenly transformed into gigantic oxen; and as suddenly resume their own diminutive forms. Passing through all these interesting sights, and many more of a like nature, imagine us on the summit of old Helvellyn, some 3,055 feet above the sea, with a magnificent view of a wide expanse of—mist. Seating ourselves on the pile of sharp stones, known as the *Man*, we anxiously awaited the genial influence of the sun's rays, hoping they would soon dispel the mist which enshrouded the entire landscape. Behind us was the gradual slope, by which we had gained our present position; and before, at a distance of only a few feet, what seemed to be a dreadful precipice, with a wide sea of vapor at its bottom; and there we knew must be looked for—the famous Red Tarn, rendered romantic by the death of the unfortunate tourist, Gough; and more than classical, by the lines of Wordsworth and Scott. Not a vestige of the little mountain lake could be seen; indeed, we concluded that we had lost the object of our visit,

and all but feared that we had missed our way.

There is something truly grand in the uncertainty felt by the stranger, who, having toiled his way to a lofty eminence, feels a doubt in his mind as to whether he has actually left the land of dreams, for the more than dreamland of an alpine wilderness; and is rather strengthened in his suspicions than otherwise, by a sudden gleam of sunshine revealing, for a second or two, a sunlit rock, or a golden lake—again to be swallowed up in the lap of mystery! Having satisfied ourselves with these rich peeps,

“Like angel visits, few and far between,”

we began to descend by the rugged and dangerous path toward the ridge known as Swirrel Edge. Our object being to examine the rich botanical treasures of the rocks, over which we had looked from the summit, and which stretch between Swirrel Edge and Stridding Edge, we continued about half way above the tarn, into which a single false step would have precipitated us from a height of nearly one hundred feet. Plants we got in abundance; and of such rarity, that spite of a cold and soaking rain, we gave vent to our joy—now in faint murmurs of delight, and again in loud huzzas. One of these latter demonstrations was answered by something louder than an echo, followed by a long “hallo-o-o-o!” It was evident that we were not the only tourists who had ventured on the wilds of Helvellyn, on that most unlikely of all days in the season. By repeated noisy calls, we got the others to understand our inquiry as to the route they were pursuing; and learned, rather to our chagrin, that they were passing from Grassmere to Patterdale over Stridding Edge, and therefore we would not enjoy the poor solace of meeting them.

The rain continued, but the mist gave way; and first the lonely Red Tarn became distinctly visible, bounded on the left by Swirrel Edge, a long thin ridge of mountains, terminated by a curious conical hill, the renowned Catchedecam; and on the right by the sharp rugged Stridding Edge. Then the scene widened, and the bottom reach of Ullswater was given to view with Dumellet, Soulby Fell, and a number of other hills, all familiar to us. So clear did the atmosphere become towards the bottom of the lake, that the houses on Pooley Bridge, and the two-arched bridge from which its name is derived, were as sharply defined as if our distance from them had been but as many yards as it was miles.

Passing over huge square blocks of greenstone, we reached Stridding Edge, at its junction with the parent mountain: we then ascended one of the wildest pieces of rock I ever set foot upon. My energies had been



chilled by the continued rain, our provisions were exhausted, and my courage began to fail at the very time it was to be most severely taxed; for on looking down over the precipitous rock I was ascending, I saw the heap of stones piled on the very spot where the bleached body of poor Gough was found, protected by his faithful dog! By dint of my intrepid companion's encouragement and example, I at length gathered strength, gained the summit, and then travelled down to the inn, after fourteen hours on a high mountain, among steep rude rocks, wet under foot, and drenched with rain from above.

A long list of plants, especially if given with their Latin names, might be looked upon as but ill suited for the pages of *Kidd's Journal*; and I am one of those unfortunate individuals who prefer the *scientific* to the local, or as they are termed, *English names*. Every one has seen the willow tree, some of them rising to a height rivalling even the stately oak, and others, as the cinnamon saugh, not many feet in size; but I dare say not five in a hundred of my readers could imagine the existence of willows so small that a lady might have two or three hundred of them done up in a moderate-sized hand bouquet, without being inconvenienced by their weight. Such a willow is found on the tops of all the high mountains in Scotland; and on three or four in England; but, just as if to try the reader's patience, has no *English* name; so that I am forced to call it by its expressive botanical cognomen, *Salix Herbacea*. This plant grows on the rocks of Helvellyn but sparingly; though on the loose clay slate of Skiddau, it occurs in great abundance. The sea pink is familiar to every sea-side visitor, but is not met with again till we reach the mountain top, where its pretty pink flowers remind us of the majestic swell of the ocean, and the salt spray; both which have delighted us as we paced the soft sand in search of shells and starfishes.

Really, I shall say no more about plants. I will erase all those frightful Latin terms from my page, fearful of destroying the symmetry of some delicate reader's mouth; and end with a more congenial subject, the description of Red Tarn by Wordsworth.

"It was a cove, a huge recess,  
That keeps till June, December's snow;  
A lofty precipice in front,  
A silent tarn below!  
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,  
Remote from public road or dwelling,  
Pathway or cultivated land,  
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth the leaping fish  
Send down the Tarn a lonely cheer;  
The crags repeat the raven's croak  
In symphony austere.

Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—  
And mists that spread the flying shroud;  
And sunbeams, and the sounding blast,  
That if it could, would hurry past,  
But that enormous barrier binds it fast."

D.

#### THINGS BEYOND THE EYE.

HOW TRUE IS IT, that "Ignorance" is often "bliss!" If a man, with a feeling heart, were to see and know one millionth part of what is going on every twelve hours in the Great Metropolis, he would "weep tears of blood."

It is, however, unwise to be apathetically indifferent to what little does come under our eye; and it behoves us to lend a helping hand when it is in our power to do so, to the unhappy.

A report has recently been made to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, by Captain Hay, one of the Commissioners of Metropolitan Police, on the operation of the Common Lodging-Houses-Act, pursuant to an address of the House of Lords dated the 10th Dec. By the daylight which the Common Lodging-House-Act has at length thrown into these regions, we learn that about half the dwellings liable to the operation of the Act have been examined and registered, and they amount already to three thousand three hundred, inhabited by about fifty thousand persons, of about fifteen to a house. That moderate proportion, however, is very much exceeded in a great number of these houses—invariably indeed in the worst localities.

The majority of the houses, it should be explained, are small—eight-roomed may be—with hardly any space behind, and as destitute of accommodation as the combined poverty and covetousness of builder, owner, and tenant, can make them. We must assume, then, simply eight rooms, and nothing more; the floors rotted, the windows, happily, we should think, often broken, the doors gone altogether, the stairs decayed with wear and filth, the ceilings fallen, the drains long choked—if ever permeable; and everything that could render a house as little of a house, except in its closeness, as could be imagined.

In these abodes, the inspectors employed under the Act have frequently found seventy or eighty in one small eight-roomed house, thirty in a room 14 by 14, and so on—families, or rather human clusters, being content with a corner of a room, or less. Such houses are rented by tenants; then let to sub-tenants. By them again to weekly or nightly occupants, in many gradations; each step deriving a profit from that below, till the total rent paid by the actual occupants of a filthy hovel in Church-lane will equal the rent



of a spacious and handsome mansion in a respectable square.

All sorts of dreadful scenes are brought to light, by the visits of the police-sergeants employed in the work of inspection; people dying, or dead of small-pox, or fever, or starvation, in small rooms and in close contact with crowds of poor wretches seemingly waiting their turn to be stretched on the bed or bier by their side. At night, these poor creatures simply denude themselves of the rags they wore in the day; and instead of walking in them, lie under them as decently as may be. *The stench that rises from these foul lairs is so intolerable, as seriously to affect the health of the strong police-sergeants engaged to inspect.* Hitherto, for these evils there has been no remedy; but the new Act imposes some little check on the rapacity of the wretches who thus trade in human lives with even less humanity than they would show in the nightly housing of cattle or pigs.

The work, however, is in no respect easy. The inspecting sergeants have to walk more than eight-hundred miles every week in discharge of their duty; and since the passing of the Act, have paid nearly fifty thousand visits. They have to encounter deadly effluvia, contagious diseases, violent tempers, the shifty tricks of mercenary lodging-house keepers, and the shiftless habits of the poor. But they are often the means of doing the greatest good. Sometimes they report to the Board of Health, or to the local authorities, whole blocks of buildings destitute of proper drainage and the continual nurseries of disease. Sometimes they separate fever cases, just in time to save crowded neighborhoods.

Various instances are given in the Report, showing the great labor imposed by the Act, the many visits often required for the removal of one nuisance or the correction of one offence, and the very great benefits that have frequently resulted.

It is well for us, that we only read instead of see what is going on nightly in this great city. The scenes of depravity and human wretchedness that present themselves, would sicken by the recital.

The "moral" we would deduce from this—and we like to "point a moral" in all that flows from our pen—is, the great obligation that rests on us to be thankful for the extraordinary comforts we enjoy by comparison with others. Those who are wealthy, know not what penury means—cannot "feel" for people pinched by want. Yet can they credit what they *hear*; and by timely aid largely benefit, without injury to themselves, those noble institutions which are ready and willing to perform what none but themselves could efficiently carry out.

The world is full of misery. We cannot remove it; but we may alleviate a part of it. The peace of mind resulting from even the smallest share in the good work, is great indeed! Let us try it. We can all do "something."

#### WHAT'S IN A NAME?—

OR

#### VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

TIME WAS, when the mere pronunciation of the words, Van Diemen's Land, carried with it an awe to the hearer. The person who uttered them, too, seemed half afraid of what he had done. Transportation, villains, bandits, assassins, and all that was truly horrible, were associated with the name of the country. The times have changed. We have changed with them. England's sons and daughters are flying all over the earth; some for gold, others for a change—all for imagined happiness.

Under the title of "My Home in Tasmania, during a Residence of Nine Years," Mrs. Charles Meredith has recently published a very readable book. Everybody should peruse it, if only for the sake of information as to what the country we are speaking of really is. It will not do, now-a-days, to entertain old prejudices. We must go ahead, and see things as they are.

Allowing that some of Mrs. Meredith's sketches are *couleur de rose*, there is ample evidence in her book that she has an eye for the picturesque and the sublime; also a heart to enjoy what she sees. This at once places her on our list of "pets." Hear what she says about Cape Pillar, while sailing along the coast:—

I have heard much of the grandeur of the "North Cape" at midnight; but I would not lose my memory of Cape Pillar, at sunset, for all the icy glitter of that more renowned scene.

We love this independent manner of writing, vastly; it is so purely natural. Now, let us give Mrs. Meredith's graphic description of her afternoon sail:—

It was a most beautiful afternoon, sunny and pleasant, with a fair breeze; and as we sailed along the picturesque coast of Tasmania, the deep bays, rocky headlands, and swelling hills, formed a charming panorama, which I roughly and hastily sketched as we glided past. The white-cliffed Hippolyte Rocks, commonly called by colonial seamen the 'Epaulettes,' rising squarely, like masses of neat masonry above the sea, had exactly the appearance of a fort; and I almost expected to discern a flag floating over them, or to be startled by the flash and boom of a cannon from the snow-white walls; but a flight of sea-birds rising from the summit, was the only token of living residents that the formidable rocks displayed.

The southern promontory of Fortesque Bay ap-



peared to be entirely composed of upright basaltic columns; some of them standing alone, like tall obelisks; but the greater number forming groups of mimic towers and chimneys. The coast rises considerably towards the south, where the mountain range terminates abruptly in the Cape Pillar—a grand basaltic precipice, or rather an assemblage of precipices, which, seen from the sea, every moment assume some new and more picturesque aspect. Separated from the mainland only by a strait of half a mile in width, is Tasman's Island, a scarcely less striking feature in this most grand scenery than the Cape Pillar. Like it, the island is composed of basaltic columns, though on a less stupendous scale, but exceedingly fantastic in form, particularly on the southern side, where the taper spires and pinnacles seem a part of some ancient Gothic edifice, some 'Lindisfarne' or 'Tintern' of bygone glory; whilst, as we gained a broader view of the cape, it assumed the appearance of a fortification—a wall and seaward tower at the north-east end being singularly well defined.

When parallel with the strait, we gained through it a fine view of another high basaltic promontory, Cape Raoul, the entrance to Port Arthur being between the two; but this was soon lost, and the island seemed to fold in, as it were, with the westerly cliffs of the cape, until in a south view they formed one towering stupendous mass of dark rocks, most richly tinged with the changeful rose-color, and purple, and gold of the sunset's glorious hues, which shone forth in still greater lustre from contrast with the deep chasms and ravines which were in almost black shadow, and with the white crested billows of the blue sea, that dashed their glittering spray high over the broken crags. It was a scene never to be forgotten!

Nor are our little favorites, the birds, overlooked. They are described, too, in an artless, captivating style, that wins our fondest affection for the writer. We hardly know which to admire most—the birds of Tasmania, or their Poet Laureate. Hear how she sings:—

In the trees and bushes near the creek, I frequently made new acquaintances of the bird kind; but only know a few of them by name. Among these, was that tiny flitting fairy called the Diamond bird. It truly is a dainty little jewel; all gold and shaded amber, with silver spots. Not less beautiful, and far more common, was my old darling the robin; as exquisite a beau as ever, with his back of blackest black, and his breast a living flame of scarlet. A warm, brave little heart there beats within it too, or his sparkling eye tells no true story! With him came another of Nature's marvels of beauty and brightness, dressed also partly in black, black *bird-velvet*, off the same piece as robin's coat, but with a cap and mantle of blue—such blue! The deepest summer sky is mere dull grey to it! This wondrous little bird is called the 'superb warbler' (*Mulurus superbus*), and superb in truth he is. So bright, so swift, so merry, so musical as these little beings are, sure nothing else ever was! The bluecap has a domestic contrast, too, in his quiet-colored little wife, who, like her Old-World namesake, Jenny Wren,—

“‘Will still put on her brown gown,  
And never go too fine.’”

But though not dressed in as gay hues, she is as merry and sprightly as her mate; a perfect little 'dot' of a bird, quite round, like a ball set on two fine black pins, with a sweet little head at one side, and at the other, or more truly on the top, the drollest little long, straight, upright tail that ever was seen. The robin, and Mr. Bluecap, and Jenny, are all much alike in shape, and the way in which their indescribably funny little tails are cocked up over their backs, sometimes almost touching their heads, as they hop and pop about up and down, and in and out, cannot be imagined—it must be seen.

Had Mrs. Meredith known our choice favorites, she could not have selected them more *apropos*. With the exception of the Diamond bird, and the superb warbler,—with whose marvellous endowments and rare beauty we were till now unacquainted, the whole of the birds she has named are truly dear to us. She loves the robin too. We love *her*,—for his sake.

The inhabitants of that happy land rejoice, it seems, as much as we do, in going a gipsying. Let us see what are the delicacies prepared for "the spread" under the trees,—or rather, what is "the" grand delicacy. Mrs. Meredith says:—

Of course I was initiated into the art of bush cookery. There is a great mystery attached to it; and for the benefit of the many who go agipsying, I will expound it.—The orthodox mystery is, of course, kangaroo; a piece of which is divided nicely into cutlets two or three inches broad, and a third of an inch thick. The next requisite is a straight clean stick, about four feet long, sharpened at both ends. On the narrow part of this, for the space of a foot or more, the cutlets are spitted at intervals, and on the end is placed a piece of delicately rosy fat bacon. The strong end of the stick-spit is now stuck fast and erect in the ground, close to the fire, to leeward, care being taken that it does not burn. Then the bacon on the summit of the spit speedily softening in the genial blaze, drops a lubricating shower of rich and savory tears on the leaner kangaroo cutlets below; which forthwith frizzle and steam and splutter with as much ado as if they were illustrious Christmas beef grilling in some London chop-house under the gratified nose of the expectant consumer. 'And gentlemen,' as dear old Harcastle would have said, if he had dined with us in the bush, 'to men that are hungry, stuck-up kangaroo and bacon are very good eating.' Kangaroo is, in fact, very like hare.

We must, on no account, omit Mrs. Meredith's description of her own dwelling; and the duties that devolved upon her as house-keeper. She tells us, that the first thing necessary to be done before establishing a "home," is to clear the ground. After this, she says:—

Oxen and implements were purchased, and men hired to fell the trees, grub up the roots, and cut the ponderous trunks and branches into lengths



to form a 'dead-wood fence;' that is, a mass of timber four or five feet thick, and five or six high, the lower part being formed of the enormous trunks of trees, cut into lengths six or eight feet long, laid side by side, and the upper portion consisting of the smaller branches skilfully laid over, or stuck down and inter-twisted. The first field being cleared, fenced, ploughed, and sown, other land underwent the same transformation. I often vainly interceded for the life of some noble tree, which, as its tall kindred fall all around it, looked so grand and ornamental, and so pleasing an object in the general clearance, that I would gladly have preserved it; but the harbour which trees in the middle of fields afford to the opossums and the destructive, but most beautiful, little parrots which abound here, was always urged against me, and the death-doom was rarely averted, even by the most eloquent pleading: still both our lovely rivers being skirted by forest land and fine belts of trees, besides the numbers which adorned the unploughed marsh and sheep-rur, amply redeemed our pretty spot from the charge of bareness, usually so well merited by colonial farms.

Each time that I rode or walked up from Riversdale, some evident improvement was visible, in clearing, fencing, draining, or building; and as spring advanced, the sheep and cattle feeding in the deep, long, green grass of the marshes, and the pretty little soft white lambs skipping about, looked like a bit of England. How beautiful were our broad deep drains, with bright cold water bubbling up in them from countless springs, and flowing generously along in a never-failing stream! And how often we used to stand in our green meadows, looking into them and talking of the dry and parched ground of our homes at Homebush and Bathurst, as a kind of additional zest to our keen enjoyment of the inestimable blessings of a temperate climate and abundance of pure water!

Sometimes in the summer we joined the picnic parties from Cambria; and sometimes, after exhausting my small store of the simple airs and merry old tunes—my husband's favorites—that I could play from memory, I resolutely dived among my old music-books, loaded the piano-desk, and filled up an evening with somewhat lame revivals of the strains of other, although not happier days; but all these were indulgencies in my usual sewing, nursing, housekeeping life. At first I found the business of the store-room the most novel of my household duties, and the weekly or semi-weekly distribution of rations the least pleasant of them; for besides our own hired farm-servants—who of course received their supplies from us—there were the sawyers, stonemasons, carpenters, drainers, and fencers, all of whom we had to supply with flour, meat, tea, sugar, salt, soap, tobacco, and 'slops' (*i.e.* shirts, trowsers, jackets, &c.); so that accurate accounts must be kept, and I confess I did not much admire this indispensable huckster's shop affair, the business of which also included the giving out the materials for the building and articles for farm use—such as nails of all kinds, ropes, files, glass, glue, oil, paint, whiting, turpentine, blankets, bed-tick, rugs, wine, and other commodities; but all this is (or rather was at the time in question) a matter of course in a settler's establishment.

We will conclude our notice, by a "picture in little," of the ladies of Hobartton; who, it appears, make "dancing" their god,—singing and music being rather tolerated than encouraged:—

At the period of which I am writing, Hobartton was certainly not in advance of Sydney in point of society or intelligence, and the constant efforts of Sir John and Lady Franklin to arouse and foster a taste for science, literature, or art, were more often productive of annoyance to themselves than of benefit to the unambitious multitude. Among the young ladies, both married and single, in Tasmania, as in Sydney, a very 'general oneness' prevails as to the taste for dancing, *from the love of which but a small share of regard can be spared* FOR ANY OTHER ACCOMPLISHMENT OR STUDY, save a little singing and music; and Lady Franklin's attempts to introduce evening parties in the 'conversazione' style were highly unpopular with the pretty Tasmanians, who declared that they 'had no idea of being asked to an evening party, and then stuck up in rooms full of pictures and books, and shells and stones, and other rubbish, with nothing to do but to hear people talk lectures, or else sit as mute as mice, listening to what was called good music. Why could not Lady Franklin have the military band in, and the carpets out, and give dances, instead of such stupid preaching about philosophy and science, and a parcel of stuff that nobody could understand?'

These Tasmanian ladies are, we fear, beyond the reach of OUR JOURNAL; else should we dearly like to have a few evenings' gossip with them. They have, we know, pretty faces; and we see no valid reason why they should not have hearts and minds to match. Beauty without mind, is like a flower without smell.

#### THE HUMAN MOUTH.

THE MOUTH is the frankest part of the face. It can the least conceal the feelings. We can neither hide ill-temper with it, nor good. We may affect what we please, but affectations will not help us. In a wrong cause, it will only make our observers resent the endeavor to impose upon them.

A mouth should be of good natural dimensions, as well as plump in the lips. When the antients, among their beauties, made mention of small mouths and lips, they mean small only as opposed to an excess the other way, a fault very common in the south. The sayings in favor of small mouths, which have been the ruin of so many pretty looks, are very absurd. If there must be an excess either way, it had better be the liberal one. A pretty pursed-up mouth is fit for nothing but to be left to its complacency. Large mouths are oftener found in union with generous dispositions than very small ones.

Beauty should have neither; but a reasonable look of openness and delicacy. It is an elegance in lips, when, instead of making sharp angles at the corner of the mouth, they retain a certain breadth to the very verge, and show the red. The corner then looks painted with a free and liberal pencil.—LEIGH HUNT.



## WINTER.

## A MORNING'S WALK.

'TIS MORNING! Now the sun, with ruddy orb  
Ascending, fires th' horizon; while the clouds,  
That crowd away before the driving wind,  
More ardent as the disk emerges more,  
Resemble most some city in a blaze,  
Seen through the leafless wood. His slanting

ray

Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,  
And, tinged all with his own rosy hue,  
From every herb and every spiry blade  
Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field.  
Minc, spindling into longitude immense,  
In spite of gravity, and sage remark  
That I myself am but a fleeting shade,  
Provokes me to a smile. With eye askance  
I view the muscular proportion'd limb  
Transformed to a lean shank. The shapeless

pair,

As they design'd to mock me, at my side  
Take step for step; and, as I near approach  
The cottage, walk along the plaster'd wall—  
Preposterous sight! the legs without the man.  
The verdure of the plain lies buried deep  
Beneath the dazzling deluge; and the bents,  
And coarser grass, upspearing o'er the rest,  
Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine  
Conspicuous, and in bright apparel clad,  
And, fledged with icy feathers, nod superb.  
The cattle mourn in corners, where the fence  
Screens them, and seem half petrified to sleep  
In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait  
Their wonted fodder; not like hungry man,  
Fretful if unsupplied: but silent, meek,  
And patient of the slow-paced swain's delay.  
He from the stack carves out the accustom'd load,  
Deep-plunging, and again deep-plunging oft,  
His broad keen knife into the solid mass:  
Smooth as a wall the upright remnant stands,  
With such undeviating and even force  
He severs it away: no needless care,  
Lest storms should upset the leaning pile  
Deciduous, or its own unbalanced weight.  
Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcern'd  
The cheerful haunts of man, to wield the axe,  
And drive the wedge, in yonder forest drear,  
From morn to eve his solitary task.  
Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears,  
And tail cropp'd short, half lurcher, and half cur,  
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel  
Now creeps he slow; and now, with many a frisk  
Wide-seampering, snatches up the drifted snow  
With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout:  
Then shakes his powder'd coat, and barks for

joy.

Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl  
Moves right toward the mark; nor stops for

aught,

But now and then with pressure of his thumb  
To adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube,  
That fumes beneath his nose: the trailing cloud  
Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.  
Now from the roost, or from the neighboring

pale,

Where diligent to catch the first faint gleam  
Of smiling day, they gossip'd side by side,  
Come trooping at the housewife's well-known call

The feather'd tribes domestic. Half on wing,  
And half on foot, they brush the fleecy flood,  
Conscious and fearful of too deep a plunge.  
The sparrows peep, and quit the sheltering eaves,  
To seize the fair occasion; well they eye  
The scatter'd grain, and thicvishly resolved  
To escape the impending famine, often scared  
As oft return, a pert voracious kind.  
Clean riddance quickly made, one only care  
Remains to each, the search of sunny nook,  
Or shed impervious to the blast. Resign'd  
To sad necessity, the cock foregoes  
His wonted strut: and wading at their head  
With well-consider'd steps, seem to resent  
His alter'd gait and stateliness retrench'd.  
How find the myriads, that in summer cheer  
The hills and valleys with their ceaseless songs,  
Due sustenance; or where subsist they now?  
Earth yields them naught; the imprison'd worm  
is safe

Beneath the frozen elod; all seeds of herbs  
Lie cover'd close; and berry-bearing thorns,  
That feed the thrush (whatever some suppose),  
Afford the smaller minstrels no supply.  
The long protracted rigour of the year  
Thins all their numerous flocks. In chinks and  
holes

Ten thousand seek an unmolested end,  
As instinct prompts; self-buried ere they die.  
The very rooks and daws forsake the fields,  
Where neither grub, nor root, nor earth-nut, now  
Repays their labor more; and perch'd aloft  
By the wayside, or stalking in the path,  
Lean pensioners upon the traveller's track,  
Pick up their nauseous dole, though sweet to  
them,

Of voided pulse or half-digested grain.  
The streams are lost amid the splendid bank,  
O'erwhelming all distinction. On the flood,  
Indurated and fix'd, the snowy weight  
Lies undissolv'd; while silently beneath,  
And unperceived, the current steals away.  
Not so where, scornful of a check, it leaps  
The mill-dam, dashes on the restless wheel,  
And wantons in the pebbly gulf below:  
No frost can bind it there; its utmost force  
Can but arrest the light and smoky mist,  
That in its fall the liquid sheet throws wide.  
And see where it has hung the embroider'd banks  
With forms so various, that no powers of art,  
The pencil or the pen, may trace the scene!  
Here glittering turrets rise upbearing high  
(Fantastic mis-arrangement!) on the roof  
Large growth of what may seem the sparkling  
trees

And shrubs of fairy land. The crystal drops,  
That trickle down the branches, fast congeal'd,  
Shoot into pillars of pellucid length,  
And prop the pile they but adorn'd before.  
Here grotto within grotto safe defies  
The sunbeam; there, emboss'd and fretted wild,  
The growing wonder takes a thousand shapes  
Capricious, in which fancy seeks in vain  
The likeness of some object seen before.  
Thus Nature works as if to mock at Art,  
And in defiance of her rival powers;  
By these fortuitous and random strokes  
Performing such inimitable feats  
As she with all her rules can never reach.

COWPER.



THE MONTH OF MARCH;  
OR,  
A WORD IN SEASON.

WE PROMISED in our last, that our new subscribers (not a few), should soon see the extent of our anxiety for their welfare. We vowed to speak out, if they would listen. Our fair friends shall find us as good as our word. We live but to study their best interests, and this very page shall prove it.

MARCH has arrived, and with it all those diseases and maladies so peculiar to this month. He has greeted us, as Spencer says—

With brows full sternly bent,  
And armed strangely. In his hand a spade,  
And in a bag all sorts of seeds ye same,  
Which on the earth he streweth as he goes.

Now, maidens, is the time for you to show your good sense; by arming yourselves against the invader. By the aid of suitable woollen clothing, keep your body comfortably warm; don't contract your amiable persons into less than half the space required by nature (of which more anon), but let your internal machinery have free play. It will then never be out of order. Be "natural" first; "symmetry" will be sure to follow. At this season, the feet must be most particularly attended to. Cold feet and wet feet bring on a diseased stomach, and with it a host of ailments indescribable. *Thin* shoes must be regarded as heretical, and banished. Warm stockings too,—black silk, if practicable, are to be commended. Keep these on, all day; and also good, strong, sensible shoes, or ancle boots. What can be neater, nicer, than a well-made trim-looking, lady's boot? Wear such, by all means. No satin shoes in the evening, if you please. No low dresses at night, or what is known as "full dress" (which means semi-nudity.) These *cannot* be cultivated with impunity. Offend against our rules, *now*, and we fear that next March you will not be here to listen to our admonitions. The body cannot bear, at this season, a repeated change of dresses in one day. Those who *will* follow Fashion's rules, must pay the penalty. Our readers are surely not of this order. Oh, no! By the way, let us recommend a thin sole of *cork*, or felt, to be worn inside the boot or shoe. It is a bad conductor of heat, and therefore highly desirable.

Beware of chilblains! These are often induced by the use of carpet shoes, or fur slippers. Away with all these tom-fooleries. Active exercise will always keep the feet *naturally* warm. People become positively crippled by the use of too much covering to their feet. In Scotland and Ireland, where the feet are so little protected, chilblains are rare. In England, our children are tormented by them. Consumption, which visits us this month in all its horrors, may be kept at arm's length, by proper care. Air, exercise, and attention to diet, are the best foils to its power. Sedentary and lazy people, perish by the hundred; whilst the alert, lively, and cheerful, defy both wind and tide. We might enlarge on this subject, but it is needless. All we will add is, before introducing a chapter on tight lacing (every daughter of Eve must read *that* chapter, and plead more or less guilty to the charges contained in it, notwithstanding the sex have improved *a little*)—rise

early, and practise all the christian virtues. Love every body,—you really *can* do it if you try—better than yourself, and see how a "happy heart" will regenerate an ailing constitution. To live for others, and to delight in labors of love—is happiness and health united. Try the experiment.

BAD HABITS,—  
THE USE AND ABUSE OF STAYS.

BY W. H. ROBERTSON, M.D.

Bad habits gather by unseen degrees,  
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

THERE IS A CUSTOM prevailing among the women of the present day, a truly horrible custom. It is most directly opposed to the dictates of nature; not only irrational, but dangerous, the unsuspected parent of numberless diseases.\* The custom I allude to is, that of tight lacing; I had almost said, that of wearing stays.

Habit leads people to the most unnatural conclusions. Fashion and custom are the parents of absurdity. Much as we may laugh at the effects which these produce on other nations—much as we may ridicule the compressed, the crippled, and useless feet of the Chinese females—they do not interfere with any important or indispensable vital organ by the practice. Much as we may view with an amused feeling of superiority the blackened teeth, the skin painted with many colors and grotesque devices, and the be-ringed nose and lips of the savage—yet these are only what they purport to be; they are to them ornamental; they do not interfere with the exercise of a single function; they do not even tend to disorder the health, injure the constitution, or curtail the, at best, short span of human life.

Far different is it with the European custom of wearing stays. Let any one who may now have his attention for the first time directed to this subject, quietly compare his mode of breathing with that in which any female breathes, and think of what must be the probable effect of so great an interference with one of our most important functions. He will find that he breathes chiefly, if not wholly, by the diaphragm, or muscle which divides the chest from the bowels; that the rise and fall of his abdomen is the effect produced by his respiration; that he seldom, unless during or immediately after exertion, raises his chest, or expands his ribs; whilst the female, her abdomen being confined by her stays, is obliged to perform this function by expanding her chest, and raising the ribs. But is this all? No! in a number of instances, the busk, or central bone, or steel of the stays, presses on the stomach, and produces, by the *pressure*, disturbance of its functions—indigestion and its consequences.

But further. The muscles of the spine being compressed by the stays, and the back not being dependent on them for support—shrink, become smaller, and consequently weaker; and the least

\* We have before hinted at the enormity of this evil, and pointed out some of the horrors resulting from studying the fashion of modern dress. See Vol I., page 133; article "Nature and Art."—Ed. K. J.



debilitating cause affecting them through the system, produces weakness of the back, stooping shoulders, and deformity; and then backboards, and inclined planes, and other similar attendants on the use of stays, are resorted to; and in their turn, of course, prove the means of still further injuring the health or disturbing the system.

These, however, are the effects attending the use of stays—effects which medical men are constantly called to witness. Their *abuse*—an abuse which female vanity or maternal pride is ever producing—is followed by consequences still more immediately serious. The ribs form more or less yielding walls to the cavity which contains the lungs and the heart; they are a series of bones, connected behind to the spine, and before to cartilages, or gristles, which intervene between them and the breast-bone, to render them elastic, yielding, and more or less flexible. By tight-lacing these qualities, with which nature has for wise purposes endowed the ribs, to defend the heart and lungs from injury, to lessen the risk of undue pressure on them from without, or undue resistance to the exercise of their functions; these very qualities are, by tight-lacing, converted into pregnant sources of evil. The ribs and their cartilages yield to the pressure, the respiration and heart's action are interfered with, and disease of the heart or of the lungs is the probable and frequent result.

I am quite aware that all which could be written on this subject would not cause stays to be disused; indeed habit may be said to render them almost a necessary part of female dress! But, as a sort of "forlorn hope," I would beg to offer the following suggestions. Let not stays be worn until at as late an age as possible; certainly not before twelve or thirteen years old. The older the individual, the less soft; the firmer are the ribs; the less apt to be materially bent by moderate pressure. Let them be worn with as few, and as thin, and as yielding bones as possible; and, if it could any how be dispensed with, without a busk. Let them always be laced loosely. Some at least of the evils of this practice will in this way be avoided, and the feelings of society not be in the least shocked by seeing women without stays. Stays are in fact USELESS: *the spine wants no support*. The way to make it want support is, to support it; and in that way to weaken the muscles. The only possible end that stays can serve is, to confine and give rigidity to the figure; an effect which would be produced, and produced without the ungraceful stiffness, which stays always cause, by a stout linen or cotton undergarment, made to fit closely to the body. This would confine the figure, and it would afford the pressure required; but the pressure would be equable, and it would be at no point unyielding; it would not weaken the muscles of the back, by affording a useless support to the spine; it would not interfere with the abdominal respiration; it would not press unduly on the stomach; it would not deform the ribs, and so contract the cavity of the chest.

I have made an appeal to the common sense of my country-women; but habit and fashion are too firmly seated on their tyrant thrones to lead me even to hope that the appeal will be successful.

#### TO ALL THOSE WHO LOVE HEALTH.

WE ALL LOVE TO BE WELL; yet who amongst us is there, that takes the direct mode of accomplishing what he most desires? Our stomach gives us many "a hint;" but we turn a deaf ear to its remonstrances, and punish it—oh, how cruelly! for its officiousness. An Englishman's stomach knows not what repose is!

Let us hear what Dr. TODD says about it, for we must not take too much upon ourself. "In the multitude of counsellors there is safety." The Doctor is speaking on the subject of "eating," or the Englishman's God:—

Many silly people will shut themselves up entirely in unpleasant weather, during the long winter, or whenever they find a pressure of business within, or unpleasant weather without; and yet they eat just as voraciously as if they took exercise every day.

To say that no attention is to be paid to diet, is madness. You *must* pay attention to it sooner or later. If you are faithful to take regular and vigorous exercise every day in the open air, then you may eat and pay less attention to quantity and quality. But if you take but little exercise, you may be sure you are to be a severe sufferer if you do not take food in the same proportion. I do not ask you to *diet*; that is, to be as difficult, and as changeable, and as whimsical as possible, as if the great point were to see how much you can torment yourself and others. But I do ask you to beware as to *the quantity of food* which you hurry into the stomach, three times each day, without giving it any rest. It is the *quantity*, rather than the kinds of food, which destroys sedentary persons; though it is true the more simple the food, the better.

If you are unusually hurried this week, if it storms to-day, so that in these periods you cannot go out and take exercise, let your diet be very sparing, though the temptation to do otherwise will be very strong. When by any means you have been injured by your food, or have over-stepped the proper limits as to eating, I have found in such cases that the most perfect way to recover is, to abstain *entirely* from food for three or six meals. By this time the stomach will be free, and the system restored. I took the hint, from seeing an idiot who sometimes had turns of being unwell: at such times he abstained entirely from food for about three days, in which time nature recovered herself, and he was well. This will frequently, and perhaps generally, answer instead of medicine; and is every way more pleasant. The most distinguished physicians have recommended this course.

It is a part of the Mahomedan and Pagan systems of religion that the body should be recruited by frequent fastings. Let a bull-dog be fed in his infancy upon pap, Naples biscuit, and boiled chicken; let him be wrapped in flannel at night, sleep on a feather bed, and ride out in a coach for an airing; and if his posterity do not become short-limbed and valetudinarian, it will be a wonder.

We leave our readers to meditate on these sensible observations. Health is within our reach, if we be prudent; but if we will offend against nature, *then* we must take the consequences.



## THOUGHTS ON THE SEA-SHORE.

And thou, vast Ocean, on whose awful face  
Time's iron feet can print no ruin-trace;  
By breezes lull'd, or by the storm-blasts driven,  
Thy majesty uplifts the mind to Heaven.

MONTGOMERY.



ELIEVING THAT EVERY THING IN NATURE has a voice, we purpose from time to time to examine, with a microscopic eye, whatever strikes us as being of general interest; more particularly those objects

which come immediately under our ken. Such is the Sea-shore.

The beach on which we walk, strewed with pebbles round and smooth almost as marbles, tell of the many ages that must have elapsed since these stones were once a solid rock. One may here trace the first opening crack or fissure between the severing mass and the parent stone; how from time to time the constant but imperceptible flow of the waters widened the opening, till at last the fragment became entirely disconnected. The same constant influence, we may suppose, again reduced it to a smaller piece; till, by degrees, the ebb and flow of every separate wave rolled it over and over amongst myriads of similar shapeless masses, till at last the sharper angles were removed, and it became a smooth and polished stone—reminding us of the influence of society upon man rubbing off all the sharper angles and asperities of his nature, and transforming the rough schoolboy into the polished man of the world; and it is well if, in the polishing, some of the more valuable qualities have not been washed away also!

Small as these rolling pebbles are, they perhaps offer a greater obstacle to the encroachments of the sea than the more solid rock, skirting the distant shore, and whose bold and rugged surface tells of the constant action to which we have just alluded; nay, here and there we find a huge dissevered piece, round which the waters have forced a passage, transforming it into an island, and then gradually lessening in circumference, till the island disappears. We may well imagine that our own happy isle was once a portion of the continent; for, on looking at a map of England, we see how the Thames on one side, and the Severn on the other, cut deep into our coasts; and two similar rivers, a little further south, may have formed the commencement of the English Channel, where, a passage once gained, the waves of the Northern Ocean would soon increase its width, till it became as it now appears; and when we see the changes which even a few years produce on some coasts, we can easily estimate the effects of the continued wash of ages.

It is very curious to remark how the tide affects a bold, cliffy shore. It first attacks

the base of the cliffs, every returning tide wearing a little further into its recesses; till at last the overhanging top preponderates and falls, forming a vast ruin below, which for a time protects the cliff from further injury: till, again removed by the tide, the same process is repeated. Thus we find that on all the softer cliff-bound coasts the ocean is rapidly gaining, much more so than on the flat sandy or pebbly beach. The one, though offering, apparently, so much stronger a barrier than the other, is easily sapped at its foundation, whilst the sea rolls harmless over the other; indeed, these latter are often carried by the waves themselves and deposited on the shore, forming for itself the very defence which sets bounds to its domain.

Many of our rivers and harbours are beset by barriers of this description, which it has taken immense labor and expense to remove. Some, indeed, have baffled all the skill of the engineer; and when he has perhaps flattered himself that by forming a back water, he has vanquished the obstruction, a strong wind from some particular point has again replaced the bank, and taught him that to contend with Nature is no easy task; also that the work of years may in a moment be rendered of no use or effect.

Not a rivulet pours its scanty stream into the ocean which is not engaged in carrying on the process of change; bringing with it some earthy portion or sediment as its tribute to the sea. Vast tracts of land have thus been formed at the mouths of large rivers, such as the Nile, or Mississippi, where hundreds of miles of low, swampy country, have been formed by the deposits from their turbid waters.

The waters of the ocean yield to very slight impulsions, and are constantly agitated by three different movements—the undulatory or waves, the tides, and currents.

Waves are produced by the motion of the wind over the surface of the sea; and when this amounts to no more than a gentle breeze, the undulatory movement passes slowly onward and subsides again; but when a storm arises, the ocean is furrowed by tremendous waves, or mountainous ridges of water, each of which rolls on with furious rapidity, until its summit arrives at an overcharging elevation, from which it necessarily precipitates itself by the force of gravity and by the acceleration it has acquired in its descent, impels forward the mass of water immediately before it, which, in its turn, rises, forms a wave, and again repeats the same operation; and thus a continued succession of waves are generated. The swell of the sea caused by a gentle wind, will be sufficient to produce a considerable surf, when it arrives in shallow water; because the lower part of the wave is checked by first reaching the



ground, and the upper portion of it, continuing its progress, rushes over the lower, dashing itself upon the beach in a torrent of curling foam. Dr. Wollaston, on one occasion, ascertained the velocity of the waves to be at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

Whilst on the shore our attention will be drawn to the sea-gulls, which we behold, from time to time, skimming over the sea, and plunging their beaks into the wave to strike their finny prey. That birds are considerably heavier than the element in which they fly, is obvious; what, then, can be the reason that they are enabled to support themselves in so light a medium? The balloon and the soap-bubble, we need hardly explain, rise in the air because they are filled with an air still lighter than themselves, which renders them specifically lighter than the atmosphere; but this is not the case with birds; for we see that the moment the sportsman levels his piece at the poor victim and it receives its shot, it falls heavily to the ground—showing that its floating capacity depended on a different principle.

The flight of birds appears more to resemble the flying of a kite, which we know does not depend on its specific gravity, because the paper and wood of which it is formed are much heavier than air; but the theory of its remaining suspended depends on the pressure of the wind on its under side acting against the resistance of the string by which it is held; and the oblique position in which it is balanced causes it to ascend, and, as it were, to float in the air. On the same principle, birds can only remain suspended whilst they continue moving through the air; and the motion of their wings impelling them forward, has an effect similar to the string of the kite; for it is the same thing whether we pass through the air, or whether the air passes by us. On a calm day, the boy cannot get his kite to ascend, unless he continue running with it; thus causing it to pass through the air; but on a windy day the kite will rise, though he remain stationary. Whilst the bird, therefore, continues in motion, it floats in the air, by the resistance of that fluid against the breast and the under surface of its wings. We may often watch a large bird, when descending from a height, with wings outstretched, soaring along without any apparent exertion. The momentum he has acquired, assisted by the descending nature of his flight, enables him to pass over a great distance on this inclined plane before he reaches the ground. If, instead of alighting, he still continues his flight, it will be observed, that as soon as he changes to a horizontal direction, he is obliged to make use of his wings to propel himself along. The tail of the bird acts the same part as the

rudder to a ship, for by it he directs his course, and elevates or depresses his flight at pleasure.

From observing the feathered tribe, we will now turn our attention to the dwellers in the deep: and here we find that fishes float according to their specific gravity; and are enabled to alter this gravity at pleasure, by means of an air-vessel situated in their bodies, which is surrounded by a strong muscular fibre. When the fish wishes to descend, he compresses this air vessel by means of the muscle. This reduces the bulk of the fish, and accordingly it sinks. When wishing to ascend again, the fish relaxes the fibre, the compressed air then immediately expands, and the fish becomes specifically lighter, and rises to the surface. When fishing for cod where the water is very deep, it is no uncommon circumstance for the fish to be found with the air-bladder burst on arriving to the surface of the water. This arises, from the rapidity with which the fish has been hauled up having removed the pressure from the outside of the air-vessel, before the membrane has had time to dilate and expand itself; and, consequently, the sudden expansion of the air within, when the outer pressure is removed, causes the vessel to burst, and destroys the fish.

Surely nothing can be conceived more beautifully arranged than this means which the fish possesses of adapting itself to the different densities of the water in which it swims; but every work of Nature is alike replete with the same perfection, though we discern but a very small portion of its beauties.\*

\* From "The Scientific Phenomena of Domestic Life," a perusal of which we cannot recommend too heartily.

## ENGLAND AND TURKEY,—

### A CONTRAST.

I SEND YOU, MR. EDITOR, for insertion in OUR OWN JOURNAL, a little morgeau which I have translated from Theophile Gautier's "Loin de Paris." There is "something" in it, which your readers will readily appreciate.

In Turkey, the beggar in rags takes his place upon the divan of the *café*, next to the most sumptuously-dressed Turk, without the latter drawing back to avoid the contact of a greasy, frayed-out garment, with his own magnificent gold-embroidered costume. Still, certain classes have their habitual places of meeting; and the *café* with a marble fountain, situated between Serai Bourmon and the mosque of Yeni Djami, in one of the finest quarters of Constantinople, is frequented by the best society in the town.

A charming and peculiarly Oriental feature, lends to this *café*, in European eyes, the grace of poetry. Swallows have attached their nests to



the ceiling; and as the *café* is always open, they rapidly wing their way in and out, joyfully twittering, and bringing food to their young, without betraying the slightest fear of the smoke of the chibouques, or of the presence of the smokers, whose fez, or turban, they sometimes graze with their dark wings. The young birds—their heads out of the nest, watch quietly with their bead-like eyes the guests who go and come; and sleep to the sound of the water gurgling in the narghilehs.

This confidence of the bird in mankind—these nests in the *café*, it is pleasant to see. The Orientals, often cruel to mankind, are very merciful to animals; and know how to make themselves beloved by them. Thus animals willingly associate with them. They do not, like Europeans, alarm them by their turbulence, their loud shouts, and perpetual laughter.

#### FORESTIERA.

[We have often observed with regret, the extreme persecution to which the swallow is subjected in our country. Vain are his overtures to secure the friendship of the family, beneath whose roof he seeks to dwell in amity. Few nests, comparatively, escape destruction; they are knocked down, either by the boys (who are reared to consider birds a lawful sport), or the gardener receives orders to destroy them, as they are completed. The savageness of an Englishman's heart, in the matter of our little annual feathered visitors, is (thank God) without a parallel abroad.]

#### THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH,— ITS PROGRESS IN AMERICA.

IMPORTANT AS WE MAY DEEM the English and Continental telegraphs, they have (from various causes) been far exceeded by those of America, especially in the department of newspaper reporting. The first report of this kind was transmitted no further back than 1846; it consisted of an account of a ship launch at Brooklyn, and was telegraphed at New York for insertion in a Washington paper.

As the expenses were at first very heavy, only a few leading newspapers adopted this mode of transmitting news, but the great interest felt in the Mexican war, and in the rapid transmission of news of several victories, gradually brought electro-telegraphic reporting into great favor. After a time, the New York and Boston papers clubbed to obtain early telegraphic news from England. When the mail steamers arrived at Halifax, they ran an express coach from thence to Annapolis, thence an express steamer to Portland, and thence transmitted the news by electric telegraph to Boston and New York; this system cost them about 1000 dollars per mail. When the railways and the telegraph lines became

extended further east, the cost was of course much diminished.

At the outset, there was a want of system in the collection, transmission, and distribution of telegraph news for the press. The clerks in the telegraph offices being occupied in the immediate duties of their vocation, could not be expected to collect news from various points. It was after a time determined to organise a corps of telegraph reporters, whose business it should be to collect and transmit news. These reporters devised a new kind of cipher, by which they could transmit commercial and market news with great brevity; the produce, the sales, and the prices of various commodities in the inland states, were transmitted to the merchants of New York in very condensed forms; and other ciphers or systems of short-hand were afterwards employed on other commercial routes. Ten words in cipher made about fifty or sixty words when written out in full.

Mr. Jones, in his recent work relating to the electric telegraphs of America, gives an instance to illustrate the curious nature of a cipher employed by him as a telegraphic reporter. Suppose the message to consist of the following nine words—"bad, came, aft, keen, dark, ache, lain, fault, adapt;" this would convey the following commercial information:—"Flour market for common and fair brands of western is lower, with moderate demand for home trade and export. Sales, 8,000 barrels. Genesee, at 5.12 dollars. Wheat, prime, in fair demand, market firm, common description dull, with a downward tendency; sales, 4,000 bushels, at 1.10. dollars. Corn, foreign news unsettled the market; no sales of importance made. The only sale made was 2,500 bushels at 67 cents." The nine words are thus almost as comprehensive in their significance, as Lord Burleigh's celebrated shake of the head. The use of short-hand in these despatches arose chiefly from considerations of economy; the companies charge so much per word for transmission, and it thus becomes important to make each short word signify as much as possible. Newspaper despatches are charged one cent (a halfpenny) per word from New York to Boston, and 14 cents per word from Washington to New Orleans. The same system of short-hand was carried into legislative reporting; for instance, the word *battle* was understood to mean "The Senate agreed to a house proposition for a committee of conference on—;" the word *cave* implied, "The resolution referring the President's message to appropriate committees was then called up;" and so forth.

The press at first, owing to the expense, would not agree to receive more telegraphic news for each number than would fill half a column to a column. Persons used to supply them under a weekly contract, the contractor



paying all charges to the reporters and the companies. When competing lines of telegraph were, however, established, the charges became much lower; the reporters abandoned their short-hand, for the most part, and the newspapers increased their quantum of telegraphic news. Merchants still continue to use ciphers to a considerable extent, simply as a means of keeping their real meaning to themselves and their correspondents.

By degrees the newspaper arrangements in connection with the electric telegraph became very comprehensive, and at the present time seven New York papers join in a system, of which the following is an outline. They employ an agent, who becomes responsible for all news arrangements of a commercial and miscellaneous character, throughout the United States. The agent receives and distributes the news, and pays all tolls and expenses. He employs reporters in all the principal cities in the Union and in Canada, who transmit to him daily, by electric telegraph, the news which they have collected. He makes eight or ten copies of this news by manifold machines, after putting the details into readable English, and sends seven of these to the New York journals by whom he is employed. The agent has a central office in New York, from whence he communicates with the newspaper offices. When Congress is sitting, one reporter attends the Senate, and another the House of Representatives, but the same report from either House, is made available for all the seven newspapers at New York. The associated press have certain rules for their guidance, whereby all pay equally for ordinary intelligence, but each pays especially for particular news not valued or used by the others. The New York papers pay on an average, about £1000 per annum each, for electro-telegraphic news.

#### A SUMMER RAMBLE

##### IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF CROYDON.

HOW BEAUTIFUL is the month of June! How full of interest a ramble in the leafy wood, or green meadow, where the sweet flowers cluster and bend with the weight of the bee; when that peculiar vapor is waving in the clear sunlight, and not a sound breaks on the ear save the tinkle of the sheep bell, or song of the wild bird in the wood!

A bright morning in June, 1852, found a friend and myself on our way to Cromehurst. In passing through the town we took several specimens of a beautiful little insect (*Elachista Linnaeella*). At Cromehurst, I took a specimen of the Ruf Wing (*Phtheocroa Rugosana*) and several of the yellow Shell (*Camptogramma Bilinearia*); also several caterpillars of the Drinker (*Odonestis Potatoria*). The hedges

on our way were white with the blossoms of the Dogwood (*Cornus sanguinea*); and the yellow Agrimony (*Agrimonia eupatoria*), the Scarlet-Pimpernel (*Anagallis arvensis*), the brighter poppy (*Papaver Rhæas*), the Burnet (*Poterium sanguisorba*) and beautiful blossom of the Vipers Bugloss (*Echium vulgare*), were adorning the roadside.

From Cromehurst we proceeded through several fields toward Riddelsdown. On the edge of one of these fields, we captured several specimens of that delicate insect, the Bedford Blue (*Lycæna Alsus*). We now proceeded to Riddlesdown. Here are several Beeches of enormous size, sombre Yews, Alders, Oaks, Hazels, and Juniper bushes. Flowers too without number were scattered over the surface of this beautiful down.

I must here regret my limited knowledge of Botany, and remark that an excursion to the charming spot will well repay either the Botanist or Entomologist. Here I took three specimens of the Orange Tip (*Anthocharis Cardamines*). Hovering over the blossoms of the lovely Scabious were numbers of the Common Blue and Brown Argus (*Lycæna Alexis and Agestis*.) Nothing more of any note presenting itself, we proceeded to Sandersted Downs, noticing on the way several beautiful fields of Saintfoin (*Hedysarum onobrychis*). Here we stopped awhile to contemplate the beauty of the scene. Before us, far as the eye could reach, was a beautiful, succession of hill and dale, green meadows, waving corn-fields, and wide-stretching woods. Behind us lay London, its troubles, cares, and gloom; while ever and anon, mellowed by the distance and cooling breeze, came the shepherd's song, the low of cattle, and lusty bark of the sheep-dog. These brought repose to the weary spirit; to the mind, a sense of the grandeur and vastness of God's works.

Here we took several specimens of that truly elegant insect, the Clifden Blue (*Lycæna Adonis*). Many a pleasing recollection of the glories of yet distant summer has been brought to mind, whilst gazing on this beautiful insect, the loveliest of its genus. Here too, we took a specimen of the Brimstone Butterfly (*Rhodocera Rhanni*), which, surviving the storms of winter, appears with the first warm days of spring, heralding the opening year.

In the same spot, I took a specimen of the Small Elephant Hawk (*Deilephila Porcellus*); and here, the year before last, my companion captured eight specimens of the Clouded Yellow (*Colias Edusa*).

February 11, 1853.

C. MILLER.

TRUE HAPPINESS.—The happiness of life is so nice a thing, that, like the sensitive plant, it shrinks away even whilst we are thinking of it.



## THE MONTH IN PROSPECT.

## MARCH.

Through hedge-row leaves, in drifted heaps,  
 Left by the stormy blast,  
 The little hopeful blossom peeps,  
 And tells of Winter past.  
 A few leaves flutter from the woods,  
 That hung the season through,  
 Leaving their place for swelling buds  
 To spread their leaves anew.

WHEN WE HAVE SAFELY PASSED through the asthmatic months of January and February, we feel as if we had a right to look forward to a pleasing change. These two months are, invariably, very trying to an invalid. So much rain, so much damp, and so many keen, biting winds, have we to contend with; that we had need be case-hardened to arrive at the month of March, in anything like good-health. England!—thy subjects are well-tried!

It is a prevalent notion, that the climate of this country has altered. The winters are assuredly now much milder than they were in the end of the last, and beginning of the present century. Mr. Knight tells us, that the winters seventy years ago were much more severe than they had been for some time previous to his writing the following remarks, in 1829. *Horticultural Transactions*, Vol. VII., p. 536.—“There are, I believe, few persons who have noticed, and who can recollect, the state of the climate of England half a century ago, who will not be found to agree in the opinion that considerable changes have taken place in it; and that our winters are now generally warmer than they were at that period (1779). The opinion of such persons would be entitled to very little attention, if they were adduced to prove that our climate has grown colder; because they themselves, being far advanced in life, and therefore less patient of cold, and being also incapable of bearing the same degree of exercise which kept them warm in youth,—might be readily drawn to conclude that the severity of our winters has increased. But when their evidence tends to prove that our winters have become warmer, it cannot, I think, be reasonably rejected. My own habits and pursuits, from a very early period of my life to the present time, have led me to expose myself much to the weather, in all seasons of the year and under all circumstances. No doubt whatever remains in my mind, that our winters are generally a great deal less severe than formerly.” To come to the point about this, a table has been prepared and published, from the mean monthly temperatures of eighty years, including the period from 1771 to 1851.

From this it appears, that fifteen winters out of the twenty, between 1771 and 1791, were severe; and that only seventeen out of forty winters, between 1811 and 1851, had that

character, or little more than half. The prevalence of numerous very cold winters is thus traced to the period between 1771 and 1791. The winter is severe when the mean of the four months, from November to February inclusive, is below 36°. Nine such occurred in the eighty years; and five of them between 1775 and 1795, or more than half in the earliest twenty years.

With regard to the months of December and January, it may be briefly stated—that the former of these is reckoned unusually cold, when its mean temperature is at or below the freezing point; and there were only five instances of this in the period of eighty years, three of which occurred between 1784 and 1796, and the other two in 1840 and 1846. January is intensely cold when its mean temperature is below 30°. There are six instances of such, in the eighty years; four between 1776 and 1795, and only two in the present century—namely, in 1814 and 1838. The latter will be well remembered, for, under its influence plants perished that had withstood all the other extremely cold Januaries, even those of which the mean temperature was still lower than that of 1838, the mean of which was 27.79°; whilst that of January, 1814, was 26.71°, and of January, 1795, 795.26 751.

Thus it becomes evident, that severe winters were unusually prevalent between 1771 and 1791; that in the first ten years of that period the months of January were excessively cold; that the next ten years, the winters maintained fully an average temperature; that those of the next ten years were still warmer; between 1811 and 1821 they fell below the average; but since that time, they have been generally above it.

Cold and ungenial as are the months of January and February, yet is there much passing out of doors, during their continuance, that merits observation, and amply repays one for a morning ramble. When the sun shines, we enjoy a walk on a winter's day beyond expression. The eye sees quite sufficient to prompt the mind; and the mind awakened, furnishes quite a feast for reflection. If we do not see things grow thus early, we can yet see how they are protected from the influence of cold, and praise the providential care that holds them all in life. Every field, every hedge, every lane, has a speaking voice. Turn which way we will, we cannot help seeing that—

There lives and works  
 A soul in *all* things,—and that soul is God.  
 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.

The plants, early in the year, are provided by nature with a sort of winter quarters,



which secure them from the effects of cold. Those called herbaceous, which die down to the root every autumn, are now safely concealed under ground,—preparing their new shoots to burst forth, when the earth is softened in Spring. Shrubs and trees, which are exposed to the open air, have all their soft and tender parts closely wrapped up in buds, which by their firmness resist all the power of frost. The larger kind of buds, and those which are now almost ready to expand,—such as the horse-chestnut, the sycamore, and the lime, are further guarded by a covering of resin or gum. Their external coverings, however, and the closeness of their internal texture, are of themselves by no means adequate to resist the intense cold of a winter's night.

Were a bud to be *detached* from its stem, enclosed in a glass, and thus protected from all access of external air—it would, if suspended from a tree during a sharp frost, be entirely penetrated, and its parts deranged by the cold. Such would *not* be the case, while the buds remained *on* the tree. They would experience no injury whatever. We must therefore attribute to the *living principle* in vegetables, as well as animals, the power of resisting cold to a very considerable degree. We may remark, that if one of these buds be carefully opened, it will be found to consist of young leaves rolled together; within which are indeed all the blossoms in miniature that are afterwards to adorn the Spring. But let us travel on. The sun is now fast awakening mother earth's latent energies. She rouses from her sleep, greets the god of day, and smiles benignantly in the consciousness of her strength. We have passed through the most gloomy part of the opening year. The mornings are bright, the days are expanded, and the *heart* feels the influences of the season. There is no excuse now for lying in bed. So let us all up with the lark:—

Stern Winter's sky no more with tempest lowers,  
To Arctic climes rough Boreas steals away;  
And vernal breezes and refreshing showers  
Are now companions of the lengthened day.

The modest *snowdrop*, harbinger of Spring,  
Now greets the eye with robe of virgin white;  
With joyful notes the birds begin to sing  
At peep of dawn, to hail the new-born light.

Pleased with young life, the sportive *lambs* are  
seen  
Striving in mimic race with guileless mirth;  
Kind Nature now prepares her garb of green  
To clothe her flow'rets teeming into birth.  
At this sweet season let not MAN be sad,  
While bounteous Heav'n makes all around him  
glad.

There are frequently mornings in March,  
when a lover of nature may enjoy, in a stroll,  
sensations not to be exceeded, or, perhaps,

equalled by any thing which the full glory of summer can awaken:—mornings which tempt us to cast the memory of winter, or the fear of recurrence, out of our thoughts. The air is mild and balmy, with now and then a cool gush, by no means unpleasant, but, on the contrary, contributing towards that cheering and peculiar feeling which we experience only in Spring. The sky is clear, the sun flings abroad not only a gladdening splendor, but an almost summer glow. The world seems suddenly aroused to hope and enjoyment. The fields are assuming a vernal greenness,—the buds are swelling in the hedges,—the banks are displaying, amidst the brown remains of last year's vegetation, the luxuriant weeds of this. There are arums, ground-ivy, chervil, the glaucous leaves, and burnished flowers of the pilewort,

The first gilt thing  
Which wears the trembling pearls of spring;

and many other fresh and early bursts of greenery. All unexpectedly too, in some embowered lane, you are arrested by the delicious odor of violets—those sweetest of Flora's children, which have furnished so many pretty allusions to the poets, and which are not yet exhausted. They are like true friends,—we do not know half their sweetness till they have felt the sunshine of our kindness; and again, they are like the pleasures of our childhood, the earliest and the most beautiful. Now, however, they are to be seen in all their glory—blue and white—modestly peering through the leaves. The lark is carolling in the blue fields of air; the blackbird and thrush are again shouting and replying to each other from the tops of the highest trees. As you pass cottages, they have caught the happy infection. There are windows thrown open, and doors standing ajar. The inhabitants are in their gardens; some cleaning away rubbish, some turning up the light and fresh-smelling soil amongst the tufts of snowdrops and rows of glowing yellow crocusses, which everywhere abound; and the children, ten to one, are busy peeping into one of the first bird's nests of the season—the hedge sparrow's, with its four blue eggs, snugly, but unwisely, built where it can be easily seen.

In the fields, the laborers are planting and trimming the hedges; and in all directions are teams at plough. You smell the wholesome, and we may truly say, aromatic soil, as it is turned up to the sun, brown and rich, the whole country over. It is delightful as you pass along deep, hollow lanes, or are hidden in copses, to hear the tinkling gear of the horses, and the clear voices of the lads calling to them. It is not less pleasant to catch the busy caw of the rookery, and the first meek cry of the young lambs. The



hares are hopping about the fields, the excitement of the season overcoming their habitual timidity. The bees are revelling in the yellow catkins of the sallow. The woods, though yet unadorned with their leafy garniture, are beautiful to look on; they seem flushed with life. Their boughs are of a clear glossy lead color, and the tree-tops are rich with the vigorous hues of brown, red, and purple: and if you plunge into their solitudes, there are symptoms of revivification under your feet, the springing mercury, and green blades of the blue-bells—and perhaps, above you, the early nest of the missel-thrush perched between the boughs of a young oak, to tinge your thoughts with the anticipation of summer.

These are mornings not to be neglected by the lover of Nature; and if not neglected, then, not to be forgotten, for they will stir the springs of memory, and make us live over again times and seasons, in which we cannot, for the pleasure and the purity of our spirits, live too much.

A few more keen winds no doubt await us in this changeable climate of ours; but the sun is now glorious in his might, and we can often get abroad to revel in a joyous walk. An extra coat buttoned round us, and a light heart, bid defiance to all external influences *now*. We have nearly arrived at "the time of the singing of birds;" and we mean to sing as loud, if not so musically, as any of them. Meantime, let a most favorite bard of ours be heard—in his

#### INVOCATION TO MARCH.

Come hither, come hither, and view the face  
Of Nature, enrobed in her vernal grace.  
By the hedgerow, way-side flowers are springing;  
On the budding elms the birds are singing;  
And up—up—to the gates of Heaven  
Mounts the lark, on the wings of her rapture  
driven.  
The voice of the streamlet is fresh and loud;  
On the sky there is not a speck of cloud;  
Come hither, come hither, and join with me  
In the season's delightful jubilee!

Haste out of doors—from this pastoral mount  
The isles of ocean thine eye may count.  
From coast to coast, and from town to town,  
You can see the white sails gleaming down,  
Like monstrous water-birds, which fling  
The golden light from each snowy wing;  
And the chimned steam-boat tossing high  
Its volumed smoke to the waste of sky:  
While you note, in foam, on the yellow beach,  
The tiny billows, each chasing each,  
Then melting like cloudlets in the sky,  
Or Time in the sea of Eternity!  
Why tarry at home? the swarms of air  
Are about—and o'erhead—and everywhere.  
The little moth opens its silken wings,  
And from right to left like a blossom flings.  
And from side to side, like a thistle-seed,  
Uplifted by winds from September meads,

The midge and the fly from their long, dull sleep  
Venture again on the light to peep.  
Over lake and land abroad they flee,  
Filling air with their murmuring ecstasy.  
The hare leaps up from his brushwood bed,  
And limps, and turns his timid head;  
The partridge whirrs from the glade; the mole  
Pops out from the earth of its wintry hole;  
And the perking squirrel's small nose you see  
From the fungous nook of its own beech tree.

Come, hasten ye hither. Our garden bowers,  
Are green with the promise of budding flowers.  
The crocus, and, Spring's first messenger,  
The faery snowdrop, are blooming here.  
The taper-leafed tulip is sprouting up;  
The hyacinth speaks of its purple cup;  
The jonquil boasteth, 'Ere few weeks run,  
My golden sunlet I'll show the sun;'  
The gilly-flower shoots its stems on high,  
And peeps on Heaven with its pinky eye.  
Primroses, an Iris-hued multitude,  
By the kissing winds are wooing and wooed;  
While the wall-flower threatens, with bursting  
bud,

To darken its blossoms with Winter's blood.  
Come here, come hither; and mark how swell  
The fruit-buds of the jargonelle.  
On its yet but leaf-let greening boughs,  
The apricot open its blossom throws;  
The delicate peach-tree's branches run  
O'er the warm wall, glad to feel the sun;  
And the cherry proclaims of cloudless weather,  
When its fruit and the blackbirds will toy to-  
gether.  
See, the gooseberry bushes their riches show;  
And the currant-bunch hangs its leaves below;  
And the damp-loving rasp saith, "I'll win your  
praise  
With my grateful coolness on harvest days."  
Come along, come along, and guess with me  
How fair and how fruitful the year shall be!

Look into the pasture-grounds o'er the pale,  
And behold the foal with its switching tail;  
About and abroad in its mirth it flies,  
With its long black forelocks about its eyes;  
Or bends its neck down with a stretch,  
The daisy's earliest flower to reach.  
See, as on by the hawthorn fence we pass,  
How the sheep are nibbling the tender grass,  
Or holding their heads to the sunny ray,  
As if their hearts, like its smile, were gay!  
While the chattering sparrows, in and out,  
Fly the shrubs, and trees, and roofs about;  
And sooty rooks, loudly cawing, roam  
With sticks and straws to their woodland home.

Out upon in-door cares! Rejoice  
In the thrill of Nature's bewitching voice!  
The finger of GOD hath touched the sky,  
And the clouds, like a vanquished army, fly;  
Leaving a rich, wide, azure bow,  
O'erspanning the works of his hand below.  
The finger of GOD hath touched the earth,  
And it starts from slumber in smiling mirth;  
Behold it awake in the bird and bee,  
In the springing flower, and the sprouting tree,  
And the leaping trout, and the lapsing stream,  
And the south wind soft, and the warm sun-  
beam:—



From the sward beneath, and the boughs above,  
Come the scent of flowers and the sounds of love.  
Then haste thee hither, and join thy voice  
With a world's, which shouts,—“Rejoice!  
Rejoice!”

### BIRDS OF SONG.

#### THE BLACKBIRD.

(Continued from page 26.)

We were a true prophet, whilst announcing in our last, that a week or two would make a remarkable difference in the voices of the blackbird and the thrush. They have done so—so remarkable a change as to be deserving of comment.

As we make a point of rising betimes—bearing in mind the dictum “caned into us” by the worthy pedagogue who took charge of us in boyhood,

“*Diluculo surgere saluberrimum est*—”

no one better than ourself could tell of the birds' early movements. At 6 a.m., we spring from our nest; and by so doing, hear the very first voice that is audible in the garden, and in Ravenscourt Park.

Since the very heavy rains—so plentiful in quantity, the voices of the birds seem to have recovered their *original* quality and tone. We now hear the blackbird at the first streak of dawn, quite melodiously discoursing; and half an hour after him, the thrush “piping” most merrily and joyously. The mornings are lighter, the days longer. Hourly do we perceive signs of renewed life in vegetation, and symptoms of bustling activity among the feathered tribes.

We now get a morning, noon, and evening visit from the little rogue in scarlet livery, who has made our garden his home through the early winter. Nor does he come unaccompanied. No! He has changed his state. A bachelor no longer, he seems aware of his importance; and his lady-love has been duly presented to us at the window. A pretty creature is she,—most truly so. “Sure such a pair were never seen!”

The thrushes, too, are now “single” no longer. Each has paid his vows; and at the shrine of affection he has resigned his heart. The same protestations have been gone through with the blackbirds; and with the same kindly results. “Dickey Dunnock” also, with such an example before him, has gone and done likewise; and the wren, with his tiny spouse, is not found wanting. Our's now, is a “garden of delights.” We look daily for nests; then for eggs; then for young “happy families.” They are all “at home” with us. We love it to be so.

The fair moon has been shining brightly; and though the season is yet chilly, we fail not occasionally to take a bracing evening

walk, to enjoy her light, which aids us in many a *reflection*. FEBRUARY has not passed over without leaving *much* to be pleasantly remembered.

Reverting to our friends—the birds, we consider it right pleasing to listen to their harmless, eloquent tales of love and affection,—so unresistingly urged, so unconditionally accepted; nor can we help saying, after our own fashion of plain-speaking, that we wish things were as well “ordered” amongst ourselves. It would be better for us, and for society too. Full many a time have we wished—positively wished, in our early days, that we were a sky-lark! A “happy life” is his!

But now we must imagine—a distressing thing for our imagination to dwell on,—that our readers have a blackbird, and are going to keep him. The first thing then to consider, under such circumstances, is a proper cage.

Formerly, *wicker* cages were in great vogue; but they are horrible dwellings for a joyous bird to inhabit; and we are glad to observe they are nearly obsolete. In their stead, we have been largely the means of introducing proper-sized wooden cages; wide, deep, and tall—thereby affording the tenant room to be “comfortable.” It is marvellous to think that until the present moment—and even now we are “fools” in the matter of bird-cages, no attempt whatever has been put forth to build a handsome, appropriate, or becoming cage for animals, in whom some people's very existence has been bound up!

We repeat, we never have seen,—never do see, any cage that is at all adapted either for the well-being of the prisoner or for the ornament of a drawing-room. Hence, in many cases, the confiding of a “pet” canary to the tender mercies of a servant-maid; and *consequently*, to the somewhat less tender mercies of a pampered cat. All this is in bad taste; and we hope in our life-time to see it altered. Surely we have amongst us men sufficiently clever to make a bird-cage “to order!” And is our taste so utterly depraved, that we can originate no improvement? Surely not, let us hope.

The fittings-up of your cage must be well looked to. One side must be entirely boarded; and the other *half* boarded, from the bottom upwards. This will prevent draughts sweeping through the cage. The top must also be of wood, shelving down on either side. The receptacles for food and water must be *outside*, always. They should be of white delf, —deep, and fitted into wooden boxes. By this means, the food will be kept from being scattered, and the trough of the cage from being wetted. These are two grand considerations.

There should be three perches in every



cage. One lofty perch across the cage, and two lower ones to enable the bird to get at his food and water. These should be of deal, painted; and square. Round perches are altogether objectionable. The front of the cage should be of rounded, "wooden wires," rather close together, as these birds like retirement; and they should be suspended from some window where the aspect is mild.

In early spring, they should face the sun. When His Mightiness shows the first indication of his glorious presence being about to appear, do *you* be in readiness to spring from your couch. There is a treat even now preparing for us—which we who rise so *very* early already luxuriate in; one that makes us laugh at the roughness of "Sturdy old Winter." HE may do us some little mischief, it is true; but we shall rise superior to it all, and join at an early day, with all our little friends, in bidding him adieu for a long season.

Few can know,—none indeed save those who live in the country, how delightful it is to hear once again the song of this glossy, happy, noble rogue:—

—'Tis long, 'tis very long—

Since, standing at our garden window,  
The blackbird sung us forth; from yonder bough  
That hides the arbour—loud and full at first,  
Warbling his invitations.

Yet do we recognise his voice, and joy in the thought of again living in his presence. Our lawn shall yield him, as of old, his breakfast,—our fruit-trees his dessert; our foliage his protection; and our garden shall be his home. It is a bargain. But now for the choice of a blackbird.

In this matter, much is left to opinion. Some like a very tame, others a very wild bird. In the former case, the song is seldom so good; in the latter, the bird is generally possessed of his natural note.

Blackbirds are imitative,—so much so, that it is difficult to procure a young bird that does not "talk gibberish." If he hears a whistle, he will try to imitate it; if a noise, he will try and copy it. This will ever be the case, where they are kept within hearing of such annoyances. The best birds are, beyond all question, those called "bat-folded,"—that is, caught wild, at night, in a net.

These birds will sometimes take kindly to a cage at once, and sing sweetly in a week. Others again refuse to be comforted, sulk, and only volunteer a song when they are quite alone. They like too to be suspended at some considerable height. They should be procured in the autumn season; if taken now, they would fall sick and die. Their troth is pledged, their plans are laid, their nests are built, and all arrangements made for the season. Let us place ourselves in a

similar position, by hypothesis; and ask if *we* could be happy and sing, if *WE* were separated from all we held dear? The case is analogous. There is no difficulty in procuring these bat-folded birds; but it will be desirable to *hear* them sing, before you become a purchaser; and to take them away in the same cage.

There will be plenty of young blackbirds in the London markets in another week or so. They are usually brought from the country in nests, containing four and five young birds. One of these nests you may procure for about eighteen-pence: and if you rear the birds yourself, you may chance to get *two* fine ones from the number.

Directly you get them, place them in a cage with a wire front, so that they may have a long run. Cover the bottom with fine red dry gravel, and place the cage in the sun. Feed them with bruised hemp seed, and crumb of bread (stale), scalded. Administer this, at the end of a short skewer, every quarter of an hour when your birds are very young—afterwards, every half-hour. Coax your birds to help themselves, from the end of the skewer, as early as you can. They are ready scholars, and soon find the way to their mouths. *Most* other animals do the same!

Be constant in supplying them with cold, fresh water; this may easily be done by dipping your little finger into a basin or cup, and allowing the water to drip from it into the bird's open mouth. *Young* birds' mouths are always open! Of course, you will see that *low* perches are fixed across the cage. On these they will presently hop, and soon show signs of maturity. They will "record" their song, ere yet they are five weeks old.

We have, in our First and Second Volumes, dwelt at considerable length on the great importance of bringing up birds under "an eminent master." If you *will* have "good birds," *in no other way can you obtain such*. We have just been educating some young German canaries; and our success with them has been surprisingly great. We are entertained every evening, after the fatigues of the day, with music that might well be supposed to have emanated from a nightingale in the grove. This really repays one for one's trouble; and *such* music must be seasonable at *all* times. We name this emphatically, to encourage *all* our readers to persevere. Nothing is "impossible."

In our next, we will speak of the proper food for blackbirds; and treat of several important matters connected with their health and happiness. They are easily tamed, very affectionate, very observant; and know well *who* appreciates their excellencies. A loving mistress or a kind master need never be in want of a melodious song. Where the *heart*



is held captive, all the affections flow out spontaneously. It is Nature's law.

As for the blackbirds on our garden lawn, —even now they show themselves in all their glory. The rising sun gilds their plumage, and the fresh air gladdens their hearts. Perched aloft, we leave them happy; and we seldom depart without a song. This is pleasant, as the year is young:—

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,  
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze;  
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets  
Deform the day daylightless.

But the day is even now at our doors, when Spring, with all its enchanting beauties, will burst upon us. For this, and for a mild, genial air, let us patiently wait.

### THE AVIARY AND ITS OCCUPANTS.

#### No. VII.

(Continued from page 28.)

IT GIVES US PLEASURE TO LEARN, that the subject now under discussion is becoming one of universal interest. The letters we are daily receiving, convince us that we have awakened a feeling that is not likely soon to be set aside. Nature's voice is *so* gentle,—her precepts are so loving, that a heart not habitually "hard" *must* feel their influence. But to our task:

Our little tenants having now taken quiet possession of their freehold, we will try yet again to devise some additional means of adding to their domestic happiness.

In enumerating the particular tribes by name, it will be seen there are some which we have purposely omitted; such as, amongst others, the greenfinch, brambling, hawfinch, and the starling. The first of these is a large ugly "gawky," with a harsh wiry voice, painful to listen to. He will eat, too, thrice more than he is worth in a single week. The other three are maliciously spiteful, and must be also among the rejected. They would destroy the entire colony in an incredibly short space of time, if they once gained admission.

When enumerating our reasons for excluding hen birds from the aviary, we left, of necessity, much for conjecture. Full of meaning, however, as the "hints" were, and quite sufficient for the purpose, yet there are others equally stringent.

With a view to the regular increase of the stock, we provided, when first "colonising," a number of square mahogany nest-boxes, which were fixed against the wall. Also, nest-bags, and such other materials as were necessary for the purpose of "building." In these boxes, from time to time, a number of

nests were formed; eggs were laid; and the process of incubation went forward. We anticipated much amusement, and much delight, from the young progeny when hatched; but, alas, our anticipations of pleasure were doomed never to be realised. There were such "awful goings on," as we shall presently relate, among the various "settlers," that we were obliged, within the first three months, to commit an act of ejection. The sex called "gentle," it was found necessary to banish for ever! "'Tis true, 'tis pity—pity 'tis, 'tis true!"

Had we succeeded in establishing "a peaceful colony" on so grand a scale, we should have accomplished, we understand, what has never yet been done. No sooner were any eggs laid by a canary, or a siskin, (aberdevine), than a rival hen goldfinch would alight on the nest-box, seize the egg, and dropping it from above, on the ground beneath, listen with maniacal ecstasy to the music of its destructive fall.

The thrush, too, known universally as an "imitative" bird, would oftentimes amuse himself in the accomplishment of a similar exploit. He was ready, at a moment's notice, to "assist" any of the rival malcontents in a crusade against the eggs and young. No sooner were the latter born—succeed we *did* in getting a few broods hatched—than the conspirators went to work with an energy, and a unity of purpose, worthy of a better cause. Despite the vigorous resistance of the parent-birds, "thrice armed by Nature's powerful wand," their infant offspring were remorselessly dragged, "callow" as they were, from their cradles; suspended in mid-air, like Mahomet's coffin; and then, with deadly hate, dashed forcibly to the ground. There were a number of offenders in this way. They were all tried and condemned; their sentence—banishment—being carried into immediate effect.

Canaries, alone, will pair and breed excellently well in an aviary; but the admixture of a number of other tribes for breeding purposes, is evidently a "mistake." A little calm reflection will show good reason for this, seeing how very dissimilar are the taste and habits of some birds compared with others—these courting retirement, and feeling annoyed when disturbed; those rejoicing in mischief, and never so happy as when up to their ears in excitement.

As your little friends will try every possible mode of amusing themselves at your expense, you must take special care to nail your floor-cloth, and paste your paper, evenly on the wall or ceiling. If they can only find one end that they can unravel, one projection that they can peck at, they will go to work with such artistic skill, that they will soon disfigure the room. Be careful, therefore,



to give them no opportunity for the exercise of their ingenuity in this matter.

Keep the windows constantly open, and admit a free current of air; closing them in winter only, at night. The room will always be sufficiently warm. If, however, there be any fog or continuous rainy or damp weather, *then*, of course, the windows should *not* be opened.

You will find that the birds will soon get into a habit of perching on, or rather clinging to, the ledges of the windows. To obviate this, which is very objectionable, seeing how the windows become thereby soiled, have some narrow (say one and a half inch) slips of deal, planed down, just the width of the window. Let these be "bevelled" off on one side, and carefully adapted to the bottom of every pane of glass in the room, in a slanting position. By using this precaution, the birds will slide off, and they will soon find you are "just one too many for them."

It will take your birds some little time to get into each other's ways; but this they will do, eventually. Many will be the quarrels, disagreements, animosities, and battles; but these time will terminate. War will gradually cease, and peace ultimately become proclaimed.

If any of your birds die, as fresh caught birds often do, replace them at the earliest moment. Never turn in many at once; let one or two in, mysteriously, early in the morning. This will prevent any unusual fluttering, and the "wonder" at seeing a few new faces will gradually subside.

Whenever you purchase a quantity of "flight" birds (already described), for stock, always place them, for a day or two, in a large cage, by themselves. It would be desirable to have two or three for this purpose. These birds are so excessively wild and impatient of confinement, that, if turned into the aviary immediately after being caught, they would not only dash frantically against the windows, thereby severely injuring their nervous system, but they would spread fearful consternation and bewilderment amongst the inhabitants. In such a case, the restoration of order would be difficult, and a work of much time.

The soft-billed birds, when first purchased, must be kept quietly, in separate cages, for a fortnight at least after being "fed off." They may then be turned into the aviary, one at a time. Being insectivorous, food must be given them which assimilates as closely as possible with their natural diet—spiders, small red garden worms, meal-worms, earwigs, &c. These should be supplied only occasionally, just to keep the birds healthy; they will, meantime, "take" to the general food, of which we are soon to speak more fully.

When the glorious sun streams into the

aviary, and gilds the variegated colors of these little feathered beauties—their antics, frolics, and devotion to fun, can be but faintly imagined. The fountain, with its rippling stream; the mirrors, with their truthful reflection and multiplying powers; the harmonious concert of well-tuned voices—cause the inhabitants as much harmless pleasure as was ever known by our first innocent parents in Paradise.

Hard must be the heart of that man, or that woman, who could witness such scenes of happiness as these, without participating in the general enjoyment. For our own part, we care not to "fraternise" with such people.

The "flight" birds, when first purchased, should be classified—linnets together, in one very large cage; goldfinches in another of the same size; and so on, with any others. The reason for placing them in large cages is, to prevent their soiling each other's plumage, while dashing about in their new prison. Every prisoner, when first confined, is so truly "unhappy in his mind," that it is in vain to attempt to soothe him. Grief, however, having exhausted itself, and Nature having at length induced an appetite for food, he becomes by degrees more reasonable, and finds discretion to be by far "the better part of valor."

The "flight" birds, when fresh caught, must have a mixture thrown into the bottom of their cages of Canary, Flax, Rape, and bruised Hemp-seed—the floor being covered with dry, red gravelly sand. Their cages, for a few days, should be kept partially darkened; and during this time the birds should be as little disturbed as possible.

It is always desirable to keep newly-caught birds very scantily supplied with food, giving it them only at stated intervals. They then get accustomed to look for it. They must however have plenty of clean water at all times. By this mode of treatment, they will become reconciled to their fate. They should then be introduced into the commonwealth, one or two at a time; early in the morning, and when the others are feeding. In Number VIII. of the present series of Papers, we recommended the introduction of only one pair of birds—wagtails. We now bethink us of an almost unpardonable oversight in this matter—we mean with respect to not having recommended the addition of a pair of Java sparrows. They are so quiet, so innocent in their nature; so totally different and retired in their habits from all other birds, and so hardy withal—that we again repeat, by all means try a pair of them. They are granivorous, but will eat freely of the universal mixture. We had a pair of Java sparrows in the aviary four years. Their symmetrical proportions were exquisitely beautiful. At the end of the fourth year the hen died; the



widower from that moment became inconsolable. His grief was lasting, and excessive. Such unusual constancy won our best sympathies. We procured another hen, equally beautiful; and gave her the *entrée*. Singular to relate, her ladyship intuitively seconded our views. My lord "proposed," at an early day, and was "accepted;" and the twain lived with us, in uninterrupted felicity, until they were devoured by the rats. The "habits" of this bird will hereafter receive ample notice.

As the larger proportion of numbers will always be in favor of linnets and goldfinches, we need not say anything about the introduction of other kinds of birds. In this matter, everybody will of course consult his own particular fancy. It will be desirable, however, to confine new-comers of every sort for a day or two, in a separate cage; they may then be turned in with the rest.

It sometimes happens that a bird gets one of his legs injured, and he is thereby prevented rising on the wing, and seating himself on a perch. To accommodate him in his sickness, let a perch be fixed across the skirting board at every corner of the aviary. On these he can hop, and on one of them he will roost at night. It is highly desirable for every bird to perch when at roost. They do so when in a state of Nature. It prevents their little feet becoming clogged with any foul matter, and they awaken refreshed by their night's rest.

Sometimes, in the moulting season, when a bird does not moult "kindly," there will be several "cripples" trotting about the floor, quite unable to soar aloft. Under such circumstances, you must place clean water within their reach, and plenty of food—the latter in as great a variety as possible. What this variety consists of we will discuss anon.

We must here caution our readers against the sudden introduction of a lighted candle, into or near an aviary, at night. It has so alarming an effect upon the inmates, that they will precipitate themselves headlong from their perches, and fall about the room in an agony of fear. We have known many legs and wings to be broken in this manner, and have been obliged to sacrifice the lives of many of the sufferers by putting them to a premature death. The birds usually roost up aloft; so that, with only moderate care, the evil complained of can be remedied.

Another terrible annoyance and cause of alarm to your birds, on moonlight nights particularly, will be the CATS. These most noxious vermin will, and do, always prowl about an aviary, assembling in numbers to try and procure a savory meal. *Apropos* to this subject. On one particular occasion, coming down early in the morning, we found a pane of glass in the aviary broken. There was a

circular hole through it, made as if it had been "drilled." Round it was a quantity of grey hair, *not* human; through it, something alive (also not human) had evidently passed. How many of our feathered family had escaped through this aperture, we had no means of ascertaining; but we heard many ill-suppressed whispers of some splendid mules and canaries having suddenly made their appearance in cages in the neighborhood, and of the welkin ringing with their song.

It being an invariable rule with us to live "out of debt," we proceeded at once to discharge this last outstanding obligation. We were plainly indebted to one of the feline tribe for the unsolicited honor of "a visit." Too well-bred not to acknowledge the civility, at an early moment, we that same night prepared for the visitor a *petit souper*, dressed *à la Soyer*, the paragon of human excellence.\* The cloth was laid for a dozen at least; for we thought it probable that a "friend or two" might drop in. We were not "out" in this our calculation. Our polite neighbors, the cats, *did* arrive, and with good appetites; nor were they dainty. Partaking *avec gout* of all that we had provided for them, they cleared the course. No "remove" was needed! Contrary to all good manners we must remark, the party, before breaking up, had actually *licked their plates!*

Next morning, there was a rumor that "fourteen cats had been mysteriously seized with sudden and alarming illness." "Is it possible!" replied we to our informant, with the interesting gravity of a Janus.

Two days subsequently—a most "remarkable" circumstance—we were apprised of the very same number of equally mysterious "deaths." A cat is *now* regarded in our parish as "a curiosity." Long may it continue such! We hate the race.

\* The *carte*, or bill of fare, was too choice not to be preserved. We have a "copy" of it, and it shall appear in a future chapter, under the head "Vermin." It should be, and no doubt will be, highly prized; for many a recipe, of not one-quarter its value, is usually charged a guinea.

#### CURIOUS FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

##### THE HERRING GULL, AND THE HEDGEHOG.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED the "Naturalist," No. 24, whose able editor, Dr. Morris, brings under our notice from month to month a multitude of interesting facts. We have before said so much in praise of this periodical, that anything further in *that* way would be *detrop*. We rather seek to prove its merit by offering from its vast stores one or two extracts. The first is from the pen of George



Donaldson, Esq., and forms part of a curious article on

#### THE HERRING GULL.

In the month of June, says the writer, a few years ago, when on a visit to Ailsa Craig, in the Frith of Clyde, a very young specimen of this bird was taken from a nest by my friend, Mr. Kemp, who accompanied me on that occasion. He shortly afterwards put it into his garden, in the neighborhood of the city, where it was for some time unable to provide for itself, during which he fed it upon various articles of a domestic nature, such as broken bread, potatoes, etc. In the course of a month afterwards, he was relieved of all his attentions by "Snow," as I named him, foraging for himself amongst the bushes and vegetables, where he fed on various caterpillars, slugs, flies, and beetles. He was constant in his attendance on Mr. Kemp while engaged in digging and transplanting, and never failed to pick up every creeping thing which was turned up during the operation. He was particularly shy while strangers were present, and never in one instance would permit any familiarity, excepting with a small rough Scotch Terrier belonging to this gentleman, to which he was particularly attached; for after pulling her by the tail (which she never appeared to relish), he would make up the matter by picking from off her rough mouth any particles of food which he found adhering there. He was exceedingly playful, and appeared to enjoy himself amazingly by throwing up into the air any small bones or pieces of wood which he had fallen in with, and always exhibited the greatest terror of either them, or any other object coming in contact with his legs.

At the end of twelve months, his plumage corresponded with that of other young birds, and when he was two years old, the change was very trifling. At this period, however, he acquired a taste for sparrows; and scarcely a day passed on which he did not regale himself with four or five of them. His system of catching them was this:—He was upon the best terms with a number of pigeons which this gentleman had; and as the sparrows fed along with them, he mixed in the group, and by *stooping* assumed as much as possible their appearance, and then *set* at the sparrow as a pointer dog would do his game; the next instant he had his prey by the back, and swallowed it without giving it time to shut its eyes. The sporting season began with him about the middle of July, as the young birds were leaving their nests; and as numbers of them were produced in Mr. Kemp's garden, and others came to *practise* there, they found it very slippery ground, for the enemy was upon them in a moment.

At the expiration of three years, his plumage was assuming a lighter shade, although the grey feathers on the under part of his body were quite apparent. He pursued his old system of snatching and swallowing with great success; and arrived at so much perfection in the art, that he caught his prey often while flying past, and occasionally sprang from the ground, and struck a bird down with his wing, which he had no difficulty in afterwards capturing.

On one occasion, while standing near a pump well in the garden, he pounced upon a rat, which

had come there for the purpose of drinking; it squeaked on being caught, and Mr. Kemp, who was standing close by, looked immediately around, and had scarcely time to see it suddenly disappear head foremost—a rule which he strictly observed, with both the living and the dead. How many thrushes, finches, and wagtails I supplied him with! Mr. Kemp has little doubt that many rats were surprised in the same manner, as he frequently observed "Snow" sneaking about the well.

His appearance during the act of running down the young birds amongst the bushes, was very animated: his neck was extended, his eye sparkled, and his body appeared compressed to half its usual size, which rendered his expression very different from the *dozy*-like appearance which he assumed while watching rats and *old* sparrows.

At the end of the fourth year, he appeared to have completed his *Toilet*; and although his garments at that time did not exhibit the hue which the deep blue sea imparts to them, still his appearance was very creditable, considering the narrow bounds to which he was restricted.

In the preceding remarks, I have confined myself entirely to his habits while in confinement; for I presume his habits naturally are sufficiently known. Independent of his love for *fish*, he is a good judge of *fowl*, and much amusement I have had by witnessing him struggling through a legion of clamorous kittiwakes, stationed along the front of a precipice, which appeared to be taking satisfaction on him for having eaten up some of their families.

This is quite a common occurrence, and I have little doubt that, when opportunity occurs, his young are for some time principally supported at the expense of this harmless and interesting community; for the young of both are produced about the same period. I think we are quite entitled to suppose that, from the great length of time which this bird takes to arrive at maturity, he is long-lived; although I am not aware that he has ever been allowed a place amongst the patriarchal races of swans, eagles, ravens, and pelicans, the ages of which are recorded from one hundred up to three hundred years; and I am inclined to think that if "Snow" had not been unfortunately killed at the end of his sixth year, he might have lived to the age of "*Ole Uncle Ned!*"

I have been informed that the habits of (*Larus fuscus*), the Lesser Black-backed Gull, are equally rapacious; but never having seen him, I feel inclined to give him the benefit of any doubt. As far as my experience goes, however, I am bound to acknowledge the Blue-back (*L. Argentatus*) a most distinguished cannibal, and superior to any other class amongst the fowls of the air. He gives no quarter, and consumes the unfortunate slowly within his interior—just as the court of chancery does with a great estate. This gull arrives at Ailsa Craig early in April, lays three eggs about the middle of May, and the young take wing about the 20th of July; there is little difference in coloring or size between the eggs of this bird and those of the Lesser Black-back, and if any does exist, it is in those of the latter being occasionally found a shade darker.

As the nidification of birds has of late created some little attention, it affords me an opportunity



of describing in what manner these two birds begin their domestic arrangements for the season. They display no cunning whatever in selecting a situation for their nest, which consists of a variety of torn-up weeds and grasses, *in place* of the dried and brushy material usually collected by other birds for that purpose; and the great majority of those which I have found have been quite exposed, and in many instances close beside detached fragments of rock, in situations closely approaching to table land. Necessity very frequently compels them to place their nests where neither pasturage nor any other kind of shelter affords them any protection; but from this circumstance I do not consider that any rule ought to be laid down, as to the situations where these nests are to be found.

The nest is a very comfortable one, of fair proportions, with a *flat* margin, which this bird has wisely contrived to enable him to get comfortably out and in; for the circular part of it, where the three eggs are deposited, is barely sufficient to contain them. I have frequently remarked the warmth which the egg so long retains after the gull has been scared from her nest; and my astonishment was increased on shooting one of the birds to find, on separating the feathers on the under part of the breast and the body, a space about as great as the palm of the hand, completely divested of feathers, exhibiting a skin as fine as silk, and possessing an amount of animal heat which I never could have anticipated.

I am perfectly aware that the practice of denuding themselves of the interior feathers of the breast, to assist in the process of incubation, is common, but how to account for this additional warmth is a difficulty; for I have never before remarked anything to compare with it in other wild birds; and if we could ascertain that the same temperature prevails in the swan and the pelican, it might necessarily lead us to suppose that such rapidity of circulation may tend to longevity. It is quite out of my way to speculate on its term of life; but as Cuvier has computed the age of a whale at one thousand years, might not Owen give us a comparative idea between the age of this bird and that of other birds whose *span* has already been ascertained.

To furnish you with further evidence of the rapacity of the herring gull, my friend Mr. Kemp is in possession of one at the present moment, which we brought along with us from the island of Sanda, in the month of July, 1848; and as my absence from this country prevented me watching *her* as frequently and carefully as I did "Snow," I state to you on this gentleman's authority, that in the summer of 1851, he raised a brood of nine young decoy ducks, which he took especial care of by keeping them confined within an outhouse in his garden. At the expiration of a few days, he allowed them to get into the garden, when horrible to tell, "Susey," as he calls the gull, swallowed the whole *cleekin!* The second brood which he raised consisted of five, four of which, during one forenoon, shared the same fate; and the remaining one she gobbled too, just as Mr. Kemp had fitted up some wicker work for its protection. This gull has never displayed the tact of the other one, and her performances in sparrow-catching have been upon rather a limited scale.

Our second extract has reference to some very odd habits contracted by

#### A HEDGEHOG.

About seven years ago, says Mr. Henry Ferris, of Kingsdown, the narrator, at the residence of a relative of mine, in this city, a hedgehog was kept for the purpose of destroying slugs, snails, etc., in the long, narrow, walled garden behind the house. His usual haunt, during the sleepy hours of day, was either a wood-house, to which he had access, or the covert afforded by some ivy at the bottom of the garden. This hedgehog (as far as my memory serves me) differed in no remarkable manner from his spiny brethren, as far as external appearance was concerned; and had it not been for one remarkable habit, might have long since passed from my memory. But, in order to give my readers a clear idea of what I am about to relate, I must briefly describe the garden.—It was, as I have said, like most town gardens, rather long and narrow, with a path down the middle. This path was flanked on each side by flower-beds alternately round and oblong, with luxuriant borders of cushion pink. Not long after Hodge had been naturalised in this retreat, a beaten path was found across one of the oblong beds, about four feet from the end; while the track of some animal was plainly visible on the path which went round the farther side of the circular bed, which came next it. This excited some surprise, but a little observation soon discovered the cause, though only to render the surprise greater. It was found that, as regularly as the evening set in, Hodge was to be seen running round and round, with a swift and steady pace, exactly in the track which he had beaten out, and never in any other. The oddity of the circumstance often drew spectators; but for them he cared not a pin, if they only kept out of his way. I once had the pleasure of witnessing this nocturnal exercise. It was quite ludicrous to see his grave, steady air, as he emerged from under the cushion pinks of the circular bed, trotted up the middle path close under the border, came in full view as he crossed the oblong bed, and dived out of sight behind the opposite border, to appear again in a few moments. If uninterrupted, he generally kept on a good while without pausing. All who witnessed his circumambulations, were quite at a loss to give a satisfactory reason for them, though several (myself among the rest) puzzled over the subject a good deal. If it were merely for *exercise*, why choose that particular spot, and always keep to it? and why should he strike out a path *across* the oblong bed, instead of keeping to that which went round the circular one? Be this as it may, the sport, if sport it were, was kept up with commendable punctuality for some weeks, as long, I believe, as Hodge remained there. His object in running this eternal round still remains a mystery.

#### EXTERNALS AND INTERNALS.

As the INDEX tells us the contents of stories, and directs to the particular chapter; even so does the outward habit and superficial order of garments (in man or woman) give us a taste of the spirit, and demonstratively point (as it were a manual note from the margin) *all the quality of the soul.*

—MASSINGER.



## AFFECTION OF THE BLACKBIRD.

AS WE ARE NOW WRITING the Natural History of this bird, it will not be out of place to record every pleasing trait in his character that may offer.

We have long labored hard to prove, that we ought all to take a lesson from the lower world. In every action, they speak to us; their lives abound with hints that we should do well to take. We will now dwell only on the affection of the Blackbird for its young. Does it "put them out to nurse?" No! Does it, as a favor, look at them now and then, and rest satisfied that all is going on well? No! Hearken, young and interesting mothers! Take a lesson from the Blackbird's book:—

The following account is given by Mr. Weir to Mr. Macgillivray, respecting the number of times in the day which he watched a pair of Blackbirds feed their young, four in number. At a quarter-past three in the morning, they commenced; from that time until four o'clock, the male fed them only once, and sang almost incessantly, whilst the female fed them six times; from four to five o'clock, the male fed them six times, and the female three times; from five to six o'clock, the male fed them four and the female five times; from six to seven o'clock, the male fed them three, and the female five times; and from seven to eight o'clock, the male fed them three times. For the last four hours he sang most delightfully, except when he was feeding the young birds; and as he had induced one of them to fly out after him, Mr. Weir had to replace it in the nest, which caused some interruption to their feeding. From eight to nine o'clock, the male fed them six, and the female seven times; and from nine to ten o'clock, the male fed them four and the female three times; from ten to eleven o'clock, the male fed them three and the female two times; from eleven to twelve o'clock, the male fed them two, and the female three times; from twelve to one o'clock, the male fed them two, and the female four times. From two to three o'clock, the female fed them twice; and from three to four o'clock, the male fed them three, and the female four times. From four to five o'clock, the male fed them three, and the female four times; from five to six o'clock, the female fed them only twice; and from six to seven o'clock, she fed them three times. In the evening the male was almost entirely engaged in singing, and from seven to eight o'clock, fed them only once, and the female six times; and from eight to twenty minutes before nine o'clock, when they both ceased from their labors, the male fed them once, and the female seven times: the male still continued singing. *Thus in the course of a single day, the male fed the young FORTY-FOUR TIMES, and the female SIXTY-NINE TIMES.*

While engaged in watching from his place of concealment, this pair of birds, Mr. Weir observed that before they fed their young, they always alighted upon a tree, and looked around them for a few seconds. Sometimes they brought sufficient food for the whole of their brood one by one, and at other times only enough for a single nestling.

The young birds often trimmed their feathers, and stretched out their wings.

On a wren accidentally coming so near as to detect the ambush, and giving a consequent note of alarm, all the birds in the neighborhood flocked around at once, to endeavor to discover the cause of it; and the Blackbirds hopped round and round, and made every effort to penetrate the mystery, but at length gave up the attempt. One of the young birds having had the misfortune to be choked, the hen bird, on discovering the danger, set up a moan of distress. Her partner on hearing it instantly came to her assistance, and both made several attempts to dislodge the incubus, but for a time they were unsuccessful. At last the male bird most scientifically aided the process of deglutition; though only just in time, for the young one was so much exhausted, that it remained nearly three hours without moving, and with its eyes shut. The cock bird having alighted on a tree a few yards from the nest, poured forth a volume of song expressive of joy at the happy result of his endeavors.

With the note of alarm, Mr. Weir adds, which any set up on the discovery of their enemies, all the different species of the little birds seem to be most instinctively acquainted; for no sooner did a beast or a bird of prey make its appearance, than they seemed to be anxiously concerned about the safety of their family. From tree to tree they usually hopped, uttering their doleful lamentations. At one time, the Blackbirds were in an unusual state of excitement and terror—a prowling weasel having made its appearance; and while the danger threatened, the young birds, on their parents announcing it, cowered down in the nest, and appeared to be in great uneasiness.

The above particulars are taken from the Rev. O. Morris's "History of British Birds," Part 32, — a work which proceeds so well, and whose plates are so nicely colored, that no library can be complete without it. The price renders it accessible to the multitude. It is dedicated by permission, to our little Queen—God bless her! How her tender heart must rejoice in the perusal of such anecdotes as these!

By the way, the "History of British Butterflies" and the "History of the Nests and Eggs of British Birds;" both by the Rev. O. Morris, and very beautifully illustrated; progress right well. We have received Part 13 of the former, and Part 14 of the latter.

## TRUE LOVE.

"HAST THOU NOT OBSERVED, Doris, that thy future husband has lame feet?"

"Yes, papa," said she, "I have seen it; but then he speaks to me so kindly, and so piously, that I seldom pay attention to his feet."

"Well, Doris; but young women generally look at a man's figure."

"I, too, papa," was her answer; "but Wilhelm pleases me *just as he is*. If he had straight feet, *he would not be Wilhelm Stilling*—and how could I love him then?"



### A SONG OF THE MOONBEAM.

The soft, the silver moonbeam!  
How silently it falls  
Upon the time-rent battlement,  
And ivy-mantled walls!  
And on the turret hoary,  
That proudly 'mid decay  
Still speaketh of a splendor dimmed,  
And glory passed away!

A placid smile it seemeth  
Upon a rugged face,  
Where age hath ploughed his furrows,  
And grief left many a trace;  
A smile of resignation,  
Of hope, and calm content;  
Triumphant over hot desires,  
And passions turbulent.

The mild, the gentle moonbeam!  
Upon the stream it sleeps;  
Where o'er the gliding waters  
The pensile willow weeps;  
E'en like a radiant spirit,  
With pinions snowy white,  
That maketh all its crystal couch  
A perfect flood of light.

Amid the trembling alders,  
How soft the breezes sigh!  
How bend with graceful motion  
The reeds that grow thereby!  
What quietude prevaileth,  
Around, below, above;  
How filled is nature's mighty heart  
With peace and boundless love!

The kind, the pitying moonbeam!  
How tenderly it steeps  
The green sod of the lone church-yard,  
Where oft the mourner weeps!  
And round the couch of sickness,  
How noiselessly it steals,  
And to the sufferer's aching eyes  
Each object loved reveals!

E'en like a guardian angel,  
It watches by my tomb;  
And softly smiles to dissipate  
The dreariness and gloom.  
E'en like a ministering spirit,  
It hovers round the bed;  
And breathes of Him by whose command  
ITS LIGHT ABROAD IS SHED.

H. G. ADAMS.

### "I'LL THINK ON THEE!"

"I'll think on thee," love, when I pray  
At morning's dawn to God on high;  
I'll think of thee at evening's grey,  
And breathe thy name with many a sigh.

I'll think on thee, when midnight sleep  
Shall bid all thoughts but mine be free;  
And if perchance, love, I should "weep,"  
Still, tho' in tears, "I'LL THINK ON THEE."

Q.

### ENGLAND—DEAR ENGLAND!

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

ENGLAND, dear England! my heart is with thee,  
Land of the beautiful, happy, and free!  
Thy bulwarks are mighty, thy warriors brave,  
And the right hand of power is ready to save.  
Thy meadows are fertile, thy forests abound;  
The heart's dearest treasure in thee may be  
found;

A smile seems to cheer us wherever we roam,—  
Oh, WHY did I leave thee,—my bright, happy  
home?

England, dear England! my heart is with thee,  
My thoughts picture scenes fondly treasured by  
me;

In my day-dreams I wander again on thy shore,  
With the friends who perhaps I may never see  
more.

The gay larks with food to their nestlings re-  
turn,  
And the deer madly start from their wild bed  
of fern;

The busy mole burrows its nest in the loam,—  
Oh, fair are the joys of my bright, happy home!

England, dear England! my heart is with thee;  
Land of my birth, thou art dearest to me!  
Nor absence, nor distance, my love shall destroy,  
Harbour of happiness! haven of joy!

I have roam'd far from thee, o'er the deep bound-  
less seas,  
My sighs echo'd back with the light summer  
breeze;

And I pray'd as we fearlessly dash'd through the  
foam,  
I might yet live to see thee,—my bright, happy  
home!

England, dear England! my heart is with thee;  
Are there yet gentle ones who are mourning for  
me?

My mother! oh yes, there is care on her brow,  
And a bitter sigh rends her kind heart even now;  
Oh, would I could cheer her! but joy seems to be  
A stranger to those who are weeping for me.  
She prays God to bless me wherever I roam,  
And to guide me in peace to my bright, happy  
home.

England, dear England! my heart is with thee,  
My thoughts wander wildly across the deep sea;  
'Midst the roar of the tempest, undaunted by  
fear,

The voice of my brother I listen to hear;  
And I fancy my sweet sister leads me again,  
To the dear little cottage that stands in the glen.  
But my pale cheek, now wet by the wild dashing  
foam,

REMINDS ME I'M FAR FROM MY BRIGHT, HAPPY  
HOME!

### SUBDIVISION OF TIME.

How beautiful are all the subdivisions of time  
—diversifying the dream of human life, as it  
glides away between earth and heaven!



## THE WONDERS OF NATURE.

## PARASITES.

In these beings so minute, and as it were  
Such non-entities, what wisdom is displayed!  
What power! what unfathomable perfection!  
PLINY.



AMONGST the wonders of creation, there is a large class of animals whose very existence is unknown to the majority of mankind. Indeed most of them are so minute, that they can only be seen with the help of a microscope; and, had it not been for this invaluable instrument, we should never have become acquainted with the tiny population of our globe. They are a world within a world. We now allude to those creatures called parasites, because they cling to and feed upon the bodies of other living creatures. They consist of a great number of species, and are of endless variety of form and structure. Their food and habits are as diversified as their places of habitation. These parasites infest every animal, and every organ of the body. They are found thriving in localities where no person would expect that they could live. They fatten upon the eyes, the blood, the gall, the bladder, the liver, the intestines, the kidneys, and all the muscles of the corporeal frame. They cast their grappling hooks in the mouth and jaws of the most voracious animals, and pursue the unwearying operation of sucking their juices, in spite of all the whirlwinds and earthquakes that are going on around them. Nay, they even find entrance into the brain, and unceremoniously take a seat upon the throne of sense and understanding. The operations of most of these parasites are unfelt and unperceived; though there are larger and irritating ones, especially of the louse genus, which we shall not attempt to describe.

Many of our readers will scarcely believe us, when we tell them that three hundred and sixty little worms have been taken out of a single eye of a perch. Each of these animals had a perfect organisation; having organs for taking and digesting its nourishment, and for propagating its species. This minuteness of the animal world will appear more extraordinary, when we add, that such parasites are themselves infested with animalcules still more diminutive. A certain *monad* feeds upon them, as they do upon the juices of the perch's eye; and perhaps these monads have their attendant leeches. But human curiosity has its limits; and though the microscope discloses wonders within wonders, yet it at length leaves us in the depth of our researches, amazed at what we have seen, and imagining what may still remain undiscovered beyond the curtain of sight.

The structure of insect parasites is skilfully adapted to the various situations in which they are placed; some of which are very strange and hazardous. Another parasite which infests a different part of the fish to which we have already alluded, has been minutely described by Dr. Nordman. Some people have wonderful patience and tact for investigating the forms and habits of the creatures which people the microscopic world; and they think themselves well repaid for their trouble, by the new exhibitions of creative wisdom which they perceive in every new discovery. The doctor has made us acquainted with a parasite which he denominates *Atheres percarum*, or, *pest of the perches*. It is a fresh-water insect; but, instead of floating about in the liquid fields of nature, and enjoying the free exercise of liberty, until engulfed by some superior of the finny tribe, it boldly enters the mouth of the perch, and extracts nutriment from the very masticating organs of this voracious fish. As the perch is notoriously greedy, and often swallows its prey entire, the contortions and pressure of its mouth must sometimes be very great. Yet the *Atheres* hesitates not to attach itself to the palate, and even to the tongue, of this gormandiser. It therefore needs a very strong anchorage when it stations itself in the vortex of such a Charybdis. Nature has provided for this emergency. The *Atheres* is provided with two strong arms, proceeding from the base of its cephalothorax, or that part of the head which also serves for a neck; and these taper, like the trunk of an elephant, till they unite in a single sucker. The creature buries his organ so deep into the cellular membrane of the perch's mouth, that it can neither disengage itself, nor be extracted by foreign violence, without rupturing its arms. These arms are bent in a circle round the head, and in the same plane, just as if we should clasp our hands a little above our foreheads. The sucker, also, is placed in front. Hence the parasite lies with its whole body close to whatever part of the fish it may happen to fix upon, and is like a scale or small protuberance within its mouth. Still there would be a danger of the parasite being displaced by the violent gesticulations of the fish, or carried down with the food which it gorges. To prevent this catastrophe, and to keep itself as comfortable as possible, it throws out or raises a quantity of saliva, by which its back is well lubricated; so that the perch's food passes over the flat and slippery surface, without inflicting any injury by the temporary pressure.

We suppose that this little creature never sleeps, or else it possesses the power of *holding on* during its slumbers. Its whole occupation and enjoyment consist of sucking, a work which must be continued when once



begun, for the instant it should let go its anchorage, it would be hurried down the perch's *fauces* into the gulf of the stomach, and entombed in the food which is there exposed to the action of the gastric juice. But the *Actheres percarum* is itself attacked by another parasite of more diminutive form; a very small species of mite, called the *Gamasus scabificulus*, finds an opportunity of bleeding the bleeder, and preys upon its blood as it does upon that of the perch. The saliva, also, with which it is covered, becomes a sort of muddy pond, in which numbers of *Infusoria* of the tribe *Vorticella*, fatten and feed upon the back of the *Actheres*. The parasites are thus multiplied upon one another; and each species affords sustenance for others inferior to itself in the scale of being. The deeper we carry our researches into nature, the more does it seem to teem with living wonders; and its population to increase, the more diminutive that they become.

The next animalcule that we shall mention is the *Pteroptes*, a species of bat-mite, which infests the wings of this night-loving bird. As this organ of flight is a large and naked membrane, it would appear almost impracticable for an insect to fix itself so firmly upon the bare surface as not to be cast off by the violent flapping. But the creature is peculiarly constructed to meet this emergency. Its eight feet are furnished with vesicles which it can use as suckers, and firmly cling to the smoothest object. Like a ship in an open bay, sheltered from the ocean's waves, but not from the violence of the winds, which rides in safety by anchors thrown out from various quarters—so, the *Pteroptes* fixes itself by as many of its feet as it deems necessary to its security. But lest any unwonted motion or sudden jerking should drive it from its moorings, it possesses the singular power of instantly turning up as many of its legs as it pleases, and laying hold of the object which was previously above its head. It can walk in this inverted position as if upon its back. In seasons of great tumult, it may be seen with four legs upwards, ready to grasp either the ground or the roof of its strange dwelling. Such an organisation would be useless to a parasite which nestles amongst feathers or upon a downy skin; it is only available to a creature which lodges in the wrinkles of a bat's slippery wing. The dangers of its situation are provided against by this unique expedient.

Another parasite which infests the same bird, has been termed the *Bat-louse*. The structure of this animal also is contrary to the usual process of nature. Its head is placed in the back of the thorax, behind the attachment of the four legs. There is a cavity in the back terminating in a kind of pouch, into which the creature throws back its head

when it is going to feed, and continues in this position whilst engaged in suction. It therefore takes its food with the belly upwards, and its head ensconced in the hole of its back! But this little monster, if so it may be called, is furnished with an eye, and with antennæ and feelers, so that it knows well what it is about, and where it is going. Its legs are not fixed, as is usual, in the lower part of the trunk, but in the upper margin, and its motion is so swift as to resemble flight rather than creeping. Whilst it is feeding, we might easily mistake the under for the upper part of its body, were it not for the form of its legs. It seems to have been made on purpose to show how manifold are the designs of the Creator, and what strange forms of being can be produced by his skill; each complete in itself, and perfectly adapted to its particular sphere of action. It is this that renders an investigation into the secrets of natural history so satisfactory in the results, that we find every animal equipped with all necessary organs, and placed in a situation suitable for their exercise. This is the perfection of a creature.

Another parasite deserves special notice, from the singularity of its structure, as a double bodied animal. The *Diplozoon* inhabits the inner gills of the *Bream* fish. What tempted a naturalist to look for anything in such a locality? As the leaves of this organ are in constant motion, and a perpetual stream of water passes through them, we might imagine it to be a very insecure place for feeding. But the *Diplozoon* is provided with all the requisite tackling for such a station; like a ship in a river, firmly moored to buoys fore and aft, and on either side, so that it rides safely in the same spot—whether the tide ebbs or flows, and whether the water is high or low. The *Diplozoon* has two bodies, united at their centres, leaving the upper and the under limbs free of each other. Being provided with a number of suckers from each half, it attaches itself at once to two leaves of the gills, with so firm a hold, that it is not moved by the constant motion of this slippery organ. Each of its upper limbs has a triangular mouth, with a sucker to steady it in performing its operations. The organ of suction resembles a tongue, which appears to be incessantly in exercise. The alimentary canal of this wonderful creature branches into both its lower sides. The circulation of its blood is carried on through four principal channels, each half of the animal having an exterior and interior tube; in the former of which the blood flows upwards, and in the latter downwards, the circulation being performed with great force and rapidity. The generative organs are also double. The lower lobes always move in the same direction, but each of the upper arms seems to have a separate



will and power of motion. When its suckers are examined by a strong magnifying glass, they are found to consist of very complex machinery, with hooks and stays, admirably adapted for hooking firmly to a proper object.

It is supposed that these parasites are created not only for personal enjoyment, but for the good of the animals on which they feed. A great part of them, including all the microscopic species, pursue their avocations unknown to the creatures from whom they extract their nourishment. They cause no pain, or irritating sense of their presence. Perhaps there is a surplus quantity of juices produced through the taking of food, which requires to be thus disposed of; or, there may be some unwholesome particles which would injure the organs, or pollute the circulation, which it is the office of these parasites to consume. Such a supposition, far from being extraordinary, is only analogous to other provisions of nature. Each of its departments has appropriate scavengers to devour the refuse of animal and vegetable substances. Birds, beasts, reptiles, fishes, and insects of various orders, perform this necessary work in the forest, the fields, the water, and in populous cities of the East. And why should there not be similar workers in the streets, lanes, and nooks of a living body? When we consider the strange compounds that are swallowed, the delicacy of most of our organs, and the facility with which the capillary tubes would be hurt or impeded, we shall not wonder at nature's care in furnishing cohorts of invisible leeches to cleanse every part, and keep it from being overloaded.

Every creature has its use. The larger parasites, to which we only made a passing reference, and which breed in the feathers or woollen coats of various birds and beasts, are supposed to be of important service in cleansing the roots of the hair from sundry impurities which it is liable to contract; and which, if allowed to remain undisturbed, might harden and seriously injure the pores of the skin. This may be the case even with those revolting creatures which infest the human body when kept in an uncleanly condition; and their presence is a warning that healthful ablutions have not been attended to. They are at once a bane and an antidote. We can easily understand such a position. An animal may be repulsive, on account of its occupation, whilst its office is a dire necessity. Few persons would choose the employment of a chimney-sweeper, or a deporteur of offensive matter; and, when in their dirty robes of office, they are naturally shunned by sensitive organs; yet their labor is needful, and we could not dispense with their assistance. So it is with some of those disagreeable

creatures which nature employs to purify larger or smaller portions of the earth or its inhabitants. We instinctively repel them from us, without acknowledging the great obligations under which we lie to them for their ill-requited services. We import leeches from distant lands, and gladly avail ourselves of them to reduce an inflammation which is palpable to the senses; whilst we feel no gratitude for that abundant provision of nature which supplies us with thousands of unseen bleeders, who cause us no annoyance whilst they pursue their unwearied task of preventing a plethora. But the regular and unperceived works of nature are far more wonderful and kind than extraordinary cures or flashy expedients. A sensitive imagination may shrink from the idea of his body being a world sustaining a living population; whilst he hesitates not to engulf hundreds of animalcules at every breath, and feels no repugnance at devouring scores of shrimps or oysters at a meal. Why should we grudge some little superfluous juices to afford food and enjoyment to thousands of useful parasites? \*

\* These particulars are gleaned from a most interesting periodical, entitled "HOGG'S INSTRUCTOR," a copy of which has been forwarded to us for review. The work deserves a wide circulation; it is published by Mr. James Hogg, of Edinburgh. —ED. K. J.

#### LINCOLNSHIRE, AS WE SAW IT.

MANY PERSONS IMAGINE that Lincolnshire is another term for "bogs" and "fens;" and that these uninteresting features have no boundary within the county. We are sure that our drainage commissioners would repudiate the former appellation; and as to the latter, we are inclined to think that it should excite our gratitude, as being synonymous with the best corn-producing soil in the country.

In former times, the fens may have been a good thing in a bad place; but so well is the water drained from the land, that even the bad place has become good. As an almost inevitable consequence, the latter quality or virtue has resulted in a *double* degree.

Nature abounds with illustrations of "the nearness of extremes." That which produces the great amount of mortality in some of our large towns, is that which furnishes us best in producing food; and that which formerly created ague and fever, is largely contributing to the formation of the staff of life. In place of stagnant mud-pools, we have the most thriving corn-fields. In place of dreary and idle waste, we have lands producing wealth that will rival the gold-produce of our antipodes; and in place of disease and decrepitude, a population possessing soundness of body and mind that is the very personification of "good health."

But the fens do not constitute so large a portion of Lincolnshire as is too generally supposed;



for nature has favored her with some of the most beautiful and diversified scenery.

If the reader will accompany us in our summer rambles, it shall not be over the fenny district, where—

Lands with dykes and drains,  
Conceal the view.

It shall not be over a tract of country where we must watch our steps, as we value our lives; and where, according to the thrilling narratives of nearly a bygone generation, many a man has found not only a muddy envelopment, but a muddy grave.

We will propose to start from any point on the circuitous line of country between the Little Bytham station of the Great Northern Railway, and the borough of Stamford; or that between the latter place and Bourn; then we will journey onwards until we arrive somewhere in the proximity of Grimsthorpe Castle, the seat of the Right Hon. Lord Willoughby de Eresby.

From the Little Bytham locality we should traverse almost entirely the beautiful Grimsthorpe estate, and our path would be surrounded by nature's best attire, with all the loveliness of woodland, pasture, and waving corn fields, to excite our admiration. From the neighborhood of Stamford, we should have the same beautiful diversity of country, but with perhaps more of the panoramic effect of hill and dale. From Bourn, should the weather permit, and strength be proportioned to the distance, we would on no account forego the walk through "the woods," as far as Edenham, possessing, as they do, increased charms, and an ample store of attraction for the lover of natural history. The woods will delight us with their fine and thickly-studded trees, and profusion of underwood; struggling their way upwards through the thick mossy beds, and wreathing parasitic and other plants which are scattered with a profusion that will satisfy the desire of the most enthusiastic botanist.

The numerous "drives," too, will enchant by the charming vistas they afford, and by the many wild flowers their plant-covered paths present. The feathered songsters also contribute their warbling to enhance the beauty of the woods; and as we approach the brow of the hill, many of the hare tribe will give us opportunity to see them make a hasty retreat. Not even the kind treatment of a Cowper would induce them to give up so charming and luxurious an abode as they enjoy.

Should our excursion happen to "come off" on a sultry day, we promise the admirer of entomology such a display of the order *Diptera*, as would invite all the world to take specimens. But we have reached the boundary of woods, and the brow of the hill; and with a frame somewhat exhausted, we shall instinctively pause to survey the wide prospect before us. Edenham, with its interesting church on an eminence, its browsing cattle on the verdant slopes, and its rapid and tortuous rivulet at our feet, bursts upon the view with delightful influence, but only to awaken still greater admiration at the charms more distant. There, placed in the midst of gentle undulations of country, and on a still higher eminence, is the fine and stately Castle of Grimsthorpe; and

seen as it is through the vista of majestic trees, the mind naturally blends admiration of nature with historical associations of the scene.

As we wend our way beyond Edenham, the road presently becomes somewhat circuitous, and leads amidst nature profuse and wild, as if to make the contrast about to be presented to the view the more striking and impressive. "The Black Horse" inn, and its fine old tree with spreading branches, inviting the weary traveller to cool repose, is no sooner out of sight, than the attention is withdrawn towards a plain gateway, with (silent monitor to all idlers), "*No admittance except on business*," inscribed thereon.

This is GRIMSTHORPE WOOD-YARD, of which we will take a brief survey. Abundant evidence is afforded of the nature of the establishment, by the large quantities of prepared and refuse wood, piled, and scattered, on the premises; and yet one is somewhat perplexed at the evident disproportion between the work accomplished, and workmen to accomplish it. Let us enter some sheds to the left, whence issue a buzz, and other indications of activity; and our perplexity will soon be converted into wonderment at the reality before us. Here is indeed the mainspring of operation! Before us we have one of the most beautifully-constructed steam engines, with its bright metal bindings, and slender, colored body, performing an Herculean work, stretching its bands and cranks—its sinew and muscle—to all parts of the establishment; tearing and sawing, trimming and cutting, grinding and sifting, with the full energy of its giant strength. Irrespective of size or age, the tender sapling and the sturdy oak alike yield to its efforts. Circular saws, horizontal and upright saws, with fine teeth, and coarse teeth, are all performing their movements with wonder and precision, and with a power and facility which steam alone can accomplish.

In one shed, into which the right strong limb of the leviathan "California" enters, is a corn-mill, grinding the grain, produce of the neighboring fields. To the extreme left we find stone-cutting machines, adding their monotonous tones to the din and discordant sounds of the operations around. Building stones, of the finest texture and great durability, quarried in the neighborhood too, are here undergoing the processes of grinding, cutting, and shaping, with a facility unknown to the slow and wearing toil of man. Nor are there serious deficiencies in the minor accessories to this industrial and mechanical workshop. Wherever the want is shewn, there is the mechanical organism devised and developed. The "California" has indeed grown into one huge monster of action, fearful to look at, but harmless in its operations—an emblem of the peaceful arts of civilised society, and a great contributor to the comforts of life.

Beautiful as was the country through which we had so recently passed, assuredly equally beautiful was the scene before us. The Creator is lovely in any isolated aspect of creation; but far more lovely when we see features so harmoniously blended—nature linked to toil and ingenuity as a natural sequence. Grimsthorpe Wood-yard nestles, moreover, at the foot of Grimsthorpe Castle. How beautiful a sight it is, thus to see the workshop



linked to the mansion—the dignity of labor to the dignity of rank!

Our return home found us musing on "Lincolnshire as we saw it." Not indeed as bogs and fens, nor even as cultivated fields and pastures; nor even as a country abounding with natural beauties alone. Something more than these is to be found; and the poet must have his nature imbued with more than a feeling for the pastoral, to portray "LINCOLNSHIRE AS IT NOW IS."

R. S.

*Rippingale, Feb. 20.*

#### AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A DOG—NO. X.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

(Continued from page 34.)

IN MY COUNTRY, Mr. Editor, it is generally during the month of August that the most violent storms occur. Frequently, and in an incredibly short space of time, they blight all the hopes of the poor gardener, and totally ruin the unfortunate "vignerons;" the former depending for his very existence on the produce of his garden, and the latter on the "vendange." The latter, however, is in a much worse position than the former, whenever one of these desolating storms happens; inasmuch as all the returns for the whole twelve-month's labor (just now within his grasp) are totally destroyed.

The mischief done by the breaking up of roads, knocking down of walls, rooting up of trees, the loss of life, both to man and dog, is perfectly fearful. Even the recollection of the storm I am now going to endeavor to describe, makes me tremble and shudder all over. It was the most destructive I ever witnessed. May I never witness such another! It was about the middle of August, 1846. For several days previous, there had been that tremendous burning heat, that overpowering, oppressive heat, which quite knocks a dog down, as well as a man; scarcely a gleam of sunshine; but a murky, heavy vapor was gradually increasing in intensity between "Morges" and "Ouchy." My old master, and his family, (including myself, of course, Mr. Editor,) got a little invigorated by disporting our pretty persons for the best part of an hour in "Leman's" refreshing waters. Cool, I could not call them; for even *they* were tolerably warm! Still, our morning bath used to brace us up for the remainder of the day.

On the morning of the storm, it was evident that something out of the usual way was coming. The air seemed impregnated with a peculiar smell, and the heat was so intense that there was no standing it, or even swimming it; and I and my brother lay panting under the shade of a large laurel bush. Bombyx, lightened of his coat, seated himself under a fine sycamore, puffing his cigar, and watching—first the "Dent d'Oche," then the "Jura." The other branches of the family were some of them watching the down "steamer;" others the gulls. The "Dent d'Oche" looked good-tempered enough, but the "Jura" frowned tremendously, and the darkness increased rapidly. About three o'clock the lake began to be agitated, and the beautiful "Moutons" appeared everywhere on its surface.

Shortly afterwards there was a cry of "Le lac brasse!" by the old gardener, a weather-beaten, honest, old man, by name "Louis." Presently again comes Louis; "Le lac brasse prodigeusement! de ma vie, je n'ai jamais vu le pareil. I fear we shall have a very bad night of it."

At about six o'clock the waves of the Lake were perfectly furious; lashing against the walls and the shore in a most alarming manner. It seemed as if old Father Ocean, in one of his rages, had paid a visit to "Leman's" generally gentle waters. The roar of the waves was perfectly terrific, and the steamer from "Geneva" had the good sense to stop at "Morges." Now a few drops of rain fell; and occasionally a flash of lightning made a jump from the "Jura" which was quickly responded to from behind "les voirons." Again the "Jura" discharged, and was answered *instantly* by the "Mole," followed by a volley from the "Roche d'Enfer," which was perfectly awful. At 8 o'clock, everything except the lake was more quiet. Well; all was closed, and old Louis went around to see every thing right and tight, observing, "Ma foi! Je n'aime pas trop le lac ce soir."

Bombyx had finished his supper, and some of the youngest girls had gone to roost, when precisely at twenty minutes past nine o'clock began a scene so terrific, so fearfully majestic, so overpowering, I scarcely knew what I did. Both myself and my brother were running up and down stairs from the kitchen to the drawing-room, howling like mad. I half thought nothing would save us from destruction. Precisely at the time I have mentioned, a most awful clap of thunder was heard. It was just as if a "Piece de douze" had been discharged in the next room. Every one sprang up, half frightened. The door was opened, but nothing seen. The next minute, a flash of the most vivid lightning crossed the window-shutter. Instantaneously, another similarly alarming clap of thunder. This was followed by another and another, in awful rapidity. We scarcely knew which way to move. The little girls were brought out of bed; and dressed, to be ready, in case of fire, to escape. In a few minutes we ventured to peep out. The rain—(no, I really cannot call it rain, Mr. Editor, it was more like a river of liquid fire)—was descending like an avalanche, so fearfully were the rain and lightning mixed! The smallest leaf also was visible at a very considerable distance.

At this time, too, the screaming of birds, the moaning of cattle, and the howling of less fortunate dogs than myself, who happened to be chained up, added painfully and pitifully to the scene; and, mingled with the roaring of the lake, the rolling of the thunder, and the hissing of the lightning, were most distressingly dreadful. In another few minutes a mighty rushing wind, blowing in wild confusion from every quarter at once, increased the hideousness of the moment. Presently a sound was heard as of the falling of large stones; and on looking out to ascertain what this could be, hailstones (the greater part as large as a hen's egg), were bounding about in every direction, forming a "melange" which only those who have witnessed it can conceive.



There was a strange difference also in the color and appearance of the lightning. Some was like an immense sheet of living flame, spreading in every direction. Then, most fearful blue forked lightning was incessantly dancing on the summits of the mountains; and would every now and then leap into the middle of the lake. The next moment, a semicircle of fire would spring from behind the Alps or the Jura, of a lovely pale carmine. The lake itself had the appearance of molten brass, and seemed by the roaring of its waters as though it was striving to drown the awful sound of the thunder. The enormous hail-stones (of which I had several in my own paw), dashing on the tops of the houses, and against the outside shutters, completed the horrors of a storm, which, providentially, was ordained by its great Author to last only forty minutes.

At ten o'clock all was comparatively quiet; and at eleven we thought we could safely retire, and so we did. But neither I nor my brother slept a wink all night. But now let me describe the ravages of this storm.

"After a storm comes a calm," as I have heard my old master say. But, alas! *what* a calm! Before five o'clock on the morning following this terrible storm, we were most of us in motion, to see if any, and what mischief, had been done. It was as lovely a morning as ever broke forth. The summit of the "Dent d'Oche" was already gladdened by the cheering rays of old "Sol." The "Mole," and the "Voiron," were as clear as they had been yesterday obscure.

The "Jura" smiled in all its verdant beauty; and even the "Roche d'Enfer" itself was all loveliness. The lake had resumed its usual placidity, but not yet its deep blue. The waters were turbid, and mud-colored. All nature seemed a contrast to the vast desolation caused by the storm of forty minutes' duration. The first thing, on opening the front door, we missed two-thirds of a magnificent willow, that had proudly towered, in all probability, nearly a century over the entrance gate to our residence. The immense trunk, and a few branches only, remained. The remainder stopped up the road, now converted into a river of muddy water; having been completely split off by the violence of the storm.

Before I proceed any further, I must mention that this storm had been accompanied by a tremendous "Trombe," which began at St. "Sulpice," passed northward to "Ecublens," then easterly to "Vidy," then as far as the north of Lausanne; from thence it took a south-east direction, as far as "Paudex." Here its violence appears to have been exhausted. It had, however, been most wofully destructive all along its passage. Looking towards the garden, we saw the farmer crossing the lawn with a market basket. Oh, Mr. Editor, it would have made your heart bleed to see it! The basket contained ninety-three sweet little birds, picked up underneath *one* immense horse-chestnut tree, where the poor dear creatures had gone to rest. They were killed, doubtless, by the hail-stones. Bombyx, I am sure, picked up as many more pretty little lifeless warblers, in different parts of the garden—if garden it could now be called.

The paths, it is true, remained; but they were scarcely passable. As for vegetables, it was all one vast mash. Cabbages, turnips, celery, carrots, cauliflowers, cucumbers, &c.—all were in one podge together. No means had we of distinguishing one from the other. It had the appearance of one vast carpeting of hashed spinach. We now looked over the wall to our neighbor's garden. There they were, with boats, endeavoring to release the poor cattle from their perilous position. The poor beasts were standing breast high in water. The country house of "La Caroline" had every thing smashed in the same way, and the vines were totally destroyed. A little lower down, towards "Vidy," is the residence of an immensely rich old miser. Here the vines were carried into the road, every thing destroyed, and the garden one complete ruin. The sorrow of the old gentleman was not completed quite. His luxuriant orchard was a perfect wreck—himself obliged to escape out of his house by means of a ladder applied to his bedroom window. The lower part of his house was full of water, and the tubs of wine were floating about in his capacious cellar. Many of the best casks struck with such violence against each other, that they burst; and made (I am told,) an excellent cellar-full of delicious wine-and-water! Well, Mr. Editor, I never heard a word of pity or regret on his account. So much for being a miser!

Every country-house on the line of the storm was more or less injured, and the gardens and vines were totally done for. Those which happened to be on sloping land were washed clean into the road, and all huddled together. I need scarcely say that every green-house was terribly injured. The most extraordinary destruction, however, was between "Lausanne" and "Ouchy." The high road was hollowed out into a complete river, about four feet deep, by four to five feet wide. Large kerb-stones were torn up bodily, and thrown to a considerable distance. The gaspipes were forcibly rooted out. No communication between "Ouchy" and "Lausanne" (except by pedestrians), was possible. At "Ouchy," the water was so high, that the steamer might have landed its passengers on the steps of the "Hotel de l'Ancre." Vast stone walls were smashed down as though they had been made of card. A massive wall, "derriere les Terreaux," in the town, was forced into the street. There was no communication between the upper and lower parts of the town through the accustomed channel—the "Place du Pont" being a little lake, and all "Messagers" from the "Hotel de Ville," "Gens d'Armes," &c., &c., had to go round by the New Bridge. The "Route d'Italie," by the "Moussequines," was nearly as bad as the road to Ouchy. Several fine walnut trees at "Vidy" were rooted up; and one poor gardener, of the name of "Joseph," was sadly put out. A splendid green-gage tree, full of luscious fruit, and on which he had reckoned for no small profit, was taken up as clean as a whistle, and deposited some distance off. Frère Jean, too, missed some enormous "courges" from his garden; "derrière Martharay," which he found afterwards, and translated to the "Campagne Villamont."

In the cellars of the wine proprietors in the



town, the casks of wine were floating about in all directions; and the fire engines were at work, pumping out the water. Meantime, many of the men were pumping the wine out of the bins after their own fashion, neither waiting for glasses, nor wishing to call for any. They contented themselves drinking "a la Vigne," and I could see by their merry faces they had *not* chosen the worst wine!

I do not approve this cruel act of dishonesty, Mr. Editor; I merely say what I saw. Many people were totally ruined in these sad forty minutes; and doubtless many thousands are now alive, who remember the storm of August, 1846. Only one human life was sacrificed; but on the occasion of a similar, though much less violent catastrophe at Vevay, about ten days afterwards, no fewer than seven individuals perished.

—*Au revoir*. Your affectionate friend,

Tottenham, Feb. 20th, 1853.

FINO.

## PICTURES OF LIFE.

### OUR DAILY WAYFARERS.

OF ALL THE VAST CLASS of human creatures who are doomed to diurnal weariness—to know the bitterness of "the labor that is done under the sun,"—there are none that I can more feelingly sympathise with than the daily wayfarers; especially at this particular season of shortened days, frequent storms, and intense cold. I do not mean the wealthy, the lazy, and luxurious *viatores* that, in carriage, or on steed, traverse the king's highways, in great bodily comfort; and, after a few hours' career, alight in elegant homes or well-garnished inns, and stretching themselves at their ease, with every requisite of viand, wine, and feather-bed at command,

Think themselves great travellers,  
Invincible and bold;

but I mean all those who, being of the poor, are "never to cease from the land;" and who, whether we be seated at our tables, circling our fires in social mirth, or quietly laid in our beds, we may be sure are scattered in a thousand places on our great roads—be it summer or winter, day or night, as plodding, as full of trouble, as weary, and as picturesque as ever.

Poor honest souls! their very misery, their age, their poverty, their ruggedness, their stooping figures, and ragged array, make pleasant pictures to the eye; and if not for their suffering humanity, yet for the variety they give to our journeyings, we ought to spare them a little sympathy. I must confess, that when I have been shut up in a great town for some months, and again issuing into the country, behold the same figures, the same groups, come streaming along our principal roads, that we have encountered there through all the days of our lives—and that Bewick has depicted in his living sketches, I have a most internal satisfaction in the inexhaustible vagabonds!

There is one class of them that I freely give up although the rogues have a spice of romance about them; I mean the vagabonds *par excellence*—those clever, able, and eloquent fellows, that can lose a limb or even an eye at will; sailors

who never saw the sea; decayed tradesmen who never had a groat honestly acquired; men of fictitious miseries, who are most at home on the road or in the lodging-house, and who live upon the pity of the simple; for them I ask *no* pity.

Then there are those little, nomadic merchants, that from every large town diverge in all directions, and penetrate to every village and lonely house with their wares. There is the chair-bottomer, with his great sheaf of rushes on his back, who, seated on the sunny side of the farm-door, or under the shade of a tree, as the season may require, enriches the good people with news worth more than his work. There is the wandering milliner, an old woman of the true picturesque school—short, broad, plentiful in her own attire of coat, apron, and petticoats, with her strong staff in her hand, her spacious, weather-beaten face, and a great cage-like basket of open wicker-work on her back, large enough to hold herself:—and beside these, sundry bearers of shallow baskets of tapes, braces, laces, pins, cotton-balls, and so forth. These, and occasionally the Highland drovers, with their plaids and dogs, and flocks and herds, bringing with them the wildness of their native moors, are all very well in their way—they *look* well; but they are the casual wayfarers, about whom gathers the deepest interest.

Of all the melancholy spectacles which everyday life presents, what is more melancholy than the marching of a troop of recruits out of the town where they have been raised? You hear a single drum beat, a single fife play; you see a crowd collected, and another minute discovers to you some twenty or thirty boys and men of the lowest class, in their common clothes; with ribands in their hats, and bundles in their hands, awkwardly commencing that march which leads to destruction. They have screwed up their resolutions to the point of the necessary calmness of aspect; they have bid good-by to their friends, with whom they are ambitious of leaving the reputation of having gone off stoutly; some of their sweethearts, with red eyes, are hovering about; many of their comrades are going on a little with them, and, perhaps, some fond and heart-broken mother still clings tenaciously, but dejectedly, to the side of her son, who has cost her nothing but sorrow since he could run from her door. They proceed a mile or two; the fife and drum fall back; the last shaking of hands and shedding of tears arrives, and they are led away to their distant station. The scene is sad enough; but if we look forward, what is the prospect? Loose lives at home, hard marches and fare abroad; death in some pestilent Indian swamp, or in the regular wholesale carnage of battle.

Yet, probably, some of these self-same youths shall tread the highways of England in various characters and stages of their career. One shall come upon you as the deserter. There he marches sullenly along, between two files of his fellow-soldiers with shouldered muskets; instant death his fate if he attempt to escape; disgrace, corporal punishment, death itself, perhaps, equally certain, if he do not. He has found a soldier's life a weary one. He has cast away his oath and his service, and sought, in manifold disguises, and in many a strange lurking-place, concealment from



pursuit; but he has been dogged and detected; and on he goes with a heart full of sullen wrath and fearful apprehension.

Behold another and a happier! he is marching homeward on his furlough. He has fought battles and seen foreign lands since he left home; and he now goes thither with an honest vanity to boast of his sights seen and exploits done, and to set on fire a dozen young heads with a luckless ambition. Poor fellow! happy as he thinks himself, he is horribly weary and wayworn, and longs, with a most earnest longing, for the far-off town.

A third shall come home some thirty years hence, the old veteran; the hard, grey-headed, mutilated remnant of a man, with one arm, one leg, a body seamed with scars, a crown never the better for the blows it has borne, and a pension of a few shillings a-week to get drunk upon. He goes home to discover that death has been as busy there as in the battle-field, in the Walcheren morass, or the plague-haunted garrison; and to find it, even with his pension, but weary work waiting for the grave.

But alas! for the poor creatures I am now bound to sketch. Had fortune but been tolerably moderate with them, they would never have gone ten miles from the spot in which they were born; but some sudden distress arouses them from their regular dream of existence, and they start across the country to its farthest extremity with the wildness of comets.

Look at that middle-aged, old-fashioned fellow! Do you not see the cause of his journey at once? He is a laborer; his eldest daughter, a girl of seventeen, is gone to live in the family of some relation of the Squire's, forty miles off. He has just heard news that has alarmed him. His wife and he have sat in speechless grief and consternation for a space, till the good woman cried out, "John, you must up and go! you must see Mary. You must learn the whole truth. She was always a good girl, and we must not have her lost." For a moment, the very idea of the journey, and the encountering of fine folk, and clever folk to boot—as he wisely imagines all fine folk to be, overcomes him with a weakness; but the thought of his daughter's danger returns with double power; he gets up with a groan, and prepares for his great journey. Look at his long drab coat, of a most antiquated cut! See how neatly it has been brushed! How clean he is shaven, how nicely his white cravat is tied, and with what a formal air he puts his stick to the ground! There has been a world of preparation to set him out: not even the great trouble which rests upon his mind can make him forget that he is in his Sunday clothes; and he walks on his way, a creature of such simplicity, that he seems far likelier to be duped himself than to prevent another being so.

Observe now this solitary woman. For ten years she has lived in the closest court of the closest alley of a great manufacturing town. Her husband, a clever mechanic, has been earning plenty of money, and plenty of children have grown around them. The good creature, in the abundance of her household affairs, has been so happy that she has almost forgotten that there is a world out of her own house. But there has come

a change. Her husband's employment has failed, and he has gone forth to seek it elsewhere. For a time, she hears good news; he sends her money and hopes of prosperity, though in a distant place. At length his remittances fail—his letters cease—she is alarmed—she musters all her skill at penmanship and writes, but gets no reply. Her children want bread; she is reduced to the utmost distress; but, suddenly summoning all her energies, she seeks and finds employment, and manages to live. But of her husband no tidings; day and night she lives in fear and sorrow—he must be dead, or he would certainly write. At length, however, comes the intelligence that he has chosen *another*, and is expending upon *HER* the gains which should support his family. Stung to the quick, she rises up in grief and indignation. She finds some good neighbor to care for her children for a few days, and she departs—alas! on a melancholy expedition! She is utterly strange to the world—no matter; she has little money—no matter; in the greatness of her vexation she defies all other troubles and difficulties. See with what closeness and self-reservation she moves on! She greets no one—she shuns all greetings by the way, or if she answers them, it is only by a short, sharp nod, and she involuntarily quickens her pace. Rest, food, she seems not to require; her heart is filled with black and eager jealousy, and she shrinks even from the kindest eye, lest it look into the secret of her soul. Poor, unhappy woman! her task is a fruitless one. She may find her faithless husband, and may weep, and expostulate, and upbraid; but the heart that is once led from its home by strange charms, there is faint hope of reclaiming.

How far more enviable is the woman that I have now in my eye! I see her crossing the heath, a little, broad-built woman, in an old grey cloak, beneath which she carries in her arms an infant; and a troop of others, one scarcely appearing older than another, trot after her. She has lost her husband by death, and suddenly finds herself alone, far from friends. She has spirit enough to scorn the assistance of the parish; she sets out, and trusts to Providence. Grief certainly has made but little impression on her countenance; and her children know nothing of it. They know not what it means to be orphans; they know not that they are poor; they follow their slowly-progressing mother from place to place, like playful kids; and when she sits down in some solitary nook, they gambol before her. They enjoy the sun and air; they are plump and ruddy; and though they ask for nothing, their looks beg for them, and scarcely a carriage passes but money flies for them out of the window.

Not so with the last being whom I shall notice. This is a widow, old and poor. For years she has lived alone, with not a tie to the world but her anxiety for a prodigal son, whose life has long threatened to prove her death. And now that she has become thin and feeble, and expects no journey except the short one to the neighboring churchyard, comes an epistle from her son, written by a stranger-hand, to say that he is dying in a far-distant place, and implores her pardon and blessing. Oh, maternal love! how strong art thou, even in the very weakness of nature and the



extremity of old age! It is seventy miles off where her son now lies, but she thinks of nothing less than going to him. Not go!—not try to see him, and to comfort him, and to know exactly how his mind is at the last! By the help of God she will, though!—and early on the following morning, her little solitary house is shut up—door and window-shutter carefully closed; and, with her key in her pocket, and with her red cloak and black bonnet on, she is setting out. The neighbors come out in wondering kindness to bid her good-by; but there is more offence to her in their remarks on her son, than comfort in the expression of their pity; and she moves quietly away. And that poor old creature is bound on a journey of seventy miles across the country, and without the expectation of an hour's carriage! She takes no stick in her hand, for she never used one; but, with her arms crossed under her cloak, she proceeds at the same feeble pace that she has been accustomed to move about her cottage. It seems impossible that she should ever accomplish her undertaking. My imagination beholds her as she crosses a vast moor. On and on she goes with such an almost imperceptible motion, that the very width of the moor appears itself a day's labor for her. Yet she shall go forward, day by day, and, unlike the deserted wife, she shuns no salutations; nay, to such accommodating persons as are willing to slacken their speed and lend a patient ear, she can find many things in her mother's heart to say. Her troubles, like the fire-damp, are only dangerous when they are confined—give them air, and they will dilute themselves till they become almost innocuous. Life has long ceased to appear desirable in her eyes; and if that her son but find acceptance with God, it is all that she desires. Nay, if she be permitted to reach him while alive, and to know that he departs with "a sure and joyful hope," she will tread back her weary way with a comparatively happy heart, and sit down again, for a little time, by her cottage-fire in peace and thankfulness. God be with her!

When to these we add the weary wanderers the world over—the shipwrecked crew, making their way through some strange land; the solitary travellers in the savage deserts of the earth; the worn-down remnants of discomfited armies; the captive driven in fetters to the distant mart, or, escaped from thralldom, flying by night, and lurking by day, from the fury of his pursuers, filled with fears, and faint with famine—we have summoned up images of earthly woe so immense, that we are constrained, with a feeling of agonised energy, to cast the care of them upon Heaven, and to grasp eagerly at the only comfortable thought, that they are all in the hand of God!

WILLIAM HOWITT.

### HINTS TO AMATEUR GARDENERS.

#### THE CALENDAR FOR MARCH,— THE FLOWER GARDEN.

AS MARCH is a variable month, and sometimes "blows hot and cold," we must narrowly watch his manœuvres, and guard against surprise. Cold winds may be looked for; if not looked for, they will come!

The subjoined remarks on the routine of duties connected with a flower-garden in March, are from "Edwards' Garden Almanack," a little tome full of useful information, and which we have pleasure in recommending to our readers' notice. Of course the writer's remarks are general. The weather must, in all cases, decide the particular mode of action to be pursued. Whilst frost prevails, plants *of course* must *not* be watered; nor must a few passing rays of the glorious sun induce the owner of choice plants to trust them too long in the open air. "Mistakes" of this kind kill many flowers, and as many choice birds.

*Annuals*.—Continue to sow the hardy sorts in borders.

*Antirrhinums*.—Cuttings of any that it is desirable to increase may now be taken, they will readily strike in a moderately hot frame, and furnish a succession of flowers to the early potted or planting out stuff.

*Auriculas*.—Increase the amount of water, it will be needed by the rapid growths observable at this time. It will be interesting to select the plants whose trusses display pips in sufficient numbers for exhibition; and these being selected, may receive an increased amount of attention and care. By no means keep from a full share of air; robustness and vigor are only obtained and maintained by its free play amongst the plants.

*Bedding* plants that have been kept in pots, in frames, &c., may now be potted on and prepared for turning out.

*Borders* need raking down, cleaning, &c.

*Box* edgings may be planted, if omitted in Autumn.

*Bulbs*.—A larger supply will now be at command; those kept in their cold quarters will be rapidly progressing.

*Calceolarias*.—Re-pot into 6-inch pots with plenty of drainage; keep close for a few days.

*Camellias* will be fast going out of flower; encourage growths by all available means.

*Carnations* will require considerable care and protection from cold, cutting winds; those vigorous may receive additional supplies of water.

*Chrysanthemums*.—Pot into 48's or 32's towards the end of the month, and place them where they will be sheltered from strong easterly winds, taking care they are not so much sheltered, or placed so close together, as to cause weak growth.

*Cinerarias*.—Weak manure water given occasionally, will now be beneficial.

*Cuttings* may be taken of bedding-out plants, and struck in hot-house or frame.

*Dahlias*.—Take off the shoots when with three pairs of leaves, and place round the edge of forty-eight pots, or singly, in small thumbs; they will quickly strike root. Place in hot-bed.

*Dig* quarters to receive Dahlias, &c.

*Epacris*es will be interesting; the early spring varieties in flower, the later sorts progressing. If in full vigor, give a copious watering, to insure the whole soil being fairly saturated.

*Ericas*.—The directions similar to the Epacris'es may be carried out.



*Evergreens* may yet be planted, notwithstanding the directions given previously.

*Fuchsias*, to make specimens, should be frequently potted, and as constantly stopped back. Do not grow them in strong heat, the cooler the house the better; their growth in the open ground is seldom seen to any great advantage.

*Green-fly*, exterminate by tobacco smoke; they will be infesting everything at this season, unless timely and constantly checked.

*Greenhouse*.—Avoid cold winds; fires at this time need caution; a temperature between 40° and 45° is the most desirable. Have all potting apparatus under command, as the general season for the operation may be said to have arrived.

*Herbaceous* borders will need attention; subjects will be driving through the soil.

*Hollyhocks* may be shifted into larger pots and receive more water.

*Lawns* will need mowing, sweeping, &c.

*Liliums*.—When they begin to force themselves through the soil, take the whole up; carefully re-pot at least one inch below the surface—one bulb into the smaller sized pot, or two or three into the larger, using at least one inch of crocks and pieces of charcoal as drainage. Until established, guard against frost, but with as much air as possible. Water once or twice with clear lime water, to destroy worms.

Make alterations where determined.

Open pits, frames, &c., on every fitting opportunity; avoid currents of easterly winds to subjects in general.

*Pansies* may now be all re-potted into their blooming-pots; the strong growing sorts into 8-inch, the more delicate growers into 6-inch pots; remove bloom buds. Those in the open ground may be top-dressed, if the weather prove open.

*Paths* should be frequently rolled and freed from weeds, moss, &c.

*Pelargoniums*.—All plants that are intended to flower in July, will require stopping back the second week in this month. Keep the house rather close for a few days; this will help them to push forth their eyes. When their eyes are prominent, give air at all opportunities, by opening early in the morning and shutting up early in the afternoon—say three or four o'clock, according to circumstances, carefully avoiding all easterly winds. Draw the syringe over the plants once or twice a week after shutting up, with plenty of sunlight and warmth. The May plants will be fast showing their trusses. In watering, give sufficient to moisten the whole ball; manure-water, as directed last month.—*Dobson*.

*Petunias*.—Propagate by cuttings; they make but a poor return at best.

*Phloxes* should be parted and planted out.

*Picotees*.—A thorough cleaning and surface stirring should now be prosecuted, in addition to the directions for Carnations.

*Pinks* top-dress; plant out any wintered in pots to fill up losses. We have no faith in spring planting as a rule.

*Pits*, plants in, will require air when favorable, and more water.

*Plants* in greenhouse may be top-dressed, and have a general cleaning.

*Polyanthuses*.—Stir the surface of beds; top-dress in pots; look to early flowering seedlings.

*Primulas*.—Early, will be declining.

*Ranunculuses* in beds need protection against severe weather; remove it, however, at all mild and congenial times.

*Roses* may be pruned at this time.

*Seedlings* in pans may be potted off.

*Sow* seeds of Annuals, hardy and half hardy; the latter in pits, boxes, pans, &c.

*Sweeping* paths, lawns, &c., should not be neglected.

*Top-dressings* to pots, beds, &c., should be persevered with.

*Tulips*.—Gentle, mild showers, will be beneficial as the growth proceeds, but see that no water is long retained inside the foliage; keep the surface free from caking by a cautious stirring on a dry day; frosts are more injurious than ever.

*Verbenas*.—Pot off cuttings as struck into thumb pots, using light rich compost. Continue to take cuttings. Plants that have been kept in small pots all the winter, may now be potted into 60's, and placed in a slight dung heat until established, and then harden them off gradually.

*Violets* keep clean. Towards the end of the month the runners may be planted out in frames for next season's supply.

*Watering* will be an increasing duty; where subjects are strong, and within doors, let it be done effectually.

## PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

### No. XL. PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN.

BY F. J. GALL, M.D.

(Continued from page 43.)

CHILDREN POSSESS TO A WONDERFUL DEGREE THE ART OF manifesting externally what passes within them; their movements and their cries are very different, when they are irritated by unjust treatment, and when the same accident happens without any intention of offending them; they cry very differently to express pain, and to manifest weariness, anger, the desire to be changed, or to have the breast, &c.

And, if it be maintained, that at the age of some years, children have no passions, affections, or decided propensities, this is confounding the objects, on which the propensities act at different ages, with these propensities themselves. Children are not ambitious for places of honor; they have no idea of robbing their fellow-pupils of their property by fraud; they are not goaded by the desire of achieving conquests; but they cheat each other for birds' nests; fight for playthings; are proud of occupying the first places at school; and the vexation at losing a kite which has got free, afflicts a boy more severely, than the loss of a fine horse would do at a later age. Who does not observe daily, in children, envy, jealousy, the most furious anger, compassion, the love of gaming, avidity, ambition; and even pride, cruelty, extreme sensibility, &c.? We shall say, then, with much



more truth, that children are, in almost every thing, the diminutive of adults. Let us concede to Locke that children do not yet manifest all the qualities and all the faculties proper to the adult, what consequence can be drawn thence against their innateness? Must we not regard as innate, the instincts of animals, the greater part of whom do not act immediately after their birth, nor even at all seasons of the year? They do not always build their nest or their covert; they are not always laying up provisions; they do not emigrate, or sing, or couple at all times. Locke was compelled to acknowledge, that he could not resist the proofs and the objections drawn from the animal kingdom; but he pretends to answer them by saying, "that he did not write a philosophy of animals," and thus has fallen into an error amply refuted, that man and animals have nothing in common between them, and are governed in all respects by opposite laws. But, not to go beyond men, will Locke and his partisans deny that the propensity of love, for example, is allied to the organisation? Yet we find no trace of it during their earliest years. If Locke had had more just ideas of the primitive faculties, he would have attributed to each of them a proper organ; he would have known that the various nervous systems, and particularly the different organs of the brain, exercise their functions independently of each other, that their development and their activity are not complete in the same time; but that they develop themselves successively, some sooner, some later; that each organ, even when perfectly developed, may be sometimes active, sometimes inactive. Had Locke known all this, he would not have deuded himself with false observations; and the principles which he has established, to explain the origin of the qualities and faculties of man, would not have been in contradiction with the nature of man and with that of animals.

For the rest, many of these proofs have already struck and convinced some, both of the ancient and modern philosophers; and they have, with me, acknowledged that there are no primitive qualities either acquired or factitious; but that, in man as well as in animals, all the dispositions are innate, and that their manifestation is rendered possible only by the organisation.

Plato acknowledged that the talent of organisation is innate. According to him, it is not enough, in order to be a philosopher, to join to the desire of knowledge a vast conception, good memory, and penetration; it needs, also, a peculiar disposition, which cannot be acquired any more than these auxiliary faculties. He says, also, that the aptitude for mathematics is innate. He regards the desires and the sentiments of pride, courage, and sensual appetite not only as innate, but as founded on organisation.

Hippocrates, in speaking of the conditions necessary to make a good physician, says, that above all he needs the natural dispositions. Quintillian ridicules the ancient maxim, "that any body, by means of constant application, may become an orator." "If precepts," says he, "could bestow the art of eloquence, every one would be eloquent."

Locke himself admits innate faculties. Condillac, though not consistent throughout his works, thus expresses himself on innate faculties: "Men are ignorant of what they can do, so long as ex-

perience has not led them to take notice of what they actually do from nature only. Hence, they have never done by design, anything but what they had already done, even without intending it. I think that this observation will always hold good; and I also think, that if it had not escaped notice, men would have reasoned better than they have done. Men never thought of making analyses, till they found they had made them; they never thought of speaking the language of action to make themselves understood, till they found that they were understood. In like manner they would never have thought of speaking with articulate sounds, unless they had observed that they had spoken with such sounds; and languages have commenced without any design of making them. It is thus that men have been poets and orators without dreaming of being such. In a word, all that they have become, they have first been by nature alone; and they have not studied to be such, till they had noticed what nature herself had led them to do. She has commenced every thing, and always well: this is a remark which we cannot repeat too often.

"If laws," says he, elsewhere, "are not conventional, they are then arbitrary! There may have been arbitrary ones; there are even too many; but those which determine whether our actions are good or evil, are not such and cannot be such. They are, indeed, our work, because they are conventions which we have made. But we have not made them alone; nature made them with us, she dictated them to us, and it was not in our power to make others. The wants and faculties of man being given, the laws themselves are given; and though we make them, the Deity who has created us with such wants and such faculties is, in truth, our sole legislator. In following these laws thus conformed to our nature, it is him whom we obey, and this is what constitutes the morality of actions."

St. Paul spoke in the same sense, in addressing the Romans. "If," says he, "the Gentiles, who have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, they show the work of the law written in their hearts." Hume regards covetousness, the sense of justice and injustice, the moral sense, &c., as innate. George Leroy speaks of compassion and religion as innate sentiments. Herder regards the sociability of man as innate, and thinks with me, that the law, "do not to another what you would not have another do to you," is founded on the sympathy natural to man. He even regards, as innate, the disposition of man to religion, and his propensity to honor superhuman beings and those of a superior order.

I shall, elsewhere, completely prove these same truths. I shall, likewise, while treating of the different organs and the various primitive faculties, demonstrate that the talents for music, painting, architecture, the mechanics, imitation, geometry, mathematics, &c., which seem to be only talents acquired and produced by social life, are innate in man, and are indicated to him by his organisation, as the laws of the hexagonal cell are to the bee; to the nightingale, his melody; and to the beaver, his building. I shall, also, make evident, that if the qualities of man were not determinate, society would only be confusion. I shall show that the determination of justice and injustice



supposes the internal sense; that if the positive laws of thought were not innate, there could exist neither logic nor philosophy; in fine, that all the propensities and all the primitive faculties depend on a determinate and peculiar organisation.

### SECTION III.

#### ON THE CONDITIONS REQUIRED FOR THE MANIFESTATION OF MORAL QUALITIES AND INTELLECTUAL FACULTIES.

In the section preceding, I have stated our opinion on the origin of the instincts, the propensities, the talents; in fine, on the origin of our moral qualities and intellectual faculties. There now presents a second question, which is likewise of the highest importance to the physiology of the brain; to wit: whether these qualities and these faculties can, in this life, manifest themselves independently of material conditions; or, whether they require for their exercise certain organs, with which they are in immediate relation.

If our moral and intellectual forces can manifest themselves independently of corporeal conditions, we might in vain seek in the organisation the apparatuses of the moral qualities and the intellectual faculties. It would always be impossible to found a doctrine on the functions of the brain and its parts, or a physiology of the brain. Man, considered as a moral and intellectual being, would be placed beyond the sphere of the observer. If, on the contrary, I can show that there exists an essential relation between his moral and intellectual forces and his organisation, it will follow, that the researches to discover these material conditions are the most important study for the true physiologist. If, again, I can show, as I shall do in the second volume, that these material conditions are the brain and its parts, we shall then have a glimpse of the possibility of creating a doctrine of the functions of the brain, a doctrine which exhibits the organs, by means of which all our propensities, sentiments and faculties are manifested

#### *The Manifestation of Moral Qualities and Intellectual Faculties depends on material conditions.*

When I say that the exercise of our moral and intellectual faculties depends on material conditions, I do not mean that our faculties are the *product* of organisation; this would be to confound conditions with efficient causes. I limit myself to what can be submitted to our observation. Thus, I consider our moral and intellectual faculties so far only as they become phenomena to us by means of the cerebral organs. The physiologist must never trust himself beyond the material world, and must neither affirm nor deny any thing but what can be proved by experience. He must not direct his researches to a spiritual substance alone, nor to this inanimate body alone; the living man, the result of a vegetative life and an animal life, is his object. Consequently, he must not enter into these metaphysical questions: What is the nature and the essence of the faculties themselves? Are they the attributes of a spiritual substance, or the properties of organised matter? In a word, he must not seek

to explain the union of the soul and the body, nor their reciprocal influence; nor how the influence takes place, whether by the immediate action of the Deity, by an ethereal fluid, or by a divine emanation. Whether souls are united to bodies sooner or later; whether they are endowed with different qualities in each individual, or are entirely similar in all; whatever may be the decision of theologians and metaphysicians on this subject, my principle, that the manifestation of the moral qualities and intellectual faculties can take place only by means of organisation, rests immovable.

The reader knows already, although I shall not prove it fully till the second volume, that the brain is the exclusive organ of our moral qualities and intellectual faculties. He will then be prepared to find that most of my arguments to establish my proposition, are relative to this grand and noble nervous system.

1. *The Moral Qualities and Intellectual Faculties manifest themselves, increase, and diminish, according as their organs are developed, increase in strength, and are impaired.*

What takes place in the functions of an inferior order and their organs, likewise takes place in the functions and the organs of a higher order. Now, I have shown in sections first, second, and fourth, of the first volume of my large work, that the different nervous systems develop and perfect themselves at different periods. It is thus, for example, that the nervous systems of the viscera of the abdomen and the chest are almost wholly formed, while the brain seems, as yet, only a pulpy mass. The olfactory nerve, and the nerve of taste, perfect themselves sooner than the auditory and the optic: we also see that the functions of taste and smell acquire their perfection sooner than those of hearing and sight. These phenomena especially take place in those animals, which, when born, are deaf and blind. The same progress is remarked in the development of the brain. In new-born infants, we hardly discover any trace of fibres in the apparatuses which serve to strengthen and perfect this organ. These fibres show themselves distinctly in the posterior and middle lobes sooner than in the anterior. The fibrous structure of the cerebellum becomes visible only by degrees, and it is not till after several months that the anterior and superior parts of the brain develop themselves with a decided energy. The brain is formed and increases gradually until it has attained its perfection. and this perfection takes place only between twenty and forty years of age. At this last period there seems to be no sensible change for some years; but in proportion as we advance in age, the system gradually lessens, the brain emaciates and diminishes in size, and its convolutions become less compact.

This successive and gradual order of development, stationary state, and failure, is the cause, and serves to explain, why, in the new-born infant, the only functions are those of the senses of voluntary motion—the expression of the want of nourishment, and of obscure sensations of pleasure and pain, desire and aversion, why all this takes place only to an imperfect degree; why the infant begins, by degrees, to attend to external objects, to act on them, to manifest determinate desires and propen-



sities; how the impressions are preserved, and how these impressions become ideas and notions; how the qualities and the faculties begin to act, and to manifest themselves under the image of different talents as well as different propensities; for example, love, friendship, vanity, ambition, pride; how the infant becomes successively a child, a young man, and an adult; how, at this period, all the moral and intellectual forces of the man have acquired their greatest energy, up to the moment when they begin to fail, and to lose insensibly more or less of their permanency and activity: in fine, how in old men there remain only blunted sensations, and weakness of mind. We see, clearly, by this succession of development, that the faculties of the mind and soul, and their manifestation, follow, step by step, the state of their material conditions. The progression of the functions is the same as that of the organs. Nothing can show more evidently, that the manifestation of these faculties depends on the organisation.

2. *When the development of the organs of the Moral Qualities and Intellectual Faculties does not follow its usual order, the manifestation of the functions of these organs likewise departs from its usual regular progress.*

We frequently observe in the rickets, that the intellectual faculties of children are more lively than their age would warrant. The reason is, that one of the ordinary effects of this malady, is to give the brain an extraordinary degree of development and of irritability. Sometimes, indeed, a particular part of the brain is developed prematurely, without there being any disease to occasion it; and, in this case, the function proper to the part fails not to manifest itself at the same time. We have, for example, observed several children, in whom the part of the brain appropriated to physical love, had acquired an extraordinary development at the age of three or four years. These children were mastered by this unhappy propensity, although their sexual organs, even when they experienced some excitement, had rarely acquired an analogous development. Other children, in whom the same organisation was remarked, manifested the phenomenon of complete virility, while the other faculties were still undeveloped. I shall, elsewhere, cite several similar facts relative to the organs of each faculty. Does it happen that the different parts of the brain, or the totality of the organ, acquire their maturity and their solidity only at a very late period? The state of infancy and of half imbecility then prolongs itself to the age of from six to twelve years. But, at this period, nature seems to labor with new energy, for the development of the parts; and children from whom, until this moment, no capacity had been expected, become, in a short time, remarkable for their talents. This was the case with Gesner, one of the best and most amiable poets of Switzerland. Born of a family in which rickets were hereditary, his instructors, when he had attained the age of ten years, declared him entirely incapable of making any progress. One of the most distinguished physicians of Berlin could not, till his thirteenth year, combine his ideas nor make use of the organ of language.

The simultaneousness of the manifestation of particular functions, and of the irregular, precocious or late development of their organs, is, therefore, a

constant phenomenon which cannot be called in question. Now it necessarily results from this phenomenon, that the exercise of the qualities of the mind and soul depend on material organs.

### THE POULTRY MANIA.

“Who shall decide, when Doctors disagree?”

THE MONSTER RAGE FOR COCHIN CHINA FOWLS is abated, somewhat; people are beginning to find out that they have been “great fools,” and that they may pay too dearly for their whistle. Also, that all is not gold which glitters. Here and there a maniac may still be found, to pay an outrageous price for a bird; but it is rather to make himself notorious, than for any real value he sees in his purchase. We imagine Mr. Stainton, of Holloway, would not like to give Mr. Fletcher, of Kensington, another £100 for a Cochin China cock! “One pill” of this kind “is a dose,” and needs no “black draught to follow.” The late Metropolitan Poultry Show, is, as a contemporary justly observes, “a step in the right direction,” and may do essential service in calling attention to, and improving our useful breeds of domestic fowl. Very much depends upon proper management. Popularity, as regards the attendance of visitors, cannot be regarded as legitimate success. There are many idle and curious people in London, who will flock to exhibitions, and applaud all the out-of-the-way animals that come under the eye; they will purchase them, too, at high prices, and rejoice at seeing their names recorded in the public prints. That is all very well in its way; but the “practically useful” must be the main consideration.

There have been “Shows” this year in Cornwall, Honiton, and Torquay—all well attended by the nobility and gentry of the neighborhoods, and all producing some very fine specimens of poultry. We gather from this, that much good will be ultimately effected. Ladies, now-a-days, seek amusement in the rearing of pigeons and fancy poultry. We rejoice at this. It is a mark of good taste, and has a humanising effect. We observe that the *prices* of the Cochins are becoming marvellously reduced. The mania is on the wane. The poetical feeling has soared very high; it is time now to descend to prose, and—common sense.

We subjoin an ironical letter on the Cochin China mania, that is worthy perusal. Ere long, the evil will cure itself:—

SIR,—Every few years an exaggerated idea of the profit to be gained by, and the essential value of, some particular plant, animal, or mode of culture, seizes on the public mind; and remains there till drawn out by some still more extravagant whim. Among



these manias and panaceas, few have been more ridiculous than the exaggerated value set upon poultry in general; and the enormous prices at present given for a breed of fowls neither excelling in flavor, hardy, nor beautiful. This folly is exaggerated in valuing the species not for size, early maturity, or egg productiveness (in which they excel); but from slight differences in plumage, shape of comb, and feathered or naked legs—as ridiculous a system as that of “valuing” rabbits by the length of their ears, or pigeons by the spread of their tails,—modes by which their owners ought rather perhaps to be valued. If farmers are not mere “farmers” either of birds or beasts; if high prices are given for animals of an improved breed—it is because they possess, or are supposed to possess, some real and intrinsic superiority, and have cost the improvers or importers considerable trouble and expense. The introduction of new or superior kinds of domestic animals from foreign countries, is indeed a matter of much importance; and, if carried out in a systematic manner, might lead to great benefit to the country, as well as profit to the importer. Why should Cochin China fowls monopolise all our efforts? And if they are of so much importance, no doubt great numbers, superior to most that have yet been imported, might be obtained from the Cochin Chinese at very low rates; and would turn out a good investment, if even half the present quoted prices were obtained in England. It is very likely, however, that the breed may soon degenerate in this country, and thus a constant import be necessary, if not profitable.

With regard to other animals. Why should the Australian kangaroo and the American llama be confined to menageries, and not be found occasionally in our pastures? In Texas, it seems, there is a kind of rabbit, called, from its size, the “jackass rabbit,” often weighing as much as 50lbs.

The passenger pigeon of America is a very large and well-flavored variety, it being sixteen inches long, and twenty-four inches in the spread of its wings; its hue chiefly slate color. They emigrate in millions, and feed on acorns and beech-mast. Their most frequented roosting-places are covered to the depth of several inches with their dung, over thousands of acres; all the trees being killed, and nothing growing for years afterwards (what a good substitute for guano, if it could be brought to us cheaply enough). In their breeding-places, herds of hogs are fed on the young pigeons or squabs, which are also melted down as a substitute for butter or lard. The felling a single tree often produces two hundred squabs, nearly as large as the old ones, and almost one mass of fat. When the flocks of full-grown pigeons enter

a district, clap-nets and guns are in great requisition; and wagon-loads of pigeons are poured into the town, and sold at fifty, twenty-five, and even twelve cents per dozen. This makes the highest price about twopence, and the lowest a half-penny each. Why could not this large pigeon, whose migratory habits are principally caused by search for food, be introduced into this country as a tame variety; or, by crossing with our native breeds, enlarge the size? or in the same way as fresh mutton was sent from Australia, be sent in casks potted in their own fat, to supply us with cheap pigeon pies?

And the same with a cross with the large Texan rabbit, or the wild American turkey—the latter being far superior in size and appearance to its degenerate descendant, the tame turkey? They are sometimes four feet in length, and five feet from wing to wing.

The canvass-back ducks of America are there boasted of exceedingly as a delicacy; yet although a great variety of useless water-fowl have been introduced merely as an ornament to the ponds and streams of our country, no attempt has been made to bring this kind to our farm-yards and tables. Even if it was found impossible to tame the pure breed, a cross with our own might be effected.

In the capercalzie, or cock of the wood, a bird of the grouse species, but nearly as large as a turkey, once indigenous in Scotland, but now only found in the north of Europe, and in the bastard, the largest European land-bird, the cock weighing from twenty-five to twenty-seven pounds, we have examples of two fowls well worth the trial of domesticating by the amateur or intelligent agriculturist—a trial which, if successful, would probably repay quite as well as competition about the color of a feather, or the shortness of a tail; and in time would be the means of affording a constant, certain, and moderately-priced supply, which is never the case while animals remain in a wild or half-wild state. W.

**THE FANCY PIGEON SHOW**  
OF  
**THE PHILO-PERISTERON SOCIETY.**

TO THE EDITOR.—Sir, In your recent notice of this Society's Grand Exhibition of Fancy Pigeons, at the Freemasons' Tavern, the names of two of the exhibitors are incorrectly printed. I hardly need point out to you, how very annoying this mistake must be to the respective parties; and I feel sure you will readily make the *amende honorable*.

Speaking of the rare excellence of the *Powter Pigeons*, you assigned the honor of rearing them to “Mr. Butt.” The name given, *should have been* Mr. Bult, of Hornsey.



Again,—whilst commending the elegant *Almond Tumblers*, exhibited by Mr. Jones and others, you named one of the exhibitors as "Payne." *Suum cuique!* Mr. Editor. His 'proper name' is PYNE, and he resides in Lambeth.

By "rendering unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's"—a point of honor which I know attaches to the principles of OUR JOURNAL, you will oblige, Sir, your obedient servant,

F. ESQUILANT,

Secretary.

February 20, 1853.

#### DOMESTIC LAYS.—NO. IV.

BY A HAPPY HUSBAND,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS MARRIAGE.

ONE year, beloved wife, hath flown,  
Since first I claimed thee as mine own;  
And had my harp the skill to fling  
In glowing numbers from its string  
That tender love and sweet esteem  
Which makes my life a gentle dream,—  
I'd breathe a fond and grateful lay  
To greet this dear and blessed day;  
A day which made me one with thee;  
The first of joy's reality,—  
Of joy so calm, and yet so deep,  
So like the dreamy bliss of sleep,  
That till thy gentle hand I feel  
My spirit almost doubts it real;  
And trembles lest it pass away  
Like dew-drops with the noontide ray.

A year has pass'd—a blessed year,  
Beloved, thou hast borne my name;  
Still in our calm domestic sphere  
As brightly burns love's hallowed flame.  
No idle strifes or cares have come  
To chill its warmth in our sweet home.  
Home! Oh! it is a holy ground;  
A soil where fairest buds are found,—  
Not such as win a vain world's eye,  
To flaunt awhile, then droop and die,  
Leaving no memories enshrined,  
No grateful perfume on the mind.  
Home's blossoms are not such as these:  
Their names are Hope, Love, Joy, and Peace;  
Flowers of the heart, in mercy made  
To bloom alike in sun or shade.  
And still, as fond affection blends  
These sister-blossoms, time but lends  
A deeper charm to all that tells  
Of that dear home where "my love" dwells.

My heart, belov'd, was as a barque,  
Fast drifting on despair's rude coast.  
Around it, all grew drear and dark;  
Its compass gone, its rudder lost.  
When o'er the waste a beacon shone,  
Which bade me boldly struggle on.  
Hope sprung aloft, and to the gale  
Unfurled her renovated sail.  
Love seized the helm, and o'er life's sea  
In safety steered my soul to THEE.

All sorrows hushed, all perils past,  
My weary heart found peace at last;  
And, on the haven of thy breast,  
Secure from storms, a blissful rest.  
Shall I not bless that beacon-light  
Which shone athwart my bosom's night;  
Which led me to the hallowed shrine  
Of wedded love, and made *thee* mine?  
Oh! when I look within my breast  
And see the change existent there,  
And feel 'twas thou its cares repress,  
Thy tenderness that dried each tear;  
While still to thee alone I owe  
That calm and deep and tranquil flow  
Of happy thought, which like the sun,  
Steeps all in light it shines upon—  
How can I bless enough the hour  
That brought with thee so rich a dower!

My gentle wife! the cares of earth  
Fall lightly on my spirit now;  
My heart is filled with that sweet mirth  
Which wedded love can only know.  
To thee I turn, whose every look,  
Instinct with love, becomes a book  
Where I some joyous tale may read,  
Whose language makes me bless'd *indeed!*  
For oh! it is a precious thing,  
To be to those we love the spring  
Of those pure feelings, which invest  
With light and joy life's barren road;  
Feelings which sanctify the breast,  
And draw us nearer Heaven and God.

A year, this morn, in joy and pride  
I press'd thy cheek a blushing bride;  
A year, this morn, we vowed to prove  
Each other's solace, stay, and love.  
Have we *not* kept that tender oath;  
Hath God in each not blest us both?  
I've heard it said, "one passing year  
Oft makes the nuptial smile a tear—  
That marriage joys decay full soon,  
Nay, perish with the honey-moon."  
We know not *this*—time has but bound  
OUR spirits in love's magic round;  
More closely knit each tender tie  
With hopes of sweet futurity—  
Shut out all discontent and strife,  
AND MADE A HONEY-MOON OF LIFE.

#### LOVE, THE LAMP OF LIFE.

Let Love feed the Lamp of Life,  
Love is Life's chief beauty;  
In its sorrow and its strife,  
Love is the World's faithful wife,  
Doing virtuous duty.

Love, alike to soothe or save,  
Kindly watches o'er us  
From the cradle to the grave;  
And, with every tossing wave,  
Soars and sings in chorus.

Love is Life's pervading charm,  
In bright or angry weather;  
Let the pure flame keep us warm,  
And light us all from hate and harm,  
In brotherhood together!



### THE ENGLISH GIRL.

She laughs and runs, a cherub thing ;  
 And proud is the doating sire  
 To see her pluck the buds of Spring,  
 Or play by the winter fire.  
 Her golden hair falls thick and fair,  
 In many a wavy curl ;  
 And freshly sleek is the ruddy cheek  
 Of the infant English girl.

The years steal on—and, day by day,  
 Her native charms expand ;  
 Till her round face beams in the summer ray  
 Like the rose of our own blest land.  
 There's music in her laughing tone,  
 A darker shade on the curl ;  
 And beauty makes her chosen throne  
 On the brow of the English girl.

She is standing now, a happy bride,  
 At the holy altar's rail ;  
 While the sacred blush of maiden pride  
 Gives a tinge to the snowy veil.  
 Her eye of light is the diamond bright,  
 Her innocence,—the pearl ;  
 And these are ever the bridal gems  
 That are worn by the English girl.

### THE BRIDE.

Oh, take her ! but be faithful still ;  
 And may the bridal vow  
 Be sacred held in after years,  
 And warmly breath'd as now !  
 Remember—'tis no common tie  
 That binds her youthful heart ;  
 'Tis one that only Truth should weave,  
 And only Death can part.  
 The paradise of childhood's hour,  
 The home of riper years,  
 The treasur'd scenes of early youth,  
 In sunshine and in tears.  
 The purest hopes her bosom knew,  
 When her young heart was free ;  
 All these and more she now resigns,  
 To brave the world with thee.  
 Her lot in life is fix'd, with thine  
 Its good and ill to share ;  
 And well I know 'twill be her pride  
 To soothe each sorrow there.  
 Then take her ; and may fleeting Time  
 Mark only Joy's increase !  
 And may your days glide sweetly on  
 IN HAPPINESS AND PEACE !

### INNOCENCE AND ITS CHARMS.

Innocence and Happiness are twins,—NEVER to be found apart. Where one lives, there lives the other. Try and separate them, if you will ; yet might you as easily remove the spots from a leopard's skin :—  
 Look at that HAPPY girl's enchanting face ;  
 So lovely, yet so arch—so full of mirth !  
 Her every movement's mark'd with winning grace,  
 For INNOCENCE gave all her virtues birth.

### GRANT ME THY BLESSING.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

HOPE in the bud is often blasted,  
 And BEAUTY on the desert wasted ;  
 And JOY, a primrose early gay,  
 Care's lightest footfall treads away.  
 But LOVE shall live—aye, LIVE FOR EVER,  
 And chance and change shall reach it NEVER !

Cold is the friendship of the World,  
 Ceaseless its bitter strife !  
 Its pity grates upon the ear,  
 Its sympathy e'en fails to cheer  
 The dreary hours of life.

Craft and hypocrisy lay hid  
 Beneath the garb of praise ;  
 With caution, flattery conceals  
 The bitter enmity she feels ;  
 And "art" its power displays.

Harsh is its mercy, stern its law,  
 Feebly its blessing flows ;  
 One kind approving smile from THEE  
 Is better, dearer far to me  
 Than all the world bestows !

Grant me thy blessing ; with my tears  
 I crave thy sympathy.  
 Hope's brightest banners are unfurl'd ;  
 (I hate the friendship of the world,)  
 MAY I NOT LIVE FOR THEE ?

The joy thus kindled in my heart,  
 Shall cheer me whilst I live ;  
 Shall strew the path of life with flow'rs,  
 And make a richer treasure ours  
 Than this cold world can give.

Oh ! what a bliss it is to know  
 That "*this* is not our rest ;"  
 We've no abiding city here,  
 "Our home" is in a brighter sphere,  
 For ever with the blest !

We have a FRIEND who cannot err,  
 Whose power alone can save ;  
 He sends His blessings from above,  
 Crowns us with mercy, peace, and love,  
 And "HOPE" beyond the grave !

### THE BOUQUET.

One Summer's morn, fair FLORA's shrine  
 A beauteous maiden sought ;  
 A faultless bouquet to combine,  
 Was what she would be taught.  
 "Choose, maiden, from the flowery race,  
 Thy favorites with care,"  
 Said Flora, "and I'll show the place  
 Where each will seem most fair."

A half-blown rose, with sunny smile,  
 Won first the fair maid's heart ;  
 She raised it to her lips, the while,—  
 The twins were loth to part.  
 "The work is done," the goddess cries,  
 "The bouquet's faultless now ;  
 The flower, the lip, the world defies  
 For sweetness, I will trow."



THE DRESS CAP;  
OR,  
THE TIMES WE LIVE IN.

CUSTOM—the world's great idol, we adore;  
And knowing this, we seek to know no more.  
What education did at first conceive,  
Our ripened eye confirms us to believe.

POMFRET.

CUSTOM ever does dispense  
A universal influence;  
And makes things right or wrong appear,  
Just as they do her liv'ry wear.

BUTLER.



JUDGING OF SOCIETY, as we have a right to do, from what daily comes under our eye—we think it desirable to “hold the mirror up to nature” at every convenient opportunity. People reflected *veluti in speculum*, may perhaps be taught to “think.” Only let us get their ear, and we will try to descend lower—into their heart. Once there, we have no fear of being turned out. We always “play a deep game;” and generally win the “odd trick.”

“MAY I trouble you to show me that dress-cap with blue trimmings in the window?” said a lady-like person, as she entered a fashionable lace-shop.

The proprietor, with a polite bow, handed the lady a chair; and producing the cap alluded to, recommended it in the usual set phrases.

“Pray, what is the price?” inquired Mrs. Mowbray, with a dissatisfied air, after viewing it in every imaginable position, and scrutinising its materials and workmanship with the most patient minuteness.

“The price is seven shillings, madam,” answered the shopkeeper, rubbing his hands.

“Seven shillings!” exclaimed Mrs. Mowbray; “why, I have seen them marked up at a score of places for six; and at the bazaars they are cheaper still.”

“Excuse me, madam,” replied the shopkeeper, “not such a cap as that, I think. Observe the fine quality of the materials, and the neatness of the workmanship. It is a first-rate article.”

“Oh yes, I see,” rejoined Mrs. Mowbray; “but the caps to which I allude are quite equal to it in every respect. The fact is, I do not particularly want it; but if *six* shillings will do, I will take it.”

The shopkeeper hesitated. “I suppose you must have it then, madam,” said he with a saddened countenance, “but really I get no profit by it at that price.”

“Oh,” said Mrs. Mowbray, with a bantering air, “*you shopkeepers never get any profit, if we are to believe you. You mean to say, you do not pocket quite fifty per cent. by it.*”

The shopkeeper, with a faint effort to smile, shook his head as he neatly folded and wrapped up the delicate article; and Mrs. Mowbray having counted out the six shillings, he politely thanked her, opened the shop-door, and bade her good-day.

“There, Jane,” said Mrs. Mowbray, as she entered the parlor on her arrival at home, “what do you think of MY purchase?”—holding up her new acquisition. Is it not a love of a cap? *Guess what I gave for it.*”

Jane examined it minutely, and guessed the price to be seven or eight shillings—the materials and work being, as she remarked, so very good.

“Only *six* shillings!” said Mrs. Mowbray triumphantly; “the shopkeeper asked seven, but I succeeded in getting it for six; and (putting it on and walking up to the looking-glass) I assure you I am not a little pleased with my bargain.”

“Well,” said Jane, “it is a wonder they can afford to sell such a cap for the money; the materials alone, I should think, would cost as much as that.”

“It is a wonder,” replied Mrs. Mowbray indifferently, as she turned herself round before the looking-glass, and inquired of her sister how it suited her face, and whether the color of the ribbon was adapted to her complexion.

A loud double knock at this moment was heard at the door, and Mrs. Mowbray, taking off the cap in the greatest trepidation, remarked that she would not for the world that her husband should know of her purchase, as her last month's millinery bill had been very heavy, and Edward would be displeased at what he would term her extravagance.

The cap was safely deposited before Edward had entered the room; who, throwing himself on the sofa, declared he was fatigued, and said he should be glad of a cup of tea.

“You are late, my dear, this evening, are you not?” inquired Mrs. Mowbray.

“I am later than usual,” answered Mr. Mowbray; “I have been attending a committee-meeting of our benevolent society, which detained me some time.”

“Your benevolent society is *always* detaining you, I think,” said Mrs. Mowbray, somewhat reproachfully; “benevolent societies are very good things no doubt, but I think *you* have quite sufficient to do, both with your time and your money, without attending to any such things. What can *we* do for the poor? It is very well for those who have nothing to do, and plenty of money to spare; but I cannot see how persons with so limited an income as ours have any business with benevolent societies.”

“Well, my dear,” replied Edward, “I have



thought on the subject sufficiently to entitle me to a decided opinion; and I am sure if you had been with us to-day, and had heard the instances of the good we have already effected, you would not hold so lightly the exertions of even such humble individuals as we. I hope I am neither neglecting my business, nor my home, in these efforts; and I am confident you will rejoice with me when I tell you that we have good reason to hope that we are making some impression, however little, upon the vice and ignorance which have so long made those lanes and alleys at the back of our house a nuisance to the neighborhood."

"Of course, my dear," said Mrs. Mowbray, "I wish always to sympathise with you in any of your efforts to do good."

"We have some funds in hand," remarked Mr. Mowbray, "and I have promised our committee to visit the poor families myself to-morrow, to ascertain their individual circumstances, and the best means of serving them. Let me add, my dear," said he coaxingly, "that I hope you will accompany me, and share with me the pleasure of inquiring into their necessities, and endeavoring to alleviate their distress."

Mrs. Mowbray would willingly have conceded to her husband the monopoly of this pleasure; but, after making a host of objections and excuses, which were successfully combated by him, was at last brought to acquiesce in his wish, and promised to be in readiness on the following afternoon to accompany him on what she nevertheless deemed a Quixotic expedition.

The next day Mrs. Mowbray was reluctantly ready on her husband's return from business; and, roughly attired for the occasion, they started on their exploratory tour.

Leaving the main thoroughfare, with its genteel dwelling-houses and glittering shops, they turned down a little by-street, at the end of which they found themselves in the midst of a huge nest, as it were, of courts and alleys, which presented a striking contrast with the gaudy street they had just left. Mrs. Mowbray was so shocked at the sight of such wretchedness, that she hesitated to proceed, till re-assured by her husband, who well knew the locality, and had often visited the poor families there before.

The appearance of the spot was indeed deplorable; and not a little startling to one whose walks had been confined to the public thoroughfares. It was a lovely afternoon, yet even the sun's piercing beams could scarcely penetrate some of these cheerless, gloomy nooks. Here were clusters of pestiferous hovels; some without doors, crowded with human beings, though unfit even for the habitation of the most valueless animal. In many, the old window-panes were almost all

broken, while in others they were so dirty, and patched with paper or stuffed with rags, that they but very partially admitted the light of day. Ragged and vicious boys were gambling in groups, and bare-footed children were playing about in the slimy mud; some squalid and puny in consequence of bad air and insufficient food, and others whose chubby features displayed, in spite of dirt and privation, a robustness of health that would have done credit to the nursery of a nobleman.

Here were gaunt men, with dull, meaningless countenances, sitting on their comfortable thresholds; the bony, haggard women screeching for their strayed children, while the scarcely concealed forms of some of the younger females might have served as models for the painter or sculptor. Yet even here were traces of human sympathies of the purest kind. Girls were nursing their baby sisters with the most patient devotedness. The playful, innocent-faced kitten, a universal favorite, frolicked about in the dirty window-sill; the social dog seemed quite at home with the children, as they shared with him their pittance of bread; whilst from many a superannuated saucepan and spoutless teapot, at the upper windows, grew the fragrant bergamot and the blushing geranium with strange luxuriance.

The appearance in such a neighborhood of two well-dressed persons, soon caused an unusual excitement; especially as Mr. Mowbray was known among the poor inhabitants. Whenever he appeared there, it might be safely calculated there was something to be given away. Children, after a hasty glance at the intruders, left their playfellows, and ran to their homes; heads were thrust out at the windows. Some shuffled to their own rooms, that they might be ready if called on; others obtruded themselves in the way with an obsequious curtsy. Some came to their doors with their little ones peeping from behind their aprons: and all around were on the tiptoe of expectation.

As they climbed the creaking stairs, and explored the naked garrets of the various houses, it was singular to mark the dissimilarity in character and circumstances of the various inmates—alike only in their poverty. Even in form and feature the contrast was striking. In the countenances of some, might be unmistakeably read the sensual and the brutish; while in the lineaments of others might be traced, notwithstanding dirt and rags, the predominance of the gentle, and even the refined. Here was the round-cheeked boor, who fattened amid the filth that seemed natural to him; and here the angular-featured man of thought and of observation, whom more favorable circumstances might have placed in a far different



sphere. The student of human character could not have desired a finer field for the prosecution of his studies, than such a one as this; and the more so, as character was here so forcibly developed for good or evil, unweakened by any of the influences which affect civilised life. Mrs. Mowbray as she joined her husband in kind conversation with the various families they visited, soon began to feel a deep interest in them, soothingly advised with them, and relieved some of their more pressing wants.

They had completed their intended round of visits, and were just leaving the court to return homeward, when a young woman, carrying in her hand a milliner's basket, crossed before them. She was very meanly clad, and her appearance bespoke deep poverty; yet there was an aspect of respectability about her that could not be mistaken. She evidently shrunk from observation: but as she looked up with a surprised air at the unusual sight of two respectably-dressed persons in such a place, her sad countenance, beaming with intelligence, so forcibly impressed Mr. Mowbray, that he stopped her; and asking her where she lived, expressed a wish to pay her a visit.

The young woman curtseyed, and led the way to a house superior to most of those they had just left, but scarcely less wretched and ruinous. It was a large building, and had perhaps once been tenanted by the wealthy; but it had long since fallen into decay, and its lofty capacious rooms had been divided into a number of small ones, each of which now contained a family, large or small as the case might be. Mr. and Mrs. Mowbray followed the young woman up the wide staircase to the top of the house; and then turning into a long gallery, their guide stopped at length at a door, and lifting the latch, with a curtsey and an apology for the untidiness of the humble room, ushered them into her apartment; and dusting the chair (there was but one), invited Mrs. Mowbray to take a seat.

The room was spacious, and appeared the larger in consequence of being so scantily furnished. Some half-dozen old books lay in the window; a few articles of crockery-ware were arranged on a box in the corner of the room; and these, with a little table, a chair, and a box, which seemed to serve occasionally as a seat, comprised nearly all the articles visible in the room. Everything, however, was clean and tidy, and there was an air of decency and respectability about the room which pleasingly contrasted with those they had just left.

'Do you live here alone, pray?' inquired Mr. Mowbray.

'No, Sir,' replied the young woman feebly, 'my aged mother lives with me;

but (pointing to a bed at the further end of the room, and which the gathering shadows of evening had prevented them from before observing) she is ill, and has been confined to her bed for the last month.'

'Have you no father?' inquired Mr. Mowbray.

The young woman was silent for a moment, as her tongue struggled to articulate an answer, while a tear trickled down her cheek.

'My father is dead, sir,' she replied: 'he died about six months ago after a short illness, and we were in consequence compelled to leave our former nice home, and take this room.'

'And pray how do you support yourself and your mother?' asked Mr. Mowbray, glancing at the table, which was strewn with pieces of lace, ribbon, &c.

'I make caps and collars, sir,' said the young female, 'when I can get work to do; but it is very precarious, and so badly paid for, that I have been obliged to pawn nearly all our furniture to keep out of debt. I am unwilling that my poor mother should be chargeable to the parish; but my hardest exertions are insufficient to supply us even with bread.'

'Pray, whom do you work for?' inquired Mrs. Mowbray, looking curiously at an unfinished cap which lay on the table.

'I work principally, madam,' replied the young woman, '*for the large lace shop in the street close by.* That cap, madam, will only bring me 5s. when it is finished; and I have already spent nearly a day in making it, and the materials cost me 4s. 6d. Even this poor profit is to be reduced, for my employer told me last night he could not afford to give me so much for them, *as ladies refuse to give him his price.*'

'Ladies, indeed!' exclaimed Mr. Mowbray indignantly; "*wretches*, I should call them. What else *can* they be?"

Mrs. Mowbray turned her head aside and blushed deeply; for she recognised in the cap before her the counterpart of the one she had bought the preceding day; *and in the employer of this poor young woman, the lace-man of whom she had bought it.*

Mr. Mowbray made some further inquiries, and leaving the poor cap-maker a trifle, promised to send a doctor to visit her mother, and to call on her again; and Mrs. Mowbray, before leaving, gave her a liberal "order," together with a comforting assurance that she would endeavor to interest her friends on her behalf.

We hope ALL the fair readers of KIDD'S JOURNAL will assist in carrying out the same noble, honest, delightful principle. Tradespeople now-a-days, are "existing,"—not living. They are from home all day, and worn out by fatigue long before they reach their



"household-gods" at night. ALL this is traceable to the ridiculous rage for "cheapness," which is naturally associated with "meanness." But to return.

Mrs. Mowbray, though ashamed, and self-convicted, returned home, pleased with her novel tour; and frequently afterwards accompanied her husband on such occasions. "Bargain-hunting" had been, in *her* individual case, the result of thoughtlessness, rather than of an unfeeling disposition. Would this were generally the case! but it is far, very far, otherwise. From this moment, she was more liberal in her views, and more liberal in her purchases. Nor did she, while dealing with an honest tradesman, ever feel disposed to depreciate the value of his goods. "The Cap" would rush into her mind, when she wavered!

Let us now wind up this graphic sketch, by remarking that Mrs. Mowbray became quite a changed woman. Her idea of "cheapness" vanished; nor could she ever be brought to believe that a bad article, at any price, *could be* "cheap." "My love," said she, one evening, to her husband, "YOU are right; A GOOD ARTICLE IS *always worth a FAIR PRICE.*"

From this day forward, cheap ticketed articles became her aversion. She associated them with unfairly depreciated wages, and wretchedness of the poor. Too well knew she, that by "grinding *their* faces," could "cheapness" be alone attained.

May each one of our married readers be a Mrs. Mowbray; and may each one of those who are at present "single," make a desperate "set" at a "Mr." Mowbray, wherever they can find him. We would not grudge even a "cheap" pretty cap, for the purpose of securing the conquest.

POSTSCRIPT.—We cannot resist the opportunity that offers, for printing in this place poor TOM HOOD's "Thoughts on the meanness of our nobility and gentry." They are a pendant to his popular "Song of the Shirt," and have, just now, a voice that *should* awaken even "the Seven Sleepers."

Some time since, says HOOD (for he is "speaking" *still*), a strong inward impulse moved me to paint the destitution of an overtasked class of females, who work, work, work, for wages almost nominal. But deplorable as is their condition, in the low deep, there is, it seems, a lower still. Beneath that Purgatory, a Hell. Resounding with more doleful wailings and a sharper outcry, the voice of famishing wretches, pleading vainly for work! work! work! imploring as a blessing what was laid upon Man as a curse—the labor that wrings sweat from the brow, and bread from the soil!

As a matter of conscience, that wail touches me not. As my works testify, I am of the working class myself; and in my humble sphere furnish employment for many hands, including paper-makers, draughtsmen, engravers, compositors, pressmen, binders, folders, and stitchers—and critics; all receiving a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. My gains, consequently, are limited—not nearly so enormous as have been realised upon shirts, slops, shawls, &c.—curiously illustrating how a man or woman might be "clothed with curses as with a garment."

My fortune may be expressed without a long row of those ciphers—those 0's, at once significant of hundreds of thousands of pounds and as many ejaculations of pain and sorrow from dependent slaves. My wealth might all be hoarded, if I were miserly, in a gallipot or a tin snuff box. My guineas, placed edge to edge, instead of extending from the Minories to Golden Square, would barely reach from home to Bread Street. My riches would hardly allow me a roll in them, even if turned into the new copper mites. But then, thank God! no reproach clings to my coin. No tears of blood clog the meshes—no hair, plucked in desperation, is knitted with the silk of my lean purse.

No consumptive sempstress can point at me her lean forefinger, and say, "For thee, *sewing in formâ pauperis*, I am become this Living Skeleton!" or hold up to me her fatal needle, as one through the eye of which the scriptural camel must pass, ere I may hope to enter heaven. No withered work-woman, shaking at me her dripping suicidal locks, can cry, in a piercing voice, "For thee and for six poor pence, I embroidered eighty flowers on this veil"—literally a veil of tears.

No famishing laborer, his joints racked with toil, holds out to me in the palm of his broad, hard hand, seven miserable shillings, and mutters, "For these and a parish loaf, for six long days, from dawn till dusk, through hot and cold, through wet and dry, I tilled thy land!" My short sleeps are peaceful; my dreams untroubled. No ghastly phantoms with reproachful faces, and silence more terrible than speech, haunt my quiet pillow. No victims of Slow Murder, ushered in by the Avenging Fiends, beset my couch, and make awful appointments with me to meet at the Divine bar on the Day of Judgment. No deformed human creatures—men, women, children, smirched black as Negroes, transfigured suddenly, as Demons of the Pit, clutch at my heels to drag me down, down, down an unfathomable shaft, into a gaping Tartarus.

And if sometimes in waking visions I see throngs of little faces, with features preternaturally sharp, and wrinkled brows; and dull, seared orbs—grouped with pitying clusters



of the young-eyed cherubim—NOT FOR ME, thank Heaven! did those crippled children become prematurely old; AND PRECOCIOUSLY EVAPORATE, LIKE SO MUCH STEAM POWER, THE "DEW OF THEIR YOUTH."

### AN INVOCATION TO MARCH.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

Cold March! I am glad thou art here;  
I have anxiously waited for thee:  
I knew thou would'st shortly appear,  
By the pretty green buds on the tree.

I love thee, for thou dost beguile  
The darkness that hangs o'er the earth;  
There's something so frank in thy smile,  
So honest and sterling thy worth!

Thou art noisy and boist'rous, 'tis true;  
But I know that thy heart is sincere;  
And I love thee, as one of the few  
Who are faithfully what they appear!

Thy breeze wafts the mariner home;  
The flowing sail proudly expands:  
And the bark nobly rides o'er the foam,  
With the produce of wealthier lands.

I love thee, for thou dost renew  
The joys that are dearest to me.  
To sorrow I'll bid an adieu,  
To roam with kind Nature—and thee.

Oh, let us not linger an hour;  
Sweet melody floats on the air:  
And many a gay little flower  
Is smiling to banish our care.

The meadows are spangled with gems,  
Looking timidly up to the sky;  
And primroses nod on their stems,  
As the cold northern blast passes by.

They are waiting for Spring, gentle Spring,  
To deck them in brighter array;  
To sprinkle her dew-drops, and sing  
The dark hours of Winter away.

The children of Nature appear  
To anticipate happier days;  
The dear little robin we hear  
Rehearsing his merriest lays.

The wren, too, sings softly; and hark!  
A note of enchantment is heard;  
'Tis the sweet mellow song of the lark,  
As he carols his praises,—dear bird!

The thrush and the blackbird unite  
In their gentle endeavors to please;  
The squirrel is mad with delight,  
As he leaps from the boughs of the trees.

I am glad, merry March, thou art here;  
A rich store of joy thou dost bring:  
The bright buds already appear,  
To WEAVE A GAY CHAPLET FOR SPRING.

### "OUR JOURNAL" AND ITS LITTLE TROUBLES.

— All jealousy  
Must e'en be strangled in its birth; or time  
Will soon conspire to make it strong enough  
To overcome the TRUTH.

DAVENANT.

It is no secret to our readers, *what* we have had to contend with in the establishment of this their favorite JOURNAL. We have recorded our troubles, till we are as sick of talking of them as our readers must be of hearing them. There is, however, a *necessity* for our once more re-opening the question. Let us hope it will be final.

It appears that the spirited manner in which we have begun the New Year, and the very large increasing demand for the JOURNAL—which now, thanks to our good friends, "can no longer be hid"—has goaded "the Trade" to madness. They thought to have strangled us at Christmas! But, like the Phoenix, here we are again, rejoicing in a new life!—aye, more vigorous than ever.

Our friends will remember, that the last number of OUR JOURNAL was published—as *it always will be*, and always has been—two days previous to "magazine day." It was reported, however, in Paternoster Row, (the grand book-mart,) to many of the country booksellers, that it was "not out in time!" Since then, it has been reported regularly as "out of print;" and "none of the back numbers, parts, or volumes to be had," etc., etc. Our subscribers are savage—naturally savage; and ask us what we have done to be so treated? Let us reply. We have been *too good-natured!*

We personally waited on "the Trade," at first starting; offered them the JOURNAL on the most liberal terms—volunteering to exchange them, if not sold, week by week, month by month, or to give them a *written guarantee* to purchase back, at the full prices, any unsold copies at the end of the year.\* This was unheard-of liberality; but listen further, good friends:—

We had the ill-fortune to be educated in Paternoster Row. We were "articled" to one of the largest firms there, in our boyhood. We had "dared" to withdraw from "the Trade," in disgust. We had volunteered a

\* The newsvendors and dealers in periodicals, not being legitimately known as "Booksellers," received us very graciously for the most part, and promised us their support. When, however, they went to the "Row," and learned who we were, it was ridiculous to observe their indifference and ill-nature. Nobody would keep the JOURNAL, or show it! We recorded our visit to these good people, in vol. 1 of OUR JOURNAL, page 65. The article was entitled "Difficulty and Impossibility."  
—ED. K. J.



work on "our own account." In a word, we had turned author. We were *therefore* doomed to be one of that persecuted race. We need not tell those who understand the matter, HOW authors are treated in "the Row." Suffice it to say, that all success *must* rest upon their good name, or the endeavors put forth by their friends to serve them. This is a notorious fact.

This little explanation will satisfy our friends, both near and afar off, "why" OUR JOURNAL was not sent with others; "why" it is always out of print, and "why" complete sets of the work cannot be had. We *have* remonstrated with one of the largest houses in Paternoster Row; and we are bound to acknowledge that they treated our remonstrances with marked respect, and promised to investigate the formal complaints which we have found it needful to make. This is "one step" towards reform.

We would gladly be on friendly terms with our brethren, if possible; but, under such circumstances as we now record, it cannot be.

The unceasing complaints we have received from all quarters, during the present month, wring from us these remarks; and cause us to throw ourselves, more than ever, upon the PUBLIC. They can, if they will, assist us out of our difficulty, and place OUR JOURNAL at once far beyond the reach of such petty tyranny. Knowing, as they now do, that the work always IS ready in time, and that the numbers, parts, and volumes, are always obtainable,—if they insist upon it, their booksellers *must* attend to orders given. If they will *not*, another remedy offers. Try a more respectable tradesman.

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FOG—SNOW—FROST—ICE;

AND

THE "JOYS" OF A COLD DAY.

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The past month has not failed to remind us of "old times." We had, on the 1st of February, as dense a fog—almost, as can be remembered by the "oldest inhabitant." No conveyance could we get to our country villa; and the distance that cut us off from it was eight miles. We trudged off, therefore, at half-past eight, p.m., from the City homewards, amidst "darkness visible." Had we space, we could write a most readable and droll chapter on that walk home. It was full of occurrences—comic and serio-comic. WE, too, had a fall, head foremost into the road. Whilst passing through Kensington, our foot violently struck against a kerb-stone, and over we went. A wicked voice shouted out—"Jolly drunk, he is!" It was too dark to *see* the speaker. He had mizzled in the mist. Fortunate child of mystery was he. Had we caught him,—— but we did'nt!

Well; that fog, and several other fogs, being over, we have had snow and frost; and all the delightful accompaniments thereof. We love to see the crystal gems pendant on the leaves and branches, and the fantastic creations that deck the overhanging arms of the trees. We have rejoiced in these sights not a little, but cannot now more than glance at them. This little exordium is merely introductory of a sketch, by Leigh Hunt, on A COLD DAY. Its graphic correctness, most—if not all of us, must have verified to the very letter not many days since.

Now, the moment people wake in the morning, they perceive the coldness with their faces, though they are warm with their bodies; and exclaim, "Here's a day!" and pity the poor little sweep and the boy with the water-cresses. How anybody can go to a cold ditch and gather water-cresses, seems marvellous. Perhaps we hear great lumps in the street of something falling; and, looking through the window, perceive the roofs of the neighboring houses thick with snow. The breath is visible, issuing from the mouth as we lie. *Now* we hate getting up, and hate shaving, and hate the empty grate in our bed-room; and water freezes in ewers, and you may set the towel upright on its own hardness, and the window-panes are frost-whitened; or it is foggy, and the sun sends a dull brazen beam into one's room; or, if it is fine, the windows outside are stuck with icicles; or a detestable thaw has begun, and they drip; but, at all events, it is horribly cold, and delicate shavers fidget about their chambers, looking distressed; and cherish their hard-hearted enemy, the razor, in their bosoms, to warm him a little, and coax him into a consideration of their chins. Savage is a cut, and it makes them think destiny really too hard.

*Now*, breakfast is ready; and the fire seems to laugh at us as we enter the breakfast-room, and say, "Ha! ha! here's a better room than the bed-room!" and we always poke it before we do anything else; and people grow selfish about seats near it; and little boys think their elders tyrannical for saying, "Oh, *you* don't want the fire—your blood is young." And truly that is not the way of stating the case, albeit young blood is warmer than old. *Now* the butter is too hard to spread, and the rolls and toast are at their maximum; and the former look glorious as they issue, smoking, out of the flannel in which they come from the baker's; and people who come with single knocks at the door are pitied; and the voices of boys are loud in the street, sliding, or throwing snow-balls; and the dustman's bell sounds cold; and we wonder how anybody can go about selling fish, especially with that hoarse voice; and schoolboys hate their slates, and blow



their fingers, and detest infinitely the no-fire at school; and the parish beadle's nose is redder than ever.

*Now*, sounds in general are dull, and smoke out of chimneys looks warm and rich; and birds are pitied, hopping about for crumbs; and the trees look wiry and cheerless—albeit they are still beautiful to imaginative eyes, especially the evergreens, and the birch with boughs like dishevelled hair. *Now* mud in the roads is stiff, and the kennel ices over, and boys make illegal slides on the pathways, and ashes are strewed before doors; or you crunch the snow as you tread, or kick mud-flakes before you, or are horribly muddy in cities. But if it is hard frost, all the world is buttoned up, and great-coated, except ostentatious elderly gentlemen, and pretended beggars with naked feet; and the delicious sound of 'All hot!' is heard from roasted apple and potato stalls—the vendor himself being cold, in spite of his 'hot,' and stamping up and down to warm his feet; and the little boys are astonished to think how he can eat bread and cold meat for his dinner, instead of the smoking apples.

*Now*, skaters are on the alert; the cutlers' shop windows abound with their swift shoes; and as you approach the scene of action—pond or canal—you hear the dull grinding noise of the skates to and fro, and see tumbles and Banbury cake-men and blackguard boys playing 'hockey;' and ladies stand shivering on the banks, and admiring anything but their brother—especially the gentleman who is cutting figures of eight, who for his part, is admiring his own figure. Beginners affect to laugh at their tumbles, but are terribly angry, and long to thump the bye-standers. On thawing days, idlers persist to the last in skating or sliding amidst the slush and bending ice, making the Humane Society man ferocious. He feels as if he could give them the deaths from which it is his business to save them. When you have done skating, you come away, feeling at once warm and numb in the feet, from the tight effect of the skates; and you carry them with an ostentatious air of indifference, as if you had done wonders—whereas you have fairly had three slips, and can barely achieve the inside edge.

*Now*, riders look sharp, and horses seem brittle in the legs, and old gentlemen feel so; and coachmen, cabmen, and others, stand swinging their arms across at their sides, to warm themselves; and blacksmiths' shops look pleasant, and potatoe shops detestable; the fishmongers' still more so. We wonder how he can live in that splash of wet and cold fish, without even a window. *Now*, clerks in offices envy the one next the fire-place; and men from behind counters hardly think them-

selves repaid by being called out to speak to a countess in her chariot; and the wheezy and effeminate pastry cook, hatless and aproned, and with his hand in his breeches-pockets, stands outside his door, chilling his household warmth by attending to the ice which is brought to him, and seeing it unloaded into his cellar like coals. Comfortable look the Miss Joneses, coming this way with their muffs and furs; and the baker pities the maid-servant cleaning the steps, who, for her part, says she is not cold, which he finds it difficult to believe.

*Now* dinner rejoiceth the gatherers together, and cold meat is despised, and the gout defieth the morrow, thinking it but reasonable, on such a day, to inflame itself with "t'other bottle;" and the sofa is wheeled round to the fire after dinner, and people proceed to burn their legs in their boots, and little boys their faces; and young ladies are tormented between the cold and their complexions, and their fingers freeze at the piano-forte—but they must not say so, because it will vex their poor comfortable grand-aunt, who is sitting with her knees in the fire, and who is so anxious that they should not be spoilt.

*Now* the muffin-bell soundeth sweetly in the streets, reminding us, not of the man, but his muffins, and of twilight, and evening, and curtains, and the fire-side. *Now* playgoers get cold feet, and invalids stop up every crevice in their rooms and make themselves worse; and the streets are comparatively silent; and the wind rises and falls in moanings; and fires burn blue and crackle; and an easy chair, with your feet by it on a stool, the lamp or candles a little behind you, and an interesting book just opened where you left off—is a bit of heaven upon earth. People in cottages crowd close to the chimney, and tell stories of ghosts and murders, the blue flame affording something like evidence of the facts.

"The owl, with all her feathers, is a-cold," or you think her so. The whole country feels like a petrification of slate and stillness, cut across by the wind; and nobody in the omnibuses are warm but the horses, who steam pitifully when they stop. The "oldest man" makes a point of never having "seen such weather." People have a painful doubt whether they have any chins or not; ears ache with the wind; and the wagner goes puckering up his teeth, and thinking the time will never arrive when he shall get to the Five Bells.

At night, people get sleepy with the fire side, and long to go to bed; yet fear it, on account of the different temperature of the bed-room; which is furthermore apt to wake them up. Warming-pans and hot-water bottles are in request; and naughty



boys eschew their night-shirts, and go to bed in their socks.

"Yes," quoth a little boy, to whom we read this passage—"and make their younger brother go to bed first!"

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

*Naturalists (so-called), and their "Exclusiveness."*—As an ardent, though insignificant student of nature, I naturally take an interest in every thing tending to the spread of knowledge, and the advancement of science. Judge then with what pleasure I hailed the advent of the "Naturalist," elder brother to "our own." Nor has my admiration of it abated one jot, as month by month I have pored over its pages. "There never," so says the proverb, "was a rose without a thorn;" and I am sorry to say that in the twenty-second number, I have at last found something which, if not a *thorn-proper*, is "very like one." In concluding a series of papers on the Lepidoptera of the west of Scotland, &c., Mr. John Gray, of Glasgow, after settling to his own evident satisfaction the rank which "Local Notes" on Natural History ought to occupy, thus develops his peculiar ideas. "We know not how far our feelings in these and former remarks have been shared by the entomological readers of the 'Naturalist;' but glad should we be if they have had the effect of arousing enquiry and careful study of the truths of nature in any. Then, instead of the insipid 'lists of captures,' and 'curious facts,' worthless in themselves, and sometimes not free from vulgarity, which adorn the pages of some magazines of Natural History, we might hope to see observations made, and conclusions arrived at, of permanent value,—a bright contrast to the episodes of 'strolling dabblers,' whose effusions, whilst offensive to the eye, are alike beneath our criticism and contempt." I can easily imagine the indignation which honest Mr. Gray must feel, at the bare idea of a 'strolling dabbler' presuming in his ignorance to catch a fly, and examine it—unless by his express permission. But I have yet to learn the philosophy of such wrath. It seems to me a happy hit on the part of an author, to make an entomological monograph, like a wasp, carry a sting in its tail. Mr. Gray ought to know that dabblers are only so comparatively. It might be of benefit to him to recollect the salutary truth, that were Swammerdam, De Geer, or Latrielle alive, and actuated by the same uncharitable spirit as himself, it is within the range of possibility that they might stigmatise even *his* writings as "the worthless episodes of a dabbler." Mr. Gray's remarks forcibly remind me of one of the many foibles which characterised our schoolboy days. Bathing on a sandy beach, the 'big boys,' who could wade out till the water reached their waists, made sport of the 'little boys,' who dared not venture beyond knee depth; and were themselves ridiculed by the still older lads, who had learned a few strokes of swimming; while the grown-up man, who could cut the waters like a fish, justly looked upon the whole as a boyish squabble. Mr. Gray may have got up to the waist, or may even have learned a few bold strokes; but he should not splash us who dare scarcely wet our

knee-caps, lest the strong swimmer visit him roughly in his turn. But no such feelings as these find a resting place in the bosom of the true naturalist. To him, every fact, curious or common, is valuable, as so much truth. Aye, and he will even descend to what, in Mr. Gray's eyes, is most offensive and vulgar,—to glean ears of truth from the rubbish in which they are hid. What says our author about 'lists of captures?' He calls them 'insipid;' quite forgetting that no true history of insects or aught else can be compiled, unless facts are supplied. Surely the less complicated these are, the better for the compilers' purpose. Perhaps he also forgets that the four papers he has just published under the above title, might be reduced by the malicious reader to quite as low a standard; unless indeed the *spice* with which they end, may have the effect of seasoning them to the critic's taste. It is principally, however, at "popular writers on natural history" that Mr. Gray's indignation seems intended to be pointed. *Does* he not, or *will* he not know, that for every one who takes up natural history as a *science*, scores take it up as an amusement? For one who will trouble himself with the merits of this, or that system, the frivolity of such and such generic and specific names, there are hundreds who go no further than admiring the beauty of a flower or an insect; and perhaps knowing a few interesting facts of its habits and economy. Who will dare to say that such an one has *no right* to study as he pleases; or as his time and circumstances will allow him? Or who will hazard the opinion that he has not as high a sense of the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Creator, as the Naturalist-proper, with his cabinets, and books; with his systems of physiology, classification, and distribution? I am far from doubting that the wider aim is the nobler of the two; but few, I think, will deny that, while the scientific student has his quartos and his folios, the more simple observer should have his popular books, and magazines. The charge of vulgarity I cannot see clear. Vulgarity now means, with most people, bad-taste; and with a few more, difference of *caste*. Now, I may be a very vulgar man, because I cannot command the knowledge or language of another; but I fear me, this vulgarity must be laid—by the same rule—to the door of all writers who have a superior. If it augurs good taste in a writer to finish a paper on insects, with a tirade upon their humbler fellow-laborers in the same cause; to throw contumely on the lover of truth because, forsooth, he does not go so far as he might do; to stigmatise as 'strolling dabblers' all who presume to hold unsophisticated converse with nature, and record the facts which they learn from her in plain unscientific language; then I will humbly but cheerfully bear the reproach of 'vulgarity;' and remain, with every respect for Mr. Gray, as a Naturalist—"A STROLLING DABBLER."

[We readily insert your communication; nor are you the only party aggrieved by Mr. Gray's injudicious and uncalled-for comments. He strikes at OUR JOURNAL—at every Journal that gives encouragement to persons who would be seeking harmless information on matters of Natural History. These "exclusive" feelings he has a right to; we do not question that right. Still we must regret that an avowed "Lover of Nature" should



give utterance, *in print*, to what ought to be locked up in his own bosom. We can imagine our noble ally, BOMBYX ATLAS—who in the summer rises at four a. m. and ere breakfast-time has “strolled” we know not how many miles—“dabbling” in the early dew, among the butterflies; we can imagine him, we say, reading Mr. Gray’s sneering remarks, and see his jolly, happy, healthy countenance expanding into one wide and expressive laugh, as he sits down to his streaky bacon, new laid eggs, and tankard of foaming ale:—“No more ‘curious facts,’ Eh? Mr. Gray.—By Jove! but there will be though; and they shall be recorded in the pages of the PUBLIC’S OWN JOURNAL!”—Nothing, in nature, Mr. Gray, is worthless; and the humblest inquirer is *entitled* to encouragement.]

*Thoughts on the coming “Spring.”*—Winter is fleeing before the conquering hand of Spring. The loud-voiced wind rushes past with a joyous shout, and the new year cometh on. The stream, released from its icy thrall, bounds onward with a joyful murmuring, and there is a spirit of liberty in the pure air that fills the heart of the rambler in the yet leafless wood, with a wild exulting glee. The lark soars upward to the clear blue sky, and greets us with his song. The blackbird wakes sweet echoes in the wood; the thrush answers from the brake. The hedgehog,

From his coat of leaves unveils his prickly form;”  
The mole

“Has awaked from his winter sleep;”  
and the bat flits about in the dim twilight. Now, too, that beauteous smiler of the wood, the sweet violet, peeps kindly forth to greet the early morn, and breathe its fragrance to the gale. The pale primrose blossoms in the copse. The yellow daffodil waves in the moist wood, and the trees give glorious promise in the swelling buds. The hedge too, looks gay with the golden balls of the palm; and the old river glides placidly along through the tall rushes, past the marsh-marigolds that wave and dip as the breeze goes by; and from among the withered leaves in the wood, the bluebell raises its head, and peeps through the boughs above at the azure sky, where the rook sails caving along. Over hill and dale, across the dreary moor, comes a sweet murmur. It plays with the reeds by the pool, and kisses the daisy in the mead. It comes from afar on the wings of the wind, and fills the heart with gladness. The birds in the trees hear it; the ploughman on the open land, the traveller on the hill. Through brake and fell, o’er meadow and stream, onward it comes; clad in a robe of eternal green, scattering flowers by the way, and bidding the earth prepare—the herald of returning spring. Hovering over the blossoms of the dandelion, we find the brimstone butterfly; which, allured by the warm breath of spring, has left the nook that sheltered him the long winter through, to roam the mead, and spread the glad tidings of gay spring’s return. Occasionally, too, we observe the gaudy *Urtica*, fanning her wings on the sunny bank, or perchance, fair *Cardui* will come sailing along on the breeze. But their elegant plumage is worn and faded; and their wings shattered by the wintry blast. Yet we welcome them with joy; for they call to mind many a charming ram-

ble, and many a pleasant spot where the delicate harebells waved, and the wild-thyme sent up a delicious fragrance,—where the lovely scabious bent with the weight of the drowsy bee, and the air was fraught with sweet dreaming sounds; the corn waved in the broad sunlight, and the soft winds came, and went, and sighed, when the day was over.—C. MILLER.

*Cock-fighting in Liverpool.*—I send you, Mr. Editor, a *Liverpool Mercury* of Friday last, in which you will find registered the names of thirty-two bad characters; some of them, the vilest vagabonds that ever cumbered the earth. I do not ask you to copy the details of the disgusting doings by this crew; but merely wish you to raise your voice against cock-fighting, and other similar abominations. The ring-leader you will perceive, was a certain Matthew WALKER, of Burlington Street. He was fined, very properly, five pounds. The other wretches were also fined in smaller or larger sums. One of the offenders said—he was so fond of the sport, that *when he died*, he should have the feathers of a fighting-cock “put into his coffin.”—W. JONES, *Salford*.

[We have not attempted to defile our columns by extracting the filthy doings of this wretched crew, and their “two hundred supporters.” There is no necessity for it. We live, fortunately, in an age when people practising these brutalities become “marked men.” Any respectable man seen in their company would, and very justly, be reckoned as bad as themselves. A “cock fighter” in our opinion, is just the very man that would be selected to “play first-fiddle” in a case of brutal murder.]

*Sagacity of the Dog.*—The *Yorkshire Gazette* states, Mr. Editor, that an extraordinary instance of the sagacity of the canine species (which occurred lately in York) has just been communicated to them. A dog was run over in Walmgate, and sustained a rather serious injury on one of his legs. On escaping from his perilous situation, where this catastrophe had happened to him, the animal proceeded straight to the first druggist’s shop, whence he was in the first instance roughly ejected, as an unwelcome intruder. The dog, however, was not to be foiled of his sagacious purpose; and shortly he returned to the same shop, threw himself on his back on the floor, and extended toward the shopman, with a beseeching look, his wounded limb. The person who had before used him so roughly, now observed that the poor animal’s leg had been injured and was bleeding; whereupon he proceeded to perform the office of the good Samaritan, by ministering to the surgical requirements of his naturally dumb—though in this case all but speaking, patient. When the work of mollifying and binding up his wounds was completed, the animal, which had been very patient under the operation, sprang to his feet, wagged his tail in gratitude, and evinced a desire to remain under the roof of his benefactor, who indulged the poor dog for a time, and then dismissed him.—Do you credit the above, Mr. Editor, or is it, think you, a random shot from a “long bow?”—WILLIAM T., *Ripon*.

[We do not consider such a thing impossible—the more especially, if the dog had ever before



been operated upon by a medical man. Mr. KENT, the celebrated canine surgeon, of Great Marylebone Street, has told us of many equally remarkable things. Dogs that he has cured once, —and whose masters resided at a remote distance, have, when again attacked by disease, trotted back on *three* legs to his surgery, and whiningly made known to him their need of his further assistance. He tells us, too, of their gratitude to him, unmistakably evinced in every action. The diseased leg, —suspended from acute pain, has on several occasions been presented to Mr. Kent, just as the wrist of a patient would be handed to a physician about to feel the pulse. If we studied animals more than we do, we should love them much better than we do.]

"*Head-strong*," —with a Witness! —A local paper, Mr. Editor, has the following:—"Singular fulfilment of a dream.—On Wednesday morning week, a man named Edward Woodley, a painter, working at the Netherton station, near Dudley, was proceeding to his employment in company with his master; to whom he related that, during the past night, he had dreamed that the scaffolding gave way and precipitated him to the ground. Strange enough, during the day, this prediction or dream was fully verified by the unfortunate dreamer *falling with a scaffold from a height of twenty feet*, while painting the goods-shed. The man was stunned by the fall, but no bones were broken; which may perhaps be attributed to the lucky fact that *he fell upon his head*. He was enabled to proceed to his usual work the next day." —This is the first time, Mr. Editor, that ever I heard of such "a lucky fact." A man falling from the height of twenty feet—and a scaffold weighing him down to boot, is a sad thing to think of. But when we find he is "lucky" enough to pitch on his *head*; and able to go to work afterwards—surely we may "get up a harmless laugh at his expense!" —A LOOKER ON.

[This man will make his fortune, if he comes to London and applies to Mr. Peto.]

*A Blackbird pursued by a Sparrow-hawk.*—On Monday last, Mr. Editor, in the forenoon, a singular occurrence took place at Letham Grange House, Edinburgh, the residence of John Hay, Esq. While Mr. Hay was engaged writing in his library, two panes of the window were simultaneously broken; and the glass scattered upon his writing table, and about the room. Mr. Hay's first impression was, that a couple of shots had been fired; occasioning the crash. But on further examination, he discovered that a blackbird, which had been pursued by a sparrow-hawk, had, in its eagerness to escape, dashed through the window, and taken shelter, in a terrible state of trepidation between two spaniels, which were lying on the rug before the fire. It would seem that the hawk had been no less anxious to get at its prey, than the blackbird to elude its pursuer; and that it had also flown against the window, broken a pane, and precipitated itself into the room, at the further end of which it lay extended. The poor blackbird, though much exhausted, after a time recovered, and was set at liberty. In securing the sparrow-hawk, Mr. Hay had his hands slightly injured by its talons. —E. C., Glasgow, February 1st.

*Electric Cable.*—The laying down of the first sub-marine cable in the United States, and which is ultimately intended to connect this country and the Continent of Europe with the Continent of America, has been successfully completed. The cable which forms the first section of the Newfoundland Electric Telegraph works, has been sunk between Cape Tormentine in the province of New Brunswick, and Carleton Head.—E. W.

*Pigeons.*—I have about twenty pairs of Fancy Pigeons, Mr. Editor, confined in a stable. There is a loft over it; and a small enclosure, covered with wire netting. My birds are all well paired, and build regularly. They also lay regularly. After "sitting" a short time, the nest is destroyed and the eggs are ejected. This is the case with some only. Others sit well, will hatch, and rear their young up to a certain age. They then neglect them, go again to nest, and hatch another family. This has now become a "settled state of things." I therefore ask OUR EDITOR for his advice under such trying circumstances.—A SUBSCRIBER, Croydon.

[There can be no doubt that your stable, and its accommodations, are too limited for the large and increasing number of its tenants. Reduce them one half; and the consequence will be a happier result. Study nature in all your movements. Crowded rooms amongst our own race, lead to the direst evils; and *Pigeons* are by no means the most "moral" of the feathered tribes, under any circumstances. Thin their ranks; or let them fly abroad for air and exercise. Discontinue hemp seed, and give them some "salt cat," for the manufacture of which, see our second volume, page 268. Let them have an abundance of fresh water; and you will soon find a radical change for the better, if you take the hint we have thrown out.]

*Directions for Mixing Egg and Bread for Birds.*—I have found by experience, that a small pestle and mortar is the best medium for incorporating egg with stale bread. It saves waste, as the birds eat all up clean. I never give my birds sweet cakes, for fear of their being made with butter, which, to nestlings in particular, is very hurtful.—W. C. W.

*Sagacity of the Toad.*—You gave a most curious account, Mr. Editor, in your second Volume, page 332, of the habits of a toad, which, being as it was most respectably authenticated, I cannot doubt. This account has been transferred to the *Bell's Messenger*, and from it again into the *Farmers' Journal*. T. G. H., a Correspondent of the latter, says in reply:—"This curious account of a peculiarity in the habits of the toad, reminds me of a similar circumstance which occurred this last summer:—A small pot, containing a plant of *ycopodium densum*, stood on a slate platform in a small propagating-house. The altered appearance of the plant induced me to take it in hand, and examine it. To my astonishment I found a toad had uprooted a portion of the plant, and had insinuated himself beneath it, into a hollow he had made by pressing the soil to fit his body—at least it had that appearance. I turned him out of the pot; the next day he was there again. I removed his



cottage to different parts of the house, turned him into the garden, took him to the furthest part; but the next day he was constantly in his pet spot, covered with the *Lycopodium* like a mantle. How he got into the house when the door was kept closed, or how he contrived to get on the shelves and platforms—which all projected considerably over their supports, I never could find out. Have you, or any of your correspondents, observed similar conduct on the part of this creature? The neighborhood where I reside has a great number of ponds and pieces of water in it, and we are generally overrun with efts, toads and frogs; but the last summer and autumn, I really think I have not seen more than a dozen or two, at the most. Has this been the case elsewhere?—To this the Editor makes answer, “We may speak to a point on the many interesting facts that come under the notice of our correspondent in her own garden. We, ourself, know the particular structure, and the form of bench referred to, on to which the toad constantly found its way. This stage or bench is, as stated, formed of slate, with slight wooden supports; and, we believe, nearly four feet in height from the floor! The slate, as stated, projects over the supports; and there are no ledges of any kind, unless the brick wall supply them, which is a common pointed wall. As to travelling up the supports, which are small pieces of smooth quartering, the thing *seems* impossible. Besides, unless it could travel with its back downwards, it could not pass from the supports to the edge of the slate, which projects several inches beyond the upper end of the supports. So improbable, indeed, are the facts which we have here recorded, that the mind seems anxious to discover some mode of throwing suspicion upon the veracity of the witness. But here we, at least, find no relief to our perplexity. Our correspondent is not a tyro, but a long and tried student in the world of nature. We know the person; we know the place; we believe in the facts stated; but we can offer no solution whatever, as to the precise nature of the faculties with which nature has endowed and fitted this singular reptile, so that it can accomplish what seems to be a mechanical impossibility. Whether these faculties be reason, instinct, habit, or some other quality, we venture no opinion. There are, possibly, few classes of living creatures which, as in the case of this little home-sick toad, do not, in their own way, enunciate as emphatically as man himself, their full sympathy with both the moral and the sentiment of “Home, sweet home!” What think *you* of the above, Mr Editor?—LOUISA L——, *Sidmouth*.

[We imagine, Mademoiselle, that the door or window *must have been* accidentally left open for a minute or two. The sagacious reptile, watching his opportunity, was, no doubt, speedily concealed from sight, and safely in the room. How he climbed the supports, we know not; but we have “heard” of such a thing being done. The “projections” which he must have passed under, and over, leave us “in amazement lost.”]

“*Scent*” as applied to *Foxes*.—There are two curious letters, Mr. Editor, on the subject of “scent,” in a new and very interesting paper, called *The Field*. I send them to you, as being entitled to a registration in OUR OWN JOURNAL. The

one by “Umbra” is as follows:—“Much has been said and written about *scent*. There cannot be a question, that the large number of foxes which have been killed this season, have, in a great degree, fallen victims to *good scent*. The saturated state of the land, and the mild state of the atmosphere hanging lazily over its mellowed surface, have, in my opinion, been highly favorable to *scent*. The state of body of the animal has, no doubt, a great deal to do with a good scenting dog. His pores are more open, and his flesh *gives* a little; and is less firm in close weather than in weather more bracing. In confirmation of this, I have a tame fox chained on a flag floor, in a yard which is daily washed down, and kept very clean; and I find that on some days the animal emits a much greater scent than on others. I am satisfied that the state of body of the animal has much to do with *scent*, but it is a subject, the inscrutable nature of which, must ever leave it a mystery. The floods, too, have rather *bothered* the foxes this season, and have balked their knowledge of country. Some seventy years ago, it was the practice to begin hunting, almost at day-break, and with the heavy hounds and horses of that day, to hunt—really to hunt—the fox by dint of *scent* and sticking to him. Who knows whether disturbing the animal immediately after his breakfast, at six o'clock in the morning, did not make him labor under repletion, and throw behind him a much stronger scent than if he had been suffered to repose and digest his food, until awakened at the fashionable hour of our present meets?”

The second, by “Hardwicke,” runs thus:—“In your article, headed “Hunting,” towards the conclusion, you say, “One of the most remarkable features of the present season, is the immense number of foxes that have turned up; and that, too, in countries, which, at the close of the last season were supposed to be short of them.” Such is the case in the country I hunt in, and the simple cause is this. The two previous seasons being remarkably dry, the numerous drains afforded comfortable lodging for many a good wild fox, who seldom lay above ground in the day. There is not now a drain in *our* country where a fox can put his head, and it will be long ere they are dry enough for lodging. How do you account for a *scent*, on days when a fox has set sail with the wind blowing a hurricane behind him, and a pelting pitiless storm in his favor? On many such days in the present season, hounds have run hard, and frequently killed their fox. I have heard several gentlemen converse on the subject, but do not coincide in their conclusion. I ask for information. My own humble opinion is, and it is my own, that the immense quantity of rain which has been falling, almost daily, for several months past, has so washed and purified the soil, that it presents an untainted surface. This, consequently, retains the *scent* of a fox recently passing over it, less combined with the noxious vapors from manure, the *scent* of cattle, game, etc., than is usual. I put on my first cap in 1818, and have ever since remarked that a wet season was generally favorable to hunting, in more countries than one.”—It would appear, Mr. Editor, from this, that a fox does invariably give forth a peculiar odor, both from his person proper and from his footsteps. I have always imagined



this to be the case, and the above tends to confirm the fact.—A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

[We quite agree with you; and cannot imagine the possibility of any hounds being at fault in the matter of scent, unless intervening water has destroyed it.]

*Epitaphs*.—You have already written your own epitaph; and a very lovely one it is (see Vol. II., page 154), my dear Mr. Editor. I have seen nothing that pleases me half so well. The following, however, by Eliza Cook, is very sweet; and I should like, *s'il vous plait*, to see it registered in OUR OWN JOURNAL. It carries a noble "moral" with it.—DEW-DROP.

When the cold tablet bears my fading name,  
Let no long record boast its worth or fame.  
No! the plain monument that Truth would raise,  
Would give far more of censure than of praise.

Let no unholy murmur note my life,  
As "one dark scene of sorrow, pain, or strife;"  
Though there's another world of purer bliss,  
The heart that's grateful thanks a God in *this*.

Strangers may pause, to mark who dwells below—  
Perchance a friend may read, perchance a foe;  
What can they read?—that Joy, Affection,  
Trust,  
Hate, Scorn, and Malice, — ALL end in "DUST  
TO DUST!"

[Thanks, noble-hearted Dew-drop. Thy heart is pure as thy name. Thy thoughts are holy,—thy aim God-like. If, instead of the fulsome adulation, exaggerated praises, and vulgar sentiments, that so universally disfigure the tomb-stones in our public cemeteries, the glory were given to God instead of to ourselves, all would be well. But we find, everywhere, the "ruling passion strong in death." To walk through Kensall Green Cemetery, and notice the "Esquires" ostentatiously and deeply graven on the stones; and the recorded "virtues" of many men, whose pride and follies whilst living knew no bounds—is disgusting indeed! Many an hour have we spent in this, and other similar places; marvelling the while at the vile taste of sorrowing relatives, who could paint such wilful falsehoods on a stone, and read them afterwards with a serious countenance. The human heart has been said, by a Wise man, to be "deceitful above all things." Here, if no where else, have we most convincing proofs of the truth of the saying. The prince and the rich man hate all below them. This is said to be "natural." Is it! See the wealthy and the poor, side by side, in the cold ground,—and if we have the power to "think," let us exercise it. We *must*—aye must say "amen!" to Eliza Cook's wise remark; and bow in humble resignation to our universal doom—"dust to dust!"]

*Mice, Cats, and Birds*.—I am no "Bachelor of Arts," my dear sir, and yet am I a regular old bachelor. [Fie! for confessing such a sad fact!] I had a cat,—she is dead. Peace to her ashes! Since Kitty's death, the mice have it all their own way. My cheese disappears; my flowers are nibbled off; my sugar is poisoned; my bread is pawed about, and all the catables are "mousy."

I am positively half-starved; and living as I do at least a mile from any shop, I am often put to it to get a meal. I set traps for them. They won't go in! cunning Isaacs! They saw one of their tribe thus sacrificed some time ago,—and ever since, they have been "up to trap." I can't sleep for them. And then my birds—my poor dear canaries, linnets, and goldfinches! The mice revel in their cages, and foul all their food. I suspend their cages from the ceiling. What of that? The enemy scales the bookcase; and, with a single bound, is "at his desired haven." Yes, Mr. Editor, and they come out, while I am quietly seated before the fire; and they play upon the hearth. And yet you say—I must not keep a cat! How then shall I get rid of the mice, and emancipate my poor little birds from their tyranny?—DOLOROSUS.

[Heark'e, Dolorosus. Compromise the matter. A cat is out of the question; but the mice must die. Cut two slices of thin bread; and butter them well. Rub each slice of bread, on the buttered side, with a little common carbonate of barytes (procurable at any druggist's shop); and then place the bread and butter, sandwich fashion, together. Leave this in sections, about the room and stair-case. It will do its own work, and you will be deprived of your victims in a single day. There is no cruelty in this. Their death is instantaneous. This visitation serves you right, for being "an old bachelor." Change your condition, Sir; and then you will not only be free from mice, but a happy, jolly fellow to boot.]

*Depth of the Ocean*.—At a recent meeting of the Royal Society, the Earl of Enniskillen, vice president, in the chair, a very interesting communication from Capt. Denham, R.N., of her Majesty's ship Herald, was read. Capt. Denham is engaged on a scientific voyage in the above ship; and among other subjects, he was particularly enjoined to endeavor on favorable occasions to ascertain *the depth of the ocean*. The present communication gives an account of a deep sea sounding in 7706 fathoms in 36 deg. 49 min. south latitude, and 37 deg. 6 min. west longitude. The sounding was obtained on a calm day, October 30, 1852, in the passage from Rio de Janeiro to the Cape of Good Hope. The sounding line was 1-10th of an inch in diameter, laid in one length, and weighing, when dry, 11b. for every hundred fathoms. Capt. Denham received from Commodore M'Keevor, of the United States navy, commanding the Congress frigate, 15,000 fathoms of this line, 10,000 fathoms on one reel and 5000 on another, and he considers it to have been admirably adapted for the purpose for which it was made and to which it was applied. The plummet weighed 9lb., and was 11 inches long and 1-7 inch in diameter. When 7706 fathoms had run off the reel, the sea-bottom was reached. Captain Denham states that Lieut. Hutcheson and himself, in separate boats, with their own hands, drew the plummet up 50 fathoms several times; and after it had renewed its descent, it stopped on each occasion abruptly at the original mark to a fathom, and would not take another turn off the reel. The whole time taken by the plummet in descending to this amazing depth of 7706 fathoms, or 7-7 geographical miles of 60 to a degree, was 9 hours



24 minutes and 45 seconds. The highest summits of the Himalaya are little more than 28,000 feet, or 4.7 geographical miles above the sea. The sea bottom has therefore depths greatly exceeding the elevation of the highest pinnacle above its surface. The strength of the line, tried before the sounding, was found to be equal to bear 72 lb. in air. The 7706 fathoms which ran out, weighed when dry 77 lb. exclusive of the plummet. Great care was taken, in the endeavor to bring the plummet again to the surface, to show the nature of the bottom; but while carefully reeling in, the line broke at 140 fathoms below the water line, carrying away the thermometer which had been attached to it at 3000 fathoms. This sounding is the deepest that has ever been made.—A LOVER OF SCIENCE.

*On the Larvæ of Insects.*—Allow me, Mr. Editor, to ask your worthy correspondent, "Cerura," a few questions. How does he set to work to coax his *Cossus ligniperda* to make his chrysalis? I have brought up many hundreds, and have rarely failed with them. I am inclined to think, from what he states, that *Cossus* died in consequence of his having been too soon removed from his quarters in the willow-tree. If "Cerura" could pass a few minutes with *Bombyx Pittiocampa*, he would never again complain of the irritation produced by *caja*. Should "Cerura" be so fortunate as to secure some more eggs of the sphinx (the same as those he secured last year from Hertfordshire), and would let me have a few through the *entremise* of OUR EDITOR, I will engage to return him, through the same *entremise*, every caterpillar I might succeed in bringing up. Having reared hundreds and hundreds, it is possible my plan of proceeding may be more successful than his; and my object would not be to obtain the perfect insect (which in all probability I possess), but to ascertain what it is; comparing the proceeding with former similar ones. "Cerura" might rely on having the full benefit of my success, should I be successful. With respect to *Vinula*, "Cerura" may safely drop the query. It admits of no doubt whatever. I can assure him, from painful personal experience, that *Vinula* not only has the power but very often exercises it, of ejecting an acrid, burning liquid, when irritated; and he is a most unerring marksman, nearly as dead a shot as a Swiss carabiniër. He always aims at the eye. I was once examining a colony, which was being brought up; and I suppose gave offence to one of the party, for he discharged the acrid liquid straight into the corner of my eye, causing a very severe and painful smarting. This I did not lose for three days, although I constantly bathed the eye. Frère Jean (so often mentioned by "Fixo," in his autobiography) once received a similar discharge from a *Vinula* which he was bringing to me, and which I presume he was handling rather more roughly than was prudent. The old "Papa des Papillons" (also mentioned by "Fixo,") has more than once told me of his having received similar discharges, and experienced similar effects. I do not wish "Cerura" to be able, in this instance, to speak from actual experience. No; he may be content to take my word for it. He may rest assured he will never forget it, if ever he should receive a shot from a *Vinula*. I suspect his caterpillar of "*Ligustri*" perished in conse-

quence of having been struck by some ichneumon. I do not, however, think a flower-pot a very good thing for so large a caterpillar as that of "*Ligustri*." It is too narrow at the bottom; five or six inches of earth is quite sufficient, and that should be bog earth, and sifted. These remarks are kindly offered, and will, no doubt, be as kindly received. Let me now, Mr. Editor, congratulate you on the new and greatly improved features of OUR JOURNAL, both within and without. It is perfectly *unique* of its kind; full of the most varied and interesting information,—the more valuable because simple and true. Nor should the exterior be overlooked. It is chaste and ornamental, showing that our Editor wishes to please even in external trifles. May a long and happy life be his!—BOMBYX ATLAS, *Tottenham, Feb. 16.*

*The African Land Tortoise.*—Do ask some of your readers, Mr. Editor, to tell me about the habits and requirements of this little creature. If they require much care and warmth, and how they should be fed and treated during the winter, etc.?—GRACE FONDLOVE, *Gloucester.*

*Novel kind of Exportation to Australia.*—"*Haws.*"—A brisk trade has been going on in Lincolnshire in "*haws*," for exportation to Australia; to form the future quickset hedges of that country.—JAMES R.

*Horse-hair gifted with Life—a Query.*—Permit me, Mr. Editor, to draw your attention to the following very strange story, which I extract from "*The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey*," edited by the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey." It occurs in a letter to Dr. Southey, vol. 4, p. 35.) I am quite at a loss to make anything of it. Surely the Laureate, philosopher as he was, must have been deceived? If he was not—then, in the name of science, what was the cause and meaning of that which he saw? It reminds one of the directions given in the Zoological works of the middle ages, for turning flies into bees! "You must have heard the vulgar notion that a horse-hair, plucked out by the root and put in water, becomes alive in a few days. The boys at Brathay repeatedly told their mother it was true; that they had tried it themselves, and seen it tried. Her reply was, '*show it me*, and I will believe it.' While we were there, last week, in came Owen, with two of these creatures in a bottle. Wordsworth was there; and, to our utter and unutterable astonishment, did the boys try to convince us that these long, thin, black worms were their own manufacture, by the old receipt! They laid hold of them by the middle, while they writhed like eels; and stripping them with their nails, down on each side, actually lay bare the horse-hair in the middle, which seemed to serve as the backbone of the creature, or substratum of living matter which had collected round it. Wordsworth and I, should have supposed that it was a collection of animalculæ round the hair (which, however, would only be changing the nature of the wonder), if we could in any way have accounted for the motion upon this theory. But the motion was that of a snake. We could perceive no head, but something very like the root of the hair; and, for want of glasses, could distinguish no parts. The creature, or



whatever else you may please to call it, is black, or dark brown, and about the girth of a fiddle-string." If any correspondent of our JOURNAL can throw light upon this marvel, or give reference to others of a like class, they will be conferring a favor on—K. P. D. E.

*The Larvæ of Insects.*—I am not aware that any one has succeeded in rearing *Lasiocampa rubi*, from the larva state. Last October, I took a number of the caterpillars of this moth; but all my endeavors to rear them through the winter have proved vain. I fed them on bramble and willow, so long as they were procurable. I then obtained some light mould, similar to that found on commons. This I covered with turf and dry leaves; placing it afterwards (with the larvæ) in the open air. Some coiled themselves under the turf; others among the leaves. Eventually, however, the greater number shrivelled up and died. I was thus compelled to give the rest their liberty, having no way of rearing them. During the month of October, they may be found on commons, basking in the sun. They retire, if the day be dull and cloudy, to the shelter of bushes; where it appears they lie dormant till spring. The little success experienced in rearing this moth, combined with its strong rapid flight, and consequent difficulty of capture, causes it to be comparatively rare. Some of your entomological correspondents may perhaps have been more fortunate than myself, and be able to throw some light on the subject. I experienced much the same difficulty in rearing the larvæ of *Clisiocampa Nerestria*, till I found that they require to be fed with water, after the manner of *Odonestis Potatoria*. I can confirm the statement made by your correspondent, "Cecura" relative to the rash produced by handling the larvæ of the great tiger moth, and have noticed the same circumstance in the larvæ of *Vanessa Urtice*, *Odonestis Potatoria*, and some others.—C. MILLER, *Hackney*.

*Ravages by Insects.*—I am induced, Mr. Editor, to send you an account of the following remarkable fact, in the hope that you or some of your readers may be able in a measure to explain it. Some years ago, I set out with three or four more, to enjoy a summer evening's walk in that lovely spot, Sutton Park. It was before the common was enclosed, or a race course contemplated. The path we took was then generally known as the road to "Kirby's Mill." Whoever has once been there, will remember that for some distance the way is through the wood, and that a rather wide road divides the trees on each side. Arrived at that part, a sight presented itself, as singular as many of the fabled deeds of fairies. On one side the trees were in all the rich luxuriance of summer, whilst on the other not a vestige of foliage remained. Nor did the trees wear the naked aspect of winter; they were completely veiled in a delicate fine web, that was spread from spray to spray, and hung gracefully from the branches. Every tree, for a considerable distance, was the same; but not a trace of any thing of the kind appeared on the opposite side of the road. By what description of caterpillar such havoc was made, or what particular tribe travels in such multitudes, I know not. I am no entomologist; and my ignorance of that study must plead

my apology for the above imperfect description. Think not, however, Mr. Editor, that the insect world is devoid of interest to me; far from it, but I have ever felt great reluctance "to shorten life so brief as theirs," and consequently never collected any by way of study.—Puss.

*My Dog "Punch."*—Whilst thinking for an object on which to found some notes for your popular JOURNAL, my eyes rested on my dog "Punch,"—a rough Scotch terrier, comfortably snoozing on the hearth rug; and *him* I at once determined to immortalise in your pages. Punch had the misfortune to be born alone, *i.e.*, he was an only son, and therefore spoiled by every one. I shall not, however, now give his early history, as perhaps he may himself be infected with the *cacoethes scribendi*, and some day present his autobiography to the world, in imitation of your correspondent "Fino." Punch, like his master, and your correspondent "Fino," has a turn for entomology; but instead of preserving, he at once *eats* his captives. Being one day in the garden, he espied the beehives, and imagined no doubt that he had discovered a living larder—a perfect "California" of tid-bits. But he was quickly undeceived. No sooner had he entombed one luckless bee, than angry hosts assailed him; and the old fable of "Bruin and the Bees" was quite realised. Snapping was useless; growls, "both loud and deep," availed him nothing; and even rolling on the ground did little good. "From the end of his nose to the tip of his tail," as the showman says, was a living mass of winged furies; so Punch thought that "discretion was the better part of valor," and fled. In so doing however, he nearly involved his master, as he also had to "turn and flee." Punch touches the bees no more; and if ever in the garden (which is but seldom as we keep a hedgehog), keeps a most respectful distance; remembering doubtless, in his inmost soul, his battle with the bees. Punch is a discriminator of persons; and, as is the way of the world, the purple and fine linen are "all" to him. The well-to-do he welcomes with a hearty wag of his tail, whilst the poor wandering ragged vagrant he follows with a suspicious look and noiseless step,—oftentimes making his teeth intimately acquainted with their poor defenceless heels. Alas, alas! Punch in this resembles human nature, which looks only to the outside and is therefore often in the wrong. I have many times punished him for this unjustifiable oppression, but he will do it. So I must e'en submit. As I live in town, and Punch in the country, we see each other but seldom; but at these times our joy is excessive. I say "our," for I think my delight fully equals Punch's, and with us it is,—"love me, love my dog." By day he trots about with me, and by night insists upon sleeping in the same room with me. If taken down to the kitchen, he quietly "in the dead of the night" creeps up, "bounces" open my door, and rushes frantically in upon me. Sunday he respects rigidly; and cannot be induced to accompany us when going to Church. With hanging head and drooping ears he sadly sees us depart, but *will* not come out. On week days, who so eager as Punch to go for a stroll through the fields, where perchance he may waylay a hare or surprise a rabbit, or raise a covey of whirring par-



tridges? Down we go along the "burn" (brook), where we may see the water hen dropping off her nest among the flags, and swimming silently down stream, underneath water; or hear the water rat plumping off the bank, and see him making for his hole on the other side. "After him, Punch!" but it's no use now, for Don Whiskerandos has disappeared before one can say "Jack Robinson." Now through the woods we go; where we hear the heavy flap of the startled wood-pigeon, as rising from her frail apology for a nest, she leaves exposed her two beautiful eggs; or the impudent chatter of the magpie, just disturbed perchance from a feast on poor "Robin Redbreast's" callow young. And when returning from such walks, Punch and I rest in a snug room, by a cosy fire, we lie and dream, and think (I at least) how long happy companionship like this shall be ours!—J.B. M., *Glasgow*.

*Naturalist Clubs*.—I observe the following, Mr. Editor, in the *Worcester Herald*:—"Local institutions of this instructive and pleasing kind have now been established in this country, in Herefordshire, and in Gloucestershire; with something of a corresponding or federal feature. There is the Woolhope in Herefordshire, the Cotswold in Gloucestershire, and the Malvern in Worcestershire. The latter held its first annual meeting on the 3rd of February last, at Hardwicke Court, the seat of Barwick Baker, Esq., president. The Eastnor meeting is announced to be held on the 3rd of June." It is pleasing, Mr. Editor,—is it not? to see the taste for Natural History spreading so widely.—SARAH INGLEDEW, *Bath*.

[It is indeed; and we shall be happy to promote the best interests of these, and similar institutions, by publishing any curious and remarkable particulars that may be brought under their notice.]

"*Diogenes*" among the Publishers.—I have a grave charge, Mr. Editor, to bring against your printer, for making me appear foolish before the world—a matter on which a "Quiz" is naturally sensitive! I told you, in my last, (see p. 61), that "Diogenes" had been in Paternoster Row a full month, hunting, vainly, to find an "honest bookseller;" and I spoke, at the same time, of Paternoster Row being recorded, in history, as "the grave of poor authors"—strangling them in their birth, and ruining all their prospects. Your printer may be, for aught I know, "a wag." At all events he printed the word grave, "grove;" on the principle, I suppose, of "*lucus a non lucendo!*" Still he ought not to pass off his waggery at my expense. Paternoster Row has nothing green about it; as you and OUR JOURNAL know, but too well. They bury, in their narrow grave, everything they dislike; and should "a poor author" survive, his life is sustained by "a miracle." Do just set the matter right, for propriety's sake; lest the worthy "Diogenes"—whom may God still speed in his search! [Amen!] should turn his lantern upon us honest men, and catch us tripping—QUIZ, *Cheapside*.

[Quiz! you are a funny fellow; but we suppose we must humor you, even though we incur the charge of ill-nature for so doing. We are glad you have combed our printer's hair for him. He

will heed it more from you, than from ourself. The error, though palpable, *was* a silly one, and we regret its occurrence. We will take care, this time, that there shall be no more "joking" upon so "grave" a subject.]

*Select Specimens of Wood Engraving*.—MR. GEORGE DORRINGTON, the celebrated engraver on wood, has just sent us a very neat specimen book, containing ample evidence of his varied talent as an artist and engraver. Being extensively employed by the newspaper press, and publishers generally, he has force sufficient to enable him to compete with the cheapest in the trade; whilst he can, if needs be, rival the most expensive in *ability*, and at a much lower charge than is usually demanded. His address is Ampton Street, Gray's Inn Road.

*Melting Snow with Salt*.—Persons are in the habit of sprinkling salt upon snow before their doors. They could not do a more silly or injurious thing. The result is, to change dry snow or ice at the temperature of 32° to brine at 0. The injurious effect of damp upon the feet at this excessive degree of cold, is likely to be extreme. If, then, any one *does* sprinkle salt upon snow in the street, *he ought to feel it a matter of conscience to sweep it away immediately*.—FARADAY.

*Heraldic Figures*.—Will you kindly tell me, Sir, through the medium of OUR JOURNAL, where I shall be able to procure plaster figures of warriors and other heraldic objects, painted and bronzed? Many months ago, I saw an advertisement of the kind, but quite forget the address of the advertiser. As I am a constant reader of your's, I ask this little courtesy at your hand, without apology.—ELEANOR T.

[We are happy, fair Eleanor, to be able to answer your question. These figures are executed by Mr. John Mabley, No. 9, Wellington Street North, Strand, who, we believe, keeps a variety of them on sale. We have frequently admired them whilst passing the window.]

## PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS.

### SALLE ROBIN, PICCADILLY.

THE notoriety attached to this place of harmless amusement, has not abated. It has re-opened for its third season; and as of yore, is rich in all that can interest the young and old. It is pleasing to hear the irrepressible mirth of the happy children, as they innocently ask,—"*How does he do it?*" Mr. Wellington Young, however, does not *tell* his secrets; but he sends his audience home fully impressed with the idea that he *is* a conjuror; and a conjuror of no common kind. His adroitness and science are remarkable. The programme is in two parts. Between these, an Indian Juggler Dak-Ka by name, goes through some most extraordinary performances; and the evening terminates right pleasantly at an early hour. Messrs. Avenan and Smith have catered well for our juveniles. May they reap the benefit due to their enterprise!



**BROTHER, COME HOME!**

AN INVOCATION, BY A FOND SISTER.

Come home!

Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,  
 Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,  
 To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep  
 With these unwearied words of melody—  
 Brother, come home!

Come home!

Come to the hearts that love thee, to the eyes  
 That beam in brightness but to gladden thine;  
 Come, where fond thoughts, like holiest incense  
 rise,  
 Where cherish'd memory rears her altar's  
 shrine—

Brother, come home!

Come home!

Come to the hearth-stone of thy earlier days,  
 Come to the ark, like the o'er-wearied dove;  
 Come, with the sun-light of thy heart's warm  
 rays,  
 Come to the fire-side circle of thy love—  
 Brother, come home!

Come home!

It is not home without thee—the lone seat  
 Is still unclaim'd where thou wert wont to be;  
 In every echo of returning feet,  
 In vain we list for what should herald thee—  
 Brother, come home!

Come home!

We've nursed for thee the sunny buds of spring,  
 Watch'd every germ a full-blown flow'ret  
 rear;  
 Saw o'er their bloom the chilly winter fling  
 Its icy garlands, and thou art not here—  
 Brother, come home!

Come home!

Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,  
 Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,  
 To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep  
 With these unwearied words of melody—  
 BROTHER, COME HOME!

**THE LITTLE BLIND BOY.**

OH! tell me the form of the soft Summer Air,  
 That tosses so gently the curls of my hair;  
 It breathes on my lips, and it fans my warm cheek,  
 But it gives me no answer, tho' often I speak.  
 I feel it play o'er me, refreshing and light,  
 And yet cannot catch it—because I've no sight!

And Music, what is it? and where does it dwell?  
 I sink and I mount with it's cadence and swell.  
 I am thrill'd to the heart with the ravishing strain,  
 Till pleasure excessive seems turning to pain.  
 Now what the bright colors of music may be,  
 Will any one tell me?—for I cannot see!

The odors of flowers, now hovering nigh—  
 What are they? on what kind of wings do they fly?  
 Are they bright shining angels, that come to delight  
 A poor little child that knows nothing of sight?  
 The face of the Sun never comes to MY mind—  
 Oh! tell me what light is?—alas! I AM BLIND!

**LAVENDER, SWEET LAVENDER!**

BY ELIZA COOK.

"Lavender, sweet Lavender!"  
 With "Cherry Ripe!" is coming;  
 While the droning beetles whirr,  
 And merry bees are humming.

"Lavender, sweet Lavender!"  
 Oh, pleasant is the crying;  
 While the rose-leaves scarcely stir,  
 And downy moths are flying.

Oh, dearly do I love "old cries,"  
 Your "Lilies all a-blowing!"  
 Your blossoms blue still wet with dew,  
 "Sweet Violets all a-growing!"

Oh, happy were the days, methinks,  
 In truth the best of any,  
 When "Perriwinkles, winkle, winks!"  
 Allured my last lone penny.

Oh, what had I to do with cares,  
 That bring the frown and furrow,  
 When "Walnuts," and "Fine mellow pears,"  
 Beat Catalani thorough?

Full dearly do I love "old cries,"  
 And always turn to hear them;  
 And though they cause me some few sighs,  
 Those sighs do but endear them.

My heart is like the fair sea-shell,  
 There's music ever in it;  
 Though bleak the shore where it may dwell,  
 Some power still lives to win it.

When music fills the shell no more,  
 'Twill be all crushed and scattered;  
 And when this heart's wild tone is o'er,  
 'Twill be all cold and shattered.

Oh, vain will be the hope to break  
 Its last and dreamless slumbers,  
 When "old cries" come, and fail to wake  
 Its deep and fairy numbers!

**WHAT SAY THE FLOWERS?**

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

WHAT do they say, sweet girl? I know no tongue  
 No mystic art those gentle things declare;  
 I ne'er could trace the schoolman's trick among  
 Created things, so delicate and rare!  
 What say they? Pry'thee! why they are themselves  
 But bright thoughts syllabled to shape and hue,  
 The tongue that erst was spoken by the elves,  
 When tenderness as yet within the world was new.

And oh, do not their soft and starry eyes—  
 Now bent to earth, to Heaven now meekly  
 pleading,  
 Their incense fainting as it seeks the skies,  
 Yet still from earth with freshening hope re-  
 ceding—  
 Say, do not these to every heart declare,  
 With all the silent eloquence of truth,  
 The language that they speak is Nature's prayer,  
 To give her back those spotless days of youth?



## THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

## PICTURES OF SOCIETY,—No. III.

*(Continued from page 371, Vol. II.)*

Out on our wretched *falsehood!* studied, cold—  
Are we not like that actor of old time,  
Who wore his mask so long, his features took  
Its likeness?

L. E. L.



**D**OUBTLESS, MY DEAR SIR, YOU WILL PERMIT ME to preface this division of our subject, with a few apposite remarks on Truth, copied from "The Petrel." The pages of OUR JOURNAL are so pre-eminently distinguished for the love of truth, and hatred of falsehood, that I should indeed insult you were I to volunteer an apology for my request:—

TRUTHFULNESS is beyond all price. No crime, however atrocious, makes such wild havoc with human happiness as falsehood, which sheds a vile, insidious venom through all the thousand ramifications of social hopes and fears: joys and sorrows,—aggravating every evil, blighting every blessing. Oh, that men would bear in mind that Truth is the very spirit of God! It blesseth him who scrupulously adheres to it. It enables him to shed peace and confidence around him daily, hourly, momentarily; whilst it brings to himself peace of mind and self-esteem.

FALSEHOOD, on the other hand, is the curse of social life. It is the peculiar attribute of Satan—the brand with which he marks his besotted slaves so distinctly, that he who runs may read.

Truths, such as these, Mr. Editor, few will venture to depart from. All persons "profess" to love truth, and hate falsehood; and it would be high treason to question their sincerity. Yet do we daily see these same people virtually and habitually violating the very principles they uphold! Let me restrict myself to one instance only—and that, a too familiar one.

You have, more than once, pointed out the incalculable injury that arises from placing children in the care of servants unworthy of the trust. Trite as the subject may be, it is one which it behoves every thinking person to agitate, until some improvement in the present lamentable system shall have taken place. How is it, let me ask, that the majority of these "domestic machines" possess not a single quality—not even that of good temper, to fit them for their duty? How is it, that in all other departments the same well-grounded complaints exist?

There can be but one proper answer. The evils complained of, have their rise in the unthinking (unfeeling?) practice of giving servants false characters; or if not false, at all events characters that are "not true." In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, the *real* cause of dismissal is not stated, either by

the person discharged, or the person who has discharged her. The motive of each is but too apparent. Both parties are equally afraid of each other; and so far, act in concert.

Let us pause here one moment; for false characters are a national evil. That they are so readily obtainable, is a disgrace to society, who owe a duty to each other. Ladies really should render each other a more acceptable service. I readily grant that as things are, however painfully conscious a lady may be of the responsibility she incurs whilst giving a character which enables a bad servant to enter another family; yet she would scarcely be justified in entailing upon herself and others, the annoyances which a refusal would doubtless incur.\* No diplomacy, I believe, has yet been found equal to the combination of strict regard to truth, *with immunity from unpleasant consequences.*

Some time since, on being applied to for the character of a most undeserving person, I gave one so laconic, that it seemed improbable an engagement would be obtained by means of it. This was my object; for the situation was one of some trust, in the household of an elderly invalid lady. Calling a short time subsequently, to learn the result, I found to my dismay that the very *conciseness* of my note had been construed favorably! Her dismissal soon took place, and the same character was restored to her. In her next application, she was not so fortunate. She therefore returned to me, and complained of the inefficiency of the document I had written. What was I to do? She forced her way into a sick chamber, and refused to leave it! I had no alternative, *but* to give her another.†

I pass over individual experiences—of one house being robbed, and another set on fire. Also of our having left (for a few days) at home, a pet canary—an old bird, but in perfect health and song, and dearer to me than any other, of however much greater intrinsic value he might be. On our return, we indeed found a bird; but a mute had been substituted for our stolen favorite! It is not so very long, since I was commissioned to leave a note of cer-

\* Gentle Forestiera! permit us to remark, that we cannot allow this plea. *Nor do you*, in your inmost soul. The greater and more disagreeable the duty we have to perform, the more noble the sacrifice made in the performance of it. We shall live to hear you readily acknowledge this.—Ed. K. J.

† Here again we must enter a firm protest against your course of action. You were painfully situated, we grant; but you should have at once sent your servant for a policeman, and have gently handed the intruder over to his care. In law, no persons can be compelled to give their discharged servants a character; but if they give it, it must be just and true.—Ed. K. J.



tain importance at a lady's house in London. She had gone to the country, and I was unable to acquit myself of my promise—simply because, on three several and separate occasions, nobody appeared to answer the door!

A circumstance, which I will now relate, deserves serious consideration. A servant, in a country establishment, made herself the terror of the servants' hall—from the stable-keeper to the butler inclusive, by her violent conduct and atrocious language. Her dismissal was unanimously asked for, and granted. Her father acquiesced in the justice of the sentence; adding that the fault complained of prevented *his* keeping her at home! Who could foresee the next occupation of this gentle creature? Her former mistress shortly afterwards recognised her in Hyde Park—*with three little girls in her charge!*

The present system is alike injurious to all; even to the servants themselves. To the most undeserving, is given such a character as will obtain her another situation. The most deserving can get no more; and in case of sickness or want of employment, both are alike subjected to the same hardships and demoralising influences. I have recently read some observations, which seem to me most just. I cannot, however, follow the writer's indulgent views as to dress, "followers," loud talking, laughing, &c. Too fond of "finery," to consider the love of a gay ribbon, or smart shawl, in the light of a crime, (abstractedly considered); and although I should be "indignant at any imputation on my humanity," yet am I free to confess, that I like to see servants neatly, tastefully, and well dressed; *but* suitably to their position. Anything beyond this is seldom, even respecting personal appearance, advantageous to them. It is a snare in youth; and in more advanced age, those who have had every opportunity of saving a *poire contre la soif*—a reserve in old age, are driven (as one of themselves emphatically said) to the washing-tub, or char-*ing*, as I believe it is called.

With respect to followers, loud talking, &c., I think these are *not* consistent with safety or comfort. Many houses are robbed, not by the servants themselves, but by the indiscriminate acquaintances they form; and in most families there are stated and reasonably frequent holidays. Holidays! how many poor clerks, and well-educated men scarcely know the meaning of the word, although having more severe labor and heavier responsibilities to perform!

"Is it not a solecism in the working of our Christianity,—a barbarism in the heart of our civilisation, that two classes of human beings—masters, and servants—subsisting in such intimate relation, so mutually dependant on each other, having such daily and hourly

intercourse, should be entirely destitute of mutual regard—should be in fact in a state of mutual enmity; the master putting no trust in servants, and the servants regarding the master or mistress as their natural enemy? It is the total absence of everything like the love that ought to bind one human being to another, which lies at the root of the evil. Servants live in closer intimacy with the members of families than the nearest relations. They dwell under the same roof for months, perhaps years. They scan and know the character of each individual, as neither lover nor friend can pretend to do; yet, with all this, there is no fellowship, no identification of interest!

And what becomes of sick servants? Nothing can be conceived more homeless, hopeless, and forlorn, than their condition! They have no one to care for them; they have become strangers to the houses where they once dwelt for months, or, it may be, for years. Is it therefore any wonder, that they should become hardened, neutralised, and thoroughly demoralised, by the habit of changing from place to place, until all idea of a perfect home is lost, and seems to be an impossibility?

If we think of the close contact into which this class comes with ourselves, our children,—for try as we may, it is impossible to prevent all communication—we may well shudder at the frightful evil lying within our very doors, and to which the supine indifference and selfish indolence of those who stand towards them in the responsible position of masters and mistresses, have conduced. The grand thing required in our social relation with our servants, is, that they shall not feel themselves isolated—with no interest in the family, and no affection or human feeling expected from them, none felt towards them; nothing required from them except their work. Nobody can conceive the desolating effect of such a position, unless they have tried it. The better part of human nature cannot flourish under such circumstances—and *does not*. The servants on the continent look at their masters' family with a very different feeling to what they do in England; they feel bound up and identified with them. They feel members of the family; their manners are more pleasing, and their tone altogether superior."

Ladies who venture to make observations on what passes around them, must expect to be now and then reminded of their spinning-wheel, or its modern equivalent. But *this* abuse is, surely, peculiarly within a woman's province, to remedy; and one, which it is not only an interest but a duty to do all in her power to amend.

FORESTIERA.

[It is somewhat curious, that our amiable correspondent should have been impressed with the importance of this subject, at the



same time as ourself. We were transcribing our thoughts, when the above communication reached us. Feeble as is *our* effort, yet will we let it appear. It will serve to cast a brighter lustre on the more powerful pen.]

### THE CUCKOO.

Hail! beauteous stranger of the grove,  
Thou messenger of spring!  
How Heaven repairs thy rural seat,  
And woods thy welcome sing!

What time the daisy decks the green,  
Thy certain voice we hear:  
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,  
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee  
I hail the time of flowers,  
And hear the sounds of music sweet  
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood,  
To pull the primrose gay,  
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,  
And imitates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on its bloom,  
Thou fliest thy vocal vale;  
An annual guest in other lands,  
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,  
Thy sky is ever clear:  
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee;  
We'd make with social wing  
Our annual visit o'er the globe,  
Companions of the Spring!

LOGAN, 1781.

### NOTES BY A NATURALIST.

#### LIMESTONE SCARS.

CARBONIFEROUS OR MOUNTAIN LIMESTONE, is, perhaps, one of the most plentiful formations, and certainly not the least valuable, in the north of England. Undoubtedly it yields in importance to the coal formation; and some may be even inclined to prefer the chalk, or oolite, on account of the prevalence of fossils in the rocks, and of rare plants on the soil. Few, however, who have passed any time among the Scars of the mountain limestone of Yorkshire or Westmoreland, will deny that, for beauty, interest, and utility, this formation is inferior to any.

My first introduction to a regular *scar* of limestone, was at Kettlewell. I had formerly been in the region of magnesian limestone, in Yoredale, and had passed through the millstone grit of the lower part of Wharfedale. The soft bath-brick-like composition of the

former, and the hard gritty masses of the latter, had become familiar to me; and it was with no small joy that I noticed, in passing, the hard limestone rocks at Bolton bridge; and, after a few hardships, such as all travellers, and especially naturalists, endure, got sight of a fine level-topped hill, crowned with a coronet of bare white rock. This was Kettlewell Scar. The hill was not more than four hundred feet high, and it bears several interrupted terraces, or walls of rock, of white weathered limestone; the whole surface being covered with broken fragments of the same substance. The uppermost terrace is continuous, with a road round its base, much in the same style as the radical road skirts the foot of Salisbury Crags, at Edinburgh. The vegetation was different from that of the places I had left. The quantity of lime in the soil caused a luxuriance of no common kind; while the rocks themselves were covered with lichens, and their interstices filled with robust plants. I happened, unfortunately, to visit this locality at a very early season of the year, when few flowers were out; but one especially attracted my attention—the *Saxifraga tri-dactylites*, one of the least showy, but not the least beautiful of the tribe.

My next view of a Scar was at Hawse (I have noticed it once before, in a former note), and next again in the month of April, was a visit to Ewbank Scar, about a mile from the little town of Kirby Stephen, in the east corner of Westmoreland. This Scar differs materially from the others in appearance. The hill on which it is situated, rises to a greater elevation than does Kettlewell Scar; and from the top is a magnificent view, embracing the high mountain known as the Nine Standards, a portion of Stainmoor Fell, and High Seat. The herbage was vigorous for that season of the year, and numerous patches of the stiff grass, *Sesleria caerulea*, were to be met with. The Scar is not to be found by the stranger without some trouble, being concealed by luxuriant trees; but when found it will never be forgotten. To those who have been accustomed to see Scar rocks, running along the sides or brows of hills, parallel with the plane of the earth—this presents an entirely new feature, being placed at an angle, varying from about thirty to forty degrees, or even more. The wall rock is of very compact limestone, as also that on which we tread in the ascent; and it exhibits, in its weather-worn surface, many fine shells and madrapores. In many parts, especially in the channel of the stream below it, the old red sandstone conglomerate is to be seen, either in situ, or in the shape of abraded fragments. Indeed, it would appear, that the limestone here rests on the conglomerate; and, in many instances, they can be procured



in actual contact. They are both of a very firm texture, and require all the geologist's patience as well as cleaving powers, to get a specimen. The shells were particularly beautiful, and, in many places, prevented the foot from slipping on the smooth inclined plane of rock.

Different species of *Producti* (a bivalve shell, bearing some resemblance to a cockle), were very plentiful, of all sizes, varying from half an inch to several inches in diameter. The madrapores did not yield to them in beauty. In the stream we procured one, not less than six stone weight—a most perfect mass of petrified animal life. To the uninitiated, it may be necessary to describe a madrapore. Well, then, suppose a quantity of common earth worms, to the number of several thousands, laid together as if tied in a bundle, and this turned into hard limestone. This gives you a pretty good notion of a madrapore, with this addition, that the little creatures are banded and striate with the utmost regularity. When weathered, or broken across, they show a wheel-like section. In size, they vary from less than a line, to two or more inches in diameter; and the masses from a few inches to many feet. The largest madrapore—known as the Ram's-horn, seldom occurs in bundles of any size; and it presents a curved figure, resembling a horn. So striking is this resemblance, that I nearly got knocked down by a miner, on one occasion, for declaring that sheep were not in existence at the time of the formation of mountain limestone rock.

The conglomerate is the most appropriately named of all rocks, being a seemingly confused mixture of broken fragments of different rocks; including red sandstone, limestone, agate, quartz, and no end of different things, of every form and color, cemented together by the lime particles. The prevailing color is a sandstone brown, with a dash of blueish grey. The stream from this Scar joins the River Eden; the bed of which, for miles, is covered with fragments of limestone, conglomerate, madrapore, and shells. So concealed is this cut in the hill, that a gentleman, of the name of Ewbank, when hunting, is said to have accidentally rode over, and with his horse to have been killed on the spot. Hence the name, Ewbank Scar.

Winder Scar is on the opposite side of the county, and does not present the same interest to the general observer; though the view from the summit, is perhaps even fairer. It embraces the lake Ullswater, Helvellyn, Mill-fell, and many other beautiful mountains. Nor are the fossils in any way inferior to those of the last. Here we counted no less than six species of madrapore. The conglomerate is not seen here until we pass a little to the north. In the channel of a

little beck, we meet with it in considerable quantity. Towards the middle of May, I had an opportunity of examining another flat-terraced hill, known as Knipe Scar, between Bampton and Shap. This hill is of a much greater extent than Kettlewell; but it presents the same general characters. The fossils were the same, and require no further notice.

Among plants, may be mentioned the horse-shoe vetch, *Hippocrepio cemosa*, a pretty yellow pea-flowering plant; the common burnet; and the cudweed, *Gnophalium dioicum*. But so elevated was the situation, and, from its flat surface, so exposed to winds that, instead of being three or four inches high, this latter plant was scarcely half an inch, though in full flower! I particularly noticed the abundance of shells. These are by no means common, in the lake district. The striated whirl shell (*zonites rotundata*) clung, in hundreds, to every stone we lifted. One of the pupas, probably *umbellicata*, and the *azeca tridens*, were also plentiful; but, above all others, was the common banded shell, *Helix nemoralis*. So thickly were they strewn, in many places, that even a Howard could not have avoided treading scores of them to death.

Almost in a line with this, in a westerly direction, is another range of limestone, of the same character—rising to a height of 1800 feet, and commanding a view of most of the high mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and not a few of the Yorkshire hills as well; including Howgill and Bowfell.

In ascending, we came upon the remains of a fossil plant, bearing all the appearance of a sea-weed. It was not unlike some species of plocamium. Two fine species of ammonites and many ordinary bivalves were procured.

D.

#### THE FIRST SNOWDROP.

ONE long in populous cities pent,  
Forgetting Nature's genial power,  
May find a thousand memories blent,  
A thousand gracious movements lent,  
Even in a single flower!

On the bleak hill-side, 'neath bare boughs,  
The hoarse cry of the rooks I hear;  
The babbling runnel freshly flows,  
The Spring wind strikes upon my brows,  
And time runs back for many a year!

My soul's high thoughts that cold spring day  
When ye did queen it in the grass,  
Come back again in long array,  
And fill me with a stern dismay,  
Like mocking spectres as they pass!

Ah me! the time that is and was!  
Not night from morn more different seems!  
Thou hold'st, fair flower, a magic glass  
That shows the gulf I cannot pass—  
Except, as now, in weeping dreams!—H. F.



"RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!"

ET-CETERA,

BY A HUMMING BIRD.

In a most curious book just published—the authorship of which is owned to by Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, we find a smart anecdote of that beautiful little creature, the humming-bird. The book we allude to, rejoices in the quaint title of "Et-cetera." It is a rambling, gossiping book—perfectly *sui generis*; and replete with oddities that are as perfectly allowable in a "character" like Lady Emmeline. It is moreover a "natural" performance; and that is "something," now-a-days:—

The humming-birds in Jamaica are lovely little creatures, and most wonderfully tame and fearless, of the approach of man. One of these charming feathered jewels had built its delicate nest close to one of the walks of the garden belonging to the house where we were staying. The branch, indeed, of the beautiful little shrub in which this fairy nest was suspended, almost intruded into the walk; and every time we sauntered by there was much danger of sweeping against this projecting branch with its precious charge, and doing it some injury, as very little would have demolished the exquisite fabric. In process of time, two lovely little pearl-like eggs had appeared; and while we were there, we had the great pleasure of seeing the minute living gems themselves appear, looking like two very small bees.

The mother-bird allowed us to look closely at her in the nest, and to inspect her little nurselings, when she was flying about near; without appearing in the least degree disconcerted or alarmed. I never saw so tame or so bold a little pet. But she did not allow the same liberties to be taken by everybody, unchecked. One day, as Sir C—— was walking in the pretty path beside which the fragile nest was delicately suspended amid sheltering leaves, he paused in order to look at its Lilliputian inhabitants. While thus engaged, he felt suddenly a sharp light rapping on the crown of his hat, which considerably surprised him. He looked round to ascertain from whence this singular and unexpected attack proceeded; but nothing was to be seen. Almost thinking he must have been mistaken, he continued his survey; when a much sharper and louder rat-tat-tat-tat seemed to demand his immediate attention, and a little to jeopardise the perfect integrity and preservation of the fabric in question.

Again he looked round, far from pleased at such extraordinary impertinence; when what should he see but the beautiful delicate humming-bird, with ruffled feathers and fiery eyes, who seemed by no means inclined to let him off without a further infliction of sharp taps and admonitory raps from her fairy beak! She looked like a little fury in miniature—a winged Xantippe. These pointed attentions apprised him that his company was not desired or acceptable; and much amused at the excessive boldness of the dauntless little owner of the exquisite nest he had been contemplating, Sir C—— moved off, anxious not to disturb or irri-

tate further this valiant minute mother, who had displayed such intrepidity and cool determination.

As to V—— and me, the darling little pet did not mind us in the least; she allowed us to watch her to our hearts' content during the uninterrupted progress of all her little household and domestic arrangements, and rather appeared to like our society than not, and to have the air of saying, 'Do you think I manage it well, eh?'

Her ladyship subsequently met with more of these fairy birds. She says:—

Some time afterwards, at Kingston, at the Date-tree Hotel, we made the acquaintance of another of this charming tribe, which almost regularly every morning used to come and breakfast with us! Thus it was:—of course our large windows were opened as far as they would go; a beautiful tree, covered with rich brilliant blossoms, stood close to the house (near the graceful date-tree that gives its name to that pleasant hotel); and the lovely little bird used to come and suck the honey-dew out of those bright flowers that made that tree so splendid—generally, as if socially inclined, and disliking a solitary breakfast, at the identical hour that we were seated at our breakfast table. The fresh breezes would gently blow the beautiful branch, blossoms, buds, birds, leaves, and all, into the room; but undismayed, the brilliant stranger would continue at his repast, preventing us from continuing ours in consequence of the interest and admiration he excited in us; till at last the novelty wore off, and we expected to meet our little friend every morning at breakfast as a matter of course. Still we were never insensible to the charm of his elfin society, and it was quite a mortification if the wee guest neglected to be punctual to his self-imposed appointment.

Ornithologically speaking, I believe, these precious bee-birds, these diminutive fays, these diamond dew-drops on wings, these sylphs, these visions, these rainbow-atoms, these flying flowers, these buds of birds—are as bold as the eagle, and fiery as the falcon; in fact, are perfect little *diaboles!* just what our small fury who assaulted the governor's hat showed herself to be. She seemed soft as velvet or a puff of down, light as foam, bright as a spark of the sun, mild as new milk—a breath of spring or a honey-drop; but it was, in truth, very valiant velvet, very doughty down (quite knock-you-down, indeed!) milk soured by a dash of thunder, or, rather, milk-punch of the strongest, honey of the hottest, foam of the fiercest, the most peppery of puffs,—sunshine of the most fiery description, that verily proved a pocket *coup-de-soleil*; 'twas a breath of infant Boreas, and a spark of—gunpowder. This fairy Mab is, in fact, the very Bellona of birds.

Lady Emmeline, though an earl's daughter, appears to be quite a hoyden in her feelings,—and why not? She would make a "love of a woman" at a gipsy party; and be invaluable at a "pic-nic." At a round game, or "hunt the slipper," too,—she would be the funniest of the funny; and then, if she were to record the fun with her own graphic pen, in her own racy style, in the



columns of OUR JOURNAL,—what a treat our readers would have! Who knows?

Droll ideas sometimes come to pass. For "et-cetera" like these, we will gladly find room; and, if needs be, ourself attend at the performances. We are "great" at everything of the kind; and one day's notice is always sufficient for us!

The hirelings of the press, in tomahawking this book, have shown little good sense. Pruned of certain exuberances, there is "that within which passeth show." The Lady Emmeline shall be one of our "pets." We have said it.

### FLOWERS.

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 those delight the smell,  
Sends nature forth, the daughter of the skies,  
To dance on earth, and charm all human eyes.

THE LOVE OF FLOWERS would seem to be a naturally implanted passion, without any alloy or debasing object in its motive. The cottage has its pink, its rose, and its polyanthus; the villa its dahlia, its clematis, and geranium. We cherish them in youth, we admire them in declining years.

But perhaps it is the early flowers of spring that always bring with them the greatest degree of pleasure; and our affections seem to expand at the sight of the first blossom under the sunny wall, or sheltered bank, however humble its race may be. In the long and sombre months of winter, our love of nature, like the buds of vegetation, seems close and torpid; but, like them, it unfolds and reanimates with the opening year, and we welcome our long-lost associates, with a cordiality that no other season can excite, as friends in a foreign clime.

The violet of autumn is greeted with none of the love with which we hail the violet of spring. It is unseasonable; perhaps it brings with it rather a sort of melancholy than a joy. We view it with curiosity, not affection; and thus the late is not like the early rose. It is not intrinsic beauty or splendor that so charms us,—for the fair maids of spring cannot compete with the grander matrons of the advanced year. They would be unperceived, perhaps lost, in the rosy bowers of summer and of autumn. No; it is our first meeting with a long-lost friend,—the reviving glow of a natural affection, that so warms us at this season. To maturity they give pleasure, as the harbinger of the renewal of life. To youth, they are an expanding being; opening years, hilarity, and joy; and the child let loose from the house, riots in the flowery meads—

"Monarch of all he surveys."

There is not a prettier emblem of spring, than an infant sporting in the sunny field, with its osier basket, wreathed with buttercups or orchises and daisies. With summer flowers we seem to live, as with our neighbors, in harmony and good order. But SPRING FLOWERS are cherished as PRIVATE FRIENDSHIPS.

### THE FIRST DAY OF SPRING.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

Old Winter is gone! We have bade him good  
bye;  
And Spring has return'd with her pretty blue sky.  
She has brought us some treasures to add to our  
store,  
And promises kindly, we soon shall have more.  
She causes each songster to rise on the wing,  
And welcome with pleasure the first day of Spring.

Yes, Winter is gone! but we parted as those  
Who again hope to meet at the year's happy close.  
He bade me remember, as Summer drew nigh,  
That the fairest of flowers must wither and die;  
The pretty birds, too! who now merrily sing,  
And welcome with pleasure the first day of  
Spring.

But joy is before us, and nature is gay;  
She is dress'd in her fairest apparel to day,  
Her smile is bewitching, her look is as mild  
As a fond mother wears, when she welcomes her  
child—  
Her praise shall resound on the harp's gentle  
string,  
With her we will welcome the first day of Spring.

The bright sun is rising! oh let us away,  
While dew-drops are sparkling on every spray.  
Delighted we'll wander through forest and grove,  
To hear the sweet song of the birds that we  
love—

And see yonder lark, proudly pois'd on the wing,  
Now warbling his praise to the first day of Spring!

The busy bee whispers to every flower—  
There's joy in the sunshine, and hope in the  
shower;  
There is mirth on the breeze, for delight is afloat,  
And echo responds to the lark's merry note.  
Ambition, and care, to their victims we'll fling,  
And welcome with Nature the first day of Spring.

### PERPETUAL YOUTH,—

A SECRET.

How is it some men, "thought to be" so old, look so young; whilst others, "known to be" so young, must still look old? The cause lies frequently within themselves. One who led a long and happy life, on being asked the secret,—gave this answer: "I never ride when I can walk. I never eat of more than one dish at dinner; and I never get intoxicated. My walking keeps my blood in circulation; my simple diet prevents indigestion; and by never touching ardent spirits, my liver has no fear of being eaten up alive."



## DOMESTIC TOPICS.

## MISTRESSES AND SERVANTS.

If you suffer people to be ill-educated, and their manners to be corrupted from their infancy; and then punish them for those crimes to which their first education exposes them—what else is to be concluded from this, but that you make thieves and then punish them?—SIR THOMAS MORE.

WE KNOW NOT, neither is it a matter of the slightest consequence, how many treatises have been written on the subject to which we have addressed ourselves. It is quite true, in spite of all that has been said, that things not only remain as bad as they ever were, but they continue to get worse. Every master and every mistress of a house, however small, will not gainsay this. Servants have become "enlightened:"—

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

We have no hope whatever of being able to cure the evil we would lay bare. We declare the thing as it is; and leave THE PUBLIC to provide their own remedy. Educated as people are now, and necessitated as they are to "keep up appearances," a servant of some sort they *must* have. On the entrance of that servant, happiness at once begins to totter. The moment she takes possession of your house, you are at her mercy. It is hardly needful to explain what we mean—we all feel the epidemic so forcibly!

It would be idle in us to write a long essay on the subject of servants, or domestic plagues. We rather wish to point out to all sufferers, how best they may escape *some* of the evils which they scatter in their train. It has been said by a great authority, that "lawyers, doctors, and servants are necessary evils;" and that "we cannot do without them." It is quite true; and therefore we must do the best we can—"under circumstances."

To analyse the hereditary practices of our domestic plagues, would be an endless task. The whole body corporate hang together like bees during a swarm. They have masonic signals among them, which defy the most cunning of us to detect. Everything that passes in one family, is speedily known in another. Family secrets (fondly imagined to be such!) are freely canvassed at home and abroad, by members of the lower house. Not a minute circumstance that transpires at home, but it travels at electric speed along "the domestic menial chain!" and so is mischief spread—nobody knows how, from family to family. If we want to learn what is doing at home, we must pay visits abroad.

What airs, too, do these good people give themselves! Ladies'-maids, now-a-days, stipulate to receive ALL their mistresses' and their young mistresses' left-off wardrobes. They do not ask for them; they demand them,

or they quit their situations! They have their own way, and *get* the wardrobes—of course. It is a rule amongst their order! Gentlemen's servants do just the same thing with their masters, and stipulate for all the left-off clothes of themselves and their sons. If crossed in this, their dignity is offended, and their resignation follows; else would they lose *caste*.

In the middle ranks, things may be somewhat better managed, we admit; still, "perquisites" of *some* kind are looked for; and, if not given, they are taken. Servants, too, will have their "followers." If of the male sex, they are (to a man) *invariably* "Cousins;" and have a remarkable *penchant*, when they hear footsteps, for stepping into the coal cellar. If they be female followers, they are sisters, nieces, or aunts; and have "just arrived from the country." What is transacted at these meetings, it is not our business too closely to inquire—yet does "thought" travel fast. Tea, sugar, and other such silly trifles, if not properly looked after, certainly *do* shrink mysteriously, when cousins, sisters, nieces, and aunts, happen to make "a friendly call." It is natural; nay, it appears to be one of "nature's laws!"

It is now that *tuum* melts, like a dissolving view, into *meum*—now, that *two* several interests become *one*. "What is yours, is mine; what is mine's my own." It would be wrong to object to it—very!

It may be regarded as severe; but we cannot help giving it as our opinion, that domestic servants collectively are a frightfully-bad lot. They *must* be so, from circumstances. They spring from the lowest origin; receive no elementary education to *teach* them right from wrong, and are instructed from their earliest infancy to consider every evil thing they do, as right—*provided it be not found out*. This is a universal law among the sisterhood and brotherhood. They are fearfully ignorant, for the most part; and respect neither God nor man. True socialists, too, are they in their ideas; and would soon place all upon "an equality," if they could have their way. You cannot convince them of the true relative positions between themselves and their employers. One is "as good as the other."

If my young lady has a new dress, my lady's-maid must take a pattern of it; and have one made exactly similar in style for herself. The housemaid—aye, and the cook, will, on Sunday at all events, "follow suit," and *all* the establishment will be in the fashion. This same "principle" obtains in smaller families. The servants *will* ape the manners and dresses of their mistresses, do what you will. We have oftentimes seen a servant, with a fine figure, looking infinitely nicer and better dressed than her mistress. *Such* a pretty cap! *Such* a well-made, trim



boot! *Such* a genteel dress! And *such* tasty ribbons!! Of course, these delicate creatures despise "work." A poor servant has no right to be driven about like a slave. No! assuredly not. The mistress must have a nice looking servant, and a dirty house. She cannot help herself. If she speaks, one stereotyped answer awaits her—"Then suit yourself ma'am with another!" Just so!

It can be no matter for wonder, that things are as they are. Servants have so many mistresses, and mistresses have so many servants, in the course of a year, that it is impossible for the one to get "used" to the ways of the other. Fire and water, gentleness and roughness, simplicity and duplicity, cupidity and generosity—all commingle. Fear, deceit, insolence, and tyranny, usurp the places of love, honesty, amiability, and good-will. The servant hates the mistress; the mistress tolerates the servant. Both strive for the mastery, and neither can get it. There is a blow-up; the discordant elements are dissolved—to be got together again in twenty-four hours. We "change;" and for a bad servant, generally get a worse.

When we were a boy, the schoolmaster was not abroad. Servants then were "happy" in their ignorance. They loved and respected their employers, and discharged their household duties willingly. They kept their situations ten, fifteen, and twenty years; and were truly a part of the family, and treated as such. They lived and often died under one and the same roof. *Now*, they are taught their alphabet; and though not often to write, yet are they taught to spell—and, superficially, to read. They *do* read—vile penny "Miscellanies," treating of love, seduction, suicide, and romance. They fancy themselves heroines; their "cousins" frequently figure as the heroes, and the "issue" may be guessed. *Nearly every female servant's mind is now demoralised ere she is yet twelve years old.* We affirm it. What they know at this tender age, we shudder even to imagine. They are "up" to everything that is bad—and put such a face on, the while!

What is the consequence of all this? Why, that thousands and thousands are *perpetually* out of place; and smuggling themselves into respectable families, by paying for "false characters," which are easily procurable at the "OFFICES for hiring Female Servants." We will not now enlarge on this, but it is a fearful social evil.

Then, again—the constant and needful ejections of servants from private families. Let anybody examine only one daily newspaper—the "Times"—and cast his eye over the advertisements inserted by Servants who "want places." The list is always alarmingly long; and we hardly need point out "the consequences" arising from engagements

through *such* a medium. *No servant of any respectability* need ever be driven to *this* last resource. Private recommendation would always ensure her a place.

It may be said—"But are not many masters and mistresses as bad as their servants? and do they not treat them shamefully?" They do; we admit it, and deplore it. But this only proves the discordant elements of which society is constituted. Fire and water can never come peaceably together. If a master or mistress find they have been deceived, they sometimes vent their anger in an improper manner; and this, of course, irritates the person subjected to their abuse. Human nature is alike in all. This is to be lamented. Loss of temper can never be defended. And here let us enter our strong protest against the haughty and overbearing tone used by some masters and mistresses towards their servants. Their mode of addressing them is inhumanly disgusting—so indefensible, that we willingly admit the servant to be superior to the employer. Every dependant, however mean, is entitled to courteous treatment; and he who forgets himself in this matter, is little better, nay worse, than a brute. And how inhumanly, too, are some servants driven about—never allowed one moment's repose!

We had written thus far, when we received a communication from our highly-valued correspondent—FORESTIERA, on a subject nearly akin to this. We shall therefore leave her, in her own gentle manner, to comment on the frightful moral offence of giving a bad servant a good character, in order to get rid of her—a practice, all but universally adopted by the higher and middle classes; and one which destroys the possibility of enjoying real domestic happiness.

Solomon says—"Train up a *child* in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." We say the same of domestic servants. They *must be* well trained in infancy, before we can expect them to be fit persons to enter our houses. *If* we admit them—such as they now are, we know the penalty, and pay it.

Servants have much in their power. They can make a house comfortable or miserable. The latter they study to perfection. How pleased shall we be, to record a single instance of their excelling in the former!

#### FROM THE GERMAN.

The rose is my favorite flower,  
On its tablets of crimson I swore,—  
That, up to my last living hour,  
I never would think of thee more!  
But scarcely the vow I had made,  
Ere zephyr, in frolicsome play,  
On his light airy pinions convey'd  
Both tablet and promise away!



## SELECT POETRY.

## TO THE SKY-LARK.

HAIL, happy bird!—  
 Or thing more fair!  
 For such we deem thee, pois'd in middle air;  
 When thou art heard  
 Warbling on high,  
 Thou charm'st all Nature with thy melody.  
 When Lucifer  
 Proclaims the day,  
 Approaching on his dew-bespangled way,—  
 Thou lov'st to bear,  
 Thy meed of praise,  
 And dye thy plumage in his golden blaze.  
 On rapid wing  
 Thou leav'st thy rest,  
 Hov'ring and fluttering round thy humble nest;  
 Meandering  
 In flexile flight;  
 Till, swift as thought, thou soar'st beyond our sight.  
 Oh, could I soar  
 On beams of light,  
 To visit worlds untenanted by night;  
 With thee adore,  
 High o'er the earth,  
 In sunny space, the power that gave me birth;  
 Yet would not I  
 To earth return,  
 Where cold hearts chill, and fiery passions burn;  
 But cheerily  
 Would burst away,  
 And at "Heaven's gate," enjoy eternal day—  
 And in a pure,  
 Ethereal home,  
 With happy and congenial spirits roam;  
 And there, secure  
 From earthly care,  
 Spurn all the toils that human powers impair.  
 Spirit of air!  
 If such thou art—  
 Whose universal note from every part  
 Salutes the ear,—  
 Oh, think thou not  
 The mind is born or fettered to THIS spot.  
 No! it shall rise  
 High as thy flight,  
 Up to a boundless sov'reignty in light—  
 Above the skies;  
 Like thee shall stray,  
 And trace thro' ample space its airy way.  
 Nor like thee, there,  
 Shall pause on high—  
 Fearful the nobler, loftier heights to try;  
 Nor drop from air  
 With swiftest flight,  
 Again enveloped in the circling night.  
 Thyself less free,  
 Wingest thy way,  
 Enraptured, thro' the struggling clouds to stray—  
 Than Mind shall be,  
 When, wing'd with love,  
 EARTH SINKS BENEATH, AND HEAVEN UNFOLDS  
 ABOVE!

## THE BLESSINGS OF MODERATION.

Oh, that men should put an enemy in  
 Their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we  
 Should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause,  
 Transform ourselves to beasts!

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE NEVER YET WAS ANY GOOD THING  
 CONFERRED UPON US without its being  
 subject to abuse. This can hardly be a  
 matter for wonder; yet is it a matter for  
 great regret. Can we hope ever to set this  
 crooked thing straight? Never. We may,  
 however, help to bend it a little on the right  
 side, and this is "something."

We cannot permit OUR JOURNAL to be  
 made a vehicle for the discussion of any  
 great party question; nor do we to-day intend  
 to dive deeply into the subject we have  
 chosen. We merely wish to speak a kind  
 word or two, on the subject of temperance;  
 and to point out the folly of those who insist  
 upon total abstinence. Well-meaning indi-  
 viduals they may be; but by going to ex-  
 tremes, they defeat their own purpose. They  
 "prove" too much.

Some few days since, we received a letter  
 from one of our subscribers, of which the  
 following is an extract:—

I enclose you a few remarks by Mr. Edward  
 Baines, of Leeds, on total abstinence; and I may  
 remark to you, that much unpleasant feeling and  
 doubt passes through my mind when I find that  
 so-called Christian Ministers do not "sign the  
 pledge," or be abstainers of their own accord—  
 this, if only as an example to the "weak" of  
 their flock. That there is lacking much of that  
 spirit of self-sacrifice for the good of others, is  
 plainly visible.

We readily admit that our correspondent  
 is an honest, true-hearted man. Yet does  
 his zeal betray him into some few weak-  
 nesses. He goes on to say:—

I am moreover of opinion, that all editors and  
 public teachers of morality should be abstainers.  
 Do you hear this? If so, give heed to it. I am  
 glad to see you *do* sometimes give the monster a  
 "knock on the head;" but *example*, Sir, before  
*precept*. In some of your rural rambles, you  
 describe, with much gusto, the reminiscence of  
 certain *glasses of ale*. This shows me you are  
 not "an example;" but one of the class from  
 whence our drunkards spring.

Here we have, in little, the pith of the  
 sentiments held by the whole class of "total  
 abstinence men." Well; let us see how much  
 good sense there is in their arguments.

They set out by saying, that *because* one  
 man gets drunk, on wine, beer, or spirits,  
 and ill-treats his wife and family in conse-  
 quence—*therefore*, wine, beer, and spirits,  
 must be bad. This is the argument. On this  
 principle of reasoning, money is bad. It  
 purchases the most baneful pleasures; and is



lavished, by thousands, on the most unlawful of possessions—*therefore* is money bad. In its place, wine is good—excellent. We have spoken of it in a former number of our Journal. Beer too, is good; many people cannot live without it.\* Spirits, likewise, taken medicinally, are equally good. If we are asked—do we individually indulge in these things? we say “no;” simply because we know we are better without them. There are times, when one or two glasses of wine are perfect cordials to our stomach; times too, when rambling in the country, that a glass of genuine home-brewed ale is quite a luxury to us; and other times, when a glass of diluted spirits are equally acceptable and wholesome. We do not drink to excess; nor do we ever eat to excess. And, if we speak truth, we believe 20s. would abundantly pay for all the wine, ale, and spirits that we annually consume. But this is not the question.

We say, let a man by all means abstain from taking any and everything that he thinks objectionable; but don't let him

\* It would seem, that beer possesses wonderful excellencies. Madame Pasta, the great singer, was passionately fond of “half and half,” and Madame Malibran yearned earnestly for porter. Of the latter, Bunn, the theatrical manager, tells us an apposite anecdote. It seems (for he was a savage brute) that he had quarrelled with the *Prima Donna* in the morning:—“I went into her dressing-room previous to the commencement of the third act of the *Maid of Artois*, to ask how she felt—and she replied ‘Very tired, but’ (and here her eye of fire suddenly lighted up) ‘you angry d——l, if you will contrive to get me a pint of porter in the desert scene, you shall have an *encore* to your *finale*.’ Had I been dealing with any other performer, I should perhaps have hesitated in complying with a request that might have been dangerous in its application at the moment; but to check *her* powers were to annihilate them. I therefore arranged that, behind the pile of drifted sand on which she falls in a state of exhaustion, towards the close of the desert scene, a small aperture should be made in the stage, and it is a fact that, from underneath the stage, through that aperture, a *pewter* pint of porter was conveyed to the parched lips of this rare child of song; which so revived her, after the terrible exertion the scene led to, that she electrified the audience, and had strength to repeat the charm, with the finale to the *Maid of Artois*. The novelty of the circumstance so tickled her fancy, and the draught itself was so extremely refreshing, that it was arranged, during the subsequent run of the opera, for the negro slave, at the head of the governor's procession, to have in the gourd suspended to his neck the same quantity of the same beverage, to be applied to her lips, on his first beholding the apparently dying *Isoline*.”—We imagine that “total abstinence,” in cases of physical exhaustion, goes but a very little way.—ED. K. J.

“pledge” himself not to do it, or sign any promise. We consider it morally wrong to do it; for we must *all* know how irreligiously such a pledge is kept. Nay, we see how it is broken daily. The pledge encourages hypocrisy; therefore is it that we turn our back upon it. *All* things are good in their places, and were sent for our use. It is the abuse of them that works so much moral evil.\*

No person who reads OUR JOURNAL, can have failed to recognise our principle of action. We detest excess in anything, and contend for the *mens sana in corpore sano*—a sound mind in a healthy body. Nor is ours a mere theory; we practice what we preach to the very letter. *Water* is our favorite; almost our only drink—and it agrees with us so well, that we want no other. Of water, we think as favorably as did that old veteran, Dr. Cheyne. “Water,” says he, “was the primitive original beverage, as it is the only simple fluid for diluting, moistening, and cooling—the ends of drink appointed by nature. And happy had it been for the race of mankind, if other mixed and artificial liquors had been never invented. It has been an agreeable appearance to me, to observe with what freshness and vigor those who, though eating freely of flesh meat, yet drink nothing but this element, have lived in health and cheerfulness to a great age.”—Still, we “pledge” ourself to nothing. Good sense always decides us; and whatever we know does not agree with us, *that* we avoid, either in meats or drinks. Why cannot others do the same? Do not even beasts, wild and tame, know when they have had sufficient? And do they not avoid all that is foreign to their stomachs? assuredly they do.

It happens, unfortunately for the advocates of total abstinence, that we reside in the immediate thoroughfare leading to Hampton Court. The number of “total abstinence professors” who pass our house in vans, during the summer season, is immense. It is curious to observe how quiet they are, and how orderly on their way down—singing hymns, &c. How much more curious it is to see, or rather *hear* them on their return—the pledge broken, their throats full of ribaldry, and their stomachs full of “the enemy.” Alas! poor human nature!

But let us not slight the little pamphlet of Mr. Edward Baines. It contains some

\* The cause of temperance is sadly injured by the publication of many abusive tracts, issued by certain ignorant “Leagues.” One of them, sent to us recently, has this passage in it—“I challenge any man who understands the nature of ardent spirits, and yet continues to be engaged in the traffic, to show that he is not *involved in the guilt of murder!*—ED. K. J.



good sense; and the writer is evidently actuated by much kindly feeling. He says:—

I did not adopt total abstinence owing to any illness or tendency to disease, nor because liquor was any considerable temptation to me. I had always used it moderately. My sole object was a desire to induce some whom I knew, by example, to abandon an indulgence which was leading them to ruin. And it seemed to me, that if I could do without strong drink, other persons in ordinary health might do the same. My constitution is not robust; on the contrary, I have from childhood been rather pale and thin. Therefore the experiment of total abstinence seemed in me a very fair one. I was an average subject. Many of my friends even thought that I needed a little wine; dissuaded me from giving it up; and mourned over my unwise persistence. I myself had the prejudice that it helped digestion. Well, I tried the experiment—first for a month, then for another month, till at length I learned to laugh at the prejudices of myself and my friends; and in the consciousness of firm health and good spirits, I have continued the practice to the present day.

Within fifteen years of life, one passes through various circumstances, which would be likely to try the merits of any regimen. But I have never felt as if strong drink would help me in any of those circumstances;—certainly not in protracted study. As certainly not in the prolonged and exciting public meeting; not in active business, however pressing; not in travelling, by night or by day; not in pedestrian rambles on the mountains of Cumberland or Wales; not in the cold of winter; not in the heat of summer; not in the raw damp of intermediate seasons; not in the morning, not at noon, nor yet at night. Not in anxiety and trouble; not in joy and social intercourse. I need it in none of these circumstances; it would do me mischief in many. It might cloud my intellect, or excite my brain, or disorder my stomach, or cause local inflammation more or less serious. There are those who think that wine or beer is needful, whenever they feel fatigued or exhausted. But surely nature provides her own restorative at a much easier and cheaper rate. He who is tired should rest. He who is weary should sleep. He who is exhausted should take wholesome food or innocent beverages. He who is closely confined should take air and exercise. I repeat that, in my own case, alcoholic drinks are never necessary, and would never do me good.

I claim no merit for total abstinence—1st, because it is no privation. A total abstainer does not care or think about liquor, at least after the first few days or weeks, he forgets it. 2ndly, because I am firmly convinced that a total abstainer has more physical comfort, and even more gratification for his palate, than he who takes liquors. The digestive organs being generally in a healthier state, he enjoys food and innocent beverages with greater relish. If he loses the pungency of strong drink, he also escapes its painful consequences. 3rdly, because abstinence from liquor is no mean saving of money, which may be so much better applied. 4thly, because

it is a still more important saving of precious time; and 5thly, because it obviously keeps men out of many dangers and temptations. Therefore, in my judgment, enlightened self-interest—nay, an enlightened regard for mere physical enjoyment, might make a man give up strong drink.

These arguments are admirable; and we second them, joyfully. Only do away with the humbug of “the pledge,” and advocate temperance; then we are satisfied. But never set aside the use of reason. If a man possesses no self-control over his passions, no pledge that he may take, however solemn, will ever keep him honest. Teach him, first, to love nature; and show him how temperate everything is—but himself. This will set him “thinking.” His reason convinced, the battle is already three parts won. Then let him listen to Charles Swain, and he will need no further “pledge:”—

Let the Sun be thy nectar!  
 Drink deep of its beams;  
 Let the greensward of nature  
 Thy banquet-hall be!  
 Fill thy spirit with sunlight,—  
 'Tis richer than streams  
 Of the wine-flowing goblet,  
 And better for thee!

Let the Sun be thy nectar;  
 'Tis next to divine!  
 Where's a vintage more golden  
 To gladden thine eyes?  
 What's the charm of the goblet,  
 The grace of the vine,  
 Compared to a banquet  
 Thus brought from the skies?

Oh! air of the mountain!  
 Best wine of the world!—  
 Enrich'd with the sweetness  
 Of nature alone,—  
 I drink of thy spirit,  
 With sun-gems impearl'd;  
 And challenge Man's vintage  
 To equal thine own!

### THE THRUSH'S NEST.

BY JOHN CLARE.

Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush,  
 That overhangs a molehill large and round,  
 I hear from morn to morn a merry thrush  
 Sing hymns to sunrise; and I drink the sound  
 With joy; and, often an intruding guest,  
 I watch her secret toils from day to day.  
 How true she warped the moss, to form a nest,  
 And modelled it within with wood and clay!  
 And by and by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,  
 There lay her shining eggs, as bright as flowers,  
 Ink-spotted over shells of greeny blue!  
 And there I witness in the sunny hours,  
 A brood of Nature's minstrels chirp and fly,  
 Glad as that sunshine and the laughing sky!



## NATURE AND ART.

In vain with love our bosoms glow,  
 Can all our tears, can all our sighs,  
 New lustre to those charms impart?  
 Can cheeks, where living roses blow,  
 Where NATURE spreads her richest dyes,  
 Require the borrow'd gloss of ART?

"GOD MADE THE COUNTRY; AND MAN THE TOWN,"—sings one of our sweetest poets. How does our heart echo to his lovely sentiment!

What a delicious thing it is, in the midst of a "London season"—as the frequenters of Almack's denominate it—to take a run into the country! To breathe the fresh air—to enjoy tranquillity, for at least a time—and to find one's-self all alone, at some nice little village, some twenty or thirty miles from the metropolis, where one is wholly unknown; and where, therefore, one may give one's-self up to the wild vagaries of one's own mind and imagination, and indulge any innocent whim or feeling, without being called to a rigid account by your formal or fashionable friends.

Let our reader fancy himself in such a case; seated in some romantic bower, commanding a beautiful, though, it may be, confined view; the cawing rooks and cuckoo's voice, instead of the rumbling of carts and coaches; the shrill crow of chanticleer, instead of the shouts and screams of a pack of noisy little urchins, who almost block up the thoroughfare of the street; the painted canvass of the mimic scene at a theatre, it may be, changed for the real rich luxurious trees, where every branch

Is musical with birds, that sing and sport,  
 In wantonness of spirit; the songs of insects in  
 the glade  
 Try their thin wings, and dance in the warm  
 beam  
 That wak'd them into life.

Oh, yes! it is indeed delicious to find one's-self in the midst of tranquil nature—to look back upon the thoughts of a noisy world, and give one's-self up to meditation in such a scene as this, where—

Even the green trees  
 Partake the deep contentment, as they bend  
 To the soft winds; the sun from the blue sky  
 Looks in, and sheds a blessing on the scene:  
 Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems to  
 enjoy  
 Existence, than the winged plunderer  
 That sucks its sweets.

In the midst of enjoyment like this, it really does seem folly—if not madness, to make this the season for London gaiety. Yet it is true, that at the very moment the country is budding into beauty, everybody is hurrying away from it, and entering the crowded streets of London! What a strange thing it

is, that amongst those studiers of pleasure, the votaries of fashion, they have not yet discovered a mode of adapting their pleasures to the course of nature, enjoying all her beauties when they are most luxuriant, and seeking shelter in the crowded city when winter has robbed her of her charms! The English, we really believe, are the only people who are guilty of this folly; and it is guilt to neglect the many pleasures with which the beneficent Creator has endued all the works of his unerring hand.

How many heart-burnings would be avoided by a pursuit of nature in her woodlands, instead of gaiety in society! Those, too, who are oppressed with care, fly to the convivial enjoyments of the table; to the crowded ball or rout, as a temporary relief, or rather forgetfulness of their cares. But these come back with redoubled force with the reaction of their waking thoughts. Let them try another course, and

Enter this wild wood,  
 And view the haunts of Nature. The calm  
 shade  
 Shall bring a kindred calm—and the sweet  
 breeze  
 That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft  
 a balm  
 To the sick heart. It will find nothing here  
 Of all that pained it in the haunts of men.

But leaving the sentiments of flowers, and green trees, and sylvan solitude—let us look at nature as the great instructress. These trees, with their budding leaves, their umbrageous branches, their varied-colored barks, are beautiful. But every leaf and bud bears a lesson to the agriculturist and the planter—to the sower and the reaper, of which few, if any of them, reap the benefit. They depict the proper time for sowing and planting; and thus an accurate observation of them, by a prudent husbandman, may tend to produce that plenty which lays the best foundation of the public welfare and happiness.

In Sweden, the budding and leafing of the birch tree is always considered as the directory for sowing barley. No one can deny that the same power which brings forth the leaves of trees, will make grain vegetate; for the law of nature operates on the whole of it. The husbandman, therefore, cannot do better than take his rule for sowing from the leafing of trees.

Linnæus, in the most earnest manner, exhorted his countrymen, to observe with all care and diligence at what time each tree expanded its buds, and unfolded its leaves; imagining, and not without reason, that some time or other his country would derive the greatest benefit from observations of this kind made in different years. The ignorant farmer, tenacious of the ways of his ances-



tors, guided by custom, instead of observation, fixes his sowing season generally by the month or week; without considering whether the earth be in a proper state. A close observation of those productions, in which nature works herself spontaneously—and nature being invariably guided by the state of the seasons and the earth—would afford in time an infallible rule to him, and prevent “the sower sowing with sweat, what the reaper reaps with sorrow.”

It is true that nobody has, as yet, been able to show what trees providence has intended should be our calendar. The hints of Linnæus, however, constitute a universal rule; for trees and shrubs bud, leaf, flower, and shed their leaves in every country, according to the differences of the seasons. Stillingfleet is the only man who has attempted a Calendar; but the farmer who would use the sublime idea of Linnæus, should himself mark the time of budding, leafing, and flowering of different plants.

Let not the philosopher, in the depth of his astronomy, nor the moralist, in his studies of human nature, look with contempt upon scenes and circumstances that can afford such instruction as trees and flowers. And what a sublime idea—to construct from *such* observations a grammar, as it were, of nature—to make every flower operate as an example, and every leaf to bear a lesson!

#### TO THE EARLY VIOLET.

BY W. BARKER.

Bashful flower of azure hue!  
Breathing perfume, gemm'd with dew;  
Sweetest of the glorious train  
Spring has scattered o'er the plain,  
Brightest in his coronet—  
Welcome, early violet!

Northern winds no longer blow,  
Melted is both ice and snow;  
Ancient trees begin to bud,  
Music rings through every wood,  
And the sparkling streams flash on  
With a silver singing tone,  
Whilst the ruby-spotted trout  
From his still pool leapeth out;  
Where the gauze-wing'd insects play  
In the sun's reviving ray,  
Blooms—like earth-born stars, are seen,  
Spangling all the meadows green.

In the wild wood paths behold  
Yellow primroses unfold,—  
And the harebell lifts her head—  
And the kingcup brood is spread—  
And the daisy, way-side flower,  
Opens wide at early hour—  
And the scarlet pimpernel  
Joyously expands her cell;  
But of all the host so fair  
Loveliest beyond compare—  
Turquoise amid emeralds set—  
First art thou, meek Violet!

Now amid the long grass hiding,  
Where some bubbling brook goes chiding;  
Now close to the old briar's root,  
Now low at the grey rock's foot,  
Now deep in the hawthorn glen,—  
Ever shrinking from our ken,  
Only by their scent we know  
Where the odorous blossoms grow.  
Often thus has holy worth  
In secluded scenes its birth—  
Often thus is genius found  
Denizen of bleakest ground;  
And hearts touched with heavenly fire,  
In obscurity expire!

When the morning's crystal dew  
Glistens in thy chalice blue,  
Ere the sun has kissed it dry—  
Like Joy's tear in Beauty's eye—  
Or when parting clouds have shed  
Freshness round thy velvet bed;—  
Or mild evening's moisture cool  
Studs thy petals beautiful,  
Each faint breeze that o'er thee blows  
Scatters odor where it goes,  
And sweeping on in current free,  
Fragrance gains by wooing thee—  
Such as thou dost always fling,  
Bud of promise, flower of Spring,  
And throughout the genial time,  
Night, or noon, or hour of prime.

Roses rich let others seek,  
I will cull the Violet meek;  
Lilies bright let others praise,  
Flaunting in the summer rays;  
Roses cloth'd in crimson rare,  
Cannot with *thy* flower compare;  
Neither can the lilies claim,  
In their robes of gold and flame,  
Perfume like *my* Violet—  
Fairest gem in Spring's wreath set!

Flower resembling Helen's eye,  
In thy purity of dye—  
Flower that shrinkest into shade,  
Like the coy retiring maid—  
Thee I'll always laud and praise  
In my rude unstudied lays.  
And because thou fadest soon,  
Withered by the glowing noon—  
For thee we will obtain a throne  
Ariel's self might proudly own.

Go! on “my love's” bosom lie,  
There, exhaling sweetness, die!  
So honor'd thou couldst not repine—  
Ah, WOULD THE BLISSFUL DOOM WERE MINE!

#### PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

TALK of the love that outlives adversity! the love that remains with prosperity is a thousand times more rare. The one is the keen, but bracing north wind of existence, that invigorates and nerves for exertion; the other is the enervating hot-breath of summer, which sicklies and weakens our best resolves; making us feverish, captious, and suspicious even of those we love best.



" THE MOCCAS-PARK OAK."

THE MOCCAS-PARK OAK, says STRUTT, is thirty-six feet in circumference, at three feet from the ground. It stands in the Park of Moccas Court, on the banks of the Wye, in Herefordshire—the seat of Sir George Amyand Cornwall, Bart., who traces his ancestry from Richard, second son of King John, Earl of Cornwall, and King of the Romans.

The whole estate, from the very nature of its situation—forming part of the borders between England and Wales—is fraught with historical associations, which extend themselves, with pleasing interest, to this ancient "monarch of the wood," amongst whose boughs the war-cry has often reverberated in former ages; and who has witnessed many a fierce contention, under our Henrys, and our Edwards, hand-to-hand, and foot-to-foot, for the domains on which he still survives. There he lives, in venerable, though decaying majesty; surrounded by aged denizens of the forest, the oldest of whom, nevertheless, compared with himself, seems but as yesterday. The stillness of the scene, at the present time, forms a soothing contrast to the recollections of the turbulent past; and the following lines are so in harmony with the reflections it is calculated to awaken, that it is hoped the transplanting of them from the pages of a brother amateur of the forests, to the page before us, will not displease him or the reader:—

"Than a tree, a grander child earth bears not!  
What are the boasted palaces of man,  
Imperial city or triumphal arch,  
To forests of immeasurable extent,  
Which Time confirms,—which centuries waste  
not?"

Oaks gather strength for ages; and when at last  
They wane, so beauteous in decrepitude,  
So grand in weakness! E'en in their decay  
So venerable! 'Twere sacrilege t' escape  
The consecrating touch of time. Time watched  
The blossom of the parent bough. Time saw  
The acorn loosen from the spray. Time passed,  
While, springing from its swaddling shell, you  
oak,

The cloud-crown'd monarch of our woods, by  
thorns

Environ'd, 'scaped the raven's bill, the tooth  
Of goat and deer, the schoolboy's knife—and  
sprang,

A royal hero, from his nurse's arms.  
Time gave it seasons, and Time gave it years;  
Ages bestow'd, and centuries grudged not.  
Time knew the sapling, when gay summer's  
breath,

Shook to the roots the infant oak, which after  
Tempests moved not. Time hollowed in its  
trunk,

A tomb for centuries; and buried there  
The epochs of the rise and fall of States,  
The fading generations of the world—

THE MEMORY OF MAN.

Puss.

THE VALUE OF ORDER.

And had not nature's serjeant (that is, order)  
Them well disposed by his busie paine,  
And raunged farre abroad in every border,  
They would have caused much confusion and disorder.

WE CANNOT FAIL, MR. EDITOR, TO HAVE OBSERVED, in the general harmony of nature, a grand example of the same order that should exist among ourselves; and, at the same time, the most convincing proof of its economy and importance. Pope has declared—

Order is heaven's first law — ;

the immutable truth of which, every one may determine for himself, if but a moment's thought be devoted to the contemplation of those numberless orbs that are the majestic tenants of the space around us; each revolving in their continual and prescribed circuit, each affording its decreed ray of light or cherishing warmth—its seasons—and its succession of day and night.

The minor harmonies of nature are seen in the instinct and habits of the ant, humble-bee, beaver, and many others, whose cities and empires are upheld by unfailing rule and discipline. To insects, quadrupeds, &c., Providence has endowed fixed instinctive attributes, neither changed nor amended *in nature* by subsequent ordination. To man has been given not only the faculty of discerning the wisdom of nature's dowries, but also the privilege of improving them, by ennobling and praiseworthy pursuits. Perhaps no auxiliary is of more importance towards the proper execution of our various undertakings, than that of order; it renders tedious pursuits pleasant, and arduous ones comparatively easy. The failures we frequently experience in our every-day speculations, are too often attributed to that bugbear—that unmeaning and mysterious agency, *chance*; whereas, in nearly every instance, the improper application of the advantages we possess constitutes the chief cause of our (so called) *ill-fortune*. Where order is pre-eminent, *there* shines the pleasant face of success; at once the reward of our methodical endeavors, and an invitation to others.

Among the many good branches that spring from the mother germ—order, none occupy a higher place in the estimation of the world than punctuality, though it is to be feared, 'tis more loved than practised. Method is the companion of thought. It often comprises a peculiarity that hangs on the memory. Thought originates action; and action leads to *punctuality*.

When it is considered that by far the greater portion of our happiness or unhappiness is the direct effect of ramifications, proceeding, in different shapes, from order



and disorder, the importance of the one will serve to demonstrate the evil of the other. Method has been termed "the very hinge of business"—a declaration equivalent, in an opposite sense, to another that carries with it the proof of its justice. *Disorder is the very soul of ruin.* Truths, these, that ought to hang, in letters of gold, as an ornament to every mantel-piece in the kingdom.

Not least, in its many guises of worth, does it appear in the comforts of the hearth and our domestic concerns. Good management is but another name for order. They are sisters, and go hand-in-hand with each other; in the kitchen and the field. The methodical master has the best servant. His work is done best, soonest, and the most cheerfully. The methodical mistress serves to form the characters of her maids. There are proper places for particular articles, and proper times for particular work. Everything is effected without great bustle, and each minute is appropriated coolly but effectually. The immethodical mistress has domestics of the same spirit; or if, indeed, she does possess a good one, she can never think so, because she is unlike herself. If her proceedings coincide with those of the mistress, of course no fault can be found with misplaced dishes and tureens; for she naturally thinks the more conspicuous and scattered, the more business *must* be going forward.

The value of order cannot appear more obvious than in the faculty of memory. Some enjoy a natural tenacity of memory, by whom such an auxiliary as order is not so much appreciated. It is much easier to commit to remembrance a quantity of figures or signs, arranged so as to follow in order, according to value or quality, than the same without regard to either. Children learn lessons in poetry more easily than they can the same ideas in prose; more easily still, if the terminations of the lines have a consonance with each other—what we familiarly term *rhythm*, from the fact, perhaps, that harmony leads the expectation onward to consecutive lines. So it is with every subject that engages our attention. The quality of our thoughts should have a careful arrangement, in order that each may be employed in its full force and value, and probably give birth to others of still greater worth.

Instances might be multiplied in order to demonstrate the power of order.

It is the prop of the universe; for by it are its words regulated. It is the strength of cities and nations; for the strength of their defenders centres in their discipline, and therefore constitutes their safety. It is the prosperity of families; for "the house divided against itself cannot stand." It is a character *alone* for a man to be orderly, for it never causes his business to be hurried, or half

done; makes him a man of his word; and consequently respected. It is the parent of wealth, for the order of business is money in perspective, with a certainty of possessing it. It is also the parent of learning. Blair says, "They who are learning to compose and arrange their sentences with accuracy and order, are learning at the same time to think with accuracy and order."

As a closing eulogy, it may be termed the mysterious elixir for the prolongation of life! Order of action produces economy of time; and economy of time, whether attained by early hours at night and morning, or the devotion of what we have to laudable purposes, is nothing more nor less than enjoying a happy longevity.

H. R.

## PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURES.

POPULARLY DESCRIBED.

PHOTOGRAPHS, or "light pictures," are formed by the action of light upon a chemically-prepared surface. Every one knows how light fades or changes the color of almost everything submitted to its influence. Darkness or the want of light entirely bleaches many substances. Many vegetable juices change color on exposure to light; and it causes a solution of nitrate of silver, and some other chemicals, to assume a dark or black color. Leaves and lace were first copied on prepared paper, by merely laying them upon it; thus preventing the light from acting upon the part covered by their leaves, &c. The picture formed by a lens in a camera-obscura, was next made permanent by the action of light on a prepared surface. The various colors and shadows of the picture, act in different degrees; so as to produce from the colored image in the camera, a delicately-shaded picture on the prepared surface. Various processes are required to render the pictures thus produced permanent, or to secure them from the further action of the light when the picture is once formed. Were this not done, the continued action of the light would obliterate the picture and reduce it to a uniform black.

Photographic pictures are now taken on three different materials—silver, paper, and glass. The pictures on silvered plates are what are called daguerreotypes. They are much used for portraits; but their expense, the labor of cleaning large plates, the inconvenience and danger of their preparation from the mercury which must be used, and the metallic glare of the pictures—render them ill adapted for landscapes, which are now scarcely ever taken in this style. For some years, too, there has been no improvement in daguerreotypes. We have portraits taken



five years ago, which have never been surpassed.

In the late exhibition at the Society of Arts, there were no daguerrotypes. The whole of the pictures were on paper or glass. The pictures on paper were by far the most numerous. They are all the result of a double process. The picture first taken is called a negative. The lights and shades are in it all reversed; because the light darkens the prepared paper just in proportion to its intensity; so that the white parts of a landscape or building are dark in the picture, and the dark parts light. This picture being laid upon another sheet of prepared paper, and pressed closely to it by a sheet of glass, the light parts allow the light to pass through and darken the paper beneath; while the shaded parts keep off the light from the paper beneath, and it therefore remains white or of a lighter shade. This process acts so uniformly and regularly in all the varying lights and shadows, that a picture is produced just the reverse of the first one; the most delicate lights and shadows being accurately represented, as in nature. This is called a positive picture, and all the pictures on paper in the exhibition have been obtained by a similar process.

As the transparency of the negative picture is of importance to obtain a good positive, some operators wax the negative, to render it so. This is called the "waxed paper process." Others prepare the paper with albumen or white of egg. The most recent improvement is, however, the use of glass for the negative pictures. The glass is prepared either with albumen (white of egg), or with collodion, which is made of gun-cotton dissolved in ether. This coating on the glass receives the chemicals to be acted upon by light. In the negatives taken on glass, the shadows are transparent, while the lights are opaque. The positive is then taken in the same manner as from a paper negative.

The negative picture taken on glass by collodion, may, however, be made a positive itself; for the lights which are opaque are rendered so by a light-colored coating or film. By laying the glass, therefore, on some dark substance, the transparent parts become dark, and the opaque parts light; thus a direct and often beautiful picture is obtained.

If we wish to ascertain the advantages or merits of the peculiar styles, we must know something of the process, and consider which is most capable of further improvement, and of supplying those imperfections which at present exist in the art. For pictures of a limited size and of a neutral tint we can scarcely imagine anything more perfect than the views exhibited by Mr. Owen, Mr. Buckle, and M. Constant, and the portraits of Mr. Sims. In the further

progress of the art, increased size, life, and color, are the only desiderata.

Of the production of colors, as in nature, there seems at present no sign in one process more than in the other. With regard to increased size, though the largest pictures in the exhibition were from paper negatives, we think that any one acquainted with all the processes, would find it more difficult to manipulate a very large-sized picture with paper than with glass. There seems scarcely any limit to the size of pictures on glass.

The next point—that of obtaining more life in the pictures, must have struck every one. How much would sheep and cattle add to the beauty of many of the landscapes, and figures to the architectural views; while in the Eastern scenes we miss the natives in their characteristic costume, to give life and reality to the whole. In this, the collodion process is infinitely superior to the paper; the former not taking more seconds than the latter does minutes. And as the pictures can be in every other respect obtained equally good, this alone must decide the question of its being the process which offers the greatest facilities for bringing the art to a yet higher state of perfection.

In this view, the positive collodion process is superior even to the negative; and by it will probably be obtained the greatest triumphs in the delineation of living animal forms, and in catching the varying attitudes and expressions of the human figure.

Photographers owe to the Society of Arts the knowledge of what has been done and is doing, both at home and on the Continent; and when the next exhibition takes place, we shall be able to judge what progress has been made in the direction in which we are now seen to be most deficient.

### TO MAIDS, WIVES, AND MOTHERS.

A TOAST.—BY THE LATE T. HOOD.

Come! "a health!" and it's not to be slighted  
with sips,

A cold pulse, or a spirit supine;  
All the blood in my heart seems to rush to my lips,  
To commingle its flow with the wine!

Bring a cup, of the purest and solidest ware,  
But a little antique in its shape;  
And the juice—it must be the most racy and rare,  
All the bloom with the age of the grape!

Even such is the love I would celebrate now,  
At once young and mature and in prime—  
Like the tree of the orange, that bears on its bough  
The bud, blossom, and fruit at one time!

Then with three, as is due, let the honors be paid,  
Whilst I give with my hand, heart, and head—  
"HERE'S TO HER, THE FOND MOTHER, DEAR  
PARTNER, KIND MAID,  
WHO FIRST TAUGHT ME TO LOVE, WOO, AND  
WED!"



## MENTAL ILLUSIONS.

## THE PLEASURES OF SLEEP.

We are all dreamers.

When sleep, with starry circlet, presses down  
The lids of gentle spirits, then is it that,  
In some far land awaking, we again  
The past live over; and our best affections,  
Memories, and hallowed thoughts come thronging  
round us,  
To melody of simple songs we loved  
When we were children. Laugh we then, and weep,  
As Fancy takes a sad or merry mood.



HERE ARE FEW PERSONS WHO DO NOT DREAM; but I have heard some declare themselves strangers to these pleasing illusions of the mind. I say pleasing, for such I believe will be their general character;

although they will ever partake much of the *animus* of the party who dreams, and be somewhat allied to those pursuits, in which, when awake, he delights. Nor is it unfair to suppose that the soul, when away from her "clay tenement" (and what are our dreamy flights but visits of the soul to other more congenial scenes, when the body is sunk in repose?) should delight in those pursuits which, if not more in accordance with her nature, are at least productive of agreeable and pleasurable emotions.

Neither are dreams "a new thing." They are of high antiquity—probably the first sleep of the first man, was productive of the first dream. Our great poet Milton, in his "Paradise Lost," has represented the Evil One, when on his errand of woe to our first parents in the garden of Eden, as

Squat like a toad close at the ear of Eve,  
Essaying by his devilish arts to reach  
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge  
Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams.

In earlier ages, as we read in the Sacred Volume, dreams were the channels through which many of the Divine communications were conveyed to men. "In a dream, in a vision of the night," says an inspired writer; and "like as a dream when one awaketh," says another. An angel spake to Laban in a dream (Gen. xxiv.); the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream (1 Kings iii. 5); Joseph was warned of God in a dream (Mat. ii. 12); and though this is no longer the case, a degree of importance is yet attached to them by the more superstitious around us, which has probably been thus originally produced. This is to say nothing of the many nonsensical interpretations of dreams which have appeared amongst us, and which almost every one has seen.

But it is not on account of their high antiquity, of their original importance, or of the present superstitious feeling which prevails, that I now write. An idea of a far more interesting character has often struck me

when reflecting upon dreams. I have frequently been struck with the vividness with which these visions of the night have been portrayed, the distinctness with which they have been remembered, the accuracy with which every word spoken has been retained—when the morning light has again aroused us to a more material existence. This has led me to consider, that a not very improbable, but rather a pretty correct idea respecting the existence of the soul after death, and of its capabilities for enjoyments, or the reverse, may be gathered from the phenomena of a dream.

That this is an idea altogether original, I do not suppose. Death has so generally been regarded as a "long sleep," that it would be unfair to presume none have ever similarly considered the existence of the soul during that period as something like a "long dream." May not also an after and continued existence of the soul, or that part of the compound man to which belongs volition, be positively inferred from these phenomena? I think it may. Save the continued action of the respiratory organs, and the pulsation of the heart during sleep, we are frequently to all appearance dead; as motionless as ever we shall be in the silent grave. Yet our minds are active—probably never at rest, continually wandering here and there in our dreams. And suppose that, by some sudden stroke, the motion of those organs was to be stopped, the heart's pulsations to be arrested, and death, or the absence of life, to possess our material frame:—what are we to expect would result to that roving mind—that active principle of volition of which we speak; or rather to that substance to which that principle belongs? Would the same blow arrest it also in its career, and consign it to the same state of inaction, no more to resume its activity, as the body in which it was contained? or would it not rather release it from the shell in which it could no longer be beneficially employed, and restore it, a spark of the divine effulgence, to that hand whence it first sprung? Such I conceive to be by far the most rational, as it is by far the most pleasing idea.\*

In our dreams we walk, though our feet stir not from the bed; we touch, though our hands never move from our sides; we see, though our eyes are fast closed by their protecting lids, and the darkness of night surrounds us; we eat, drink, and enjoy food, though our mouth is never opened, save to allow the

\* Our own conviction on this matter, is precisely similar to that of our correspondent. The "spirit" of a good man no doubt returns, at his death, *immediately* into the hand of his Maker. The soul is imperishable—forming (for good or evil) a grand link in the divine chain of Providence—through time and in eternity.—Ed. K. J.



passage of breath, and our palate never receives a single impression from the material world. We talk—yet, save in the case of more than ordinary excitement, we do not open our lips; we are subjects of mirth and mischief, joy and grief, hope and despair, pleasure and pain; we receive and we impart; we love and hate; we admire and envy; we stand still, or travel; we fly to a distant part of the world, or we chat with a friend in an adjoining room. And yet, notwithstanding we do all this, and more besides, we lie all the while without moving a part of the material framework of man from the pillow on which it rests. And these varied scenes we appear to enjoy with a greater zest—with a higher relish even than when we are awake. How often have we regretted that, in the midst of our enchantment, the spell has been broken; a rude pull from another's arm has disturbed us, and recalled us most unwillingly to our daily calling and cares!

May not a consideration of these things, which are every man's dreaming experience, afford a very good idea of what a spiritual existence may be? We see clearly that the vestures of clay in which the soul is wrapped are not necessary to its happiness, but are rather a drawback therefrom. Therefore, that when it is released from these trammels, its capabilities for enjoyment, or the reverse, will be proportionably increased. Nor will the soul be awakened from that long dream, to resume a position within such a containing shell; for, when the last trumpet shall be blown, to summon all these innumerable spirits to the bar of their Maker, "we shall all be changed," and stand arrayed in other garb, to receive from Him a sentence, awarded according to the manner in which those influences which each spirit possessed, were exerted for good or for evil, during its sojourn on earth.

By way of conclusion to these remarks, I will now relate a most striking instance of the activity of the mind in a dream, which occurred under my notice; and I trust it will not be uninteresting to your readers, bearing, as it does, somewhat upon the subject in hand. One evening, sitting at the table in my bedroom, engaged in the perusal of a book (as was my usual custom before retiring to rest), my companion, of a less studious turn, having already ensconced himself between the sheets, my attention was arrested by a violent agitation of the bed. So violent was it, that it shook the whole of the room. Turning round to see what was the matter (the shaking still continuing), I rose from my seat and walked to the side of the bed, to examine into its cause. There I stood for some time, unable to discover any adequate cause for such an unusual excitation on the part of my companion. He lay with his face downwards, his hands grasped

convulsively the pillows, every limb was in motion, and almost every minute his feet were vigorously applied to the sides of the bed, in the shape of a hearty kick. At length he spoke, and continued to utter for some time, a succession of short, broken sentences, which enabled me to unravel the mystery. His mind, ever more at home in the pursuits of the field, the hunt, or the chase, than in the dull, plodding labors of the counter or desk, was now in the height of its glory. He was in full career, with a set of fox-hunting companions, after a sly Reynard which had just broken cover, and was dashing away in gallant style across a difficult country; for such his remarks enabled me to ascertain. His bed was the steed on which he rode, and on which his spur-less feet were so liberally bestowed; his hands grasped the pillow for reins, and the great agitation of the bed was occasioned by his regular heavings in the saddle, as he supposed, when in full trot after the hounds. So loud were some of the shouts he gave—the "Tally ho's," "Gone away," and others of the hunter's vocabulary, that he awoke a party sleeping in an apartment at some distance, who, equally surprised with myself, came to see what was the cause. He also remained with me, by the side of the bed, for some time. The young man led us through the whole of the chase; every incident likely to occur—the leap, the fall, the check, each distinctly marked by corresponding expressions, till all was over—he in at the death. This produced, as it were, a paroxysm of joy, after which he settled gradually down to his usual tranquil state. I then awoke him, and when he was fully roused, asked him where he had been. He directly told me, hunting, in a certain neighborhood, naming the place; and then related every circumstance just as I had noticed them to occur. Nor was he at all aware of the noise he had been making in the room.

This incident, though somewhat peculiar in its attendant circumstances, I should not imagine to be entirely without a parallel; yet I have never, either before or since, had the opportunity of witnessing such a scene. This may be considered, also, as forming a striking exception to the rule which some of our most learned metaphysicians have laid down, viz., that the longest dreams do not exceed a few minutes' duration. The young man of whom I have spoken, was not less than half an hour under the influence of the dream I have related. Other circumstances have also caused me to think, that there are very many exceptions to that rule; which derives greater probability, I consider, from the many changes of scene, and from the introduction of so many different characters as occur in some of our dreams.



## NOTES UPON OUR LARGE BIRDS.

## THE GREAT CORMORANT.

THE HABITS OF THIS BIRD are very curious—so curious that they deserve a place in OUR JOURNAL. The subjoined particulars are gleaned from Audubon, Macgillivray, Dr. Edmonston, Low, Temminck, and others.

The great cormorant occurs in considerable numbers, here and there, on all our rocky coasts; frequenting bold headlands, high cliffs, and rugged insular crags. It generally keeps apart from the crested cormorant, and, when the two species occur in the same locality, assumes a more elevated station—the other betaking itself to the caves, or perching on the lower shelves. At certain states of the tide—chiefly, I think, says Macgillivray, about low water, and not at any particular time of the day, for I have observed them early in the morning, at noon, and in the evening—the cormorants may be seen standing lazily on the rocks, some with outspread wings, as if sunning themselves, or drying their plumage; others reposing, with the head under one of their wings, or directed forwards on their retracted neck. Should a boat approach them they soon become alarmed, raise one foot after the other, and throw their long necks about in a singular manner; straining themselves to see the intruders, their sight being apparently not very clear in the open air, however penetrating in the water. I have thought it remarkable, that they will allow a vessel propelled by steam to pass much nearer than an ordinary boat, without removing; but this is equally the case with many other sea-birds. When fairly alarmed, they take to wing; launching in a curved line, and then flying low over the water, with a moderately quick, sedate, and even flight, usually in silence.

Sometimes, however, they plunge headlong into the water, and emerge at a great distance. I have never seen them alight on land anywhere but on rock; and there, besides being restrained by the nature of the place, their motions are awkward, they not being at all fitted for walking. They alight heavily, and rather abruptly, keep in a much inclined position, and seldom remove to any distance. On the sea also they alight heavily, and sit deep in the water, having the faculty, when apprehensive of danger, of sinking still deeper, so as to leave little exposed to view. They swim with surprising speed, often immerse their bill, and even the whole head, as they proceed; and dive with extreme agility, with a sudden dart, and without opening their wings until they are under the surface, but then using them, as well as their

feet, to propel themselves. I have usually found fragments of quartz and bits of stone in their stomach; but these may have been swallowed by the fishes on which they had fed; for the membranous structure of the stomach incapacitates it from pounding or grinding the food.

These birds seldom roost all the year round, in the places where they nestle; but generally after the breeding season repose at night on some rock at a convenient distance from their fishing stations, which, during winter, are chiefly in estuaries, bays, and creeks, although often also in the open sea. In one of the islands in the Sound of Harris, is a rock on which these birds rest at night, especially in winter. A person well acquainted with the place, as I have been informed, has ascended the cliff in the dark, and moving cautiously, has secured a considerable number of individuals before the rest became alarmed, breaking by a sudden bend the neck of each as he caught it.

The natives of St. Kilda use the same method in catching gannets. The cormorants fly to and from these places in strings, at no great height over the water; with a steady and moderately quick flight, strongly contrasted with that of gulls and terns, which are ever deviating on either side, and resembling that of the gannets, which, however, have a lighter flight, and sail at frequent intervals. Shy and suspicious, they seldom, even in the most unfrequented places, allow a near approach; and when fishing in a creek, or place overlooked by high banks, are particularly vigilant. If they see a person at some distance, they sink their body deeper in the water; and should one come nearer, they keep it entirely submersed, the head and part of the neck only being visible. As they dive with extreme rapidity, it is very difficult to shoot them while they are fishing. They are not much in request, however, among sportsmen and poachers; for, although in some remote parts their flesh is esteemed tolerable eating, it is a dark red color, disagreeable to the eye not less than to the palate; but its being strong flavored or fishy renders it not inapt for soup, in the state of which the juices of the cormorant are not unpleasant. The young are somewhat better, but the eggs are never eaten.

In spring, when the nuptial dress is advanced, they pair; and soon after betake themselves to their breeding-places—usually shelves of exposed rock, at a considerable height, and easily discovered by the quantity of white dung spread around. The nest is very large, and rudely formed, being composed of sticks and sea-weeds, heaped up sometimes to the height of a foot, or more, with a shallow cavity at the top. The eggs, generally three, sometimes four,



are of an oblong form—two inches and eight-twelfths in length, an inch and three-fourths in breadth, and, like those of every other species of cormorant, may be described as having a thick roughish blueish-white shell, irregularly crusted over with a layer of white, calcareous matter, easily removed with a sponge and water.

There is nothing particularly estimable in the character of the cormorant. It is extremely attentive to its young, quiet and inoffensive in its general conduct, of a sluggish disposition, unless when in the water, and then exhibiting the greatest activity. Its voice is a low, hoarse croak, seldom heard. Extremely voracious, it swallows an enormous quantity of food; but in this respect it is rivalled by the gannet, the goosanders, and indeed almost all sea-birds. When it betakes itself, as it sometimes does in winter, to fish-ponds, it commits great havoc. At that season, it often ascends rivers; and is sometimes seen perched on the trees, which is no way remarkable, as the cormorants of warm climates, when the shores are low, not only perch, but nestle, on the mangroves. It is easily tamed, and is then familiar, and even manifests an affectionate disposition. An interesting account is given by Montagu of one which he kept for a long time; but as his narrative is too lengthy to be inserted here, we shall present it in an abridged form.

The bird in question, was surprised by a Newfoundland dog, belonging to a fisherman, under the banks of a rivulet that ran into the Bristol channel. In about a week it was perfectly familiarised; making one in the family circle round the fire, and suffering the caresses of the children, who were very unwilling to part with it. On being conveyed to the ornithologist's, and liberated, it was offered every sort of food at hand, there being no fish; but refused it, and therefore was forcibly crammed with flesh. On being removed to an aquatic menagerie, and let loose, it instantly plunged into the water, and dived incessantly; but not obtaining a single fish, appeared to be convinced there were none, and made no other attempt for three days, during which it was crammed with flesh. Its proper food, however, was at length procured for it. It dived, and seized its prey with surprising dexterity; frequently proceeding under the surface to the place where a fish had been thrown, and when the water was clear, taking it with certainty, often before it fell to the bottom. It readily devoured three or four pounds of fish, twice a day, so rapid was its digestion. When a large fish stuck in the gullet, it inflated that part, and shook the head and neck violently to promote its passage. In fishing it always carried the head under water, in order, ap-

parently, to discover its prey at a greater distance, and with more certainty. All fish were invariably turned in the bill, so as to present the head foremost; and when an eel, the most favorite food, was not seized favorably, it was thrown up to some distance, and caught in such a manner as to render deglutition easy. It had a habit of beating the water with its wings violently, without moving from the spot; each beating being succeeded by a shake of the whole body and a ruffling of all the feathers, at the same time covering itself with the water. This action it repeated ten or twenty times with small intervals of rest, and then repaired to a stump, or some elevated place on shore, and spread or flapped its wings until they were dry. It lived in perfect harmony with other birds, and never attempted to ramble; but walking to the house, entered the first open door without deference to any one, and in fact was troublesomely tame.

Mr. Audubon accounts for the flappings above mentioned in this manner:—'Cormorants, pelicans, ducks, and other water birds of various kinds, are, like land birds, at times infested with insects, which lodge near the roots of their feathers; and to clear themselves of this vermin, they beat up the water about them by flapping their wings, their feathers being all the while ruffled up. They rub or scratch themselves with their feet and claws, much in the same manner as turkeys and most land-birds act, when scattering up the dry warm earth or sand over them. The water-birds, after thus cleaning themselves, remove, if perchers and able to fly, to the branches of trees, spread out their wings and tail in the sun, and after a while dress their plumage. Those which are not perchers, or whose wings are too wet, swim to the shores, or to such banks or rocks as are above water, and there perform the same process.'

This species is not nearly so common in the Hebrides, or along the western and northern coasts of Scotland, as the crested cormorant. In Shetland, as Dr. Edmonston informs me, "it is pretty numerous, though not by far so much so as the shag. It is," he continues, "social in the breeding season, several pairs having their nests near each other on the same cliff, and at a greater altitude than the other species. It also, at other seasons, perches and roosts in higher situations, and has a more lofty and easy flight. Its mode of diving is somewhat like that of the great northern diver, gliding gently under, not like the shag, *per saltum*. It is very easily tamed, and displays great sagacity, gentleness, and affection. I see no reason why it might not be made of as great use as its fishing relative in China. The young often frequent fresh-water lochs. It is a beau-



tiful, intelligent, and interesting bird, and does not deserve the popular odium which Milton—it may be justly as a poet, but most unjustly as a naturalist—has affixed to it. It produces usually three, seldom four young." Mr. Low says it "is very frequent" in Orkney, "both in salt and fresh water; continues all the year living on fish, of which it destroys great numbers. The cormorant seems to have but little other concern than how to eat enough; it is, indeed, surprising what quantities of fish it will gorge itself with, and, when it has filled itself to the throat, it retires to some point, where it sits till hunger compels it to the water again." I have seen cormorants at the entrance of the Cromarty Frith, and on various parts of the coast, as far south as the Frith of Forth, on the rocky islands of which they are not uncommon. Some rocks off Seafield Tower, near Kirkaldy, are a favorite resting-place with this and our other species, as are several of the rocky islets farther up the frith. Mr. Selby describes its nests as examined by him on the Fern Islands. Whether there be any breeding-places farther south or not, individuals are seen and occasionally procured along the eastern and southern coasts; but it does not appear to become numerous until we arrive on the coasts of Wales, where Montagu says he has seen "an insulated rock covered with their nests, which are composed of sticks and sea-weed." From thence, northward, they appear to be more numerous.

It occurs equally on the coasts of the continent of Europe, extending as far as the Mediterranean. M. Temminck states its occurrence even in the Ganges. In North America, according to Mr. Audubon, it is rarely seen farther south than the extreme limits of Maryland, becomes more plentiful from Chesapeake Bay eastward, and is abundant on the coasts of the northern states, Nova Scotia, and Labrador.

### THE MONTH IN PROSPECT.

#### APRIL.

Advancing Spring profusely spreads abroad  
Flowers of all hues, with sweetest fragrance stored.  
Where'er she treads, Love gladdens every plain;  
Delight, on tiptoe, bears her lucid train.  
Sweet Hope, with conscious brow, before her lies,  
Anticipating Wealth from Summer skies.

HERE WE ARE—AT LAST, safely arrived at the month of "Smiles and Tears!" We have passed through many heavy trials, truly, to reach the goal; but "let bygones be bygones," and let us rejoice in what lies before us. What a lovely prospect!

No pen,—not OURS at least, can hope to set forth with anything like effect, what is now daily expanding before us. Our ear,

our eye, our senses,—all are ravished at the prodigality of Nature's charms, "unfolding every hour." It must not be supposed, because we have alluded to the "trials" of the past season, that we have individually been indifferent to the progress of Nature in the fields. Oh, no! We have often gone abroad, whilst the fair sun in its weakness was shining hopefully upon us. We have watched his rise,—his journey,—and his departure. We have wandered far away, to enjoy those episodes of spring and winter united, that in the early year yield us such infinite delight. We have waited patiently, to see the sun withdraw his lovely face, the clouds gather blackness, and the landscape undergo every variety of change; the winds the while howling fitfully, and the little birds taking shelter from the coming storm. Then have we buttoned our coat around us, and stood on an eminence to gaze around on the falling flakes of virgin snow,—ourselves the only apparently living being rejoicing in the picture.

Oh, these rambles!—the thoughts that steal sweetly on the mind in solitude, whilst holding such indefinable converse with the God of Nature! Some of our readers can comprehend our meaning fully. Others will deem us mad. That is of little consequence. In the rambles we speak of (we love to be quite alone in the early year), we live a whole life in the course of three short hours. If the thoughts of a mortal *can* be holy,—and we apprehend that the pure love of God *must be* a holy feeling—then are we not altogether a stranger to the foretaste of eternity, at such times. But we must not be selfish.

April, as a sweet writer has remarked, is at once the most juvenile of the months, and the most feminine,—never knowing her own mind for a day together. Our fair readers must not feel offended at this little bye-play. It is strictly true. Fickle is she as a fond maiden with her first lover,—coying it with the young Sun till he withdraws his beams from her, and then weeping till she gets them back again. Pleasing moments of dalliance! April *is*, doubtless, the sweetest month of the year, for she acts as the hand-maiden to May. She is to May and June, what "sweet fifteen," in the age of woman, is to passion-stricken eighteen, and perfect two-and-twenty. April, in fact, is to the confirmed summer, what the previous hope of joy is to the full fruition; what the boyish dream of love is to love itself. It is the month of promises; and what are twenty performances compared with one promise?

When a promise of delight has once been fulfilled, it is *over*, and done with. But while it remains a promise, it remains a hope. And what is all good, but the *hope* of good?



What is every *to-day* of our life, but the hope, or the fear, of *to-morrow*? April then is worth two Mays; because it tells of that glorious goddess in every sigh that it breathes, and in every tear that it lets fall. It is the harbinger, the herald, the prophecy, the foretaste, of all the beauties that are to follow it. The goddess April, in a word, has a charmed life. It is one sweet alternation of smiles, and sighs, and tears,—and tears, and sighs, and smiles. These go on, until, at last, they are consummated in the open laughter of rosy May.

Far be it from us, to detain the reader from the enjoyment of the season. We are not going minutely to particularise what is now coming daily under the eye, but to try and win attention to it. Nature now is awakened from her trance. Her great and loving work is before her. She is, whilst we write, watering the vegetation with light showers,—warming it, and anon watering it again,—thus showing to our very eyes, her “own sweet hand” divested of its “cunning.” She is now dressing her plants visibly, like a lady at her window. *Do* let us regard her handiwork!

March came in very quiet. On the 5th and 6th of the month, we were in actual Spring. The blackbirds, thrushes, robins, hedge-sparrows, and chaffinches, were singing loudly; and basking in the sun. All, too, were busily employed in the ceremonies connected with incubation. We walked abroad, and found a world of happiness springing into an active existence. Rough as March is, for the most part, yet is he worthy of a passing good word. He has brought home (like an honest, blustering servant as he is) for his young mistress, the chaste snow-drop, the rath primrose, the little yellow celandine, and violets in all their loveliness. To these she adds, of her own rearing, columbines, jonquils, lilies of the valley — and lady-smocks “all silver-white.”

Let us hope that, as the winter has been a severe one, and the season altogether “trying,” this present April may burst upon us warm and genial. Easter has fallen early this year, and we are moving rapidly into Spring. The signal has gone abroad for recreation. All nature seems full of life and joy; and as each sun-shining holiday presents itself, every individual appears desirous of showing a degree of gladness above his fellows. It is precisely at this season, says Leigh Hunt, that “girls pankt in their finest dresses; also youths and old men—look as if they should never tire of skipping along the green fields, enjoying the warm sunshine as it falls with summer beauty on the early flowers.”

Our pen has now arrived at a point, when, if it were not arrested, it would travel on

for ever amidst birds, green fields, flowers, hedges, insects, and animated nature. This would bring down upon us the ire of Mr. JOHN GRAY, of Glasgow, who hates all “curious facts” recorded by people who “stroll” among the haunts of nature, and “dabble” among the indescribable beauties of creation. What an “amiable” individual!

Our readers must range the fields for themselves; and see with their own eyes what, after all, no description of ours could hope to reach. All we need add is—rise betimes, good folk; rush out bodily into the bracing morning air. Sip the early dew; chase the roving bee; listen to the “matins” of the blackbird—and that god of our idolatry, the skylark, at break of day; and hie far away for a natural appetite to enjoy the morning meal.

The nightingale and blackcap will be here in eight days. The cuckoo, too, may be daily looked for; and one by one our little summer visitors will be found under our very window, singing with all the joyousness of renovated youth. The delights that await all lovers of nature, from this day forward, are so immense, that they can only be hinted at and longed for.

If we have created “a longing” for the enjoyments we have so faintly anticipated, we shall indeed be happy. We only wish that some of our fair readers, whom we have in our mind’s eye, could set out with us on a morning ramble. But as *that* would be one of those few pleasures which we can enjoy by imagination *only*, we will simply breathe the wish on paper; and carry our dear friends in our rambles, deeply buried in our heart of hearts.

Sympathetic affection travels much swifter than the most subtle fluid—electricity not excepted. We feel the truth of what we say, while the ink is flowing from the pen; and the pleasing thought causes us to experience all the elasticity of early youth. We have said—and we believe it,—that we shall NEVER grow old!

#### ROUGH NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS.

BY A SPORTSMAN AND NATURALIST.

MONTGOMERY, NORTH WALES.

I SEND YOU, MR. EDITOR, some extracts from my Note Book, made during the month of FEBRUARY. What rough weather we have had! Frost and snow have beset us all round; and here, amid the Welsh mountains, the thermometer has been below zero. Talk of Baffin’s Bay and its icebergs! why, if we could only get a good supply of “blubber,” an Esquimaux might live very jollily in these parts.

I never knew, till the other day, that a



snipe could swim. I was out shooting in Stalloe meadows, and winged one of these birds, which fluttered to a small stream of water about a yard and a half wide; and when I came up to the bank, I was not a little surprised to see him paddling to the otherside, upon reaching which he very coolly walked up the bank and hid himself in a bush, where on crossing the stream, I found him.

On the evening of the 6th, I heard a thrush singing delightfully in the trees by the "Cottage." I wondered much at this, as it was very cold and frosty.

"Duchess," our old mastiff, eats snow when out walking with me, and seems to relish it much.

Bullfinches congregate together. I noticed a flock of twelve, or more, among the young larch trees at the top of the "Freethe" plantation, and several ox-eyes and tomtits were with them, apparently eating the young buds, or searching for insects. Brown linnets also congregate together, and search the stubble fields; as do also piefinches, larks, and yellow-hammers.

On the 11th, while in the "Kennel Wood" at Fronfraith, I turned over a large flat stone, which lay among a lot of moss, under a larch-fir tree; and, instead of seeing a beetle or two, three mice scampered away. Being taken by surprise, and thinking they were an early litter of young rats, I killed two of them; but, shocking to relate, upon taking up one of them, I found it to be a pretty little dormouse. I can hardly describe my feelings of regret, when I saw the sad work I had committed; for I should have endeavored to capture them and place them in a cage, for the rest of the winter. Our woodman's wife has one in a little cage, which was caught, last autumn, in a nest in a nut tree. She feeds it with nuts.

I observe that coots, when suddenly flushed, will, at times, rise high in the air, and fly over trees and hedges.

On the 12th, I was very much struck with the peculiarity existing in the track of a hare in the snow. At intervals of twenty yards or so, she apparently went round and round in circles; and after making several false starts, proceeded onwards. It struck me that the animal had resorted to this method to endeavor to "throw out" any dog that might follow her.

February 13th.—The thermometer stood at 30 degrees, in doors.

On the 17th, the chaffinch sung, for the first time this year. He and his mate frequent the pear tree on the lawn. The missel thrushes also frequent the old holly-tree, and eat the berries. I saw two partridges paired above the town.

February 23rd.—Hedge-dunnock sings. There is an old saying, that all have different

tastes; so, I suppose that I may be excused, when I say that I delight in a dark windy day—the ground hard as flint, and the snow driving before the wintry blast. It is at such a time, accompanied by a faithful dog, that I sally out and seek the depths of a wood, or the bleak and barren hill, where, under the shelter of a tree or rock, I can muse the time away, while—

Amid the crags, and scarce discerned on high,  
Hangs here and there a sheep, by its faint bleat  
Discovered; while the astonished eye looks up,  
And marks it, on the precipice's brink,  
Pick its scant food secure.

And oh!

What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,  
Like shipwrecked mariner on desert coast;  
and hear no sound save the bleat of the sheep,  
the hoarse croak of the raven, and the  
howling wind! It is then that the mind  
becomes rapt in thought, and the ro-  
mantic Welshman may be forgiven the fancy  
that, in the moaning blast, he hears the sound  
of his native harp, touched by the hand of an  
ancient bard; and his fancy still increases,  
until before him in the dim mist is seen

A form thin and spare,  
And white as snow his beard and hair;  
Back from his brow his white locks flow,  
And the high opened forehead show;  
O'er his pale cheek rich roses fly,  
And more than youth illumines his eye.

As I wend my way homewards, I meet the  
sturdy laborer, retiring from his daily work,  
whistling some well-known air—no doubt  
thinking of his snug little cot, his wife, and  
children. And those pretty lines of Gold-  
smith are called to mind:—

Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though  
small,  
He finds his little lot the lot of all;  
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,  
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;  
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,  
To make him loathe his vegetable meal.

JOHN MATTHEW JONES, M.Z.S.

#### LOVE,—FOR THE SAKE OF LOVE.

"LOVE, for love's sake"—O, what sweet words  
are these!

And what sound sense! Love, for love's sake!  
if all

Would do but this, how many miseries

Man would escape, that to his lot now fall!

How many sweet thoughts, what felicities,

What joyous things would hold him in fond  
thrall!

But, following some toad-blooded Mammonite,

He marries not save gold comes with his bride:

Portionless virtue now brings no delight,

Economy has set love's sweets aside:

Poor beauty finds no favor in his sight;

Love is his shame, that used to be his pride.

Yet grief is his, while they are grief above,

WHO LOVE EACH OTHER FOR THE SAKE OF LOVE.



"TIS A BEAUTIFUL WORLD!"

BY W. GIBSON.

"O, the world is a happy and beautiful world!"  
(Said a child that I met by the way,)  
"For, hark! how the wild winds rush through the  
pines;  
And see how the sunlight dances and shines  
Where the rippling waters stray.  
O, the woodlands are filled with wonderful things—  
There the woodpecker taps, and the storm-throistle  
sings,  
And the squirrels are ever at play.  
There the startled water-hen claps her wings,  
And the dragon-fly airy summersaults flings;  
And the trout breaks the pool into sparkling rings;  
And the bulrush waves in the tangled springs,  
Where the white lily floats all day."

"Yes; the world is a beautiful world," I said,  
"To a shadowless spirit like thine!"  
As from forest and field, through the shining hours,  
He heaped up his treasures of eggs and flowers,  
And fairy-stones rare and fine—  
At times, from copse and hollow, hard by,  
Rang out his blithe and exulting cry,  
Till the sunlight had ceased to shine:  
When the blue veil of twilight covered the sky,  
And the spirit-like stars came out on high,  
And slumber fell soft on his weary eye,  
Still he murmured—"How fast the hours *do* fly  
For a life so happy as mine!"

"Oh, this world is a dark and wearisome  
world!"  
(Said an old man I met by the way,)  
"I look on my lifetime of fourscore years,  
And alas! what a picture of gloom it appears  
Scarce touched by a golden ray!  
What fearful phantasies fill my brain;  
For the past, with its visions of sorrow and pain,  
Still haunts me, by night and by day.  
What is life, when our pleasures so quickly  
wane—  
When all that we toil for and hope for, is vain?  
Ah! long in the dreary churchyard have lain  
The friends of my youth; and alone I remain—  
Oh, would that I, too, were away!"

"Yes; this world is a wearisome world!" I said,  
"To a spirit forlorn as thine!"  
As slowly he toiled through the shining hours,  
He saw not the twinkling leaves and flowers,  
His tottering feet entwine;  
Dim shadows might waver, the rich light glow  
On his wrinkled cheek, and the merry winds  
blow—  
But his eyes with no pleasure would shine;  
When the round red sun was sinking low,  
How sadly he shook his thin locks of snow,  
And muttered—"O! would that I too might go—  
I long to be gone; but the hours are too slow,  
For a life so weary as mine!"

"'Tis a wonderful world!" I say to myself,  
As I thoughtfully walk by the way—  
"Time flies, and Eternity cometh up slow;  
The Earth groweth old, and what more do we  
know  
To-day than we knew yesterday?"

That if born, we may live just a May fly's flight,  
Or the raven's great circle span outright—  
Then die, be our time what it may;  
That night follows morning; and morning the  
night—

After spring-time and summer, the autumn-blight  
Brings bleak winter in; but will Death first smite  
The branch that for years hath basked in the light,  
Or the blossom new-born to-day?"

Yes; the world goeth round from sun to sun—  
Now moonlight—now starlight shine:  
Surely wiser we grow—yet the "wherefore and why"  
That *this* thing or *that* thing is first to die,  
Poor man hath no wit to divine.  
The morning is breaking—the cock may crow;  
The rain and the wind may beat and blow,  
And the sky begin to shine;  
But the child so happy some hours ago  
Is mute and blind, in death lying low!  
While the old man awakes, and rocks to and fro,  
Still drearily moaning—"O, would I might go!  
What a long, weary life is mine!"

BIRDS OF SONG.

THE BLACKBIRD.

(Continued from Page 90.)

SINCE LAST WE GOSSIPED ABOUT THIS  
LOVELY FELLOW, we have had changes in-  
numerable. Early in February he was sing-  
ing bravely, and preparing to nest.\* Then  
came snow, wind, frost, sleet; and all the  
usual accompaniments of a severe winter.  
These united, kept him for a season "pain-  
fully" quiet. Still he visited us, and came  
to share in the bounties of our store. Nor  
has he failed since, to indulge us with many  
a song. He is all right now; and busy in  
the discharge of his parental duties. We  
see him early and late; and listen to his  
voice with a perfect ecstasy of delight.

Much dispute exists as to the "proper  
time" for the mating of our vernal songsters.  
It is a "wise saw" with many, that FEBRUARY  
14th ushers in with it the "pairing of birds."  
We imagine this fond idea may have origi-  
nated in a multitude of causes,—amongst  
which, the increasing warmth of the sun, and  
its consequent effect upon the *physique* of  
the feathered tribe, is not the least "likely"  
of the whole.

It is a "pretty idea" to have it so laid down.  
That the honor of the day should be accorded  
to the good Saint—"Valentine," none, we  
imagine, will take upon themselves to dispute.  
WE shall not. Certain is it, that from this  
date a "change comes o'er the spirit" of all  
Nature. The mornings get lighter; the wea-  
ther, for the most part, more genial; the days

\* The *Yorkshire Gazette*, of this present year,  
records the fact of a blackbird's nest with two  
eggs, being found on the 3rd January. It was  
discovered at Brompton, by D. Ferguson, Esq.,  
of Redcar.—ED. K. J.



longer; and our thoughts become more socially enlarged one towards the other. We have often thought,—what *would* this lower world of ours be, if deprived of the cheerful light and genial warmth of the mighty Sol! “Clouds and sunshine” wisely alternate amongst us, and give variety to the passing scenes of life.

The gigantic strength of mother earth is now becoming daily visible. Samson-like, she may be held spell-bound for a season, but her latent energies cannot be long kept down.

Long since, we saw the Snowdrop's head appear;  
The first pale blossom of th' unripened year;  
As FLORA's breath, by some transforming power,  
Had changed an icicle into a flower!  
Its name and hue the scentless plant retains,  
Though winter *lingers* in its icy veins.

The Alder trees, too, have been putting forth their buds energetically, and the progress of vegetation has universally commenced in right earnest. Be it ours, to *watch* its progress from day to day! But our duty now lies with the imprisoned victims in a cage; who, just now, are being cruelly tortured.

We can scarcely pass through any of the streets of London at this season, without observing a blackbird in an open cage, suspended in some bleak situation out of doors. This is done with a view to “harden” him. Harden him indeed! On the principle, we suppose, of those hard-hearted women who send their children out on a frosty day, with their legs bare—to make them “healthy.” Bah! We might just as reasonably turn one of our dear innocent boys out, without an overcoat, and let him sit the entire day on the top of a pole, in a public street. The “air” would do him *good*,—at this season.

It were vain for us to wield our pen on such a subject. Song-birds are “doomed” to be martyrs to this adherence to an old custom. Hence the wiriness of their voice, the unsightliness of their persons, and the “unknown tongue” in which, for the most part, we are saluted as we pass under, or within sight of their cages. The force of our remark, and its naked truth, can be abundantly verified by any one passing from Parliament street over Westminster Bridge. At the extreme corner of the last avenue, leading to the bridge, these we see *exposed during all seasons*, with no sides to their cages to stem the draughts—sky-larks, robins, &c., &c., in every variety. They tremble in the wind!

“Unhappy creatures; worthy of a better fate!” have we often mentally ejaculated, as we passed through this public thoroughfare. These birds *have been* “fine” birds—well chosen in the first instance; but our ear has never failed to detect their degeneracy in song, from time to time. Husky, wiry, in-

harmonious, shrill, and “painful” have been their musical efforts; nor would we care to call any one of them—our's. Neglect such as this, *may* proceed from ignorance; but in the present case, ignorance cannot be called “bliss;” so far, at least, as the poor birds are concerned. Let us, therefore, take it upon us to make their master “wise.” In setting *him* right, we preach a practical lesson to ALL OTHERS.

The proper food of a blackbird is—German paste, stale bun, and hard-boiled egg. They will thrive well on this, as general food. A morsel of cheese, bread and butter, a snail, an earwig, or a spider, varied with a few meal-worms—will keep them hearty for very many years. Always bear in mind that your birds should be rendered tame and familiar, if possible. Attend to them yourself, and let them see that you are interested in their welfare. Careful observers are they of all personal attention, and never slow to reciprocate the feeling. We hold it as a doctrine, sound to the letter, that WE can tame anything; aye, anybody! Why not? The “law of kindness” was never yet known to fail—in our memory, in any one instance where *the heart* was thrown into the endeavor to please. We must *all* fall before it.

The reason why many blackbirds fall sick, and become subject to “cramp,” is—the carelessness shown with regard to cleanliness. Their sand is allowed to remain unchanged—perhaps a week. It is naturally damp from causes sufficiently obvious; but when we consider that these birds are fond of washing and splashing, and that this operation *saturates* their sand with water, how needful does it become for us to give them dry gravelly sand, *every morning*! We always *try* to reason with people who love birds—or say they do, by placing them *in loco parentis* towards them. We say—“If your bird was your child, *how* would you treat it? Would you neglect it—pass by without noticing it—or cease to think of it on every constant opportunity? Would you not rather study its happiness, by the anticipation of what you know it is fond of, and ‘win’ its affections by every act of kindness and endearment?” Surely you would. Well, then, the cases are parallel; for, we repeat, kindness and assiduous attention will win over anything and everything. We shall “die happy” in this firm faith; and leave posterity to find out what now they are so slow to believe.

We have said that bat-folded birds are the best. They are so; because their “wild” note will never change. Young birds are very imitative; and if kept within the hearing of parrots, and other such hideous monstrosities, the sooner their necks are wrung, or their liberty given them, the better. We once had



a nestling blackbird, of whom we were very fond; and he gave early proof of the "fact" on which we are now insisting; nor was he the only witness for us. A second, an equally favorite bird of ours, shall be brought upon the *tapis*. The first, rejoicing in the name of "Mush" (he so christened *himself*), made friends with a neighboring pot-boy, who taught him to salute us, whenever we called him to task, with—"Oh, CRI—key!" The second picked an acquaintance with an itinerant milk-carrier, whose instruction perfected his pupil in the musical enunciation of "*Lul-li-e-te!*" The name of the performer last alluded to, was "Jark-o." *He* also improvised his own Christian-name.

For SONG, then, it has become clear that none but bat-folded birds can be depended upon. Nestlings will sing loud—aye, raise a whole village at four o'clock in the morning; but the "wild" note forms but a small portion of their song. Any grinding organs, any dogs that may bark, or any cats that may "moll-row"—these and other drawbacks are fatal to the "Blackbird's Song." If you are possessed of a good old bird, and can bring "nestlings" up under him, in a quiet room,—then will you succeed bravely. We have done so, and found the plan answer. *In tenui labor*. No one thing, however trifling, can be well done without taking sufficient pains with it.

We have now done *our* best to procure this king of birds all proper attention. He is *not* suited to a cage,—certainly not. His proper position is on the summit of a towering tree. Here his soul, 'full to overflowing,' can unbosom its thoughts; and while we listen to them distilling on our ear, we sigh to think of the many cruelties we all thoughtlessly practise at this season, in placing SUCH choristers in prisons of wire and wood! WE mean it kindly; but could we read the private thoughts of our prisoners, how would our hearts yearn to let them be "free!"

Before taking leave of the blackbird,—let us make one more effort to prevent his being caught and caged at this season. Will our kind readers rise betimes, on some fine morning, and go abroad to listen to our hero's "Matins?" If, after hearing his Morning Hymn, they *still* seek to make him prisoner—then indeed will WE relinquish all hopes of ever becoming an eminent special-pleader.

#### ADVANTAGES OF CONTENTMENT.

Too nice a taste, in no matter what, is little less than a misfortune; for he who is pleased with nothing short of perfection, has less pleasure and less real happiness than one who is more moderate in his expectation, and who is contented with life as he finds it. Happiness is rarely met with, simply because people will not seek it in a rational manner.

#### MEMORY.

WHEN last thy pleasant face I saw, a calmness filled my heart,  
And present bliss was so complete, that fancy would not part  
With its image of the future, though its prospect looked so drear,  
When thou wouldst go, depriving me of all I held so dear.

With childlike grace and innocence I've seen thy features beam,  
When side by side in simple faith we dreamt our fairy dream;  
That in after years, despite of change, in sympathy and truth,  
Maturity would still confirm the feeling of our youth.

I miss thy face—I miss thy hand; yet love of thee remains.  
Affection firmly keeps her seat, and binds my soul in chains;  
Thy memory serves to teach me that the world has joy to give,  
For those who, loving faithfully, in hopeful spirit live.

Oh! good the lesson I have learnt, to live in patient pride  
With ever-present earnest love for my enduring guide;  
For though Fate takes away from us the faithful and the kind,  
Life's beacon-star is left us while REMEMBRANCE stays behind!

#### THE AVIARY AND ITS OCCUPANTS.

No. VIII.

(Continued from Page 92.)

HAVING NOW MADE A SOMEWHAT FORMIDABLE COLLECTION of the feathered tribe,—say about one hundred—and confined them all in one room, it behoves us to pay marked attention to their peculiarities and habits; the more so, as perhaps, in the first instance, no two of them will be found alike in disposition. By studying their likes and dislikes, there will be little difficulty in making them a "United Happy Family." If any "incorrigible varlet" appears among them, out with him at once—by way of "example."

We may get a good hint or two on the subject of colonisation from the "Happy Families" confined in large locomotive cages, which are now being exhibited in three different quarters of London, daily.

In these cages, we find living together in perfect amity—cats, mice, rats, pigeons, crows, sparrows, hawks, owls, starlings, ferrets, monkeys, rabbits, weazels, young foxes, and leverets; *cum multis aliis*. The extreme natural opposites seem, in all these animals, to have become annihilated. Thus, we see the sparrow and the hawk doing the loving and the amiable, with the most sympathetic



affection; the rat revelling luxuriously in the warm embraces of grimalkin; the ferret and weazel frolicking with the rabbit; the monkey carefully handling the pigeon's eggs, as he replaces them (after first satiating his prying curiosity) under the sitting mother; and, among other eccentricities, the leveret "polk"-ing with the fox.

Observing this same fox, some little time since, "cheese"-y on the crow, we bethought us much of the old nursery fable. The fox, it will be remembered, was therein described as a serenader, entreating a song from his Dulcinea in return for his flattery. While thus musing, we were made aware, by a Dutch-built animated figure, which glided mysteriously round the corner, of the presence of a small saucer, for holding "contributions." A fourpenny-piece was levied from us, voluntarily, for the pleasure we had experienced; and the figure's parting joke was worth all the money. "That one fox, Sir," said the animated figure, "is equal to any six cunning lawyers; and yet—look at the old rogue! I took the edge off all his teeth before I had him three weeks."\*

We cannot help remarking here, that we are taught, by these men of low degree, a most salutary lesson—a lesson which might be advantageously studied by our wise senators with reference to "enlarged views" on political economy.

We are not at this moment prepared—but we hope ere long to be so—to state "how" this naturally-savage colony has been brought to so complete a state of civilisation. There is no doubt that the "eye" of the master is the great talisman; for it visibly acts as an all-powerful agent on the nerves of every one of the animals. They understand, beyond all dispute, and with a very little drilling, *what* is intended by their master's movements and peculiar expression of countenance. They instantly obey him. We believe "the stick" *is*, on some occasions, introduced in the background. It enters, no doubt, into combination with the other "effects."

We have recently witnessed some striking examples of the power of "mesmerism," under certain circumstances, over certain individuals of our own species. The strong "affinity" existing between the operator and the person operated upon, immediately after the state of "somnia" has been produced, presents one of the most remarkable phenomena ever brought under our notice, and induces to the conviction that we have very often, in times past, "mesmerised" animals—without knowing, sufficiently well

to explain, "how" we had accomplished our object. This is a curious and an interesting "inquiry,"—too curious and too abstruse to be pursued *here*; but it is well to "make a note," *en passant*, of what strikes us as being out of the common order of things.

The next grand step, with a view to establish harmony in the colony, is to see that each and every animal has provided for it its own natural food. If the pangs of hunger were to come on cruelly sharp; if the hour of breakfast, dinner, and supper, were to be lost sight of, and the regular supplies stopped—we should have a realisation of the old nursery tale, "The cat began to eat the rat—the rat began, &c., &c." A few hours, or less, would devastate the colony. We can almost imagine we hear the bones of the bounding leveret, being crunched beneath the jaws of the salacious fox.

Speaking of the leveret, it is worthy of remark that this animal, being *feræ naturæ*, is one of the most difficult to tame, permanently, of all creatures. The late Sir John Sebright called on us, some years ago, to see our collection of robins, of which he had heard so much; and during a lengthened conversation of great interest to both of us, he put us in possession of many singular facts with respect to animals "by nature wild." To mention only two:—Sir John told us he had procured some eggs of the wild duck, and placed them under a domestic hen. They were hatched in due course, fed, and brought up with the other chickens, ducks, &c., in the poultry-yard. Still they gave early signs of the wildness of their nature. Their flights were cut; and thus were they made "apparently" tame; but when the wing-feathers re-appeared, the birds one day, on a slight alarm, took flight, and disappeared altogether.

The second instance of natural wildness being indomitable, presented itself in the case of some half-dozen wild rabbits, taken from the nest soon after they were kindled. Sir John lavished on them much of his attention; tried every means to tame them; all in vain. The animals gave early evidence of the instinct of their nature, and were ultimately let loose to run riot in a warren.

We have been led to pursue this discussion, in order to show how necessary it is to study the habits and dispositions of all birds domiciled in an aviary. This brings us to the grand and all-important question of Proper Food.

Speaking of the proper food necessary to be provided for an aviary, we shall take it for granted that the season of the year of which we are treating is summer; and that the united tribes of granivorous and insectivorous birds are together, under one roof. When they are separated and collected into

\* Should there ever be a necessity for our again "going to law,"—which calamity may kind Heaven avert!—this animated figure, if living, shall "assist" our Counsel.



distinct families, in the autumn, of course there will require some alteration of diet; but of this we shall speak in its place.

Having so large a family to provide for, and so many tastes to consult, it is sufficiently obvious that there must be an ample supply of provisions that may suit the whole. Nature will teach each bird to partake of that only which is easiest of digestion, and best adapted to its constitution. You need be under no apprehension on this head. As for physic, which some bird-fanciers prate so much about, we say "throw it to the dogs." Even *they*, however, will refuse to swallow it.

Medicine need very seldom be resorted to. There are extreme cases where a little saffron may be serviceable; but it never cost us more than one penny for saffron in our life; and that was, one half of it, not used. Alternative food with the feathered race, as with us, is far more efficient than physic. The one acts gently, and naturally; the other deranges the system for several days; and if often repeated, injures the entire system.

We have already mentioned the "hoppers," or seed-boxes. These should be half filled with a mixture of the best Canary, Flax, and Rape seeds. Of these, the proportions should be—Canary, one half; the other half consisting of Flax and Rape. A small quantity of the latter will suffice, it being eaten principally and sparingly by the linnets. Flax is good for all the seed birds, keeping their stomachs in a healthy state. The "hoppers," as we have before noted, should be carefully examined, at least once a fortnight; and the seed remaining in them should be sifted, to cleanse it from dust and refuse matter, before re-filling.

For the soft-billed or insectivorous birds, the general or "universal" food must be made as follows:—CLIFFORD'S German paste, one pound; the yolks of six eggs, boiled hard; half a pint of Hemp seed, well bruised; six plain stale buns; two table-spoonfuls of best moist sugar. These ingredients, after being placed in an earthen pan (glazed), should be well incorporated with the naked hand, till they amalgamate. Throw in a small quantity of Maw-seed before putting it into the birds' pans, and place the latter on the floor of the room. Above all, bear in active remembrance that the food must be fresh every day.

In addition to the above, one or two of the pans should contain grated bullocks' liver (from the part called "the nut,") boiled hard, and some grated Cheshire cheese; both rubbed fine, and mixed with stale sweet buns, of which all birds are excessively fond. The buns should be purchased of a first-rate confectioner, otherwise they stand every chance of being manufactured from "kitchen-stuff." Many a school-boy's stomach ("digestive"

though it naturally be), will give satisfactory evidence of the truth of this remark.

All your birds, from a canary upwards, will freely share in this soft food; and they will thrive nobly on it. By leaving it to their own option what to select, you will find they seldom, if ever, will have any ailments.

The room must be kept well supplied with ripe Chickweed and Groundsell; Lettuces (in season), Cherries; Strawberries; ripe, mellow, juicy Pears; and now and then a boiled mealy Potato, bruised. The "warblers" eat greedily of the two last; also of soft, boiled, tender Cabbage. Nightingales and blackcaps are dearly fond of the latter; also of Elderberries when ripe; and they greatly luxuriate in a little raw, scraped, tender beef—free from fibre. The beef, when scraped, should be moistened with water, but not made too "pappy;" and it must always be sweet. If tainted in the slightest degree, do not attempt to introduce it.

In the way of live food, throw in occasionally ants' eggs, small red worms, spiders, earwigs, mealworms, liver-gentles, *et id genus omne*. The windows being kept constantly open, hundreds of flies, gnats, and other minute ephemera, will find their way in; and no small amusement is it to watch the gyrations of the birds, as they topple over to catch their prey. The wag-tails, white-throats, and tit-larks, in particular, are most elegant in their motions while thus occupied.

There have been many opinions on the subject of giving your birds Hemp seed. It certainly does tend, homœopathically, to shorten the duration of their lives; but still—strange though true, they cannot live without it! It warms their stomach, and possesses an oleaginous peculiarity of flavor, which, mixing with the other food, forms a good general diet. It must be given sparingly. Many people feed goldfinches in cages with Hemp seed; this is quite a mistake. Canary and Flax is all they should be allowed. They thrive well on it, and escape getting over fat—the ruin of half the race. Their plumage, too, is always in beautiful order.

To prevent the necessity for "medicine,"—properly so called, let some crumbs of bread be scalded with boiling milk; into this put some grocers' currants, after previously soaking them some hours in cold water. All soft-billed birds, nightingales, blackcaps, garden-warblers, and white-throats in particular, eat voraciously of this dish; and as boiled milk acts medicinally on all birds, its curative properties will speedily become apparent.

If these instructions be fully carried out, and plenty of old mortar, well bruised, be kept constantly on the floor, no sanitary commission need ever be appointed. It is



with birds as with ourselves—air, exercise, temperance, and proper diet, will “pull us through” to a good old age.

#### ANECDOTE OF THE ROBIN.

THE TAMENESS of this lovely fellow is proverbial. His love for mankind is excessive. Some few people appreciate this; but far more, we are sorry to say, do not. In our own neighborhood, to the right and to the left, is every member of his family that ventures beyond the precincts of our grounds, levelled by a hollow tube. We remonstrate, but are ridiculed. The same fate attends the blackbird and the thrush; indeed, our neighbors are a very savage lot. But not ours only. The practice is but too general.

One would think that the sight of a poor little shivering bird, applying plaintively at the window for the share of a crust, or the shakings of a table-cloth, would appeal, at this cold season, to the heart! It does! “Wait there a minute or two,” says Charity, “and I’ll give you something.” The little visitor sees a bustle—anticipates relief, and, in a moment, either lies weltering in his blood, or is blown to atoms. A hoarse laugh rings in his dying ears. Man! thou art a barbarian.

The joys we have had, during the inclement season, whilst shielding the various members of the feathered tribe from harm, and feeding them at our window, none can imagine. The gratitude, too, and confidence of our little friends, (eating from our hand, and singing the while)—are not such proofs of love better than a kingdom? Truly, yes. We think so, at least.

This little preamble reminds us, that our heading refers to an anecdote in the last number of THE NATURALIST, from whose rich stores we can to-day make only this one selection. The anecdote is given on the authority of Mrs. Murchison, of Bicester. We are puzzled, we confess, about the *tail feathers*, and surmise there must be some little “mistake” about this. Still the “facts” are the same:—

A few years since, the winter set in very severe with deep snow. It was my custom to open my chamber window every morning as soon as I rose, and leave the door open into the dressing-room, which communicated with it. One morning I perceived, on the top of the door, a Robin, which had entered through the window; after sitting there a short time twittering, he ventured to descend into the dressing-room, and by my great care in avoiding any sudden noise or movement that might alarm him, he soon became so tame as to hop fearlessly about the room. Gradually he approached the fire, and I feared he would fly into it. I watched him narrowly; he first settled

on the fender, from thence hopped upon one of the logs of wood within it, where he remained till sufficiently warmed, *turning himself round*, as if to warm every part, and then returned to his amusement of hopping about the room, picking up crumbs, etc.

It is almost incredible how soon and entirely he became perfectly tame. At that time I breakfasted in my dressing-room; and as soon as the breakfast appeared, he hopped on the back of the sofa, from thence to the table, where he helped himself, and once burnt his bill by his curiosity to taste some coffee which was too hot, and appeared, for a few minutes, very angry. He took crumbs from my hand, but preferred helping himself out of the plate; and that with so much assurance and familiarity, that I was fearful of using a knife lest I should inadvertently injure him. He hopped over the children’s feet when they walked across the room; invariably took his station on the sofa, and sung the whole time they were repeating their lessons; but in a much lower and softer tone than the natural wild note of the Robin, which is very loud and powerful for so small a bird. Every day, when one of them who learnt music was practising, he perched upon the cross-bar at the top of the desk, which was higher than the music-book; and seemed to enjoy the music.

At length he became so perfectly domesticated that his presence was almost forgotten by us, and our only care was to avoid treading on him. He frequently perched on my head or shoulders, and constantly on the back of the sofa, close to my elbow. He was much enraged when a looking-glass was placed before him, and pecked so furiously at his imaginary antagonist, that I was sometimes fearful he would injure his bill—sometimes peeping behind it like a kitten. From his first visit to my dressing-room, he never missed a single morning in making his appearance on the top of the door, the moment that the window was opened; he was so punctual to the same hour, that when once or twice this was done later than usual, I have known him peck at the glass on the outside for admission, and when the window was opened, he coolly waited on the outside and flew in directly without being at all alarmed at the noise. He never would *sleep* in the house, but regularly every afternoon, as soon as it drew near his *bed-time*—before which time my door and window were usually shut—he flew against the dressing-room window, and pecked at it till it was opened for him.

I was anxious to know where he passed the nights in such inclement weather; and desiring the servants to watch, I found that he always retired into a large bottle-neck which stood in a court adjoining the house. He had by some accident entirely lost the feathers of his tail, and being in good case, was nearly as round as a ball. He did not leave me till the cold weather was over; and during the winter months that he took shelter in my room, I never missed him a single day. With the first days of spring he left me, and entirely discontinued his daily visits; but I was not a little surprised to find that the identical Robin, (as we ascertained both by his extraordinary tameness and the loss of his tail,) after having assisted in rearing a young family,



made his appearance again in the spring, with four children—not at the dressing-room window, where there was scarcely a sufficient resting-place for the young brood, but at the nursery window, which was fronted by a parapet that ran round the house, and where they might rest for a time at a safe distance, and pick up the crumbs thrown to them without running the risk of entering the room.

It is rather singular that *he* should always attend them, and never the mother. At this time he never left them to enter the room, or approached nearer to the window than was necessary to obtain the food, which he administered impartially to all. These visits were, however, of course, not of long duration, as the young were soon able to provide for themselves, and the advancing spring furnished them with a plentiful supply of their natural food.

Here, as I supposed, ended our intercourse with this interesting and beautiful little creature; but my surprise was great when, about the middle of the *following winter*, and during some severe weather, our little tail-less friend again made his appearance; not, however, with his former confidence and familiarity, but with much more caution, and even alarm, and as if rather to take refuge from the attack of some enemy, than to obtain food, or resume his old habits. He rested for a minute on the door, looking suspiciously around him, then flew down, but soon rose again; and after flying round the room in a hurried manner, endeavored to hide himself behind the music-stand. In short, he appeared so uneasy and alarmed that I opened the window, and he immediately darted out of it. He returned, however, occasionally, by his old entrance, but his visits were short, and he was wild and uneasy while with us. After *calling home* in this manner, now and then, for about three weeks, I totally lost him, and never again either saw him or discovered any traces of him; and I greatly fear he fell a victim to one of our numerous cats, as he was seen in the court by the servants two or three times, after he had entirely discontinued his visits to the dressing-room.

It may be asked, by what means I could positively ascertain that this *was the same bird* which had visited us the preceding winter. The loss of his tail was a mark of distinction from others, (though I am surprised the feathers had not grown again,) but from the minute observations on his plumage and general appearance, which his familiarity had given me the opportunity of making during a whole winter, I think I could have distinguished him among any number of his species. The tameness of the Robin is almost proverbial; but there was almost a mixture of reason with the instincts of this little animal; and the recollection for so many months of the place where he had been sheltered during the preceding winter, and his return to it at the same period of the following year, are very remarkable circumstances. Had I taken this little bird, and confined him in a cage, I might probably have kept him for years as a tame companion; but I could not be so treacherous as to repay his unbounded confidence in us with the loss of liberty.

THE MONTH OF APRIL,  
OR,  
A WORD IN SEASON.

WE PROPHESED in our last, that we should win many a heart by our frank manner of "speaking out." We were not a false prophet; as the loveable tracery of many a fair hand has, in various colored inks, attested on paper of every hue. Some say "the truth should *not* be spoken at all times." WE ask—why?

Well; leaving the wise to their debate, let us employ our time more profitably. MARCH has fled—and left behind it sad proofs of its power. Thousands and thousands who saw its advent, have not lived to see its close. Despising the ordinary rules of prudence, health has been sacrificed to appetite; and fashion has trampled discretion under her feet. Thin shoes and wet feet; semi-nudity and severe cold; excess and indisposition; late hours and shattered constitutions—have travelled as usual, in company. The result is known by some already; and will be felt, more or less, by others for years to come.

We must again refer our readers to the article of last month, (see page 79), and enjoin the continued observance of the rules we there laid down. March is gone, we admit,—nominally gone; but we know his pranks too well not to beware of his ugly tricks. We slink away from the whisper of his breath; but when he "blows us up," there is really no bearing with him. We turn and flee.

April of late years, is not the April that once was. For one genial visit, we now have a dozen chilly ones—a hot sun and cold winds, despatching our inhabitants by the hundred. Fickle as a fair maid, the month must be guarded against. It promises fair; but these promises are seldom made good. They are blighted by the return of Easterly winds; and the very revival of increased life and vigor is oftentimes the source of dangerous or fatal inflammatory disorders. Consumption stalks abroad with fearful strides amongst adults; and children fall a prey to measles and hooping-cough. Bronchitis, gout, and rheumatism, way-lay *all* who are proof against advice; and what *these* enemies are, let those say who have faced them.

Provide, therefore, proper clothing for the body, and let your feet be well and strongly shod. Avoid large fires, and walk abroad whenever the weather will admit of it.

April is a month, in which to *rise early* is indispensable. There is no valid excuse for lying in bed. The sun is up; the birds are up; the flowers are growing; the trees are budding; and everything that has breath (man alone excepted) is using it to the glory of its Creator. The house is all very well, to shelter us when it rains; but "health" must be sought abroad. Novels—those pestiferous emanations from half-turned heads—must be laid aside altogether. They poison the mind whilst they affect the body. Vain is it to court the goddess, Health, whilst we are entertaining these, her enemies. She will not be thus wooed, or thus won. Make a clean breast of it. Out at once into the fields. Raise your eyes and heart to the blue ether. Let your ear be attuned to the anthem of the rising lark, and your lovely locks wet with the early dew of the morning. *Then*, fair maidens, come home to the well-spread table



with a healthy appetite, your cheeks glowing with Nature's kisses, your breath exhaling aromatic perfume, and your eyes glistening with delight at what you have seen and heard.

Tell your tale to such of the family as come crawling down, with their eyes half open, at eight o'clock; and mark the contrast. *They* will eat listlessly without an appetite; sip their tea yawning, without a relish; flirt with the "provocatives" which are hardly touched; whilst *you* will eye every delicacy with delight, find a rich flavor in every crisp curl of thin, frizzled bacon, and go through all the delectable performances of the breakfast-table with a gusto that is perfectly enviable.

This is what we prescribe. These are our rules for health during the month of April. Those who prefer physic and a long "doctor's bill," can have them by sending for. "It is an ill wind that blows *nobody* any good!"

### THE TYRANT—"FASHION."

Fashion! the leader of a chattering train,  
Whom man for his own hurt permits to reign;  
Who shifts and changes all things but *his shape*,  
And would degrade his votary to AN APE.

COWPER.

OURS being a JOURNAL of "Nature," *par excellence*, it will hardly be a matter for surprise if, now and then, we should come into contact with her sworn foe—Fashion.

We shall not weary ourself by attacking this monster in all its strongholds, albeit we *do* now and then get up a laugh when we see its votaries so blindly led by the nose, and living such a purely artificial existence. Eating, drinking, sleeping, deforming the body, shopping, lounging, strolling, riding, driving, yawning, paying complimentary visits, receiving ditto, gossiping, talking scandal, and other such ephemeral *passe-temps*, unceasingly occupy the eventful lives of our west-end folk, and the inhabitants of our squares. We tumble over some of them daily, as we pursue our more "useful" but more humble occupation. What see we, as we trip along? Carriages decked with ladies and lap-dogs; fine, showy, painted, and made-up women, marching along the streets, followed by lazy, strapping men in plush; younger ditto, followed by hectic or dyspeptic Pages, faced with gilt mushroom buttons, &c., &c. In fact, silks and satins, finery and bombast, carry all before them at the west. "'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true!"

Then, what a pretty tale do our bazaars, pantheons, and exhibitions tell us, of the wearisome "duties" of a fashionable or "genteel" life! How terribly are the frequenters of these "decoys" put to it, to show a happy face! Indeed, they turn their faces so completely *away* from Nature, that her ladyship *forbids* their being happy. She is right. *Two single days* of this unmeaning round of fashion's follies, would finish us up completely. Let us be thankful that our lot is cast in a more rational mould, and that we live in a purer atmosphere—moreover, not for ourself, but for others. Whilst these dead-weights—these very drones of society, are eking out their days in the mad pursuit of folly, be it ours to rival the bees in pro-

curing good mental food for our much-loved readers. Life will thus be rendered sweet. Time will *not* "hang" on our hands, but our moments will be one round of harmless delights.

The superficiality of the world we live in, few can be strangers to. We live not for ourselves, but for a set of idle, well-dressed people, who judge of us by our external deportment. The world seems to enjoy this empty parade—this unceasing round of daily ceremonies. They sigh, no doubt, when alone, for it *must be* hard work to live a life of hypocrisy; but the mask is soon replaced, and the farce again in full operation. We have said that we sometimes "get up a laugh" when we see these poor victims of fashion doing their drudgery. We repeat it; yet is it a laugh of pity rather than of anger.

We repudiate all intention of being "ill-natured" in these remarks of ours. We rather wish *so* to "hold the Mirror up to Nature," that we may show Vice her own features, and exhibit them in all their naked deformity. Fashionable and "genteel" people never "think,"—it is impossible.\* They must be "different" from all the world, or they will lose *caste*. Theirs is *not* fine feeling, properly so called; but an "exclusive" feeling of superiority, recognised by no denomination of well-bred people, save their own peculiar "set." All below them are considered barbarians, and are treated as such. Benignant Nature takes notes of all these matters, and withholds from *this* branch of her children the charm of "happiness." They lie down in weariness, and they rise up in listless indifference.

One thing there is, existing in the fashionable and so-called "genteel" world, that we cannot comprehend. We mean the lax system that almost universally prevails in evening dress. Women, young and old, who would be thought paragons of modesty during the day, at night appear unabashed in a state of semi-nudity. They evidently consider themselves, when thus attired, irresistibly attractive. They *may* be pæonies; but they are not violets nor daisies. When we see these full-blown giant flowers courting admiration, we feel sick at heart, and seek a solace in those of gentler mien. The "rose-bud" for us, in preference to the cabbage rose:—

"Some maidens coy, with anxious care conceal  
The snowy breast beneath the envied gauze;  
But you more freely *every* charm reveal,  
Scorning to be restrained by modest laws.  
Thanks for your kindness, gentle fair; but learn  
That when we see the rose o'erblown in you,  
We gaze not—but with sweet attraction turn  
To yonder rose, HALF-open to the view."

Our fashionable ladies will, in defiance of the poet, tell us that this is quite a matter of opinion, and that we are over-fastidious. We may be "singular," perhaps; but we *do* love common modesty. Nor can we see any just reason why women should not "assume a virtue if they have it not." It were a harmless deceit, and readily pardonable.

\* We have a perfect hatred for the word "genteel"—so lamentably is it prostituted in its accepted use!—ED. K. J.



Oh! that we could inoculate all such dwellers in our great city—and all like them in other great cities—with a love of nature! that we could entice them to rise betimes and walk into the fields and hedge-rows, examining “with their own eyes” those myriads of “things having life,” at the sight of which they now shriek and faint away! This would be a triumph indeed over prejudice; and we think even Mr. John Gray, of Glasgow, would not venture, *in print*, to find fault with “strolling dabblers” such as *these*.

All we wish is, that our *élite* would give him “an opportunity” to write upon the subject. We will be their champion gladly; and defend them nobly against the onslaught of the whole exclusive clique.

### WOMAN AND HER MAKER.

A WHISPER TO THE SEX CALLED “GENTLE.”

On SHE came,  
Led by her HEAVENLY MAKER.

MILTON.

Accuse not Nature; she hath done *her* part:  
Do thou but *thine*.

THE ANGEL RAPHAEL.

FAR BE IT FROM US, even in the mist of thought, to wound the feelings of any one member of that sex whom we profess to adore, and collectively *do* worship! With the name of Woman, we “naturally” associate all that is lovely and amiable.\* Let this confession of ours absolve us from the consequences of what we are now about to touch upon, and that as lightly as may be—the innate propensity of the fair sex to “deform” the natural beauty of their elegant persons.

No one will attempt to deny that our mother Eve was of excellent form, exquisitely symmetrical. Taking *HER*, then, as the standard, let us keep as *near* to our “original” as may be. Nature herself pleads hard for this. Her daughters strive morning, noon, and night, to destroy their symmetry; and yet with *all* their wilfulness, they positively cannot altogether succeed! Is not this cause sufficient why their hearts should relent, and listen for a moment to reason? We think it is. Such forbearance in dame Nature shows the tender love she bears to her offspring. She cannot forget that

“The hand which formed them is DIVINE;”

and this quite accounts for her long-suffering. Let her ladyship prevail, gentle readers, even at the eleventh hour. But to the point.

We spoke in our last of the use and abuse of Stays; and proved that *Fashion* would never consent to abandon them. This, no doubt, is a

\* We quite agree with Lord Byron who, whilst speaking of the fair sex, remarks:—“There is something to me very softening in the presence of Woman; some strange influence, even if one is *not* in love with them. I always feel in better humor with myself, and everything else, if there be a woman within ken.”—Well said, Lord Byron! There is a delightful spell cast over us when we are so favored. It is our “privilege,” and we *will* enjoy it.—ED. K. J.

fact. But as *WE* do not write for the fashionables, let us try and reason with the “select few;” leaving “the many” to kill themselves, and deform their posterity to the last generation. They ever have done—ever will do it.

We are told by the mothers of families, that young persons can very well indeed dispense with stays; and that none but married women have any necessity for them. *WE* believe it, because it is a reasonable belief. Yet will not these young people believe it. No! an idea prevails that the female figure *cannot* be preserved, or shown to advantage, without some ligature around the person. Hence the many fatal cases of consumption to which we have before alluded.

A few days since, the collected opinions of our most eminent medical practitioners on this subject, in the form of a very readable pamphlet, came into our possession. What shall we say about it? What *can* we say—excepting that the general use of stays, as hitherto worn, is therein proved to be *suicidal*; dealing out destruction, in a host of cases, both to mother and child! “How then shall the female figure be preserved in its natural purity of form?” ask our fair readers. Listen!

Others, beside the faculty, have studied this matter, and have provided against the evil; so that “shape preservers” may still be worn, and no sad consequences result therefrom. An invention is now before the public that is exciting quite a sensation. We allude to the “Resilient Bodice” of the Mesdames Maitland, 54, Connaught Terrace. We were induced to pay a visit to their establishment, in consequence of an advertisement they sent for insertion in *OUR JOURNAL*. The nature of the announcement made a forcible impression upon us; so forcible, that it caused us to hold a long conversation with Mrs. Maitland, who received us very kindly—entering into our humor, and giving us a very satisfactory solution of every difficulty we raised.

We came away, convinced, not only that the invention is a valuable one, but that it is incumbent upon *all* who would enjoy health whilst preserving the beauty of their person, to adopt this bodice. It is firm, but perfectly elastic, and fits close to the body; moreover it quite prevents any undue pressure on the ribs and liver. The principle of the invention, illustrated by wood engravings, being fully detailed in our advertisement columns, we need here merely direct attention to it. The use of stays, or the *necessity* for their use, is now quite superseded.

It redounds greatly to the credit of the medical profession, that they have been unanimous in their recommendation of the “Resilient Bodice.” Whilst its adoption saves the life of many a patient, it will at the same time deprive them of many a fee. “Honor to whom honor, praise to whom praise is due!”

### PURE LOVE.

Love one human being purely and warmly, and you will, in degree, love all. The heart in this Heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing, from the dewdrop to the ocean, but a mirror which it warms and fills.—JEAN PAUL.



**THE CUCKOO,**  
AND  
**ITS PECULIAR HABITS.**

O, hateful ERROR,—Melancholy's child!  
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men  
The things that are not?

SHAKSPEARE.

'TWIXT TRUTH AND ERROR, there's this difference known,  
ERROR IS FRUITFUL—TRUTH is only ONE.

HERRICK.



SOME two years since, there was a grand newspaper controversy about the habits of this bird, and it was one in which we personally took a part. We have, as our readers will have perceived, been requested more than once, to give the *pith* of the matter in our columns. We preferred waiting until the cuckoo was again about to visit us, and *now* we perform our promise. We long once more to hear this "messenger of spring."

The grand dispute—a very silly one, by-the-bye—was whether, on certain occasions, the cuckoo assisted in feeding her young or not? The vast correspondence published on this subject, abundantly proves the truth of the fact that the cuckoo *does* assist, and also (another equally ridiculously disputed point) that the female cuckoo does utter the well-known cry of "cuckoo! cuckoo!" The old, musty and well-thumbed books of former days, are taken down and referred to by the dissentients, as their "authority;" but close observers of modern times, and students of *nature*, who live in the fields, have verified, as "facts," what, up to a certain date, was a matter of surmise only. These documents have appeared in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, the *Gardeners' Journal*, and other popular papers. To reprint them all, would fill more than a whole number of OUR JOURNAL. CHARLES WATERTON, the old veteran, has quite set at rest the silly remark about the hedge-sparrow's nest not being seen in July.

We have ourself seen newly-built nests in August, and had *young* hedge-sparrows in our own garden at the end of that same month. Many others testify to the same fact. Indeed, it were idle to argue the point.

The controversy was provoked by a Mr. Henry Doubleday, of Epping, who, it would appear, entertained some personal pique against Mr. J. McIntosh, a naturalist of note, residing at Dorchester. This last gentleman, a writer in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, the *Naturalist*, the late Mr. Loudon's *Magazine of Natural History*, etc., etc., provoked Mr. Doubleday's ire, by the following remarks on the cuckoo, which appeared in the *Naturalist*, and which were commented on in terms of high praise by the *Gardeners' Chronicle*:—

It is generally supposed by ornithologists that the "cuckoo" does not feed its young; that having deposited its egg in the nest of the hedge accentor, or some other small bird, it leaves it to the care of a foster-mother. On this subject I am in possession of proofs to overthrow this long-established belief. In the summer of 1850, in the month of July, a hedge accentor constructed its nest in a holly hedge; about two feet from the ground, and about fourteen from an adjoining garden wall. Immediately on its being finished, and before the owner of it had time to deposit her second egg, a cuckoo, which had for some days past been watching with anxious eye the operations of the accentor, took the opportunity, and during the temporary absence of the said hedge accentor, quietly deposited in the nest her egg, which occupied but a few minutes. She then immediately took her departure, (uttering at the same time her well-known cry of "cuckoo, cuckoo," in rapid succession) to a neighboring elm tree. Of this egg, the hedge accentor took no notice; but deposited her four eggs, and commenced incubation. In due time, this important office was completed; and *three* hedge accentors and the cuckoo were brought to life (or rather light), the fourth egg of the accentor proving addled. In the course of three days, the young accentors, by some means (but by what means I could not ascertain) took their departure; as did also their mother, whom I never saw again, nor any remains of the young. The addled egg, however, I found on the ground immediately beneath the nest. This departure took place in the evening, or early in the morning. On the fourth day, seeing the old cuckoo frequently fluttering about the hedge which contained the hedge accentor's nest and the young cuckoo, I was induced to watch her proceedings with some little care and attention. Taking my stand at no great distance from the nest under the wall alluded to, in a few minutes the old cuckoo flew over the wall to the nest. I immediately applied a pocket telescope to my eye, and very distinctly saw the old bird feed its young. This operation I watched for some time, every day; creeping nearer and nearer, till I could see distinctly the actual feeding of the young without the aid of telescope or spectacles. I now became anxious to know whence the bird procured its food, (this, I imagined, from its frequent visits to the nest, was at no great distance,) and of what description it was. Knowing the cuckoo to be particularly fond of *caterpillars*, I walked into the garden, where there were some gooseberry bushes covered with caterpillars of *Abraxas grossulariata*. Thither I bent my steps, and saw the cuckoo engaged in clearing the bushes of the caterpillars. When she had what she considered sufficient for that meal, off she flew in a direct line over the wall; and, as if she had been shot, dropped on the other side, where the hedge in question was. In this manner the old bird continued to feed her young as long as a caterpillar remained on the bushes. When they were finished, she proceeded to a field near in quest of food; and through her diligence, her progeny got as fat as a London Alderman. This proves further to me that the cuckoo lays but one egg; at least this one could have laid no more; yet I never observed her



sitting on the young in the nest, as other birds do.—J. McINTOSH.

The appearance of these interesting facts in print, and their eager reception by naturalists, seem to have awakened Mr. Doubleday's dormant passions. In language most foul, he thus rashly replied to the reviewer—at once exposing his own ignorance, and his anything but praiseworthy motives:—

THE CUCKOO.—To the Editor of the *Gardeners' Chronicle*.—Sir, in a review of the *Naturalist* in your last number, it is stated, on the authority of a writer in that periodical, that the cuckoo does feel attachment to its young, etc. This statement, in such a widely-circulated journal as the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, may mislead many persons accustomed to place implicit confidence in its contents. As it appears to confirm assertions *altogether incorrect*, I will proceed to notice the writer's remarks. He says "In the month of July, a hedge accentor constructed its nest in a holly hedge." This bird is one of our earliest breeders, and I much doubt if ever a recent nest was seen in the month of July. "Immediately on its being finished, and before the owner had time to deposit her second egg, a cuckoo deposited in the nest her egg, which occupied but a few minutes; and immediately took her departure, uttering at the same time her well-known cry of 'cuckoo, cuckoo,' in rapid succession." Nearly all the old cuckoos leave this country at the end of June and beginning of July. *And the female never utters the cry of "Cuckoo,"* her ONLY note being a harsh chatter. The writer then goes on to state that the young were fed by the female cuckoo, upon the larvæ of *Abraxas grossulariata*, taken from gooseberry bushes. Now it so happens that in July *not a larva of this moth can be found*, all having assumed the winged state. The larva, which strips the gooseberry bushes of their leaves, belongs to one of the saw-flies (*Nematus ribesii*). In conclusion, *I positively state that the cuckoo never feeds its own young; that the female never utters the cry of "Cuckoo;" and that an old cuckoo is never seen in this country at the end of July*, at which time, according to the writer's account, the young cuckoo was in the nest.—HENRY DOUBLEDAY, Epping.

Mr. McIntosh's reply to this remarkable document, is just what might have been expected from so straightforward a man and lover of truth. It has been copied into most of the English and American Journals:

THE CUCKOO.—Sir, at page 454 of the *Gardeners' Chronicle* appear some remarks by Mr. Doubleday, of Epping, denying the truth of an article which I contributed to the *Naturalist*. This denial of Mr. Doubleday, I should have treated with indifference, if Tuesday's post had not brought me half a dozen letters, and three *Gardeners' Chronicles*, from naturalists whose names I am not at liberty to use, (one of whom, by-the-bye, forgot to attach his name,) which I here beg to acknowledge, expressing their opinion of the subject published by me in the *Naturalist* "as quite correct;" and urging that

truth demanded should reply. This I now do, and repeat that the cuckoo in the case in question did feed its own young with the greatest care and attention; and that for some time in the month of July, with the caterpillars of *Abraxas grossulariata*. And that it cried "Cuckoo, cuckoo!" I again assert. That the female cuckoo does cry "Cuckoo, cuckoo!" is a fact well known to myself and others. Therefore, I would advise Mr. D. to live in the country for a year or so, and watch the habits of this bird, which he most assuredly has never done. If he is in possession of the *Mag. of Nat. Hist.*, consisting of nine volumes, he will find it recorded, long before March, 1851, that the female cuckoo does cry "Cuckoo, cuckoo!" Still further, I have shot them "cuckoo, cuckooing," even so late as the 8th of August; right and left, male and female. If you have patience to wait, and will read the *Naturalist*, I shall (D. V.) record some more facts from personal observations on this bird, not less at variance with received opinion; and this may be because I have had more and ampler opportunities of studying such matters than some other persons. Again, with respect to the doubts expressed of a recent hedge-sparrow's nest being met with in July, I have only to repeat what I have seen. The hedge-sparrow, or hedge accentor's nest, may be found from March to August, with fresh-laid eggs and with young. I have now a nest before me, taken on the 22nd of this month of July, (yesterday,) with two new-laid eggs, from a hedge on an open down. I have also in my possession fresh-laid eggs of this bird, taken from a nest on the 7th of August, 1850! The doubts and *positive statements* respecting the caterpillars of *Abraxas grossulariata*, I am also compelled to dispose of in the same way; that is, they are equally at variance with what I have seen. I have, at this moment, upwards of thirty caterpillars on a gooseberry bush in my garden, and ten chrysales in a box, and I am writing on the 23rd of July. I have frequently taken and had caterpillars of *Abraxas grossulariata* in the latter end of August, and beginning of September. I have also had flies from the larvæ of *Nematus ribesii*, and I know the difference between the two insects as well as I know the difference between a cabbage and a turnip. It is evident that Mr. Doubleday has yet very much to learn respecting the natural history and habits of birds and insects. Having made these statements and repeated these facts, I regard it as a matter of great indifference as to what Mr. Doubleday may think or say of them. My main object will be answered, if I can gain a hearing from the public, for that which I have not read only, but *seen and handled*. I shall only add, that a more uncourteous, ungentleman-like criticism has never before been made upon any writings of mine. For this, however, I care but little, coming from the quarter it does.—J. McINTOSH, Charminster, Dorset.

At this time, July 1851, we were also writing in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*; and feeling naturally astonished at Mr. Doubleday's temerity, we addressed the Editor as follows:



THE CUCKOO.—Sir, your correspondent, Mr. Henry Doubleday, has, it appears, read some remarks in *the Naturalist* (reviewed in your paper of the 12th inst.,) about the cuckoo. I too, in consequence of Mr. Doubleday's observations, have had the curiosity to read the article he refers to, and give full credence to its truth. Indeed, I have perused it with much interest. I must confess my surprise—a surprise which will be shared in common with most of your other readers—*why* your correspondent should, in a paper bearing so high a character as the *Gardeners' Chronicle*—and in such unmeasured terms too!—fall foul of a writer who, whilst giving his name and address, very modestly relates of this and another bird, no more than he is prepared to verify. Mr. Doubleday asserts, or to use his own strange language, “positively states,” that the cuckoo “*never* feeds its own young!” In making this positive, but rash and erroneous assertion, he has greatly exceeded the bounds both of prudence and of courtesy; for it is a fact, patent to most ornithologists, that the cuckoo has been *seen* in the act of assisting in feeding her offspring—I say assisting, because, where there is no necessity for her aid in this matter, she never interferes. The hedge sparrow and the robin\* are the two principal birds delegated to officiate on these occasions. They are wisely selected by the cuckoo to be the custodians of her eggs, inasmuch as they are best adapted, from the nature of the food they eat, for the task of feeding her young, when hatched. A few years since the sight of a redbreast feeding a young cuckoo, assisted by the old cuckoo, was witnessed by a most truthful and worthy ornithologist, a friend of mine, now no more. His animated countenance is even now before me, whilst relating minutely, and with intense interest, the singular and ridiculous disparity observable between the natural and the putative parent. The description he gave me of their joint occupation in cramming the lubberly, ill-favored young cuckoo, was too vivid for me easily to forget it. The manner of the relation, too, apart from my friend's known veracity, carried with it the most perfect conviction of its truth. Nor is this by any means a solitary instance of the (latent) natural affection of the cuckoo, implanted by nature, and called forth under peculiar circumstances; for, let me add, the physical strength of small birds is, occasionally, totally inadequate to the heavy duties of filling the maw of so voracious a *gourmand* as a young cuckoo. Like “*Oliver Twist*,” of workhouse notoriety, his constant cry is, “*More! more!*” and greedily impatient is he till he gets it. I would remark, in conclusion, that it is as unfair as it is unwise for your correspondent to try to put down so brusquely, by empty assertion,

\* The nest of the robin, I would observe, is sometimes built in situations quite as accessible as tempting to the cuckoo. It has been so in my own garden; and two years since, early in the morning, I observed a cuckoo very busily watching the movements of a robin, then about to sit. My avocations, however, at that time—for I was constantly away from home—prevented my witnessing what I have since imagined might have taken place.

what is advanced upon the most respectable authority. It is the direct way of preventing those useful additions to our knowledge, which it should be our endeavor as much as it is our interest, always to encourage. In so saying, I speak but the sentiments of *all* true lovers of nature.—  
WILLIAM KIDD, *Hammersmith*.

This letter gave rise to many others on the same side; and the habits of the cuckoo are now much better known than they were. It would be ungenerous in us to dwell on poor Mr. Doubleday's defeat, especially after the rough treatment he received from all quarters. Dr. Morris' final letter, containing the grand summing up, finished him entirely. He had two aiders and abettors, at starting; but they skulked off the moment they smelt powder, and saw the flash in the pan. The last shot was fired in the *Gardeners' Journal*, Nov. 29, 1851. The Editor wrote as follows:—

“We are incidentally reminded of the recent discussions on the habits of the cuckoo, which have elicited so much public attention. The natural history of the bird appears *now* to be tolerably well understood. Indeed, those who have hitherto been so vociferous in their abuse of it, *do* seem ashamed, and are now completely silenced. Their fond and ridiculous theories are for ever demolished. It will be remembered that the FIRST attempt to clear up all mystery in connexion with the cuckoo, originated with Mr. Kidd, the naturalist, who has been unceasing in his endeavors to bring the truth to light. In these he has been ably seconded by a host of practical and experimental philosophers; nor have the columns of the *Gardeners' Journal* been found wanting in the discussion; much new and very valuable matter having therein appeared, quite *à propos* to the inquiry. In his popular and interesting ‘*Essays on Instinct and Reason*’ (see *Gardeners' Chronicle*, Nov. 15,) Mr. Kidd remarks, in connexion with this subject:—

I have not failed to vindicate the ways of Nature on every occasion where her aid is required; and it is pleasing to know that I have been the means, indirectly, of most satisfactorily establishing the fact of the cuckoo on certain occasions feeding her own young. This was, until lately, with some few persons a vexed question. I have elicited, also, most abundant and satisfactory proofs, from men of reputation, observation, and undoubted veracity, that the female *does* utter the well-known cry—“*Cuckoo! Cuckoo!*” and that the parent birds *do* linger with us *until after July*, to give safe conduct to such of their offspring as may have been hatched so late, or even later in the season. And why not?

We must not wonder, but rejoice, that dæmon Nature takes such singular care of her children, and protects them from their earliest infancy in all times of peril and danger. If they offend against her admonitions, as we “*reasonable*” folk do too often, against our better knowledge—then they,



like ourselves, must of course take the consequences. There is but one law in these matters, and woe be to him who transgresses it!

"We cannot but imagine that the 'three notable individuals' who unwisely provoked this controversy, and who so ostentatiously glorified each other in the belief that 'all knowledge centred in themselves alone,' are, ere now, satisfied of their 'mistake.' At all events, the PUBLIC are gainers by their vanity; and so far, so good."

### HUMANITY TO HONEY BEES.

(Continued from page 70, Vol. II.)

What various wonders may observers see  
In a small insect—the sagacious bee!  
Mark how the little untaught builders square  
Their rooms, and in the dark their lodgings rear.  
Nature's mechanics, they unwearied strive,  
And fill with curious labyrinths the hive.  
See what bright strokes of architecture shine  
Through the whole frame—what beauty, what design!  
Each odoriferous cell and waxen tower—  
The yellow pillage of the rifled flower—  
Has twice three sides, the only figure fit  
To which the laborers may their stores commit,  
Without the loss of matter or of room,  
In all the wondrous structures of the comb.

We are living in an age of discovery—an age in which new principles are fast taking the place of the old. Improvements in science and art are daily bursting in upon us from all quarters of the habitable globe; and we can see no good reason why the destructive and cruel system of bee-murder should not be superseded by one of humanity, when we can advance so much in £. s. d. in its favor, to say nothing of the increased interest which must of necessity follow in preserving the lives of those—

Who've spent their summer hours,  
Whate'er their heat,  
That man might eat  
The honey from their flowers.

The management of bees in the bee-hive we now recommend, is so simple and safe, as well as pleasing to the eye of the observer, that it is almost superfluous to offer any remarks respecting the treatment of bees in them; but whatever kind of hive is selected, it should be stocked with an early swarm, which can be procured of any cottage bee-keeper for about ten shillings. Particular care must be taken that the hive is clean and dry; let no sticks be put in the inside of the hive for the bees to build their combs on, they are very troublesome to them—

Who at the roof begin their golden work,  
And build without foundation.

We will now suppose a fine swarm to be safely lodged within the hive, which we will call the "Pavilion of Nature," and in which the queen deposits her eggs; the

young are brought forth in about twenty-one days from the time of swarming, but the development proceeds more slowly in unfavorable, cold seasons. This Pavilion of Nature must never be disturbed, except to clean the floor-board in the autumn and spring. As soon as the thermometer stands at 80 degrees (for all hives should be provided with a thermometer), a glass or other surplus hive may be given them on the top of the pavilion, which should be prepared with a piece of clean comb, melted by the fire or over a candle, just sufficient to make small particles adhere to the glass when pressed against it—thus laying the foundation for a structure of new combs; this will be found of great assistance to the bees, and will prevent any irregularity in their construction. A woollen case should be made for the glass hive, and put over to exclude the light and keep them warm until the bees have commenced building combs; when, if the thermometer in the pavilion reaches 90 deg., a cover of a thinner texture will better answer the purpose. The glass hives manufactured by Apsley Pellatt and Co., of London, are admirably adapted for the purpose, they being made with a hole in the top for ventilation, over which must be fixed a piece of gauze—thus the hot air will escape, and keep the hive at a proper temperature; for bees will not work well while they are kept too hot.

Should summer signs auspicious ride,  
And tubes unfailing pour the balmy tide,  
A full rich harvest, bee-herds, may ye claim  
From the blythe tenants of your crystallised frame.  
But long ere Virgo weaves the robe of sleet,  
Or binds the hoar-frost sandals round her feet,  
Close sealed and sacred leave your toil-worn hosts,  
The last kind dole their waning season boasts;  
Lest, cooped within their walls, the tenants prey  
On hoards reserved to cheer stern winter's day.

Glass surplus hives should be worked on the top of the Pavilion of Nature, after being prepared as above; for if they are given without preparation, the bees will commence building their combs upwards, which being unnatural to them, is a great waste of time, and must be carefully avoided in the working season, which in this country is of short duration. It is to the interest of the apiarian to assist his bees as much as he can—have everything in readiness—never have to look for anything just at the time it is wanted. All surplus hives should be kept in order; and when the bees are in full work, particular care must be taken to keep every part of glass covered, so as effectually to exclude every particle of light, which is very annoying to the bees, and checks their progress; and, in order to prevent the necessity of swarming, let ventilation receive due share of attention, for it is—



Th' excessive rise of temperature alone,  
That drives the royal insect from her throne,  
To some more genial region of the state,  
Where snow-white cells accommodate.  
But, as the heat declines, there may be seen  
Vast numbers congregated round their queen,  
And clinging round the combs as if half dead;  
Hence we infer—how honey bees are bred.

“Encourage your bees,” says Thomas Nutt, “accomodate them, support them, and, by all means, preserve them; and, when seasons are favorable, they will richly reward you for your attention to them.” The hive should never be fixed to the floor-board with mortar or anything of the kind; the bees have a much better way of doing it themselves; but watch and destroy the wax moth, which may be seen hovering about the entrance on a fine summer's evening. Whatever kind of hive is used, it should be well protected from the weather, but not painted—paint stops the pores in the hives and renders them unfit for the purpose.

The expense of the Temple Bee-hives being a bar to their coming into general use amongst cottagers, we would advise those of this class who make their own straw hives, to make the top of the pavilion with wood. Bore two or three holes in it, with a “centre-bit,” one inch in diameter, for the purpose of working glass or other surplus hives, which can be protected by another straw hive being used as a cover to the surplus hives thus placed upon the top. There is no doubt of the preference to be given to wooden boxes, both in point of durability and in affording greater convenience for the bees; for a square shape is much better adapted for the economical placing of the combs than any other.

Our own experience teaches us, that a first swarm build their combs in a right line from front to back; so that when all is completed, the apiarian, on looking in at the window at the back of the pavilion, may see through, between the combs, to the entrance. Second swarms, which are called “casts,” work their combs irregular, and should never be purchased to stock a hive; but two casts united will often make a good stock. We have often been asked how we manage to preserve such a large family of bees in one hive, when we do not allow them to swarm, and never destroy them? To this we reply, that their numbers are reduced so much in the autumn by the destruction of the drones, and the unavoidable deaths they meet with by the thousands of accidents while in search of honey, that a much less space is required for them in winter than in summer.

A colony of bees may be compared to a town which is always well peopled, though during the life of man many changes take place; some are removed by old age, others from other natural causes, whose places are

filled by the young progeny who are daily coming forth. If we examine the wings of the working bee, we find them of a very delicate nature, and not calculated to “weather the storm” through a long life of years; for the bee (unlike the bird) never has new wings; and when the wings of the bee are worn out, it is cast from the hive by the other bees as a useless “member of society.” When a stock is destroyed, it invariably contains some young brood in the combs; and though the life of the working bee has been considered by some to be from seven to ten years, I fully concur with Dr. Bevan, when he says, “it is more than probable that the life of the working bee does not exceed six or seven months.”

It is important that the front of the hive should be shaded from the sun during winter; the entrance so contracted as to allow only one or two bees to come out at one time; and when snow is on the ground, the entrance must be entirely closed with a piece of wire-gauze or perforated zinc, so that no bees can escape, but fresh air freely admitted into the hive.—W. J. PETTITT, *East Cliff, Dover.*

### JOY ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

#### THE LEAF.

I saw one leaf upon a tree remaining,  
Which by a feeble trembling tenure hung;  
The cold chill winds of winter were complaining,  
And heaps of dead leaves, wet with constant raining,  
Were here and there in fitful eddies flung.

Still, in the piercing blast, this lone leaf quivered,  
As though each gust would force it from its hold;  
Or, as it dying were, and feebly shivered  
Ere to the dull cold grasp of Earth delivered,  
And with its dead and rotting brethren rolled.

From the bleak North a fiercer blast came sweeping,  
And from its tottering hold the leaf was hurled  
Down to the ground; the bitter rain seemed  
weeping—

In its sad icy tears the dead leaves steeping—  
While in the rushing wind they madly whirled.

And then it seemed the only hope had parted,  
While desolation did supremely reign;  
'Twas like the last trust of the broken-hearted;  
Yet was a consolation then imparted  
Which eased my spirit of a weight of pain:—

For, as my heart was thus so sadly viewing  
The dying leaf, and seeing but its tomb,  
I thought upon the coming spring, renewing  
All that seemed desolate, and for dead leaves  
strewing  
The laughing Earth with flowers of gayest bloom.

'Tis thus we should for ever look at sorrow—  
But as a casting our dead leaves away  
To give place to a brighter bloom to-morrow:  
And from the fresh 'ning face of Nature borrow,  
All joyous emblems—a perpetual May.

From *Household Words.*



### HABITS OF THE CUCKOO.

A FEW days will most probably see this welcome bird of Spring amongst us again. Whilst we patiently wait her well-remembered song (for, be it remembered, both the female and the male sing), let us hear what Gilbert White says of her habits.

"The CUCKOO never builds a nest for herself, but drops her eggs into the habitation of another, to whom it confides the care of bringing forth its progeny. This kindness it was formerly, and in many places, is believed, the young cuckoo repays by devouring its fostering mother. But this certainly is an error. The disappearance of the foster-nestlings from the nest in which a cuckoo is hatched, is more satisfactorily accounted for by the observations of the late Dr. Jenner, to whom the world was indebted for the inestimable discovery of vaccination. "On the 18th June, 1787," says he, "I examined the nest of a hedge-sparrow (*accentor modularis*), which then contained a cuckoo and three hedge-sparrow's eggs. On examining it the day following, the bird had hatched; but the nest then contained only a young cuckoo and one hedge-sparrow. The nest was placed so near the extremity of a hedge, that I could distinctly see what was going forward in it; and, to my great astonishment, I saw the young cuckoo, though so lately hatched, in the act of turning out the young hedge-sparrow.

"The mode of accomplishing this was very curious. The little animal, with the assistance of its rump and wings, contrived to get the bird upon its back; and making a lodgement for its burthen by elevating its elbows, clambered backwards with it up the side of the nest, till it reached the top, where, resting for a moment, it threw off its load with a jerk, and quite disengaged it from the nest. It remained in this situation for a short time, feeling about with the extremities of its wings, as if to be convinced whether the business was properly executed, and then dropped into the nest again. With these, the extremities of its wings, I have often seen it examine, as it were, an egg and nestling before it began its operations; and the nice sensibilities which these parts seem to possess, seemed sufficiently to compensate the want of sight, which, as yet, it was destitute of. I afterwards put in an egg; and this, by a similar process, was conveyed to the edge of the nest, and thrown out.

"These experiments I have since repeated several times, in different nests, and have always found the young cuckoo disposed to act in the same manner. In climbing up the nest, it sometimes drops its burthen, and thus is foiled in its endeavors; but, after a little respite, the work is resumed, and goes on

almost incessantly till it is effected. The singularity of its shape is well adapted to these purposes; for, different from other newly-hatched birds, its back, from the shoulders downwards, is very broad, with a considerable depression in the middle. This depression seems formed by nature with the design of giving a more secure lodgment to the egg of the hedge-sparrow, or its young one, when the young cuckoo is employed in removing either of them from the nest. When it is about twelve days old, this cavity is filled up, and then the back assumes the shape of nestling birds in general.

"It sometimes happens (which disproves Pliny's statement), that two cuckoo's eggs are deposited in the same nest; and then the young produced from one of them must inevitably perish. Two cuckoos and one hedge-sparrow were hatched in the same nest, and one hedge-sparrow's egg remained unhatched. In a few hours afterwards, a contest began between the cuckoos for the possession of the nest, which continued undetermined until the next afternoon; when one of them, which was somewhat superior in size, turned out the other, together with the young hedge-sparrow and the unhatched egg. The combatants alternately appeared to have the advantage, as each carried the other several times to the top of the nest, and then sank down again, oppressed by the weight of the burthen; till at length, after various efforts, the strongest prevailed; and was afterwards brought up by the hedge-sparrow."—GILBERT WHITE.

### TO A DEPARTED CHILD.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

I SAW THEE smile, in the bloom of health;  
I kiss'd thy cheek as I bless'd thee:  
That smile was sweet, ere the cares of wealth,  
Or the sorrows of life oppress'd thee.

Joy brightly beam'd on thy pretty face,  
And thy pale blue eye shone clearly;  
Smiles left thy lip with a winning grace,  
Assured that we all lov'd thee dearly.

Thou wert too fair for this heartless world;  
Too pure to encounter its anguish,—  
And I trembled lest thou should'st be hurl'd  
In sorrow's wild vortex to languish.

I saw thee again,—how calm thy rest!  
I wept! 'twas madness to mourn thee;  
Thy dear little spirit had join'd the blest,  
In Heaven, where angels had borne thee.

And I saw thee laid in thy little grave,—  
Did I wish to recall thee?—Never!  
Safe thou had'st pass'd over Life's troubled  
wave,  
TO DWELL WITH THE BLESSED FOR EVER!



## AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A DOG—NO. XI.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

(Continued from Page 103.)

HERE I AM AGAIN, MR. EDITOR, well and jolly! The frost, whilst I write, is finally departing; and all nature is preparing to don the new livery of spring. I tell *you* this, because I know you rejoice in everything of the kind. I see, by your last, that we are closely watched by Mr. John Gray, of Glasgow. He calls us "strolling dabblers"—because we record the "curious facts" we have met with in our rambles! Well; as I'm a dog! I nev-er! Do not heed Mr. Gray, sir. We are of another school, and love all the world to share in our pleasures and delights. *Mais revenons à nos moutons*; as BOMBYX ATLAS, my master, says when he sits down to a fine haunch of mutton.

I told you in my last, all about that fearful storm. I shall never forget it. And now, knowing you will sympathise with the horrible feelings of an honest old Dog, within an inch of being swallowed up—and congratulate him, even now, on his lucky escape from the jaw of the fiend, I cannot resist the temptation to give you an account of what occurred to myself some years ago. Nobody can do it half so feelingly, Mr. Editor; and if you had been in my situation, you would think so, too.

I must first say, the house my old master then occupied was the same as that alluded to in Number V. of my Memoirs,—on the road to Chailly. It was a large old-fashioned house, with (fortunately for me) an outside staircase behind the house, which led into a covered balcony. At one end of it, was the dormitory of the German servant; and at the other, a door communicating with the extreme part of the house. This balcony was closed every night by glass windows, opening à la Française; and a door at the top of the staircase, which the German never failed to lock when he passed to his room. The cellar was in front of the house; and, as in most old-fashioned Swiss houses, the door was outside, and opened into Bombyx's garden. With these preliminaries I now proceed.

It was the latter end of January—a bitter cold night, the thermometer Fah. twenty-two degrees below the freezing point; with a sharp bise, and about six inches snow on the plain (capital weather for sledging, of which I shall speak by and by). As usual, about eight o'clock, Bombyx went out to draw his jug of ale for supper. His youngest son held the lantern; and of course I must go to help. The first thing, on getting out of the front-door and looking down the avenue, Bombyx started, exclaiming—"What can those two remarkable green shining spots be? I never observed that before." However, down we went into the cellar. I did not at all like the appearance, I even fancied I smelt something peculiar. The moment the cellar door was opened, I sprang in. Luckily, it was a new tap; and so Bombyx was detained rather longer than usual. Upon coming out, the mysterious light (which the old master said was just like the fiery eyes of some large beast,) had disappeared. Still, nobody had any particular fancy, at this time of night, to go and reconnoitre. A rather unusual hallooing was heard, out on the road, about half-an-hour after; but nothing more.

The very next morning early, Frère Jean, accompanied by half-a-dozen others—each with his gun in his hand, were slowly coming up the avenue to the house, pointing on the ground as they approached. "What's the matter?" says Bombyx. "Oh!" replies Jean—"Ce n'est rien—C'est seulement que le loup a passé par ici." "Is it possible?" said Bombyx. "Then I saw the brute last night about eight o'clock." "Just so," says Jean;—"a little before eight, he was seen on 'Mont benon,' and afterwards on the New Road; and we have traced him up to here. Look at these foot-prints as straight as a ruler, one after the other—that's him! Onward!"

We came close up to the house. "Well, this is a pretty start!" cries Jean. "I suppose he wanted to view Monsieur's 'cava.' Here he has been, down the steps, and across the garden." Only think, Mr. Editor, the brute must actually have passed right down, while myself and Bombyx and the young master were in the cellar. Fancy how stealthily the animal went by! We heard nothing at all. Well; having passed through the garden, he went up across a large field behind the house and into a cross road, by "Bethusy." Here, owing to a drift of snow, there was no further positive trace of him. He had evidently been shifting about a good deal, in this quarter. However, after a great search, we came to the conclusion that he must be concealed at no great distance from this spot—more especially, as there were several thick hedges, and very bushy copses in this neighborhood, which, though denuded of their summer foliage, afforded excellent hiding-places.

"He's certainly not far from here," said Jean, "and he'll not come out till dark, unless he's disturbed; we'll just go and have a bit of 'dèjeunè,' and return; *alors nous lui ferons son affaire.*" "I say, Jean, don't go through the high road," said Bombyx. "Come in here, we'll find some coffee and toast. If any one should see you, they'll be on the scent as soon as yourself, and perhaps get the beast first, and claim the reward."

"Monsieur est trop bon, pourtant c'est bien vrai," said Jean.

Let me just tell you, Mr. Editor, there is a reward of sixty Swiss francs (£3 15s.) for every female wolf, and forty (£2 10s.) for every male, given by the government; also permission to carry the beast about from town to town and from house to house; and you would hardly credit the sum thus obtained. Should the animal also be remarkably fine, it is sometimes purchased for some museum. All I know is, that to catch a female wolf is a capital thing indeed.

Well! it was agreed that, after breakfast, all but Jean should quietly go home by different routes, to avoid suspicion; and that he and the German should every now and then go about slyly and reconnoitre if any other party had got the scent. In about a quarter of an hour after they had all gone, Jean went up to look about; and after remaining some time, returned. "Well, Jean, what news?" "There are others after him," said Jean. "I saw that great 'Grobety' among them, *et parbleu c'est un fin Renard.* I warrant you he'll not miss him if he gets a sight of him."

"Well; it's fair for all. The beast will not move yet, unless he be disturbed." Presently, up goes the German servant and myself; and looking quietly



over the hedge, I heard him say—"Da ist! da ist!" and he turned as pale as a sheet. I peeped through the hedge. Sure enough "Da ist!" said I to myself. There are the very two eyes; and, bless me! what a jaw! (I saw him making a kind of half-savage grin.) I made off as fast as I could, followed by the German; who never expecting anything, had come without his gun. Indeed, that did not matter much, for I doubt his hitting an elephant at three yards' distance. "What is it?" says Jean, "*Oh, la filaine Pête—je l'ai fu.*" Up jumps Jean, sneaking along gently, and followed by the German. But when they got to the hedge, he was off, and a party running and hallooing down the Chailly road. "What a pack of fools!" cried Jean. "It's all over by their stupid noise; the beast will get to *Rovéréaz*, and then—good-bye! catch him if you can."

In a couple of hours they came back. "Well; what news?" cries Jean. "Where did you leave the wolf?" "*Par di!* he has got to the middle of *Rovéréaz*" by this time, and who is to catch him there?" "Not you!" replies Jean; "why could you not go quietly to work?" I could not stop these wild donkeys," said Grobety; "if they had only listened to me when first we caught sight of him at Bethusy, and had let me fire, I warrant you he would not have been at *Rovéréaz*. But one of these stupid must needs fire, and of course the game was up!" "Well, it can't be helped now." All went away together. Nothing happened at night, and we concluded the wolf really was at *Rovéréaz*. The truth, however, was, he was much nearer than was expected.

The night following, it was very fine, though cold; and I had made up my mind for a good cat hunt. But Carlo, for reasons best known to himself, would not join me, being in one of his sulky humors. Well; all was closed down stairs, and the German had given his usual nocturnal salute to Bombyx—"Gut nacht, gnädige Herr," and had gone into his room. It might have been about half-past ten. I was in the field, looking out for sport; when all of a sudden I caught sight of (by Jove!) nothing more nor less than the two large green eyes! I was almost bewitched, and actually stood quite motionless. Fortunately the brute stopped too. I turned one eye towards the room. "If I could only reach there," thought I, "I should be safe.—Happy, fortunate, Carlo!" As I was thus soliloquising, the beast moved towards me. I immediately set up a howl, that could only be equalled by the wolf herself. Off I bolted, making a dreadful noise, to attract the German's attention; and most fortunately succeeded. Hearing the noise, and knowing it was no cat-hunting, he looked out of his window.

I was just springing into the yard, the brute was close upon me; another minute, and I should be dead. I reached the bottom of the back stairs, and tumbled up more dead than alive; the German whistling to encourage me, and waiting behind the door, which he actually banged right in the wolf's phiz. So close did the beast follow me! Off goes a double-barrelled gun, out of the German's window. "Er ist tod; er ist tod!" cried he. The report brought Bombyx with a pair of pistols, and my brother at his heels. "What's the matter, Karl?" "The wolf! the wolf! he nearly caught poor Fino, 'der armer teufel,'

but I have killed him as dead as mutton." Nobody however, felt any inclination to go and verify the German's assertion. We all thought it would do quite as well the next morning, when it turned out that he had lodged the contents of his two barrels in a log of sapin that happened to be against the wall. It did just as well. He had shot something.

"Upon my word, Fino," said my ill-bred brother, "if the wolf had swallowed you up, skin and all, it would only have been what you deserved. You have not got the prudence of a pig in you. You knew the wolf was about; pray, why could you not keep at home?" This was more than flesh and blood could bear, Mr. Editor, and roused my ire to such a degree (half dead as I was), that I seized hold of him, and gave him such a shaking as he does not often get. He was just going to repay me with interest, when Bombyx kicked him down one pair of stairs, and myself down another; and then quietly walked away, leaving us to our reflections. We soon made friends; for we were very fond of each other, notwithstanding our occasional quarrels.

I will just remark that the wolf was tracked to some thick brushwood which grows on each side of the "*Vtachère*," a small rivulet that runs between Chailly and Bel-air. A better "shot" than the German, hit him on the right place; and afterwards I had an opportunity of examining more coolly the terrible jaw from which I so luckily escaped. It was a noble, full-grown female, and brought no little profit to its fortunate possessor.

Convinced you will sympathise with me more than my rude brother, I remain always, dear Mr. Editor, your affectionate friend,

FINO.

Tottenham, March 15th.

## PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

### No. XLI.—PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN.

BY F. J. GALL, M.D.

(Continued from Page 109.)

WE NOW RESUME THE THREAD OF OUR DIS-COURSE—each step we take exciting still deeper interest.

3. IF THE DEVELOPMENT AND THE PERFECTION OF THE CEREBRAL ORGANS HAS NOT BEEN COMPLETE, THE MANIFESTATIONS OF THE RESPECTIVE QUALITIES AND FACULTIES REMAIN EQUALLY INCOMPLETE.

Although the energy of the functions of organs does not depend solely on their development, but also on their excitability, we may yet determine with confidence the degree of development of the brain necessary to its functions. The observations of all ages have established, that the brain is incapable of fulfilling its destiny when its bony case or the cranium has only from thirteen to seventeen inches in circumference, the measure being taken on the most prominent part of the occiput, passing over the temples and the most elevated part of the forehead.

Willis has described the brain of a young man, simple from birth: its volume hardly equals the fifth part of that of an ordinary human brain.



M. Bonn, professor at Amsterdam, possesses two little skulls of idiots, and the brain of a simpleton who lived to the age of twenty-five years. He was so stupid, that, though born at Amsterdam, they made him pass for an African savage, and exhibited him for money. M. Pinel has a similar cranium of a young girl of eleven years, perfectly idiotic. Among the anatomical preparations of the school of medicine at Paris, is also found the undeveloped cranium of an idiot child. I have had two similar skulls drawn, taken from my collection; both are remarkable for their smallness. One is the skull of a child of seven years; the other of a girl of twenty. These two individuals were perfectly imbecile. I have observed heads equally small, in several congenital idiots, still living. All these skulls and heads are from thirteen to fourteen inches in circumference, and eleven to twelve from the root of the nose to the great occipital foramen. If dwarfs, who enjoy their intellectual faculties to a certain degree, appear to form an occasional exception to this law, the size of the head has not been duly noticed; which, in these cases, is always very disproportionate to the rest of the body. Even when the head is a little larger than those which characterise complete imbecility, the intellectual faculties are still almost entirely benumbed.

In the different degrees, which characterise imbecility, the faculties manifest themselves in the same proportion as the brain becomes more perfect in its organisation. Individuals, who are in this degree of development, exhibit some peculiar dispositions and propensities; their gestures become more significant; they go so far as to produce short phrases sufficiently well followed out. The functions thus elevate themselves together with the organisation, until the feebleness of the mind betrays itself in a small number of points, or even in a single point.

We see, by this, that all individuals who are reputed simple, are not completely so. Parents and physicians sometimes have trouble in comprehending how a child, who acquits himself well in all there is to do in the house, and who exhibits exact sensations, sensibility, and even cunning, can be ranged in the class of simpletons. Such is, notwithstanding, the state of many children, who hear, but do not learn to speak. I have directed my attention to this point, while occupying myself with the functions of the sense of hearing; and when I treat of the articulate language peculiar to man, I shall show that this accident has for its cause an organic malady of the brain, and a consequent want of power to exercise all its functions.

At Hamburg, we saw a young man of sixteen, in whom the anterior-inferior parts of the head were well developed; but his forehead was hardly an inch in height, because the anterior-superior parts had been checked in their development; and he enjoyed, in consequence, only the exercise of the functions belonging to the anterior-inferior portion. He learned names, dates, numbers, history, and repeated it all mechanically. But combination, the comparison of ideas and judgment, were entirely wanting. They regarded him with reason, as simple; and could employ him in nothing. I shall have occasion in the course of this work, to cite several

examples which confirm the proposition, that the defective development of the brain, or of particular organs, has always for its result the feebleness of their action.

4. *When the organs of the Mind and Soul have acquired a high degree of development and perfection, there results to these organs a power of manifesting their functions with great energy.*

I shall prove the truth of this result, when I treat of the influence of the development of organs on the exercise of the corresponding faculties. I shall show, at the same time, that when individuals distinguish themselves peculiarly, and in a remarkable manner, by a determinate quality—or when they fall into a fixed idea, propensity, partial mania, or monomania, by too great exaltation, it is almost always the extraordinary development of some particular organ which occasions it. Without now entering into these details, I shall content myself with fixing the attention of my readers on the manifest difference which every one may remark between three sorts of heads, to wit: the heads of idiots, the heads of men whose talents are only moderate, and those of illustrious men, of vast and eminent genius. The first are characterised by their smallness, as we have just seen, and the last by their great size. The heads of idiots, unless the brain be otherwise diseased, are characterised either by deformity, or their smallness; the heads of men of eminent qualities, by their magnitude.

This difference is conspicuously evident in the productions of the fine arts. We see that in their works, which conform to the indications of nature, artists make large heads to denote energetic intellectual qualities, and especially large foreheads; and they give small and depressed foreheads, and a head very strong in the posterior parts, to individuals who distinguish themselves only by qualities of an inferior order. The ancients gave to the statues of their priests and their philosophers much larger foreheads than to those of their gladiators. Remark, especially, the distinction they have adopted in their Jupiter of the capitol; the form of no head has ever been so strongly prominent in the anterior and superior part of the forehead. What a difference between this and the head of Bacchus!

In all the peculiar cases, in which men of talent and genius have not been of large stature, their heads are observed to be disproportionate to the body; and we no longer find the proportions usually adopted for beauty, and which are fixed by the form of Apollo. So long as artists wish only to represent fine forms, they may, without doubt, continue to take Apollo for a model; but if they wish to express a great character, or great talents, they must sacrifice the point of general proportions.

It is in this way that we must explain the errors which several artists have committed. Even in the golden age of Grecian art, they represented Pericles covered with a helmet, to conceal the size of his head. The Athenian poets laughed at this head, because they found it disproportionate to the body of Pericles. I have seen the same fault committed by our modern artists;



they left the head of Napoleon of its natural size; but, in order to establish a proportion conformable to their ideas, they placed it on a colossal body. In general, artists are still, almost everywhere, imbued with the prejudices of antiquity, or with prejudices which some of them have introduced, in relation to what they call beauty. Let them be directed to cut in marble the bust of a great man of the age, and let them meet with unusual prominences—for example, the organ of poetry unusually prominent in the head of Voltaire, they will not fail to plane away, to soften down these inequalities, and even to claim great merit for having thus corrected the faults of nature. These great artists do not know, that one day the organisation will explain to posterity the glory or the shame of these great men; and that it will be by the fidelity of the forms which they will transmit to our grand-children, that men will rectify the partiality and the falsehoods of historians.

Let me be pardoned a little digression on the head of the Venus de Medicis. Artists agree that this small head has been substituted for the true one, which is lost; and yet they all imitate it in defiance of the laws of organisation! With so small a head, every woman would of necessity be a simpleton; and the artists, certainly, will not maintain, that imbecility and beauty can be in harmony.

Those who would satisfy themselves that the favorable development of the organs is always in relation with the more energetic exercise of their functions, have only to examine the heads of men who have distinguished themselves by eminent talents. Let them observe the heads of Socrates, Bacon, Sully, Golbert, Galileo, Boerhave, Haller, Leibnitz, Voltaire, Pascal, Montaigne, &c.

I observe, however, that a man who really merits the title of *great*, but only in a signal relation, will not always have a vast, extended, voluminous head, because he is not endowed with great and extended faculties. The greatest mechanic or architect, the greatest musician, the first painter, &c., may excel in his art, without the whole brain participating in the great development of one or some few of its parts.

5. *It is only by the difference in the organisation of the two sexes, that we are enabled to explain, how certain faculties are more energetic in the Man, and others in the Woman.*

From the different gradations of fibres in the brain of the man and of the woman, Malebranche attempted to account for the difference in their manner of thinking and feeling. The two sexes, both in man and animals, have the same brain, and consequently the same organs. But commonly, some of these organs are more perfect in one sex, and some of the other. The parts of the brain situated towards the anterior-superior part of the forehead, are smaller in most women; thus their foreheads are in general smaller and shorter. They have, on the contrary, the parts situated in the superior region of the occipital bone, much more strongly developed. Their cerebellum is commonly smaller than that of men. We may, consequently, assume as a principle, that, in the heads of women who conform to the

ordinary structure, the diameter from the forehead to the occipital bone is greater, and all the other diameters smaller. Such are the physical differences. Now these differences explain perfectly the superiority of the intellectual faculties in man, and the greater energy of the love of children in women, &c. The two sexes offer, without doubt, a great number of exceptions which are the cause that, frequently, the talents proper to women are met in man, and *vice versa*. But all that I should say here on this point, could not be well understood, until I shall treat more particularly of each organ of the functions which have relation to it. Then only will men be convinced, that if certain organs are smaller in one sex, their functions are also more feeble; and that if other organs are larger, their functions are executed with more energy. It will then be seen, that it is not education, but nature, which, by means of a varied organisation, has assigned to each sex its particular sphere of moral and intellectual activity.

6. *When the conformation of the Brain of several individuals is similar, the propensities and the talents are similar, however different the form of the rest of the body; and when the conformation of the Brain is different, the propensities and talents differ, whatever resemblance may exist in the rest of the body.*

Men of all nations possess all the same essential parts of the brain. Hence, there always has been, and always will be observed, in all nations, the same propensities, talents, moral qualities, and intellectual faculties. The differences are only modifications, as the differences in the cerebral organisation are likewise mere modifications. If certain parts of the brain are generally very much or very little developed in a nation, they will determine the national character, or the talents of which a nation is more particularly possessed or deprived.

It has always been remarked, that the brothers and the sisters who most resemble each other, or who, in the form of their heads, have most resemblance to one of their parents, also resemble each other as to the qualities of the mind and the soul. I know two twins, whom it is difficult to distinguish from each other, and who offer a striking resemblance in their propensities and in their talents. Two other twins, the brothers Fauche, had many traits of resemblance; they were united from their infancy by an extraordinary attachment. I have compared with care the different parts of their heads. In comparing my remarks with their autobiography, which they severally brought me in writing, it was found that my observations were, in all respects, conformable to their own statements of their characters. Wherever the development of their cerebral organs was nearly equal, the respective functions of these organs were the same; in those points in which the different structure of their skulls announced a different development of organs, there existed a difference, not less sensible in their faculties. Of two other twins, of different sex, the boy resembles his mother, a woman of limited capacity; the daughter takes after her father, a man of uncommon talents. The son displays in all things the most humble



mediocrity; the sister, on the contrary, raises herself, in many respects, above her sex.

But, if a case occurs of twins, whose organisation is different, it is in vain that diet, education, examples, and circumstances are similar—there results no resemblance in character. In two twin girls, the head and the physical constitution differ totally. In the one, nature seems to have thought only of developing the bones and the muscles; in the other, she appears to have occupied herself solely with the nervous system. Thus, the first is possessed of very moderate intelligence, while the second is endowed with brilliant qualities.

7. *When the physical Constitution is transmitted from fathers to children, these participate in the same proportion, in their moral qualities and intellectual faculties.*

Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis;  
Est in juvenis, est in equis,  
Patrum virtus.

From the time of Horace, men have never ceased to observe, that certain moral qualities are often propagated for ages in the same family; which proves the close connection between the organisation and the exercise of the moral and intellectual forces. Hence it happens, not only that certain maladies, such as gout, phthisis, deafness, stone, &c., but also certain disorders considered purely moral, are hereditary. Ganbuis speaks of a girl, whose father was possessed by a violent passion for eating human flesh, which induced him to commit several murders. This daughter, though separated from him a long time, and brought up in the midst of respectable persons, was a prey, like her father, to this inconceivable desire of devouring human flesh. Ganbuis, in relating this anecdote, concludes with me, that certain moral qualities are hereditary. I shall, hereafter, cite several instances in which a propensity to theft, to drunkenness, and even the unhappy propensity to suicide, were hereditary. Now, how could these dispositions, good and bad, be transmitted from family to family, were they not founded in organisation?

8. *The state of Waking, of Sleep, and Dreaming, also prove that the exercise of the moral and intellectual faculties is subordinate to organisation.*

If a spiritual substance, independently of organisation, exercised moral and intellectual functions, how could you conceive that this pure spirituality could be fatigued, exhausted; could have need of repose and of sleep? Sleep is nothing but inactivity, the perfect rest of the brain in a state of health. During this suspension of the cerebral functions, the brain receives new forces, and at waking, its functions are performed with facility. If some cerebral organs, irritated by any cause whatever, are put in action, while the action of the others is suspended, there result sensations and ideas which constitute dreams.

The nature of these dreams is almost always in harmony with the physical dispositions of the individual. The young man dreams of pleasure and agreeable events; he swims, he flies with

voluptuous delight; valetudinarians, male and female, meet nothing in their dreams but obstacles and crosses. We dream that we are dying with inflammation of the bowels, and awake with cruel griping. It is the same with somnambulism; and hence, the dependence on the organisation is manifest.

9. *Every thing which sensibly changes, either weakens or irritates the organisation, and especially the Nervous System, and also produces considerable alterations in the exercise of the Mental Faculties.*

It has always been remarked that too rapid an increase, or a hastened development of organs, weakens their special functions.\* This especially happens in the climacteric years or periods of development, of which physicians and physiologists cannot too highly appreciate the importance. The mind, the body, all then suffer at once. The individual is incapable of steady application, and instruction is at once arrested. This state ceases, only, when the interval devoted to this development has been passed; and we readily perceive that this is the case, because the intellectual faculties at once resume all their energy.

On the other hand, if the intellectual organs are developed too early, and kept in a state of excessive activity, there will often result an incurable exhaustion and paralysis of these organs; and it is thus that men of precocious genius sink into mediocrity, and even below it, if the exhaustion has been carried to its highest degree. I have already said, that the intellectual faculties, which are feeble in many children, especially in those which have collections of water in the cavities of the brain, often become strengthened and developed in a very striking manner, when the brain has acquired its complete growth and consistency.

Again, it is a constant observation, that, in hydrocephalic patients, the intellectual faculties are weakened or regained, according as the effusion is increased, or as we succeed in lessening it.

\* This is true in relation to growth in the natural world. A tree is materially injured by hastening its growth. It lives but a short period, and it fails to bear fruit oftener than every other year.

### THE IRISH SHAMROCK.

“THE MORE (says a writer in the Dublin Review) AN IDEA is natural, popular, and traditional, the more it is accepted without examination, and the more readily perpetuated in error.” Thus our “Green immortal Shamrock” is sung by our poets, and accepted as the “chosen leaf” of our country. It is religiously stuck in every man’s hat, who is not ashamed of being a “mere H Irish;” and it is, therefore, a kind of sacrilegious scepticism to doubt its truth. It is really painful to check such devotion, by informing the public they



labor under a delusion ; yet we think the following remarks, the general substance of which has already appeared in the Journal of the Royal Institution, are worth being noticed. It is almost certain that the original plant, to which the "Shamrock" was first applied, was the Wood Sorrel (*Oxalis acetosella*). This would, indeed, seem probable, if from historic evidence we could show, first that the Shamrock, so called, was a plant having a sour taste, and eaten as food—neither of which qualities are possessed by the modern Shamrock (*Trifolium repens*) ; and, secondly, that the Wood Sorrel existed abundantly in Ireland, in ancient times, while the Trifolium family were comparatively unknown there, till a very late period. Let us now examine some few quotations bearing on this subject. The following is from Spenser's "View of the State of Ireland in Elizabeth's reign:"—"Out of every corner of the woods they came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs could not bear them. They spoke like ghosts crying out of their graves ; they did eat carrions, happy if they could find them ; and if they found a plot of water cresses, or *shamrocks*, there they flocked as to a feast for the time." That the Shamrock was eaten, also appears from other authors, as in the following couplet from Wythe's "Abuses Stript and Whipt ;"—

"And for my clothing in a mantle goe,  
And feed on *shamroots* as the Irish doe."

So also, in the "Irish Hudibras," 1689, the following lines:—

"*Shamrogs* and watergrass he shows,  
Which was both *meat*, and *drink*, and close."

The next quotation, from Fynes Morrison, will show that the Shamrock was not only eaten, but had also a sour taste:—"They willingly eate the herbe shamrocke, being of a sharp taste ; which as they run, chased to and fro, they snatch like beastes out of the ditches. This goes to prove that the Shamrock grew in a wild state, in the ditches, whilst we know that the *Trifolium repens*, or white Clover, is by no means of common occurrence in wild and uncultivated spots ; but, on the contrary, it is known to have a great propensity to diffuse itself in improved countries, being one of those plants which the Americans describe as "coming in with cultivation." Again, if the Shamrock be proved by further evidence to have been a wood plant (where the Clover is never found), it would materially strengthen the position we have assumed. The following, from the "Irish Hudibras", where the plant is twice mentioned as being found in a wood, is directly in point:—

"Within a *wood* near to this place,  
There grows a bunch of *three-leaved Grass*,  
Called by the boglanders '*shamroques*,'  
A present for the Queen of Shoges [spirits]."

None of the Trefoils are naturally abundant in Ireland, but have become so by cultivation ; especially locating themselves in dry pastures. None of them are of very ancient standing in the country, having been introduced into Ireland so late as the middle of the seventeenth century, of which a particular account is given in "Master Hartlib's Legacy of Husbandry." The Wood Sorrel possesses all the qualities which would render it appropriate for the national feast, and is even more beautifully three-leaved than the Clover. It was naturally abundant, came out at the proper season (being much earlier than the Clover), shooting forth its delicate leaves and blossoms with the earliest spring. On the whole, it may be justly concluded that the weight of evidence goes to show that the plant first selected as the emblem of Ireland, was the Wood Sorrel.

It may be further observed, that the word "Shamrock" seems a general\* appellation for the Trefoils, or three-leaved plants ; and this being so, the question now arises, what particular member of the great Trifolium family (since we know it is *not* the Wood Sorrel) is *that now selected* as the emblem of Ireland and hence termed, *par excellence*, "The Shamrock?" The Irish names for the *Trifolium repens*, or White Clover, are Seamar-oge, Shamrog, and Shamrock. "This plant," says Threlkeld, who printed the earliest Flora we have of the country, "is worn by the people in their hats, upon the 17th day of March, yearly, called St. Patrick's Day ; it being a current tradition, that by this three-leaved Grass, he emblematically set forth to them the mystery of the Holy Trinity. However that be, when they wet their Seamar-oge, they often commit excess in liquor, which is not a right keeping of a day to the Lord, error generally leading to debauchery." It may, in fine, be asked, how came the national emblem to pass from the *Oxalis acetosella* to the *Trifolium repens*? To account for this substitution is not difficult ; cultivation, which brought in the Trefoil, drove out the Wood Sorrel, which was formerly abundant whilst our extensive woods existed, but afterwards disappeared with them, until the commonest plant became the scarcest, and it was more easy to obtain the Trefoil introduced into the country by artificial cultivation.

\* Gerard says the meadow Trefoils in Ireland are called Shamrocks, and other authors so apply the name.

#### KEEP GOOD COMPANY.

TO BE in company with men of genius without deriving instruction from them, is almost as impossible as to pass through an orange grove without imbibing its perfume.



## Review.

AGROSTOGRAPHIA ; a Treatise on the Cultivated Grasses, and other Herbage and Forage Plants. By PETER LAWSON & SON, *Seedsman to the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland.* Fourth edition. Edinburgh. Private press of P. Lawson & Son.—1853.

One of the clearest, and withal most cheering signs of the times, is the increasing value placed upon the accurate scientific knowledge of their art by the mechanic and manufacturer, not less than the professional man and the mariner. Scarcely a mechanic now, of any respectability, but attends a course of natural philosophy and mathematics ; or a manufacturer but knows the chemistry of the subjects he works. All are improving, because improvement is necessary to keep up with the haltless march of intellect, and the progress of invention.

One class of producers, however, have had little done for their advancement, and we fear, as a body, have not been willing to make a push for themselves—we mean the agriculturists. True, we can point to a few districts where a general knowledge of the chemistry of the soil, plants, and manures, with the principles of machinery, is held to be a valuable adjunct to the *practical experience* which forms the staple commodity among the majority of farmers. It is hardly necessary to say that, while the *general class* have been groaning under the unrestricted importation of corn, the favored few, who could look beyond their stack-yard and their dunghill, have been thriving respectably, and in deed, if not in word, giving defiance to the world.

Any effort made to produce so desirable an object as the enlightenment of the tillers of the soil, must meet with the fervent good wishes of every thinking man. Among many more, of perhaps greater authority, who have embarked in this good fight, are the authors of the little work before us. In 1836, they published their "Agriculturists' Manual," a book replete with information on the kinds and cultivation of every variety of crop, from the blade of grass to the monarch of the forest. The work now under notice treats, as the title indicates, of a certain section of these merely ; and, as might be expected, is only a *later* and more perfect edition of a portion of the Manual. In the preface it is stated, that—

For more than forty years the attention of the authors has been particularly directed to that branch of agriculture which comprises the cultivation of grasses and other herbage and forage plants used for pasturing and feeding cattle. Twenty years ago [in 1833] they drew up the results of their accumulated observations and ex-

periments, with accompanying tables, specifying the kinds and quantities of seeds necessary to be sown for securing proper pasturage ; which observations were the following year published in the "Quarterly Journal of Agriculture." In 1836, after undergoing revision, these tables were republished in the "Agriculturists' Manual."

A continuation of careful and minute trials and comparisons led them, in 1842, again to revise these tables, which were then embodied in the first edition of the present treatise, a second edition of which was called for in 1846, and a third in 1850. The circulation of three large editions of a practical treatise on grasses proves, at least, that considerable attention is now paid to this important subject ; and the authors would fain hope that their efforts to diffuse useful information on this branch of agriculture have, in some degree, been the means of bringing about so satisfactory a result.

The work is divided as follows :—

Chapter I., which treats of the Introduction and Cultivation of Species and Varieties.

Chapter II., which enumerates the Kinds, and specifies the Quantities of Seeds for Sowing down Land to Pasture.

Chapter III., which describes, in a popular manner, the Natural and Artificial Grasses.

From the first of these, we quote two paragraphs in the early history of this branch of husbandry.

Although the Egyptians, Jews, Greeks, and other eminent nations of antiquity, bestowed considerable care on the culture of the cereal grains, pulse, flax, and various other plants, the products of which conduced to the alleviation of their personal wants, by affording either food or clothing ; and although the possession of flocks and herds was among many of these nations deemed indicative both of power and honor—yet it does not appear that the cultivation of plants for the exclusive purpose of feeding cattle, was practised prior to the period when Rome swayed the sceptre over the greater part of the then known world—when her warriors and senators enjoyed, in the culture of their lands, relaxation from the dangers of the battle-field or the cares of the state. Then, in the times which immediately preceded the decline of that mighty empire, the Romans not only grew wheat, far or spelt, barley, beans, &c., for bread ; but they also cultivated lucerne, red clover, vetches, lupines, fenugreek, and other leguminous plants, which they used both in a green and a dried state for feeding their live stock ; and for like purposes they also employed turnip and rape.

In England, while hemp, flax, hops, and buckwheat, in addition to wheat, rye, and barley, were in the sixteenth century reckoned common crops, yet the cultivation of forage and herbage plants was only commenced about the middle of the seventeenth century, with the exception of summer and winter tares or vetches, which are mentioned by the earliest writers on agriculture. John Gerarde, the famous herbalist, surgeon, and traveller, states in his "General History of Plants," published in 1597, that the red clover was sown in fields of the Low Countries, in Italy, and divers



other places beyond the seas ; but makes no mention of its being known in England ; and Sir Richard Weston, who, in 1645, published his travels in Flanders, mentions that in the preceding year he saw a crop of it cut three times in the course of the summer, in the vicinity of Antwerp ; and immediately thereafter, seeds of the Great Clover of Flanders were advertised to be had at the shop of James Long, at the Barge on Billingsgate ! In 1653, Walter Blyth, an agricultural writer, was the first to publish particular directions as to its culture. Sainfoin, or as it was first named, French finger-grass, seems to have been introduced from France in 1651. According to Miller, author of the "Gardener's Dictionary," lucerne was also brought to England from the same country in 1657. Hartlib, in his "Complete Husbandman," published in 1659, recommends the sowing of nonsuch or yellow-clover, under the name of hop-trefoil, from having seen a chalky down in Kent without any other than a scanty vegetation of this plant, maintaining many great sheep and very lusty, so that they were even fit for the butcher.

We have to regret that space will not allow of a few more quotations from this valuable little work ; but hope that its circulation may become so wide that quotation will be unnecessary.

### ONE TOAST MORE !

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOMESTIC LAYS."

ONE toast, my friend, before we move,  
And then to wine adieu ;  
"A flowing glass to those we love,  
The treasured and the true !"  
And look ! more cheerly burns the flame,  
More sparkling beams the wine,  
As though they hailed each gentle name,  
And smiled on mine and thine !

'Tis long since we have met alone,  
To talk of days gone by ;  
When, rainbow-like, hope's colors shone  
On blossoms ne'er to die.  
We've seen those colors fade in air,  
We've seen those blossoms pine ;  
But time has left what's far more dear—  
The love of mine and thine !

When we were boys, 'twas love, still love,  
That seemed life's dearest joy ;  
Now, too, the creed we hold doth prove  
Those feelings of the boy.  
A thousand thoughts have passed away,  
Or changed their first design ;  
While from our hearts, love's changeless ray  
Still shines o'er mine and thine.

And thus, my friend, while others seek  
Those joys which but beguile—  
Be ours reflected from the cheek  
That wears affection's smile.  
While others rove, our home shall prove  
Of social bliss the shrine ;  
And there we'll pledge the wives we love,  
AND DRINK TO MINE AND THINE !

### HINTS TO AMATEUR GARDENERS.

#### THE CALENDAR FOR APRIL.

IT OFTEN HAPPENS that, for want of an opportunity, or from unfavorable weather, many of the operations recommended last month remain undone the beginning of this. However, they must no longer be delayed. This is a month of shower and sunshine ; the one soon chasing the other away. All vegetation is now making rapid progress ; therefore every spare moment may and should be profitably employed. Weeds, especially, if neglected, will speedily flower and shed their seeds ; ensuring a numerous offspring that it will take years to eradicate. As a matter of first importance, then, never allow weeds to flower. Neither let the hoe, during showery weather, remain idle, as it will not only destroy weeds, but encourage a rapid growth of the crops ; and insects, like weeds, may be rendered comparatively scarce by diligence. Adopt prompt measures for their destruction, the moment they are detected ; for, like weeds, if neglected they multiply beyond credibility. All planting in the kitchen-garden in spring and summer should be done in drills, because the plants are more effectually watered ; and the first hoeing, by filling in the drills, acts as an earthing-up also. Some frosty nights usually occur ; the effects of which on fruit-blossoms, young seedlings, and early growths of even hardy plants, must be carefully guarded against. The fluids of plants being now active, a slight frost is capable of doing more mischief than a severe one in winter, when the plants are dormant.

#### FRUIT.

Remove foreright or ill-placed shoots from any trained trees ; grafting may still be performed early in the month. Clear fruit-trees and bushes from suckers ; and keep the ground about them frequently loosened by the hoe ; destroy slugs and snails, likewise caterpillars, as soon as they appear. This is a proper season to layer vines, which is readily done by loosening a convenient and healthy shoot, and making a slit half through the shoot under the eye which it is intended should be the bottom of the future plant, upwards of two or three inches. Then bend it into a pot or in the ground, securing it there with a hooked peg, and tying it upright to a stake to prevent its being broken ; it will be well rooted by November, when it may be permanently transplanted.

#### FLOWERS.

ANNUALS.—The main sowing of hardy kinds should be made this month, as directed in March. The half-hardy kinds may be put in at the end of the month in the same manner as the hardy ones.

AURICULAS when in flower should be protected from the sun or rains, but allow them all the air possible. They should receive regular supplies of water. If manure-water is given



alternately, they will be much benefited; but never water them over the leaves. Polyanthus in pots may be treated in a similar manner.

**BIENNIALS**—as Wallflowers, Brompton and Giant Stocks, Hollyhocks, Campanulas, Sweet Williams, &c., should be planted out early in the month, if not done in autumn; and towards the end, the same kinds may be sown to procure them strong for another season.

**CUTTINGS** of Fuschias, Heliotropes, Salvias, Verbenas, Petunias, &c., may be planted in pots half filled with soil, and plunged in a warm situation—placing over the pot a flat piece of glass to exclude air; or the pot may be placed in the window of a dwelling-room. Many plants rather difficult to root may be struck this way, the sides of the pots acting as a sufficient shade: the piece of glass should be wiped or occasionally turned during damp weather; the earliest shoots of China Roses taken off close to the old wood when about four inches long and treated thus, will make blooming plants by autumn.

**DAHLIAS**.—The old roots should be started to grow, before dividing or planting them. They may be placed in a box of light soil or decayed leaves, and kept moist; setting them out in the sun during the day, and taking them in, or effectually securing them from frost at night, by some Willows and a covering of Ferns. As soon as the shoots are three or four inches long, they may all except one be taken off close to the old timber, and struck either as recommended for other cuttings, or in phials of water, or in damp moss; it is important to preserve the lowermost eyes in plants intended to store away for another season, although cuttings taken off higher up the stem will make equally good flowering plants for the present year. It is unnecessary to strike cuttings if the roots can be divided into as many pieces, each containing an eye, as there are plants required. The buds should be allowed to shoot an inch or two before they are divided. By large cultivators, artificial heat is usually employed to start the Dahlia earlier in the year; but plants started towards the end of this month, under a south wall or in a box, as above, will make stronger and shorter-jointed growths, and usually flower the best.

**CARNATIONS**.—Planting out or potting in large pots must not be delayed.

**MIGNONETTE** should be sown in the open border, and in pots or boxes for flowering in the window, in July; let the soil be mixed with one-half well-rotted dung, in which the plants will grow strong and become less liable to suffer from the effects of heat and dry weather.

**TIGRIDIA PAVONIA** bulbs should now be planted two inches deep.

Watch the advancing buds of Roses; and if the leaves appear curled, search for a grub whose presence this indicates, or the bloom will be destroyed by it. Window plants should be repotted, and the branches trained or thinned out if necessary. Put sticks to any advancing flower-stems. Choice Tulips should be protected from heavy rains, or frost, if possible. Where this cannot be done, shade them from the sun, and water the leaves when frozen early in the day. Clip Box edgings; turn gravel walks, and rake down the beds or borders smooth and neat.

## POULTRY AND MEAT.

### NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE FLESH OF FOWLS is a delicacy of the most substantial kind; and that it is within the reach of the middle classes, and occasionally even of the poor, is a matter that we may well congratulate ourselves upon; for, from the turkey "brazed"\* and roast goose, down to the smaller fry of ducks and chickens, the whole race seems warmly and richly associated with holiday keeping, and with "mirth and jollitie,"—ably supporting the roast beef of Old England, and paving the way for the plum-pudding—those pillars of our national hospitality of which we are justly jealous.

Notwithstanding our love of beef, it is a notorious fact that few at a dinner-party are found to partake of the large joint of beef—the *piece de resistance*, whilst they can get fowl. In an economical point of view, fowl is decidedly preferable to beef; for the weight of bone in the bird, in proportion to his weight of flesh, is very small indeed; whereas the weight of bone in the beast is a large percentage upon the weight of his flesh. Nature having adapted the fowl to rapid transit, has built its bones very thin; and instead of filling them with marrow, as in the beast, she has filled them with air; whilst a beast of burden, like the ox, had to be heavily boned and gristled, to resist the strain upon his system. (It must be borne in mind that "he who buys beef, buys bones.") It is, therefore, evident that, in the country at least, and in most country towns, fowl is cheaper than flesh; in so far as really digestible food is concerned, there being so much waste with the inferior joints of meat, and few can afford to have the *prime of ox-beef*.

Animals are all more or less affected in their general health and character by the food they subsist upon; although we cannot always trace from cause to effect, so clearly as we can in butter tasting, the turnips that the cow has eaten. Dairy-fed pork is the opposite to porkers' flesh that has been fed on butchers' offal. Sheep fed on certain pastures are noted for the superiority of the mutton. The flesh of many sea-birds tastes so *fishy* as to be scarcely eatable. Carnivorous animals and birds of prey are not eaten at all; and unless the editors of public journals, and such like influential parties, cry down the practice of feeding chickens upon flesh meat, we shall very soon find the farm-fed fowl a

\* "Turkey boiled  
Is turkey spoiled,  
And turkey roast  
Is turkey lost;  
But for turkey brazed  
The Lord be praised."—*Old Cookery Book*.



rare bird ; for the transition from fresh roast beef, as recommended by the highest authorities now, to raw carrion, is so very easy, and so much more economical, that we need not wonder at the improvement being very soon tried and in active work !

I should just as soon think of making my dinner off the carcase of a carrion crow, as that of a chicken fed on flesh of any kind. It is a common practice with beginners to give parrots a bone to pick ; and they seem very handy at it. Parrots thus fed, peck their own feathers at moulting time, and get quite disgraceful in plumage. Precisely the same complaint is now raised against domestic poultry, when fed with flesh. They quarrel and peck each other at moulting ; and it is only at such a critical period as moulting time, that we find the want of proper food.

China fowls always moult badly ; so much so, that when they have changed their coat once or twice, they become *turncoats* indeed, and bear no resemblance to the majestic, happy bird with maiden plumage. Had finely-powdered bone been given to birds instead of flesh, the case would have been very different ; for chemical analysis sheweth its fitness, where lime and gelatine are so much needed. But a very little research into the admirable arrangements that Nature has made, to reap that which she hath scattered (or, as the Bible has it, "strawed"), will show that these domestic birds are the gleaners after the reapers ; and the chances are that that which hath been cast upon the earth will be earthy. So we see earths, and even stone, not only admissible into the stomach of the fowl, but actually necessary to be there for its health and well-being. Food containing the same proportion of earth or sand, taken into the stomach of a horse, produces frightful agony and death.

When fowls assume any other character than gleaners and pickers up of crumbs, it must be either at the expense of their own health, or of their owners' profits ; for, leaving out the "crack feeds" of bread soaked in old ale, fresh roast beef, hempseed, candle-makers' greaves, &c. ; and taking only the cheapest grain—barley, for example—at present prices, we have one-third of a peck a week for each hen, or four bushels a year—say 18s., or, if wheat, 27s.

Six dozen of eggs a year, even at 1s. a dozen, is but a poor set-off against such a sum ; and this does not include the cost of keeping the cock bird.

Besides, if chickens reared are to be taken into account, so must the food they eat be accounted for also.

DAVID SANGSTER.

PASSION.—Passionate people are like men who stand upon their heads. They see all things the wrong way.

## THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

SEEK peace, and pursue it, for time flieth fast ;  
This morning we hail may, perhaps, be our last !  
We may see the sun rise (free from sorrow or pain),  
Yet never, oh never, behold it again !

Then part not in anger ; 'tis better to bend,  
Though thou'rt not in the wrong, it may gain thee  
a friend ;

Establish true peace e're the bright sun has set,  
By the ties of affection—forgive and forget !

Seek peace, and pursue it ; tho' lowly thy lot,  
The brightest of blessings will beam on thy cot.  
The home of the wealthy, unblest'd by its smile,  
Knows not the pure joy that can sorrow beguile !

Oh yes ; 'tis a treasure the poorest may prize ;  
A rare gem of beauty, that none dare despise.  
Unsullied by sorrow, in mercy 'tis given,  
To cheer those on earth with a foretaste of Heaven.

Seek peace, and pursue it ; we know not its worth,  
'Tis the blessing our Lord brought from Heaven to  
earth,  
And the angels of Heaven who guarded Him then,  
Sang "peace upon earth and good-will towards  
men."

Let us follow the things that belong to our peace ;  
Let envy, and malice, and enmity cease ;  
When we know we're but pilgrims and sojourners  
here,  
How bitter do all such dissensions appear !

Seek peace, and pursue it ; oh, let not a word  
That would tarnish its brilliancy ever be heard ;  
Bind it close to thy heart, as a trophy of joy,  
That the world cannot give, nor its minions destroy.

Its home is in Heaven. Twin sister of Love,  
It dwells with the bright, happy spirits above.  
Then let not our prayers for its blessings e'er cease,  
OUR GOD IS A GOD OF COMPASSION AND PEACE !

## THOUGHTS ON BORROWING.

TO BORROW anything, is bad habit. The lender is almost invariably "done." In the matter of books, this is *universally* true. When Farquhar was at Trinity College, Dublin, he sent to a gentleman to borrow "Burnett's History of the Reformation." The gentleman sent him word, that "he never lent any book out of his chamber ; but that if he would come there, he should make use of it as long as he pleased." A short time after, the owner of the book sent to borrow Mr. Farquhar's bellows. Mr. F. returned for answer—"I never lend my bellows out of my own chamber ; but if the gentleman would please to come there, he should make use of them as long as he would !"

Some time since, we sent to borrow of a neighbor a long ladder, for the gardener to mount on, whilst trimming a high vine. The answer was—"I never borrow, nor lend ; and I am ten pounds a-year in pocket by it." Our neighbor's reply delighted us ; and we have adopted his principle. WE are *more than* ten pounds in pocket by this !



## ODD FELLOWS.

"An odd man, Lady! every man is odd."  
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.



VARIETY IS, AND EVER HAS BEEN, that wherein mankind most delights. But for its charms, life would become burthensome to many; and society would hardly know how to exist. Well! there can be no complaint on this head; for every day brings with it something new. The world is insane, doubtless; and insanity has a thousand ways of showing itself.

Besides the ordinary forms of insanity, common to those who go at large in the rest of Europe, we English are subject to one variety which is rather peculiar to us, and which is known to the world by the mitigating euphonism of ODDITY.

The plenitude of the liberty of the subject in these kingdoms, gives to the individual so wide a latitude of indulgence in personal peculiarities, as deprives him of much of that wholesome self-control, which is forced upon the natives of more despotic states. "Odd fellows" abound in England and its dependencies. Every country town has, at least, two or three of them; and there is scarcely a club, regiment, or a *coterie*, without its odd fellow. It is truly astonishing, by what minute particulars this species of infirmity may be detected in persons who are otherwise tolerably rational. In one man it transpires in a broad brimmed hat and a curiously built over-coat; in another, it figures under a colored fancy shirt, "egg bound" with massive studs; in another, it lurks under an obstinate rejection of suspenders, and an *hiatus valde defendus* between the waistcoat and the nether habiliment.\* There are those who exhibit it in an undue fondness for short tights and white cotton stockings, on a November morning.

Oddity also breaks out in certain inveterate habits and associations of ideas, which have obtained a settled possession of the mind, and irresistibly direct the will. There are odd fellows, who can only smoke their

pipe in comfort, at a certain house, in a certain chair, at a certain corner of the fire, or using tobacco from a certain tobacconist. A person of this frame of mind will send to Whitechapel for a pound of tea, which he might get as good, or better, at the next door; and this merely because, at some period of his life, it had suited his convenience to buy at that shop. There are mighty decent people, who never slept out of their bed for twenty long years; and who would sooner lose a legacy than visit a dying uncle, if by so doing they should break through the custom. There are odd fellows of rare and splendid talent, who become stark mad once in every twenty-four hours, if the dinner be not punctually served to a minute at the one, uniform, appointed hour; and whose happiness is destroyed for the day, if a single guest arrive before or after the given instant.

A very common symptom of this infirmity, is the dressing better or worse than comports with a man's rank and fortune. Puppyism, indeed, is too common a symptom to be properly termed oddity; and when it arises from an abject spirit of imitation, it does not mount to the dignity of madness, and should be placed to the account merely of folly: where, however, it is original, and it is directed exclusively to the one object of notoriety, it springs from a maniacal vanity, half the world away from sound reason. The reverse of this hallucination, the dressing like a beggar man, with a banker's book that might stiffen Cræsus, has less favor in the eyes of the public; and the patient is at once set down as an avaricious "hunks," who will not afford himself a respectable coat. This judgment is, for the most part, as wide of the mark as the world's guesses at the human heart ordinarily are. The tailor's bill has nothing at all to do with the matter. The man dresses like a blackguard—simply because it pleases his fancy, his indolence, or his indifference so to do; or because he derives a pleasure from setting folks staring at the peculiarity, or from "the distinction" he imagines to have thus created for himself.

Oddity is not always an inherent malady; but may be induced by some shock given to the feelings or affections, which stronger intellects would have withstood. Such is the origin of the oddity of women-haters, who are never at ease when there is a petticoat in the room; because it reminds them of some early disappointment. So, likewise, there are relation-haters, who banish their whole kin from their house because they were once cheated by a first cousin; or because they have detected or suspected an attack upon "their last will and testament" by some toady nephew. What proves the

\* Nor should I omit to chronicle our "odd women," who seem to court the designation of "Odd Fellows." Passing by DOUDNEY'S West-end Clothes-Mart, one evening, I saw on a dummy, "a fashionable lady's equipment," ticketed—"the newest fashion." The front exhibited a man's elongated vest, with large buttons all the way down; surmounted by a man's coat, and wearing other outward signs of the genus *homo*. Doudney, Moses, Hyam, Prew and Co.,—"authorities" all for the fashion of "oddity," let us into many a secret, which, but for them, we should remain in ignorance of. Our gratitude is due, and it is hereby tendered.



insanity of such fancies, is the fact of the odd fellow at last leaving his property to those very relations whom he has thus sedulously shunned!

There are odd fellows who cannot endure an attorney; and whom it is impossible to get to sign their name, even to the lease of a house; and there are some who would rather die than take a dose of physic. A very frequent trait of oddity, is a restless impatience when any one interferes with the management of the fire; or a no less manifest uneasiness if a guest should venture to open and read the newspaper, when it comes from the post—even though the gentleman himself should not be in the house to take the benefit of precedence. I have known some persons, sane in all the ordinary relations of life, who insist on keeping a particular room, or "glory hole," for their own use; into which they will suffer no one to intrude; and they would fall into a paroxysm of absolute fury, if the housemaid, in the spirit of her calling, should presume to dust and arrange it.

Oddity is not peculiar to any one class in society; but churchmen, whether it be from the seclusion of their college-life, or from their habitual indulgence in dictation among their parishioners, contribute to the list of odd fellows in rather a greater proportion than that of their relative numbers in society. At the head of clerical oddities, every one will at once place the celebrated Dean Swift, whose vagaries fill the pages of many a collection of anecdotes. His insisting upon paying Pope and Gay for the supper which they would not allow him to order, on some evening when they dropped in upon him unexpectedly, would alone entitle him to the distinction, if his humorous sense of the absurdity of a Protestant church without Protestant parishioners had not broken forth in the well-known "dearly beloved Roger," and established his claim on still higher ground. The melancholy termination of Swift's career as an "idiot and a show," may be regarded merely as the full development of the malady which governed his early life; but it may be some comfort to the odd fellows at present upon town, to know, that their hallucinations seldom go further; and that it is not every whimsiculous who has the wit to become thoroughly mad. The claims of Dr. Parr to the character of an odd fellow, were too strong to admit of controversy; but the memory of his wig, his Greek, and his eyebrows, are gone with the occasion which gave them utility. Though no clergyman, the leviathan of this class of odd fellows, as he was also esteemed the leviathan of literature, was Dr. Johnson. His oddities were not altogether the most amusing; but he had the luck to pass them off on

his own generation for excellencies, and he throve accordingly. They would not be tolerated *now*.

In the last generation, flourished the long celebrated Doctor Van Butchell; whose reputation as an odd fellow would have stood at the highest, could the world have had assurance of his eccentricities being genuine. Who is there living that remembers his low, round-crowned hat, his bushy beard, and his grey pony with its painted spots; or who visited his pickled wife—and has not been tempted to think so odd a fish downright mad? Yet was he only mad north-north-west; and, when the wind was southerly, he had good reason for these absurdities, which were neither better nor worse than professional advertisements, and very slight exaggerations of the solemn fopperies of the great Doctor —, or the queer-colored carriage of the fashionable Doctor —.

This spurious kind of oddity is an everyday sin of professional life. Half the surgeons and physicians of London "dabble" in it, as far as is consistent with a decent self-respect—well knowing that a plain, sensible, this-world-looking man, who trusts merely to talent and learning, for the goodwill of the public, has no chance of a patient, except it be either *in formâ pauperis* or a country cousin, who, like Daddy Hawthorn, takes physic "to oblige them." If the lawyers are less given to oddity than their medical compeers, it is because their clients are not to be "done" in the same way. The tests of legal merit are too tangible and positive, to admit of a man's getting on at the bar by monkey tricks; and, therefore, monkey tricks are not resorted to. Besides, what oddity out of Bedlam could, in point of the effect, come up to the wig and gown, which is common to them all?

No voice to an organ

's like that of lawyer in his bar-gown,

isa distich quite as true and as applicable now as it was in the days of merry King Charles. But, though oddity be not strictly legal, I would not advise a rising young barrister to brush his coat too sedulously, or be too critical in the tie of his cravat. A certain neglect of dress, and "affectation" of slovenliness, have very considerable charms in the eyes of the attorneys.

Among the many varieties of "Odd fellows," I know none more intolerable than those who seek distinction by what they call "speaking their mind," and have taken to themselves the privilege of saying "whatever comes uppermost." They tread upon the corns of their neighbors' fine feelings with a very careless indifference—they call up the blush of shame, or the red spot of indignation, by *mal-a-propos* allusions—and they probe the half-skinned wounds of affliction with a de-



testable *sang froid*, in the hope of being stared at, and the conviction of being excused on the plea of their odd-fellowship. The world, however, should know that this is, as Sir Hugh says, all "affectation." These gentry are not mad; they are only bad; and they richly deserve a horsewhip for their pains. Not so an unfortunate set of oddities, peculiar to aristocratic circles, or (to be more precise) among estated country gentlemen. These unfortunate persons are chiefly noticeable for a morbid shyness and *mauvais honte*, which plunges them into a thousand eccentricities. The appearance of a stranger, for example, throws them into a flutter; and the necessity of saying "How do you do?" to their banker or their coachmaker, will haunt them for a week beforehand. If they see an unknown face approaching, they will turn down the dirtiest lane to avoid the casual meeting; and, if they have no parliamentary ambition, they double-lock their park-gates to exclude the public. In society, they are only happy with the curate; who is just sufficiently a gentleman to be fit company for them, yet sufficiently dependent to put them perfectly at their ease. The physician they would tolerate, if they saw him oftener; and if they did not suspect him of being either a wit or freethinker. But they enjoy the plenitude of their existence only when, looking from the elevation of the crimson-lined pew of their own church, at the edge of their own domain, they frown terror upon a passive and trembling tenantry. This dread of equals and superiors might be mistaken for humility, and for a constitutional or habitual distrust of self: but the reverse is the truth.

The oddity has its origin very clearly in an insane development of pride. The patient is altogether occupied with himself, and his own consequence. He thinks the eyes of the whole world must be on him, and he fears that his slightest inadvertence will not escape notice. If he is afraid to measure himself with his equals, it is not so much that he thinks he will prove below the standard, but because he is desirous of passing for a giant, and an instinctive knowledge that *omne ignotum pro magnifico est*. A really modest man is at his ease in all societies; for the last thing that enters his mind is, that the world will take the trouble of noticing him, or will care three straws what he thinks, or what he does: but your shy people are so vastly conceited!

Of all the pretenders to oddity, the odd fellows who assume to themselves that title, *par excellence*, and who congregate in clubs for the sake of being facetious, are every way the least worthy of the appellation. Essentially common-place and vulgar, if they are gay, they are mischievous; and, if dull, they are downright stupid. Priding themselves

upon eccentricity, they go to bed as regularly—"drunk as a lord;" and, trading upon their humor, they are as lively as a land-carriage mackerel. The only genuine point of oddity about them, is, that they can find amusement in the nightly repetition of the same jokes and the same songs. They are, for the most part, painstaking tradesmen, with as much imagination as goes to the puffing of a bad article. They mistake brandy-and-water for fun, and tobacco smoke for good company. At bottom, however, they are, in their way, very good sort of persons: and if they do not catch the attention of the world, they do not claim it, but confine their pretensions to oddity very closely to their own family fireside and the club-room.

There remains but *one* "odd fellow" more to be noticed; and of that one there is very little to be said. Whether this arises from anything peculiar and undescribable in his distinguishing traits, or from the rarity of the individuals making the class less worthy of a detailed disquisition, I leave to the sagacity of the reader to determine. If he be a reader of any apprehension worth speaking of, he will not require to be told that the odd fellow in question is, that *rara avis in terris*—AN HONEST MAN!

CIT.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

*Trout introduced in New Zealand.*—I beg to observe that, for the last four or five years, I have successfully carried out the artificial breeding of trout in the Wandle. About two years ago, a gentleman applied to me for some spawn to take out to New Zealand, for the purpose of stocking the rivers *there*. I am glad to say that the experiment has been entirely successful; and he has claimed from the government the reward offered to "the first who would introduce trout into that country." The spawn was taken out in tanks, with Valisneria, according to Mr. Warrington's system.—S. GURNEY, JUN., *Carshalton*.

[To the above, which appeared in the *Agricultural Gazette*," T. G., of Clitheroe, replies as follows:—"Mr. Gurney states in the *Agricultural Gazette*, that he furnished a friend with trout spawn from the Wandle, which he succeeded in hatching and carrying safely to New Zealand, by Mr. Warrington's process of purifying the water by means of the Valisneria. Mr. Gurney would oblige me, and doubtless many other naturalists, if he would describe the process in detail. I fancy I understand Mr. Warrington's plan pretty well; but the fact of trout-spawn hatching in stagnant water is new to me, and it will materially facilitate the breeding of trout and salmon if this can be done regularly. If Mr. Gurney will kindly give all the details, so far as he is aware of them (such as the time the spawn was taken, the size of the vessel it was put into, whether it was deposited upon gravel; the number of plants of Valisneria; how often the water was changed during the voyage;



the length of time between spawning and hatching; the number which arrived in New Zealand alive—with any other particulars which may occur to him),—he will confer a great obligation on natural history. I am the more desirous of learning how long the ova were hatching; because it is now a disputed point. To me, it seems less a matter of time than of temperature. "Ephemera" says, that the ova were 140 days in hatching in the Shinn; whilst here a gentleman of my acquaintance has them hatching in 62 or 63 days from the time of deposition in the gravel. But then he hatches them in spring-water of which the temperature is seldom below 50°; and I am desirous of knowing—whether the passing through the tropics did not hasten the process still more? I have long and frequently heard (indirectly) of Mr. Gurney's success in breeding trout; and hope he will not consider me impatient if I suggest to him the extension of his experiments—not only to salmon, but to the production of hybrids, between the trout and the salmon. This is a problem in natural history which I believe has been solved here; but I would rather it were repeated by an independent observer."—We will, when we receive it, give Mr. Gurney's reply to these questions in full. The matter is one of great public interest.]

*More "Hideous Sacrifices."*—In your last number, Mr. Editor, you very kindly directed the particular attention of your fair readers to the tricks of our large "selling-off linendrapers;" and explained how these swindles upon the pocket and common sense were managed and got up. You spoke, too, of a certain West-end house having dissolved partnership many months ago, and "sold off" the remaining stock at "fearful sacrifices"—realising thereby *for themselves* 400 per cent! That same large establishment, Sir, has *again* just "dissolved partnership!" The very same gigantic swindle is going on upon the very same premises—NEW goods being smuggled in at night (as before), to replace those "great bargains" which have been sold during the day, at "hideous sacrifices," to the victimised public! Let these remarks prove a second warning to your fair readers, for whose further enlightenment I have transcribed the pithy caution of our friend Punch, in connection with *another* branch of the swindling linendrapery trade. Thoroughfares, says he, are just now infested by gangs of suspicious-looking characters, who go about for the purpose of thrusting into our hands, throwing into the windows of cabs and omnibuses, or impudently leaving at our houses, a quantity of printed letters—having the words "From the Commissioners," "Private Issue," and not unfrequently the Royal Arms on the envelope. These things are becoming an intolerable nuisance; not only in London, but in several provincial towns, into which a set of hawkers have intruded themselves. Getting possession of a room at one of the principal inns, they diffuse their fraudulent announcements among the unsuspecting inhabitants. For the instruction of the public, we shall take the liberty of translating one of these swindling circulars into the plain truth; so that people may know what they really have to expect if they visit the "Commission Rooms," "Marts," "Emporiums," "Pub-

lic Halls," or whatever else these dens of dishonesty may be called in town or country. **ALARMING SACRIFICE OF—TRUTH AND HONESTY.** The well-known—and much better known than trusted—firm of SWAG, BRAG, TAG, RAG, AND COMPANY, having purchased, with accommodation bills drawn upon the notorious houses of Swindle, Dwindle, and Co., the whole stock of Damaged Damasks, Rubbishy Stuffs, Short-measure Longcloths, and Bad Goods, have determined to get them cleared off in a few days, so that Swag, Brag, Tag, Rag, and Co., may get clear off themselves before they are traced by their dupes and creditors. The whole must be got rid of without any reserve, but with the usual unblushing impudence; and wholly regardless of cost—to character. Among the principal bargains will be found 5000 Opera Mantles, worth 10s.; present price £1 1s. These elegant articles may be said to be so reduced as to be had for almost nothing, as they are so small that scarcely any use can be made of them. 3000 pieces of Common English Stuff, lately translated into French Merino, and now offered for six times as much as they are worth, as they must be got rid of in order to effect a good riddance. About 1000 dresses in pieces—every dress being in at least eight or nine pieces—but must not be opened before purchase, as time will not allow; at say 6 and 9 per dress. Thousands of Lovely Barèges, at a nominal price—the value being literally nominal. Several Shawls in beautiful designs—the principal design being on the pockets of the public. 170 Dresses at 8 and 6! Very costly—at that price. 1000 Ell-wide Robing Silks at 2 guineas, worth at least ten-shillings. Several pieces of Satin in lengths, greatly reduced—in length, by short measure. 7000 Transparent Encaustic Shawls, at 25 shillings—the transparency being so complete, that the imposition may be seen through immediately. Several thousands of extraordinary Muffs—quite worthy of the purchasers at this establishment. All goods—and bads—must be paid for *before they are taken away*, as, if time were allowed *for inspection*, no one would ever think of paying for them afterwards. Any article complained of will be rectified on inquiring at the other establishment, number 2400, Regent Street, with back entrance in Cheapside.—You may wonder why I take so much interest in this matter; but your wonder will cease when I tell you that, of three fair dupes (who have been seriously victimised by the "hideous sacrifice" mongers) I am the unhappy—FATHER.

[Ought the "victims" in such cases to be pitied—or not? We ourselves saw, in one of these large, swindling establishments in Oxford Street ("dissolving partnership"), an *affiche* to this effect—"One Guinea—would be cheap at Four!" Four what? Question! And yet, a bargain-hunter sees this and *believes it*. If the seller is a swindler—he is;—what is the buyer? We dare not write the word. It will readily suggest itself.]

*How can I impart Color to Oil?*—I wish, Mr. Editor, to ask this question through your columns. The coloring matter must *not* be mineral. The color I require, is either black or brown; and *it must not affect the transparency* of the oil or fatty matter.—VIOLET.

[Will some of our readers kindly step in to the



aid of Violet? By answering her inquiry, they will essentially serve us.]

*The Cod.*—The cod is exclusively an inhabitant of the sea; never even visiting fresh-water streams. It is found only in cold or temperate climates. It does not exist in the Mediterranean, or any other inland sea whose entrance is nearer to the equator than the fortieth degree. It appears, indeed, to be confined to the northern parts of the world, although few have been taken north of Iceland. It abounds, however, on the south and west coasts of that country, and likewise on the coasts of Great Britain and Norway. The cod uniformly keeps in deep water, and never approaches the shore, excepting for the purpose of depositing its spawn. The general weight of the cod is from 14 to 40 pounds. The largest cod ever found on the coast of Great Britain was taken off Scarborough in 1755, and weighed 78 pounds; its length was 5 feet 8 inches, and its girth round the shoulders 5 feet. As indicated by the size of its mouth, stomach, and bowels, it is extremely voracious. It preys upon small fish of every description; the herring and sprat are its favorite food. The cod, however, is far from particular in its choice; for it likewise feeds on worms, mollusca, and crustacea. From thirty to forty small crabs, about an inch and a half in breadth, have been taken from its stomach, and the gastric juice of that organ is so strong that the shells and hardest portions are speedily dissolved by it.—W. F.

*Birds in Town and Birds in the Country.*—The following, Mr. Editor, is worthy attention. In the course of some inquiries made by certain gentlemen, one of whom was Professor Owen, a slaughterman was questioned, who was also a bird-fancier. He had lived in Bear-yard, near Clare-market, exposed to the combined effluvia from a slaughter-house and a tripe factory. He particularly noted, as having a fatal influence on the birds, the stench raised by boiling down the fat from the tripe offal. He said, "You may hang the cage out of the garret window in any house round Bear-yard, and if it be a fresh bird it will be dead in a week." He had previously lived, for a time, in the same neighborhood, in a room over the Portugal-street burial-ground. That place was equally fatal to his birds. He had removed to Vere-street, Clare-market, beyond the smells from those two places, and he was able to keep his birds. In town, however, the ordinary birds did not usually live more than eighteen months; in cages in the country, they would live nine years or more, on the same food. When he particularly wished to preserve a pet bird, he sent it now and then into the country for a change of air.—Do you not think, Mr. Editor, that the currents of air to which birds are exposed in London, often kill them? People appear to me never to imagine such a thing possible!—MARIA P.

[You are quite right Mademoiselle. *Thousands* of birds die annually in London, from catching cold in this way.]

*The Earth, a Furnace.*—It is known as a fact in geology, that below the depth of thirty feet the

earth becomes regularly warmer as we descend. On an average, the increase is at the rate of one degree of Fahr. for every fifth foot. At the bottom of the mines of Cornwall—a depth of one thousand two hundred feet—the thermometer stands at eighty-eight, equal to high summer-heat. At this rate, rocks and metals would be melted twenty miles below the surface; and down in the bowels of the earth several hundred miles, the heat would be ten thousand times hotter than melted iron. Who is there that can wonder at earthquakes, when all things rest on a molten sea of fire?—G.

*The House Sparrow.*—The geographical range of this well known-bird is very extensive. He is common throughout Europe, the islands of the Mediterranean, in the north of Africa, in Asia also, in the Himalayan district, and in various other parts. Everywhere he is the same; at least, under the same circumstances, except indeed in appearance; for how unlike is the smoke-begrimed sparrow of the town to the handsomely-plumaged bird of the country! Everywhere he makes himself at home. The "cloud-capp'd towers" and the poor law union-house, the lowly-thatched cottage and the splendid Gothic mansion, nay, the very palace of the Queen of England herself, one and all bear testimony to the universality of the dispersion of the sparrow, and the self-accommodating nature of his domiciliary visitations. The following pleasing instance of both instinct and affection is mentioned by Mr. Cordeaux:—Living in the City portion of the great metropolis of London, I observed one afternoon, in the aperture generally left for the cellar or kitchen window when underground, an unfledged house sparrow, incapacitated from flying to any distance. It had been inadvertently precipitated down this same dungeon, across which, in an oblique direction, was laid an iron bar, extending within a foot of the surface. The mother was at the top, looking down with pity and alarm at the awkward position of this, perhaps, her only child. Many and ingenious were the attempts on the part both of parent and offspring for the regaining of the latter's lost position; each and all proved futile and unavailing. I looked on with a degree of pleasurable excitement, mixed with fear and anxiety lest the drama should be incomplete by the flying away of the mother and the desertion of the child. But no! Nature's uncalculated ways on these points are perfect and all-sufficient, as this case most beautifully proves; for although each new proposal seemed to be blasted in the carrying out, at length the intelligent creature, after considering for a moment, flies away, returns with a stout straw in its beak, and rests for a few moments on the edge. Then conceive my delight, when the little nestling, after a chirp or two from its mother, learning no doubt the particulars of the project, climbs to the farthest end of the bar, next the ground, receives the proffered straw in its beak, and is raised, to my breathless and unspeakable astonishment, to the earth, on which its now delighted mother stands. It is often remarked what impudent birds are London sparrows; and not without reason. Born and bred in the bustle of the town, they must either live and jostle with the crowd, or look down from the house-tops and die of hunger. Naturally enough, they



prefer the former; and all our town readers will, we are sure, testify to the cool intrepidity with which this familiar bird will pounce upon a bit of bread, or some other tempting morsel, which happens to catch its eye upon the pavement; and with what triumph and exultation it bears it off to its mate, seated on some window-sill or coping-stone above—or followed, perhaps, by three or four disappointed companions, who were a moment too late to seize the spoil.—THE REV. F. O. MORRIS.

*The "Wardian Cases," for growing Plants.*—It has been often said that a love of nature is implanted in the human breast, and that sparks of it survive in the most artificial states of society. It is this, no doubt, that places the mignonette-box and the geranium-pot, in the window of the mechanic or tradesman living in the heart of London, and renders the addition of a bit of ground, some twelve feet square, such an attractive feature of our smaller suburban dwellings. It is true that some well-worn hat or other article of clothing must be annually transformed into geraniums, to replace the unfortunates of the preceding summer. It is equally certain that the possession of the garden aforesaid necessitates a visit to Covent-garden every spring—for a plant must needs be *hardy* to exist more than one year in such a well; but it is all one; the affection for the bit of green is perennial, and survives repeated disappointments—year after year the same hopes are entertained, that things will do better than before—and after all, even if they don't flower quite so well as at Kew, still it is very pleasant to have a few plants of one's own to look at. This love for plants runs through all classes of society, but it is only the well-to-do that can afford to gratify their tastes to the utmost. Green-houses and conservatories, are luxuries attainable by very few of those whose avocations compel them to reside within the influence of our great cities. These owe their best thanks to Mr. Ward, for a discovery which enables everyone to have much of the pleasure of a greenhouse at a very trifling expense. The cases invented by Mr. Ward are constructed with a view to the fulfilment, as nearly as possible, of the natural conditions most favorable to the growth of plants; at the same time excluding those noxious elements with which the atmosphere of great manufacturing cities is always so heavily charged. Mr. Ward was led to the discovery of the principle of his cases in the following manner:—He had frequently endeavored, but without success, to grow some of our British ferns in the yard at the back of his house in Welclose-square—certainly not one of the most favorable spots for such a purpose, even in London. The smoke and other impurities with which the air was loaded by the surrounding manufactories, soon destroyed the plants, and Mr. Ward gave up his attempts at fern-cultivation in despair. Shortly after this, he placed the chrysalis of a moth in some moist earth contained in a bottle covered with a lid. A young fern and a grass soon made their appearance on the surface of the mould. These continued to flourish for four years in their narrow house, and were only destroyed at last by the destruction of the lid of the bottle by rust, and the consequent too free admission of rain water. Here then was the

principle! The lid of the bottle was sufficient to keep in the moisture necessary for the vegetation of the plants, and to keep out those noxious gases which, in the open air, would have proved so fatal to them. This led Mr. Ward to the construction of the cases which bear his name. These may be made use of for various purposes; they enable us to grow many rare and beautiful plants, in situations where they would perish immediately if exposed to the air; they form elegant ornaments in the house or at the windows. They may be employed as substitutes for frames in striking cuttings, or in protecting tender plants during winter; they serve admirably for the transport of plants on long voyages. To the botanist they are invaluable; as, by their means, he may watch the growth of many plants (such as ferns, &c.) which it would be impossible to preserve alive in any other way. Form and size are of little consequence; in the author's own words, anything will do, "from a wide-mouthed quart bottle to a building as large as the Crystal Palace."—A CORRESPONDENT OF "THE FIELD."

*Breeding Canaries, Taming Birds, &c.*—Having Mr. Editor, derived very great advantage from the perusal of OUR JOURNAL, in the pursuit of a pleasant and interesting amusement—viz., the breeding, rearing, and keeping of canaries, &c., the idea has struck me, that possibly it might not be uninteresting to many of your readers if you were to publish the results of some experiments, made for the purpose of testing the value of the advice and suggestions of yourself and numerous correspondents on this subject. I propose, during the ensuing season, to keep an exact account of all proceedings and details connected with the management of my birds; and with your kind permission [pray do so, by all means] will forward for publication in the pages of OUR JOURNAL, extracts from this diary—on points most likely to prove interesting to the general body of your readers, who, I presume, though perhaps not bird-fanciers or keepers, are, like myself, admirers and lovers of the feathered tribe, and of the most common, if not the most interesting of our cage birds—the canary in particular. I do *not* intend to treat my birds in exact accordance with the directions laid down in your various articles on "Song Birds," and elsewhere throughout the previous volumes of the JOURNAL; or to adopt all the suggestions of your various correspondents. I shall try a series of experiments, in order to ascertain the best method of breeding and rearing these beautiful birds. My experience has only been short, yet have I paid considerable attention to the subject; and as I believe that your object is the diffusion of truth and practical information on this, as on all other matters, and as the best means of realising this object is by free and full discussion and inquiry—you will not object to your opinions being put to the test of experience [surely not]. Last year I was very unfortunate; and as it was late in the breeding season when I made your acquaintance, I could not derive the same amount of benefit that I might have done, had I known of the existence of OUR JOURNAL earlier—as far as breeding canaries is concerned. However, by carefully attending to the instructions you have given for their



general management, I have succeeded in keeping my birds in good health; whilst others have lost theirs in great numbers. One person who had thirty canaries last Autumn, at the present time has *not one* left. They have all died. Out of eighteen, I have only lost one; and that was one I had received from London a few days before its death. Your receipt for cold, huskiness, influenza, wheezing, or whatever else it may be called, I have frequently tried; and the boiled milk has been successful in every case but one. An asthmatical old fellow, who I am afraid nothing will cure, sits on his perch like a roll of feathers,—puffing, blowing, and occasionally screaming; yet he eats, drinks, and sleeps well. Having noticed many inquiries in our JOURNAL for directions as to taming birds, I extract the following from “Bechstein’s Chamber Birds,” and may add, that I have repeatedly tried the experiment with various degrees of success, according to the natural temper and disposition of the birds. “A siskin, canary, goldfinch, or chaffinch, is taken (either of which admits of being tamed in half an hour); or a bullfinch or nightingale, which is more difficult and takes longer to tame. In proportion to its wildness, more or less of the inner web of the pinion feathers is cut away; taking care that the bird shall have sufficient power left to fly from the hand without injury, and the natural shape be not affected. It is then smeared near the nostrils with essence of bergamot (or any other powerful essential oil), by which it is rendered for a short time so insensible, that it can be subjected to the training. This consists chiefly in accustoming it to sit tranquilly on the finger, in teaching it to hop from one finger to another, and in preventing it from flying away. It may, it is true, fly away a few times; but this it will not continue to do, especially if taken into a dark place behind a curtain, and it is thus also secured from the risk of injury by flying against the walls or windows. If it at once sit quiet, the finger of the other hand is held beneath it in front, and it is made to step from one to the other; when, the distance being gradually increased, it will speedily hop to it. This being accomplished, the chief difficulty is over; for, if once the bird hop quietly from one finger to the other, it will, on recovering from its insensibility, and observing that its trainer does it no harm, speedily familiarise itself with all kinds of tricks. If it is wished to teach it to eat out of the mouth, it must be kept for a time in the cage without food; and then when sitting upon the finger, its favorite food must be held to it on the tip of the tongue. Hunger soon teaches it to peck. Such tame birds learn also speedily to sing upon the finger. To accomplish this, nothing more is necessary than to induce it, by certain tones, motions, and fondling. The chaffinch will do so, if at its singing time “Yaik, yaik,” is piped to it, and its neck patted; and the bullfinch, also, if stimulated by friendly looks and a motion to and fro of the upper part of the body. But it is still further requisite to observe in this process of training, that to be effectual it should be continued for a longer time than is here laid down. May we not presume that the bird will, in the course of a few weeks, do that freely which has been taught, or rather forced upon it in this short space of time?”—One bird that I sub-

jected to this process, became so tame after two operations, that I can now carry it up and down the house on my finger, and I hope before long to hear it sing while perched on the edge of a cup at tea-time—a seat it is very fond of, as it has plenty of good picking from many little fingers. I will conclude, by mentioning a plan I have adopted for keeping the feet of my birds free from dirt, viz., covering the perches with green baize. This I do by winding a narrow strip of baize spirally round the perch. Before I tried this plan, I found it almost impossible to keep their feet clean, though I used every means I could think of. This answers admirably; I have taken two cages, exactly alike, and put three birds in each. One had the perches covered, and the other had not. They were cleaned at similar intervals; yet all three birds in one cage had to be frequently taken out to have their feet cleaned, while the others with covered perches never had a particle of dirt on their feet.—ALPHA, *Liverpool*.

*The Tortoise*.—I have just purchased a very fine tortoise. At present he is in a state of lethargy; but that, no doubt, is usual at this season. Can any of your readers tell me what these animals consider as luxuries? I am naturally anxious to make him “happy” in his new quarters.—J. J., *Gloucester*.

*Talc as a Substitute for Glass*.—I notice in your Second Volume, page 379, an inquiry by John E., Camberwell, relative to Talc. This differs from glass, inasmuch as it is a natural product, found among schistous, serpentine, and clay-slate rocks. It varies in color, from silvery white to green, greyish and blackish green, and red. It easily separates into layers; and though not very elastic, will bear a blow better than a pane of glass of equal size and thickness. Though it exhibits generally a pearly lustre, I do not like it so well as glass; and I doubt much if it could be had in sufficient quantity, and at so low a rate, as that commodity. Among the many and divers forms in which it occurs, there are three which stand conspicuous. *Crystallised Talc* occurs in rhomboidal masses, and presents a straight cleavage. The usual color is white; often inclining to light green. This is found in serpentine rocks in Saxony, Tyrol, Silesia, Cornwall (in England), and Glen-tilt (in Scotland). *Massive Talc* is less elastic than the foregoing; and often quite opaque. It is found in micaceous schist, and gneiss. The color is frequently apple-green. This is a common form. *Indurated Talc* is massive; of a grey or greenish color, with a curved cleavage. It occurs in primitive formations, as clay-slate, in many countries of Europe. It is also found in Banffshire, and the Shetland Islands. I have been informed by a Russian friend, that he has seen it very commonly used in his country in lieu of glass; but it must be borne in mind that the latter article was very expensive at that time—particularly in the demesne of the Czar.—D.

*A beautiful Discovery, connected with the Cocoons of the Silk-worm*.—I send you, my dear Sir, some very curious particulars, which have just been brought under my notice; and which I consider of sufficient importance to warrant their



insertion in OUR OWN JOURNAL. Physiologists, it would appear, have long since discovered that certain coloring matters, if administered to animals along with their food, possessed the property of entering into the system and tingeing the bones. In this way the bones of swine have been tinged purple by madder; and instances are on record of other animals being similarly affected. No attempt, however, was made to turn this beautiful discovery to account until lately, when Mr. Roulin speculated on what might have been the consequences of administering colored articles of food to *silkworms*, just before spinning their cocoons. His first experiments were conducted with indigo, which he mixed in certain proportions with the mulberry leaves serving the worms for food. The result of this treatment was successful—he obtained *blue* cocoons. Prosecuting still further his experiments, he sought a red coloring matter, capable of being eaten by silkworms without injury resulting. He had some difficulty to find such a coloring matter, at first, but eventually alighted on the *Bignonia chica*. Small portions of this plant having been added to the mulberry leaves, the silkworms consumed the mixture, and produced *red*-colored silk. In this manner the experimenter, who is still prosecuting his researches, hopes to obtain silk, as secreted by the worm, of many other colors.—This is truly a wonderful age, Mr. Editor. Not a day passes without the discovery of something new and useful.—HEARTS-EASE, *Hants*.

*The House-Marten—its Perseverance under Difficulties.*—In the summer of 1851, a pair of martens commenced their nest in front of our house—immediately over a flower-border which had been considerably injured by the refuse of the nests of the preceding year. Everything was resorted to to frighten them away; and the half-built habitation destroyed. No sooner, however, was this done, than they recommenced operations on the same spot; and the persevering little creatures were about their work for the fourth time when I procured a ladder, and having reached the site, well covered it with lard. This prevented their building materials adhering. After well examining the place, nothing daunted, they moved just far enough to escape the grease; and, in a place equally objectionable, constructed their new abode. I then attached four strings to the corners of a small board, and suspended it under the nest (in the manner of a hanging bookshelf). This answered every purpose. The neatness of the flower-border was preserved, and the little brood were reared as happily as though no untoward circumstance had taken place. Last summer, perceiving a commotion amongst some martens, I discovered that a pair of house-sparrows had driven them out, and taken possession of their nests. This was an aggression that called for punishment. Taking my gun from its resting place, I shot both the intruders, when the martens soon returned to their abode. Unfortunately, however, in a few days, another pair of sparrows served them the same trick. Again came forth the instrument of destruction. On this occasion I killed the hen sparrow only; her wary husband had taken the hint, and decamped. I saw him no more. The martens seemed to understand all about it. They again took possession, and remained with us till

summoned by their tribe to revisit the shores of Africa.—J. J., *Gloucester*.

*Ravages by Insects.*—Your interesting correspondent, Puss, who seeks to learn the name of the caterpillar, whose ravages in Sutton Park caused her so much surprise—is informed that it was most probably either that of *Yponomeuta Eronymella*, or *Yponomeuta Padella*. However, not having seen the caterpillar, and not knowing what trees it fed upon, I cannot speak oracularly. If Puss should see anything of the kind in the coming season, let her forward me a few of the offenders through you; and she shall be enlightened by return of post. I gather from her lively style that she is an “early bird,” and a dear lover of nature. If so, let her commence her entomological studies by carefully observing the caterpillars in question. By rising at five o'clock, whilst yet the dew is spangling on their webs, she will see them all at work; and enjoy the sight. The wondrous manœuvres of the larvæ, meeting and passing on the same silken cord, will delight her not a little. Their ascent, descent, and perfect understanding of the routine prescribed them, exceeds belief unless witnessed. Puss, whilst making her observations next summer, will no doubt think of OLD BOMBYX. He will only add, that close scrutiny will verify the fact of these caterpillars being excellent *barometers*, during the brief period of their existence.—BOMBYX ATLAS.

*Naturalists (so called), and their Exclusiveness.*—I am sorry, Mr. Editor, to see occasion for the able article in your last month's JOURNAL, signed “A Strolling Dabbler.” I must, however, approve of its having been inserted, and as cordially agree with the concluding editorial note thereon. I had always fondly hoped, that such excellent publications as the *Naturalist*, and OUR OWN JOURNAL, would have secured and increased that (I may say) “freemasonry” of kindness, and good feeling, which should bind lovers of natural history together. Sorry am I, that my hope has not been altogether a happy one. Now, I feel strongly the ill-natured remark of MR. GRAY (so ably pointed out by your correspondent as occurring at page 262 of the *Naturalist*); inasmuch as I myself have not sufficient time to take up the study entirely as “a science,” but more as an instructive amusement. I must still think, as I have stated in that work, that an interchange of Local Notes and Incidents in a popular magazine, cannot but aid the advancement of the science, and tend to further inquiry on, and the investigation of, many subjects which would otherwise be lost sight of.—JOHN GARLAND, *M. Ent. Soc. &c.—Dorchester*.

[It will readily be believed that our Correspondence with reference to MR. GRAY's coarse and ill-natured comments on his fellow laborers in the field of science, is voluminous. To prove, however, our great dislike of returning evil for evil, we withhold ALL but the above very temperate remonstrance. If MR. GRAY, of whom we know nothing, be a gentleman in the usual acceptance of the word, he will appreciate our delicacy. If otherwise, we shall yet have the pleasure of proving, that the feelings of a gentleman inhabit our own breast. We have had a pardonable laugh or two at his expense; and to



these we shall confine ourself. The poisoned arrow he aimed at OUR heart, fell wide of its mark—very. We *do* love Nature; and above all things, MR GRAY, we love GOOD-NATURE. We shall never sneer at any individual, however humble, who seeks to become acquainted with that which God throws open to ALL; and we are content to leave you "ALONE in your glory."]

*The Mutilated Jackdaw.*—When you recorded in OUR JOURNAL of January, the atrocity committed by some miscreant (name unfortunately unknown), who had cut (nearly) off the lower mandible of a playful jackdaw—you imagined the poor bird would die. So, from the account given, did we all. Wonderful however is it to relate, that it still lives! The annexed appeared in the *Hampshire Advertiser*, of March 12.—"An *Unnaturalist*.—Under this side-head we inserted in our paper of the 1st of January, a paragraph supplied by a correspondent, narrating the monstrous cruelty of some wretch who had mutilated a jackdaw by cutting off nearly half of its lower bill. The poor bird belonged to Mr. Rideout, of No. 7, Mount-place, Blechynden-terrace. It was allowed its liberty, and had made acquaintance with all the neighborhood—calling at the windows, and receiving the tid-bits kept in store for him by many persons. Our paragraph was transmitted to KIDD'S JOURNAL, in which it appeared, accompanied with the condemnatory remarks such an abominable act naturally called forth. MR. KIDD'S lady correspondent recommended, as the most merciful act to "Poor Jack," to have him killed. We have very great pleasure in stating, that the patient kindness of Miss Rideout has rendered the fatal catastrophe unnecessary. We called, a few days ago, to inquire after "Jack," and found him "at home" and in excellent health and spirits. He was called for by name from the garden; flew to the wrist of the messenger, and was placed on the table at which his mistress sat. Jack knew very well what was to follow, and showed his pleasure by a variety of funny movements. His mistress then crumbled portions of biscuit, and fed "Jack" from her lips. Some bits were placed on the table, and he was told to show the visitor that he could eat—he did so with evident reluctance at the trouble, having to lay his side-face on the table; but he can eat nevertheless. The mutilated bill exhibits no signs of growth. Jack is allowed his liberty, but his wings are somewhat pruned to curtail his flights. He calls at the houses of his acquaintances; and his "story" having created a greater interest for him even than before, his patrons and patronesses feed him like his mistress. He returns home early in the evening, and flies to his cage, the door of which is never closed; but he does not pay his morning visits till after he has taken his breakfast at home."—I hope, my dear Sir, this poor bird will show an excess of instinct, by avoiding for the future the fiend who so exulted in torturing him. I only wish that the name of the monster were known to me—how soon would I put you in possession of it!—HEARTS-EASE, *Hants*.

[Oh, Hearts-ease! you are an angel. Thank you for the *wish* you show, to serve the cause of true humanity. Will Miss RIDEOUT kindly say,

if *she* has the key to unlock the mystery? If so, the wretch may yet be dragged into notoriety, and "branded" as he deserves. We should like to endorse him,—"**OUR EDITOR—HIS MARK!**" ]

*Rooks,—are they Enemies or Friends?*—There can be no doubt that rooks, and birds generally, do some damage to wheat-fields; yet, in the case of rooks, I think their benefits to the farmer so far exceed the injuries they do him, that with the exception of the stock he keeps on his farm, I imagine there is no live animal which comes upon it which benefits him so much as the rooks. I admit that they eat grain both at seed-time and harvest, and that they are destructive to potatoes; but for how many weeks in the year are they fed upon the produce of the farmer? Suppose we say two months (which is a liberal allowance, seeing that at the time they are eating wheat and potatoes, they are also feeding upon other things when they can obtain them); what do they feed upon the remaining ten months? What, but grubs, worms, insects, and their larvæ? I once endeavored to estimate the amount of insect-food destroyed by the rooks in a rookery near the town where I was born (belonging to W. Vavasour, Esq.) where it was supposed there were 10,000 rooks. I reckoned that each bird ate a pound of food per week; so that, for five-sixths of the year, they lived entirely upon worms, insects, and their larvæ. Here, then (assuming my data to be correct), there is no less a quantity than 200 tons of destructive vermin eaten by the birds of a single rookery. And when we consider that the larvæ of some of these insects (those of the cockchafer and some others) are in the larvæ state for three years; and are devourers of the farmers' crops the whole of that time—we may find it difficult to realise the amount of destruction which is prevented by the rooks. In some countries, they are eaten up by the grubs of the cockchafer; but here (thanks to the rooks) it is not even known as a destructive insect. The first Lord Ribblesdale was a great friend to the rooks; and I have heard this partiality thus accounted for, viz., that many years ago a flight of locusts visited Craven and threatened to do much damage; but that the rooks came by thousands from all parts of the country, and attacked the locusts so vigorously and successfully, that they were soon exterminated. When we come to reflect on the great portion of the year during which they eat nothing but insect food, we must admit that the benefits they confer upon the farmers in the aggregate, far exceed the injuries they inflict.—T. G., *Clitheroe*.

*The Loss of the "Queen Victoria" Steamer, off the Irish Coast.*—I think, my dear Sir, that the remarks of the diver, who was asked to go down a second time into the cabin of this ill-fated vessel—are well worthy of being immortalised in OUR OWN JOURNAL. They are few, but forcible. And oh! how full of "terrible reality!" The following was received by electric telegraph:—"The plate had previously been saved by the diver, but *nothing can induce him to go down a second time*; for he says that the scene which presented itself in the cabin was the most horrible he had ever witnessed. He relates that on his going down the cabin stairs, he thought that he had entered a wax-



work exhibition—the corpses never having moved from their positions since the vessel went down. There were eighteen or twenty persons in the cabin, all of whom seemed to be holding conversation with each other; and the general appearance of the whole scene was so life-like, that he was almost inclined to believe that some were yet living. From their various positions and countenances, it is evident that they could have no idea of the disaster which was hastening them to so untimely an end. This accounts for the non-finding of the bodies.”—To read this statement of literal facts, while seated comfortably at home, is appalling—truly. But what must the actual sight have been, when vividly presented to the eyes of that diver? Well might he refuse again to witness it!—EMILY P., *Carshalton*.

*Ardent Spirits, Beer, Tobacco, &c.*—As you have spoken your mind so often, so nobly, and so plainly, Mr. Editor, on the use of these most filthy abominations, I make no apology for sending you some statistical facts bearing on the general question. Neither you nor I shall ever succeed in removing the evil; but we have a right to keep on “hinting” at the inevitable consequences resulting from a parley with the enemy. Very recently a Parliamentary paper has been published, in return to a motion made by Mr Hume, showing the number of persons taken into custody for drunkenness and disorderly conduct by the metropolitan police—with similar returns relating to the city of London, and to Edinburgh and Glasgow. From this, we arrive at the following gloomy facts; and get “an idea” of what is *still* going on daily. In 1831, when the metropolitan population amounted to 1,515,585, there were 31,353 persons arrested for drunkenness, and 10,383 for disorderly conduct. Of the drunkards, 11,605 were women, and 19,748 were men. Among the persons who conducted themselves in a disorderly manner, there were 7,287 women and 3,096 men. In 1841, when the population had increased to 2,068,107, the numbers were for drunkenness 15,006, and for disorderly conduct 15,810. There were among the drunkards 5,123 females, and 9,883 males; and among the disorderly, 7,913 women and 7,897 men. In the same year, the city police took up 2,313 persons for drunkenness, and 802 persons for disorderly conduct—among a population, as shown by the census returns, of 123,563 persons. In 1851, when the population of the metropolitan districts had increased to 2,399,004, the total number of persons arrested for drunkenness had decreased to 10,668; 6,207 of whom were men, and 4,461 women; and the total of disorderly persons arrested was 6,138; 2,556 of whom were men, and 3,762 women. In the city the numbers were, in 1851—drunkards arrested, 280; disorderly persons arrested, 681. Edinburgh, with 140,000 inhabitants in 1841, shows 4,824 arrests for drunkenness and disorderly conduct in that year; and in 1851, when the population was 166,000, the arrests were only 2,793; while in Glasgow, with 333,651 inhabitants in 1851, there were 10,012 arrests. I do not ask you, Mr Editor, to grant me more space. My communication is a *multum in parvo* that needs no extension!—CIVIS.

*Sea-Anemone.*—I have read your very interesting paper on polytes, (see p. 28) and now send you a brief description of the manner in which I treated a sea-anemone, which may not, perhaps, be unacceptable. The specimen that I was fortunate enough to obtain, was found at Aberystwith. Its size, when closed, was nearly that of the echinite (commonly called the “sea urchin”), and it resembled a flattened ball of exceedingly transparent and colorless jelly, having merely a dark spot in the centre. Being highly delighted with my treasure, and feeling certain that it was a living mass, the idea of wishing to prolong its existence and to have an opportunity of seeing it fully develop itself, was but natural. With a view to facilitate this, I secured a considerable quantity of fresh sea-water, and had it carefully bottled and corked. I then procured a very large Seidlitz-water glass; and nearly filling it, I placed the anemone in it. For two days it remained seemingly motionless, but it then occurred to me to place the glass in the full blaze of the sun; when, to my great delight, in about ten minutes, I observed a tremulous motion, and, in about a quarter of an hour, the whole of the tentaculæ expanded. What a most beautiful sight presented itself! The hitherto colorless mass had assumed the vivid color and perfect appearance of a fine scarlet French anemone! So long as it was in the sun, it continued expanded, but would immediately commence withdrawing into itself, so soon as I removed it into the shade. Sometimes, it would remain for days together enclosed, when left to itself. I never could discover that it had the slightest disposition to eat; and I conclude that it lived entirely upon the natural supply of nourishment in the sea-water, which I usually changed about once in ten days. When I passed it into other hands, although it had been several weeks in my possession, it seemed perfectly healthy; and I have no doubt it would have existed till the stock of water was exhausted.—  
WATER-LILY.

*“Cupid” and the Revenue.*—The god of love is a wag. He first sets the heart on fire; and then makes people “pay” handsomely for the pleasure he excites. It is the *only* “tax” they pay without a groan! “Never” says the report, “since the introduction of the Penny Postage-rate, has there been so great an amount of correspondence passing through the Post-office at St. Martin’s-le-Grand, as there was on Monday, Feb. 14; that being what was called the ‘Feast of St. Valentine,’ or, in more modern parlance, ‘St. Valentine’s Day.’ Never was there so great an accumulation of correspondence in the earlier part of the morning. No fewer than 40,000 letters had to be delivered within the circle of the London district post alone by the first despatch; and at ten o’clock, the number had increased to 65,000,—a quantity hitherto unprecedented. At eight o’clock in the evening, it appeared that not less than 350,000 letters had been sorted during the day, upon many of which not less than one shilling postage was charged, the major part of which were taken in. Taking these at the rate in the mass of 1½d each postage (a very moderate average), the sum charged to the revenue would amount to £2,604 3s. 4d.; this, in fact, being



only a moiety of the amount returned to the daily sheet by the returns of the provincial officers. During the duty, the men were regaled with roast beef and vegetables, according to annual custom."—T. W.

[Our correspondent has sent us the "dry facts." What of the heaving bosoms, agonising smarts, broken hearts, doubts, hopes, fears, misgivings, may-bes, perhaps-es, and those hidden imaginings that haunt the frenzied brain, &c., &c.? Many a daring act was braved on *that* auspicious morn; many were the arrows discharged from as many fatal bows—the issue of which who shall dare to contemplate? Not we!]

*The Love for Birds.*—It is worthy of remark that many animals, birds in particular, hold a very strong power over many a stout and manly heart. There exists between them an indefinable sympathy, broken only by death. An interesting case in point, recurs to my memory. A few years since, a vessel, laden with linseed, was coming up our river to discharge her cargo at the port. In her course, she ran ashore on some brush-work in the river; and as the tide receded, it was evident to all on board that she must capsize. Just as the order was given for all to get into the boat, alongside, the captain rushed frantically towards the cabin, where hung his pet goldfinch (provincially called the red-cap). Dashing his hand maniacally through the skylight, he reached the cage. He withdrew the latter; and with it, his bird! Who shall paint his horror? The destruction of his vessel was nothing. Where was his companion of many a long voyage? He was cold, stiff—lifeless! The water bursting into the vessel, had filled the cabin with foul air. Goldy's lungs had imbibed the poison. He was rescued—just too late! The sorrows of that jolly Jack Tar may not be told, but surely *his* heart was in the right place!—C. P., *Boston, Lincolnshire.*

[The attachments you speak of, are indeed singular. We have known many such. No person living can appreciate better than ourself, the intensity of love inhabiting the hearts of some of these little creatures. We have had many pets—and lost them. The "parting scene" was sad indeed!]

*Pieris Rapsæ.*—This very morning, Tuesday, Feb. 22, *Pieris Rapsæ* was on the wing. Pray insert this "curious fact," as I am inclined to think it a remarkably early appearance for this country. Only once have I noted it at an earlier date, viz., when I was in Switzerland, Feb. 16, 1849.—BOMBYX ATLAS.

*Instinct and Reason exhibited in the Horse.*—Mr. Gustavus Murray, who rented the farm of Rosskeen, of M'Leod of Callboll, Ross-shire, N.B., had two very handsome black mares, which were companions in harness. The one was called "Peggy," and the other "Bell." In the spring of 1836 each of them produced a foal; which like themselves were handsome, black animals. Many a gentleman, and many a farmer, paused to admire them while they were grazing in view of the road. One day "Peggy" was observed not to graze; but to move languidly about. The fore-

man was, in consequence, ordered to bring her and her foal home. This having been done, and the farrier having arrived, she was pronounced to be dangerously ill. Despite all that could be done for her, she died next day. The men were ordered to give her a decent burial. While doing this, "Bell" was observed to stand towards the park fence; silently and earnestly gazing at that *distant* and melancholy operation. Did she know that "Peggy" was sick? Did she dread that "Peggy" was dead? Let the sequel show. After "Peggy" was duly interred, "Bell" set up a loud and sonorous neigh; which she repeated as long as the men were in view. What could she mean by that neighing? At a consultation which was then held, as to the disposal of the *orphan foal*; one of the servants suggested to try "Bell" with it. A few doubts were at first expressed; but the trial was ordered to be made. "Bell" was sent for. How unusually quiet she stood to be caught! she actually thrust her head into her bridle! With what a melancholy, yet stately step did she walk home! Her very gait told that she guessed she was about to take some extraordinary responsibility upon herself. With some caution she was introduced to her companion's foal; but she was not to be guided by cold caution. Whoever has seen an aunt press a sister's orphan child to her bosom, can picture to himself the rapture with which "Bell" kissed that foal; stretched herself out, and invited him to his natural food. He with some reluctance accepted the proffered boon. Her own foal looked just as any child would look, on seeing a stranger put to his mother's breast—quite dumb-founded. But, quick as thought, away he ran to her other side; and there stood "Bell" with a foal right and left! Could you but have seen the look which she at that time directed towards her master! In it you could easily read, that she not only knew "Peggy" was dead; but that her foal needed a protectress; and that protectress she determined she would herself be. Was there not herein something higher than instinct? Yes, there was a reasoning power exhibited, even superior to that evinced by *some* human beings. What else but reason could have told her that "Peggy's" sickness terminated in death? Or what else could have told her that the animal which had that day been buried was her friend and companion? And what else could have told her, that "Peggy" being dead, her foal required a nurse? Reasoning powers, of a high order, could alone tell her all this, and teach her to adopt that foal and rear it with her own. Moreover, there must be some means by which animals convey their ideas from one to another. For, after the first reluctance exhibited by the orphan foal was surmounted, he showed signs of determination to follow "Bell" as though she were his mother. In about an hour after she was brought in, she was sent out to the park attended by both foals. If the two mares were noticed before; the one mare, nursing the two foals, was now doubly noticed. Few passed the road without paying a tribute of respect to "Bell." She was fully alive to the importance of the charge which she undertook; and well did she discharge it; for towards the close of the season, none but the farm



people could distinguish the real from the adopted foal. In 1839 these foals were disposed of at a public sale, after being broken in for the saddle. Since that time, I lost sight of both "Bell" and her foals.—A. R. M., Coventry.

"Why" and "Because."—WHY is the alarming excrescence which finds a resting place near the centre of a woman's person—a *tergo*, like unto an Historical Romance?—BECAUSE it is a *fiction* "founded" on *fact*.\*—A YOUNG CORRESPONDENT, Oxford.

[We suppress your name, Sir, in consideration of your youth. You are remarkably "fast." We positively tremble for you as you grow up.]

*Tameness of Little Birds.*—I have often been delighted, whilst listening to the details you have given of the tameness of the birds living in your garden, and entering your windows to be fed. An affectionate heart cannot but enjoy these truly "natural" pleasures—so different from those of the giddy world at large! As one of your readers—and "admirers" of course, let me tell my little story. During the past cold and inclement season, our garden, like yours, was the resort of quite "a family" of birds,—the principal were robins, chaffinches, and hedge-sparrows—or, as you familiarly call them, "Dicky Dunnocks." These saucy rogues seemed intuitively to know that I was a friend to their race. They followed me about everywhere. I had such games with them! Sometimes, for the fun of the thing, I would pretend not to see them. At such times I would walk carelessly round the garden; humming a tune, or making believe that I was perusing a letter. Well, Mr. Editor, this would not do. They followed me in my walk; clinging to the trees and bushes on either side, and warbling a soft, musical note to attract my ear. At last, I fairly burst out laughing at their manoeuvres; and it was hard to say which enjoyed the fun most,—I or my pensioners. We were well-matched! I have, however, a complaint to make of my pets; for they were shockingly quarrelsome. The chaffinches were even more pugnacious than the robins—doing battle whenever I fed them. The females were, I am sorry to say, as bad as the males. Talking of the robins, I had such a game with two of them, one cold morning! I was feeding a fine handsome fellow, with a bold, speaking eye, when, in a fit of jealousy, a rival made a dash at him, and tore out a whole "bunch" of feathers! I picked them up, and had the curiosity (woman-like) to count them. There were *only* eighteen. Didn't I scowl at the red-breasted savage! What cared he? Nothing. My last game was with such a very tame little fellow! Taking up some half-dozen meal-worms, I threw him one of uncommon size. This he snapped in halves. The first half he hopped away with, and swallowed it. Returning for the other, it was gone, and he had not seen the going of it! I had. His rival, watching his opportunity, had darted down with the velocity of lightning, and put his appropriation *claws* upon it. It was swal-

lowed in an instant. The disappointment of my pet was extreme; so I gave him another. *This*, you may be sure, went no further! Our robins are now shy; and busily employed in building and sitting. Still they notice us, and "bob" to us as we pass.—HEARTS-EASE, *Hants*.

[Many thanks, fair maiden, for these little racy anecdotes. You have imagined rightly, that they would interest us and our readers. The pair of robins about which our pen has been so often eloquent, are now sitting. They have built their nest on a shelf in the greenhouse, close to the dwelling-house. It is in one corner, based on an old japanned dressing box, over which a pair of garden-shears, in an upright position, are carelessly placed. Between the handles, is the place of entrance and exit. It was as good as a play to watch the construction of that nest, and see the large mouthfuls of dead leaves, hay and hair, that were carried in. We were invited to look, and we did look; and no doubt we shall see, as we have before seen, the exodus of the "happy family" when fledged. Our wrens, dunnocks, and thrushes, are all equally tame; and we look daily for the nightingales and blackcaps to complete "the band" that always sojourns with us in Spring and Summer. If we could only prevail upon our neighbors to lay aside their murderous guns, who could be more happy than we and our "little families?"]

*Pillar Roses.*—To ornament a garden, there is no kind of shrub, however beautiful, so well adapted to take various forms as the rose. It can be used as a dwarf, to fill the smallest beds; as a bush, to plant amongst evergreens; and as a tall standard to form avenues of roses on each side of a noble walk. In the centre of larger circular beds, it is often planted in groups, with half-standards around, and dwarfs in the front; thus forming an amphitheatre of roses, which, when in bloom, is one of the finest sights in the floral garden. Again, as climbers, to ornament the amateur's villa, or the more humble abode of the cottager. Also, to plant against bare walls and palings, forming drooping shrubs, when budded on high standards, waving gracefully their boughs, laden with fragrance and bloom, in the warm gales of summer and autumn. What can be more desirable? All these forms are certainly very pleasing; but, however elegant their appearance, still none of them show off the beauty and grandeur of the rose so effectively as training it upwards to a pillar. In the gardens of the gentry of this country, pillars for roses are frequently made of iron rods, with arches of the same, or small chains hung loosely from pillar to pillar, so as to form beautiful festoons of those lovely flowers. These arches and chain festoons of roses on each side a terrace-walk have a splendid effect. Sometimes the arch is thrown over the walk only, and the roses trained accordingly. Those persons who may feel disposed to erect iron pillars, can easily ascertain their cost of any respectable ironmonger. They may be either made of a single upright rod, or with four rods at about nine inches distant from each other; thus forming a square pillar, fastened with cross pieces of strong wire. The rose may be planted in the centre, and the branches as they grow be trained to each corner rod, and the small shoots arranged

\* What will Mr. John Gray, of Glasgow, say to *this* "curious (but solid) fact?"—ED. K. J.



between them. Bring all the shoots to the outside, and do not allow any to twine round the rod. Tie them to each, with bass matting or small string, as they can then be easily loosened from the pillars whenever they require painting—an operation that must not be neglected, as the iron would soon rust, and thereby injure the plants, and be very unsightly. Previously to planting the roses, the soil should be rendered rich; so that they may grow quickly, flower freely, and cover the pillars, arches, and festoons, as soon as possible. This rather modern and pleasing mode of culture cannot be too strongly recommended; and for that purpose, if expense be an object, poles, either of oak, ash, hazel, or larch, may be used by fixing them firmly in the ground in a triangular shape, three feet apart at the base—the ends being brought together at the top, and tied with some strong tarred cord or stout copper wire. Then three roses of the same variety, or of different kinds, according to taste, can be planted one at the foot of each pole, and trained so that when in full foliage and blossom a handsome tall pyramid will become apparent, formed of the beautiful and odoriferous “Queen of Flowers.”—R. M.

*Chrysanthemums for Seed.*—Your near neighbor, Mr. Salter, of Hammersmith, has a paper in the *Florist* I see, about growing Chrysanthemums for seed. To prove that this may be done, he mentions that they are often in flower in France in April and May. Cuttings are struck in September or October, and kept in a close frame through the winter. These bloom in spring; and Mr. S. suggests that, with the summer sunshine before them, there would be no difficulty in obtaining good seed from such plants.—J. D., Fulham.

*Sugar made from Maize.*—A patent has been granted to an American for making sugar from maize. He boils the meal with water and sulphuric acid, by which brown sugar is produced, held in solution with the acid. To separate the latter, chalk is introduced, with which it combines, and falls to the bottom of the boiler. The strength of the acid is not diminished, nor its quantity lessened; so that the same vitriol would suffice to convert into sugar an indefinite quantity of meal.—W. A.

*Triphaena Pronuba.*—This morning, Feb. 27, I beheld to my great amazement, a fine male *Pronuba* just fresh out of the chrysalis. This is too remarkable an occurrence not to be recorded. More particularly as this fellow was brought up by myself, together with about 150 others, *all of which are still in chrysalis*. The usual time for the appearance of this moth, is in June and July. These were reared from the egg, and the whole of the brood were hatched on the 25th of August last. Being an old practical “dabbler,” I have naturally witnessed many “curious facts” in entomology, but seldom any more curious than the one I now bring under your notice. I may mention here, that *Arctia Lubricipeda* likewise made his appearance *ex pupâ* yesterday. He, however, is so odd a creature, that I am never surprised to see him at any time.—BOMBYX ATLAS, Feb. 27.

*A singular Land-slip in Ireland.*—One of those curious phenomena, a moving bog, was recently witnessed on the lands of Enagh Monmore, the estate of Marcus Keane, Esq. A tract of bog, about a mile in circumference, was observed to be deeply fissured. Shortly afterwards, the whole mass commenced moving in an easterly direction, and continued in motion twenty-four hours. During that period of time, it accomplished a movement of about eighty perches to the east of its former position; and the result has been the exposure of a quantity of bog timber, which was previously covered with peat to the depth of fifteen feet. The cause of the land-slip is supposed to have been the accumulation of water in a slough which occupied the centre of the bog. It now covers a piece of ground from which the turf has been cut away.—J. TRACY.

*The Victoria Regia.*—M. Otte, of Hamburg, has published in the *Garten-und Blumenzeitung*, some observations on the heat acquired by the flowers of the *Victoria* at the time of their expansion. The experiment was made on the second evening the flower opened. At fifty minutes past six, the temperature of the air, in the house, was 80°, of the water, 79°, and of the interior of the flower, 87°. At six minutes past seven, the air was 77°, the water 79°, the interior of the flower, 88°. The development of heat by flowers, during their expansion, is not a fact new to science. Numerous experiments have, at different times, been made upon it; nevertheless, the subject is interesting, and as everything relative to the “queen of flowers” now attracts so much attention, this phenomenon should not be lost sight of, by those who will now soon have opportunities for investigating it.—R. M.

*The Larvæ of Insects.*—I see by Mr. Miller's remarks, in your last number, that he has had his patience sorely tried, whilst endeavoring to bring up *Bombyx Rubi*. I am not surprised at it. I know the gentleman well, but I think I can inform Mr. M. how he will be more successful another season. In the first place he must give him his natural food. He will not touch *Bramble*, (although called *Rubi*), nor *Willow*. Try him with *Violet*, *Hearts' Ease*, *Dandelion*, *Ground Ivy*, *Dead Nettle*, and you will see him feed, and get plump. In Autumn build him a nice little house, and give him a garden with plenty of the above low-growing herbs; but let the walls of the garden, and windows of his lodging, be so protected that he cannot get out. Be sure that he is protected both from heavy rain and severe frost, and I think you will find yourself amply rewarded for your trouble. If Sir, you should have a great many caterpillars, and will send half-a-dozen to me, you shall have the produce, or know the result. It is always a queer fellow to bring up. I have generally lost one third,—sometimes more than that. With respect to *Neustria*, it is quite true their voracity is most ungentlemanly. I had almost said uncaterpillarly. They will eat almost anything, although not quite omnivorous. I am afraid, Sir, you pet them too much. If you wish for a few nests, I shall be most happy to supply you. Give them the first thing that comes to hand. They are not particular. But, observe, during the *first week* of their ex-



istence, they must have the *tenderest* leaves, and, at all times, the greatest attention must be paid to *cleanliness*. Be careful never to touch a caterpillar with *warm* hands, and never give it its food *when wet*. I generally rear about a couple of hundred *Potatoria*, and never otherwise than on *Bromus Sterilis* and *Arvenis*. May I, in conclusion, ask you, Sir, to tell me how you bring up *Potatoria*—by feeding them with *water*? I have never heard of this plan, and should be extremely curious to know it before next season, in order that I might compare it with my own.—BOMBYX ATLAS, *Tottenham*.

*A Happy Mouse*.—Knowing how ably and how kindly you advocate the cause of all domestic pets, I venture to give you a brief history of my happy life; hoping it may be the means of some other of my dear little relations being equally fortunate and happy. I must premise that I belong to a very amiable mistress, whose name is "Anne" [all ladies named "Anne" are amiable], and she is one of the younger daughters of "Bombyx Atlas," whom for shortness I will call "B." Now, it happened rather more than two years ago, that "B." was fluttering about Great St. Andrew Street, Holborn (a strange locality at such a strange season of the year, for such a large exotic as "B." to choose), when he suddenly stopped opposite a window, in front of which my miserable cage was placed. I did not escape his eye. Ever accustomed to watch all Nature's creatures, my funny little body was soon perceived; and I saw by the twinkle of his optics, that my fate was sealed; so, fearing to excite more of his curiosity (being perfectly ignorant as to what my fate might be), I ran in-doors and hid myself. But it was too late. "Show me that little fawn-colored mouse, if you please," said "B.," and my cruel mistress brought me out, as well as my little brother and sister. The business was soon settled. I was purchased, packed up, and taken home. When my cage was opened, I saw a large black dog called "Fino," and he opened such a dreadful mouth! I thought it was all over with us—cage and all. Judge of my surprise, then, at finding myself placed in a nice new cage; so clean and so neat! with some delicious bread and milk. I was coaxed too, and played with, by "B." and my dear new mistress. Well, though I trembled so much when first I saw him, yet did I soon get accustomed to the old gentleman, who himself cleaned out my cage regularly every morning before he had his own breakfast. After a time, I had a little family; and "B." was so pleased with my children, that he bought a new house for us, and made us quite happy. Bless his old heart, Mr. Editor! After I had been six months in the family, I was named "Little Downy," my sister "Velvet," and my brother "Silkes." These names were taken from a very interesting little volume, entitled "The History of Little Downy; or, the Life of a Field Mouse," by Susannah Strickland, which "B." gave my little mistress some six years ago, at Lausanne, in Switzerland. I am now two years old, as are also my sister and brother; and I am dignified by the name of *Queen Downy*. My dear old master never eats his breakfast until he has made my cage clean, sweet, and comfortable; and my fond little mistress feeds me,

and brings me all kinds of dainties. This kindness does not end with *me*. I have seven children of different ages, and the same care is equally extended to them. Their names are "Wilful," "Sprightly," "Fawny," "Snowdrop," "Pink-Eyes," "Brown-Paw," and "Crocus." I have also a numerous progeny in this neighborhood, and at Wyckham Market, Suffolk. Myself, my brother, and my sister, inhabit a beautiful palace; and my seven children another, and a more capacious one, close by me. We occupy a nice corner in "B.'s" little study, and a snug corner it is too! There sits my old master, writing to the Editor of our JOURNAL, on one side of the cosy table; and his favorite FINO on the other—a large black cat stretched before the fire, and a dear little redpole opposite to my palace. Nay, Mr. Editor, I once saw your own smiling countenance in the said little room, when you drank Fino's health in a glass of ale. [Hush!] Now some people object to us poor little mice, because we are "dirty things." This is libellous. Only let them follow the kind example of my master and his daughter Anne, and clean our palaces regularly every day—giving us sweet wholesome food, and I am certain you will not find that we deserve such abuse. No; and we will enliven your apartment very much indeed, by our merry, active, cheerful movements. Ought I not to bless the day when first my master caught sight of my tiny body in St. Andrew St.; and am I not a happy mouse? In conclusion, let me recommend the "History of Little Downy; or, the Field Mouse," by Susannah Strickland, to every kind-hearted young lady; and may it induce them to keep a pair of pet mice! May they afford as much amusement to their mistress as I do to mine; and may they be as happy as your affectionate—LITTLE DOWNY, *Tottenham*, March 15.

*What is "the cause" of the various Fogs that arise?*—Will you, Sir, be so kind as to explain to me the origin of fog? Does it ascend or descend? Please tell me, as I have heard conflicting opinions.—A YOUTHFUL INQUIRER.

[The very common, but mistaken idea that the fog which we see of an evening hanging over low meadows, and by the sides of streams, is *ascending*, arises very naturally from our first observing it in low places; and, as the cool of the evening advances, remarking that it ascends to higher land. The fact is, however—not that the damp is ascending, but that, from the coldness of those situations, they are the first places which condense the before invisible vapor. As the cold of the evening advances, the condensation takes place at a higher level. A large portion of the vapor ascends to the upper regions of the atmosphere, where it cools, and becomes visible to us in the form of clouds; and increasing in density by cooling, they gradually descend nearer to the earth—until at last, becoming too condensed by the loss of heat, they fall in rain, to be again returned in endless succession.]

*Gold Fish*.—The beautiful little fish, called in this country "gold and silver fish," were originally natives of China and Japan. In these countries they are held in great estimation, and are called Kingu. From China, the English carried some of them to St. Helena; and from thence the captain



of one of our East India ships brought some of them to England in the year 1728.—ELIZA G.

*The Gapes in Fowls.*—How can I remove from the throat of my suffering birds, the worm that prevents them from eating their food? They pine sadly, and hide away in corners.—DOROTHY T.

[Take a soft feather. Strip it to within an inch of the bottom, and carefully put it down the invalid's throat. After twirling it rapidly round between your hands, and quickly withdrawing it, the enemy will be found adhering to the feather. To facilitate this operation, place the chicken between your knees.]

*Arrivals of Strange Birds in Cornwall, and Devonshire generally.*—During the month of February, many birds not generally seen hereabout, flocked to this neighborhood in large numbers. I am no ornithologist, but all who enjoy the power of observation who were hereabout during the early part of February, could not help seeing some of the many strange birds driven south by stress of weather. Amongst these were the lapwings, or pee-weets of many localities. On one occasion, I saw fully two hundred of them on about an acre of meadow grass. The natives have shot many of them for stuffing. Golden plovers are another species that came to see us—a very shy bird likewise, yet some of them fell a prey to the amateur sportsman. The water wag-tails, as they are called in the north, likewise came in goodly numbers. In some instances these birds will soon become as familiar as the gardeners' well-known acquaintance, the little pugnacious robin-redbreast. Many goldfinches were seen; some of them were found to have died from the effects of the cold. Starlings were resorting to the more sheltered portions of the higher grounds, and every now and again passing and repassing in considerable flocks, keeping up amongst themselves an incessant chatter. Since about the 20th ult., the above-named migratory inhabitants have apparently nearly all taken themselves off from this neighborhood. The lapwing is so seldom seen here, that many persons had never observed any of them before. Moorhens, likewise, came in immense numbers, and many water-fowl; all testifying to the severity of the weather throughout Great Britain.—G. DAWSON, *Cornwall, March 5.*

*Introduction of the India Pink into Europe.*—The following extract from the delightful book of Mr. Stirling, the "Cloister Life of Charles V.," may be interesting to your readers:—"From Tunis he is said to have brought not only the best of his laurels, but the pretty flower called Indian Pink, sending it from the African shore to his garden in Spain, whence in time it won its way into every cottage garden in Europe. Yuste was a very Paradise for these simple tastes and harmless pleasures. The Emperor spent part of the summer in embellishing the ground immediately below his windows; he raised a terrace on which he placed a fountain, and laid out a parterre, and beneath it he formed a second parterre; planted like the first with flowers and Orange trees. Amongst his poultry were some Indian fowls, sent him by the Bishop of Placencia. He also caused

a couple of fish-ponds to be formed with the water of the adjoining brook, and stored one of them with trout and the other with tench. It was evidently his wish to render himself comfortable in the retreat where he had a reasonable prospect of passing many years."—DODMAN.

*Sagacity of the Sheep Dog, or Collie.*—On the 18th February says the *Banffshire Mail*, the shepherds on the extensive grazing grounds belonging to Captain Grant, Achorachan, Glenlivat, were compelled, in consequence of the heavy falls of snow, to drive the sheep from the high grounds. It turned out that sixty head were missing. For these, instant search was made by the shepherds. For a long time, no clue was got to the missing animals, and the shepherds were nearly exhausted with fatigue; when one of their dogs was seen digging a hole in the snow with its fore feet. The shepherds went to the spot; and down the hole made by the animal, one of the men thrust a stick, and instantly discovered by the motion that he touched a living animal. The men now all set to work; and after removing snow to the depth of some six or eight feet, found the whole of the missing sheep all huddled together. Had it not been for the timely discovery, it is more than probable that not one of the sheep would have been left unsmothered.—E. S.

*Death in the Pot.*—Alas, Mr. Editor, what a world we live in! We can neither eat, nor drink, without danger. Read what is now going the round of the press; and tremble, if you be "a man given to appetite." We are warned to mark yonder portly individual. He has scarcely passed the period of maturity we are told, and yet he incessantly complains of ailments which the art of no physician has yet been enabled to reach. His health is evidently breaking; his system has struggled long against the ravages of an insidious foe. Probably the water with which his domicile is supplied, besides being tainted with all the foulness that a "London Company" can impart, is received into leaden cisterns, which are fast corroding from the action of carbonic acid; and are thus hourly tending to bring their victim to the grave, by means slow but sure, and terrible as sure. At breakfast, his tea, colored (as it commonly is) with Prussian blue, chromate of lead, or carbonate of copper, adds to the already poisonous nature of the water with which it is combined. His bread, if he resides in London, is certainly adulterated with alum, not improbably plaster of Paris or sand. His beer is "doctored" with *coccus Indicus*, grains of Paradise, quassia, &c. Those ghirkins, of emerald hue, that appear so innocent, and, consequently so tempting in their prismatic jar, owe their seductive beauty to one of the deadliest poisons in all the range of chemistry! The verdant apricots in that tart, are attractive from the same baneful cause! The anchovy-paste, produced contemporaneously with the cheese, if analysed, would be found to consist of an amalgam of decayed sprats, Venetian red, and red lead. Nay, that double-Gloucester itself is not free from contamination. Its color is due to annatto; and that annatto has been compounded of red lead, chrome, and ochre. The



oil in that salad has possibly come from Paris, where incredible quantities are manufactured at the knacker's yard! Whole carcasses of horses being there boiled down, the fat is resolved into its component stearine and elaine; the former being converted into candles, and the latter into *olive* oil.—But I will stop here—hoping that some good may come out of the knowledge of so much evil!—JANE R., *Chiswick*.

*Mr. Stephens' Cabinets of British Insects.*—British Entomologists will be pleased to learn that the Trustees of the British Museum have purchased the whole of the late Mr. J. F. Stephens' Cabinets of British Insects. As the Collection contains the whole of the typical specimens described by Marsham in the "Entomologia Britannica," a considerable number of those described by Haworth in his "Lepidoptera Britannica," and the whole of those described in Mr. Stephens' "Illustrations of British Entomology"—the acquisition of this collection is of course a matter of national interest.—W.

"*The Ladies' Petition.*"—AS OUR JOURNAL treats of "Things in General,"—may I ask what you think, Mr. Editor, of the monster petition of the Ladies of England, on the subject of American Slavery? Though a woman myself, I really blush for my sex. Tell me—am I right?—SUSANNA.

[Yes, Lady Susanna; you are right. The "twenty-six volumes, folio, of Signatures," got up by our masculine women of England, will stand as an indelible "mark of impertinence" so long as time shall last. They have had one decent trimming already—they richly deserve another. How brightly Woman shines in her own sphere! But let her once pass the bounds of decorum—and where will she not run to! "Clever Women," and "Political Women," are our mortal aversion.]

*Evergreen Shrubs introduced into Flower Gardens.*—It would justly be considered, at the present day, a retrograde movement in gardening practice to train or trim trees and shrubs in representation of animal life; and such figures, however skilfully formed, cannot be ornamental, but rather indicate a whimsical and childish taste. There can be nothing more pleasing to the eye than symmetry of form, as represented in the gigantic formation of our forest trees that occupy individual stations in the park or lawn, or the finely-balanced proportions of our less imposing shrubs forming single specimens or massed in groups, towards the limits or boundary of the flower gardens. That shrubs and flowers, as separate objects, possess beauty independent of one another, is willingly admitted; yet a visit to the flower gardens at the present time, forces the evident truth before us that, with a great amount of labor, time, and expense, we are only remunerated by a fine display of color for a very short period of time; and until that time again comes round, we have nothing to look upon but the empty and desolate appearance of the flower beds. That this order of things is absolutely necessary, cannot be—at least in its widest sense; for if there is a shadow of reason why oranges, and other tender shrubs in boxes, should occupy prominent situations in the flower-garden in summer,

there is a necessity for supplying their places with some of our hardy ornamental shrubs, which can be kept in reserve for that purpose. Planting up the empty beds would rather be a matter of consideration of time and labor, than any difficulty in the operation; and very little extra trouble would be involved in keeping plants for the express purpose. An arrangement of this sort seems highly necessary—at least where the flower garden is contiguous to the mansion; and by introducing choice varieties of shrubs, patches of early-flowering heath, and margining the beds with different-colored crocus, and other early-flowering bulbs, the whole effect would be lively and pleasing.—G. F.

*Chance, or Design?*—In what confusion, says the good Derham, must the world for ever have been, but for the variety which we find to exist in the faces, the voices, and handwritings of men! No security of person, no certainty of possession, no justice between man and man, no distinction between good and bad, friends and foes, father and child, husband and wife, male and female—all would have been exposed to malice, fraud, forgery, and oppression. But now man's face can distinguish him in the light, his voice in the dark; and his handwriting can speak for him though absent, and be his witness to all generations. Did this happen by chance, or is it not a manifest, as well as an admirable indication of a Divine superintendence?—Infidelity, Mr. Editor, must surely "blush" sometimes! What a horrible wretch an atheist must be!—AMELIA C.

[Yes, dear Minnie. Such characters lie down like monsters, and rise up mere cumberers of the ground. Hating their Creator, they try to poison all the streams through which His many mercies flow. Do such people, Minnie, read OUR JOURNAL? Oh, no!]

*Insects.—Cossus, Cerura; &c.*—Thanks, many, to BOMBYX ATLAS, for his kind information. As regards *Cossus*, I have tried no particular method for rearing it, beyond supplying it with fresh wood; but it could neither be induced to eat, nor to change its state. I have another now,—a small one, procured a few weeks since. How shall I manage him? Do they exist as larvæ for one year, or for three years? This is variously stated in different books. Should I be able to secure any more of the eggs I was unsuccessful with, I will certainly avail myself of BOMBYX's kind offer immediately. I cannot now for one moment doubt the fact with regard to *Cerura*, after the confirmation it has received. However, I should be very sorry, in this instance, to have *ocular demonstration*. I think myself very fortunate in having escaped their discharge. While rearing them last year, they were certainly very compassionate to a young and unskilful entomologist. I have experienced great pleasure in reading the communications sent by BOMBYX to OUR JOURNAL; and should feel much obliged to him, if he could give any information as to the best method of obtaining caterpillars.—CERURA, *Pimlico*.

PLATONIC AFFECTION.—Love full-fledged,—eagerly watching for the first fine day to fly.



## THE POETRY OF LIFE.

Oh, never had the Poet's lute a hope,  
 An aim so glorious as it now may have  
 In this our social state; where petty cares  
 And mercenary interests only look  
 Upon the *present's* littleness, and shrink  
 From the bold *future*, and the stately *past*.  
 'Tis the POET'S gift to melt these frozen waters.

L. E. L.



HEREVER WE MAY  
 CHANCE TO BE, we never  
 fail to make good use both  
 of our eyes and of our ears.  
 Nor have we ever found any  
 valid reason for deviating  
 from this our general rule;

every day adding something to what we knew before.

Seated, a few days since, in a snug corner of a well-frequented hotel, a name not altogether unknown to us was frequently and earnestly repeated by two individuals from whose gaze we were fortunately concealed. That name was our own—and the subject of conversation was THIS VERY JOURNAL. Naturally interested, we listened—and as naturally expected to “hear no good” of ourself. In this expectation we were, however, agreeably disappointed.

It appeared that the two disputants were canvassing the merits of OUR JOURNAL; both warmly applauding its matter and its manner, and considering it calculated to be of great public service. One of the parties, however, marvelled that *poetry* should find such a place in it. His companion asked, what *could* be his motive for so odd a remark; seeing that Poetry was the presiding genius of the periodical? The reply was, that the dissentient “never read poetry—did not like poetry; *it was so dry*.” For *his* part, “he could not understand it, and always skipped it as he did the speeches of members of Parliament, reported in the newspapers. *All the rest was EXCELLENT*.”—OUR JOURNAL compared with parliamentary speeches!!

Well; as we feel quite sure that this article will come under the immediate eye of the two speakers referred to, let us quietly argue the point with the gentleman who sees no beauty in poetry. Perhaps if his friend kindly seconds us, we may yet make a convert of him; and give a fresh zest to his future pleasures in life. He cannot, we surmise, have numbered more than four-and-twenty summers; and his experience, we imagine, must have been very limited. Yet did his presence greatly interest us, as the remarks we are about to offer will show. We write the more forcibly, in consequence of the conversation that reached our ear.

Poetry, although hardly to be defined in words, is that which sets aside all that morbid feeling which is observable in the world at large. It moves in an orbit of its

own, and dispenses around it a perfectly pure atmosphere. It ridicules trifles, and makes the best of everything that happens. There is poetry in the smallest action of life—poetry in rendering a little service, poetry in returning thanks for it; poetry in receiving, feeling, and acknowledging those thanks. This refined feeling renders life a garden of flowers, and creates a sympathy in genial hearts which is perfectly indescribable. Most of our readers enter readily into the nature and truth of our remarks.

Feeling thus, when we go abroad for a walk we see everything in our path with a loving eye. We are not disposed to look on the dark side of nature. We want everybody to love what we love; to see with our eyes; to feel with our heart. Nor is it unusual, in the genial months now opening upon us, to find many a frank disposition harmonising with our own. The only thing to be lamented is, the evanescent feeling. It changes too often with time and circumstance. The impression is neither deep nor lasting. It might be so, but for circumstances. It is a too close contact with sordid and mean spirits, that has such a powerful influence over the ingenuous mind! “Like priest like people,” is an adage true of the domestic hearth, as it is of the conventicle.

Many a stroll have we had in a lovely lane; and many a strolling companion have we fraternised with in our rambles. Somehow—we cannot give a reason—heart seems to respond to heart, and sympathy finds itself a resting-place. We meet, we walk, we gossip, we innocently touch some tender chord. Distance melts away. The chance companion of a morning's ramble carries home with her half our heart; and, if we never meet again, the remembrance of such an interview is “sweet.” Brother, sister, friend; all and each have we met by turns.

These rambles are now “on.” The sun, who at this season is ALL poetry, instinctively calls us forth; and as naturally finds us a companion. We are not long in reading the heart. One glance keeps us dumb, or unlocks our sympathies; and when we *do* find our counterpart, who more happy than we? If such feelings, such companions, such an interchange of thoughts, be not poetical, then are we a stranger to the true meaning of the word poetry. There would be more of this enjoyment felt, if we were a less artificial people; but when the winter comes, the poetry, alas! of spring and summer vanish, and we descend to the regions of cold, icy prose! Nature, in England, is only used as a convenience. She is not idolised—not worshipped. We talk of her, but are ever at war with her.

We have been speaking of poetry, and eulogising it in its application to matters of



every-day life. It may not be amiss, before closing this article, to give ADDISON'S beautiful definition of a poet. It embodies in its fulness all we can conceive of excellence in the human heart. Of all feelings, poetry is the most sublime. It creates and sustains innocence, and imparts a perfect purity of mind.

The poet, says Addison, is *not* obliged to attend Nature in the slow advances she makes from one season to another, or to observe her conduct in the successive production of plants and flowers. He may draw into his description all the beauties of spring and autumn, *and make the whole year contribute something to render it the more agreeable.* His rose-trees, woodbines, and jessamines may flower together; and his beds be covered at the same time with lilies, violets, and amarantus. *His soil is not restrained to any particular set of plants; but is proper either for oaks or myrtles, and adapts itself to the products of every climate.* Oranges may grow wild in it; myrrh may be met with in every hedge; and if he thinks it proper to have a grove of spices, he can quickly command sun enough to raise it. Nay, he can make several new species of flowers; with rich scents and higher colors than any that grow in the gardens of Nature. His concerts of birds may be as full and harmonious, and his woods as thick and gloomy as he pleases. He is at no more expense in a long vista than in a short one; and can as easily throw his cascades from a precipice of half a mile high as from one of twenty yards. He has his choice of the winds, and can turn the course of his rivers, in all the variety of meanders that are most delightful to the reader's imagination.

With such instinctive powers as these, no wonder that a true poet, or a lover of Nature (for they are both "one") should be a happy man. Neither can we wonder if he labor hard to make others as happy as himself. Our time here is very short. Why should we not, whilst we live, "enjoy" that which is so completely within our reach?

#### NOTES BY A NATURALIST.

##### A WET DAY IN KESWICK.

IMAGINE A WET DAY in a place of summer resort; and you have one of the most miserable pictures which can be presented to the mind of a pleasure-seeking traveller. The streets are flowing with a solution of clay and other solubles, and the rain is running in dirty streams down the whitewashed faces of the inns, or perchance, down the equally dirty face of the stable-boy, who undoes the reeking horses from some shandy-dan, whose occupants, tempted by a momentary gleam of sunshine, darted off to the waterfall, and now re-

turn with faces which ruefully express their unanimous opinion that they have had enough of water, for the present.

And then, to look at the windows and notice the phrenological and physiognomical developments! and the many expedients employed by the storm-staid to express, or hide their disappointment! It is enough to draw pity from the bosom of a Timon; or to make a Jacques laugh.

In a town like Keswick, situated in the very midst of the country where rain seems to be fostered, if not born, it is necessary to have some other, and more intellectual, amusement than sitting at the windows of the inn, admiring the different expressions of countenance exhibited in the windows opposite; or watching the floods of water wandering down the two narrow streets, (I could never find their names) which, after skirting the Town-hall, meet and pour their waters into the milky way of the main street, the union forcibly reminding us of a capsized capital Y. Perhaps no little town would be more fortunate in wet days. We do not refer to the comforts of the inns; or the books contained in them, and in the circulating libraries. These we care little about, as we can have them at home. What we want here is, something interesting in connection with the country which we are in; and about which, even the softest drawing-room tourist would like to know a little. Well, there are two exhibitions especially fitted for wet-day-visits, though profitably visited on dry days as well—and these are, the Museum and the Model.

The day being wet, we had rushed down the street so far as the post-office; and while waiting at the window for our letters, we were astonished by the sight of the jaws of a whale acting as portals over a door to our left hand. We glanced at the sign above, and the mystery was at once cleared up. There we saw, in gold letters—we like gold letters, they always read so smooth—"Cross-thwaite's Museum." This was too much to be resisted; so in we went—not, of course, looking for anything like a British Museum, but expecting to find a little food for reflection, and amusement for part of a wet day. Passing some interesting Roman relics of ponderous size, we ascended the stair; and were received in the first room by the fair expositor. The museum, like every other, consists of Antiquities, and Natural History specimens. Among the former are some good vases, fibulæ, and other articles of *vertu*; also a sword, evidently of Roman make, with scabbard in good preservation, found at Embleton, nine miles from Keswick; and an eagle, which seems to have formed a portion of the decoratives of some warrior's helmet. These were among the most beautiful. One



table is covered with old books, in the wood and leather binding of the middle ages. The following are the titles of a few:—"Book of Psalms," in Latin, printed at Paris in 1488. "Saint Augustine on the Trinity," also in Latin, 1489. "Latimer's Sermons," 1562. "Black-letter Bible," 1613; and, most interesting of all, as showing the perseverance of the monkish pen-men, a neatly written "Manuscript Church Catechism," in 233 closely-penned pages, by C. B. Modest man! he might have done future generations the kindness of telling them the full name of him who, in 1622, spent so many days and months in such a task.

Here, too, we have battle-axes and other weapons of the ancient Celts, made mostly of stone, but a few good ones in bronze. Besides these, there are seven small cases of coins, some of them of great beauty. I can merely refer now to a gun, used in France before the invention of the double-barrel; and if not identical with, at least very similar in principle to the far-famed "Colt's Revolver." Of course there are some hundreds more of choice objects, generally looked at with veneration as antiquities; but as my antiquarian researches date long before the time of the Celts and Romans, I turn to *real* antiquities in the shape of fossils. Of these there is a by no means contemptible show. They consist of Stigmarias—one of exceeding beauty—Calamites, Lepidodendrons, Sigillarias, Sphenopteris, Neuropteris, Pecopteris, fine Ammonites, and not a few good bivalves. The collection of minerals contains, I believe, all the rocky productions of Cumberland, and forms on a small scale, a complete museum of the Economic Geology of the district.

Besides these, there are other relics which form a *transition* between geological and historical antiquities. These consist of skulls and other bones, dug from the diluvium; there are two heads of bisons from near Carlisle; a third from Hawick, in Scotland; and a fine pair of red deer antlers, from Ennerdale. Few in these days but have read or heard of the famous musical stones; and I dare say comparatively few know that the first set put up were the work of Peter Crossthwaite. On a wooden stand, which bears testimony to the time it has occupied its corner in the principal room, are sixteen pieces of Hornblende slate, arranged in order, headed by a card half a century old. There is an inscription on it, in the handwriting of the discoverer, of which the following is the first paragraph:—"Here lie 16 stones, reduced to music by the author of this Museum, who found them in the bed of Greta River, from 12 to 18 furlongs east of Keswick."

Leaving six-legged rats, the double-headed calf, red Indians' heads, vertebræ of whales,

boa-constrictors, sharks' jaws, sea-unicorns' horns, and the pectinate snout of the saw-fish, we turned into a room known as Captain Wordsworth's, from the fact of most of the objects contained in it having been presented by that gentleman, (a brother of the poet), to the museum. The most conspicuous object in it, is a large albatross, brought by him from the Cape of Good Hope. The room also contains a Polar bear, although indifferently stuffed; and many other interesting articles, which I could name; but as I have no intention of writing a catalogue, I refrain, leaving more unmentioned than my perseverance, or the reader's patience, would sanction. And now, while this little flash of sunshine lasts, let us run up the street to the Town Hall, first of course entering our names in the visitors' book, among many illustrious, and not a few, as yet, unknown autographs.

The Town-hall of Keswick is rather an old piece of work, belonging to no particular order. It partakes, in its upper part, of the appearance of a church, which resemblance is heightened by a steeple with a one-handed clock; while the lower, or ground flat, is nothing more than a dismal shed. Never mind the building, but get inside; and here a large table of irregular form, presenting no fewer than nine sides, forms the base-work of the model; and supports, on a space about thirteen feet by nine, some twelve hundred square miles of country; ranging from Seberghan on the north to Rampside, beyond Furness Abbey on the south; and from the long straggling town of Shap, famous for the peculiar granite of the district, on the east; extending to Egremont on the west, the former distance being fifty-one miles, and the latter thirty-seven. From this it will be noticed, that the scale is three inches to the mile; a rule applying to its perpendicular dimensions, as well as its horizontal. It is usual for us, on looking at a model, as well as a map, to take up our position at the south end; a habit in all likelihood, acquired at school,—and on doing so, the first thing which strikes us in Mr. Flintoft's model is, the natural outline formed by the aqueous element, which surrounds one-third of the country shown; stretching from Netherton, to the mouth of the Trent. Two large estuaries here pour into the sea; that on the right being the river Leven, which receives the waters of the lakes, Grasmere, Rydal, and Windermere; and this on the left, the Duddon; which forms a fine natural bay, with an entrance of about a mile in width. No fewer than sixteen lakes are seen, besides fifty-two smaller pieces of water known as Tarns; some of them of great beauty, and situated so much as 2,000 feet or more above the level of the sea.

The great feature however, presented by this comprehensive view of the country, is the



disposition, outline, and comparative height of the different mountains; all of which are correctly given in the model. Thus we have, at the south-west corner, Black Comb—a rounded hill, almost entirely detached from any others; and in the far north, the fine Skiddaw group, consisting of Skiddaw proper, Saddleback, Latrigg, and numerous others of less dimensions, forming, as it were, an isolated patch, and terminating the land of lakes and mountains. These, however, are the only hills forming independent groups.

Towards the centre of the model, are seen two high hills; one presenting several rugged heads, or pikes, known as Scawfell Pikes, (rising 3,160 feet); and the other with a rounded top, not unlike the gable of a house in outline; and hence called Great Gable; its height being 2,925 feet. From these, nearly all the hills and vallies in this immense tract seem to take their rise. Wordsworth remarked, many years ago, that these two hills seemed to form the nave of a wheel, whose spokes were represented by the dales. This it would be difficult to prove to one's mind, by a view from the top of even Scawfell Pike itself. So many unforeseen difficulties come in the way; and it is only in a model formed on a good scale, that we can be perfectly satisfied. Indeed such a grand view as we have here, could not be attained unless we were raised through one-half of the atmosphere; and then, only, weather permitting.

Next to correctness in form, beauty of coloring is an indispensable element in a good model, and here Mr. Flintoft has succeeded admirably. The combination of the two has such a lively effect on the mind, that the gazer almost fancies, when looking on some pretty little patch, that he is a

"Child of the country, wild and free;"

and a wish, something like Montgomery's, rises involuntarily, especially if the day be wet:—

I long to climb those old grey rocks,  
Glide with yon river to the deep;  
Range the green hills with herds and flocks,  
Free as the roebuck run and leap;  
Then mount the lark's victorious wing,  
And from the depth of ether sing.

The model is the result of six years' undivided labor; and an experience extending over a long series of years, aided by an ingenious and well-trained mind.

Well; the rain has disappeared, and promises to return no more to-day; so we make off for the lake or some other favorite retreat, for the remainder of the afternoon. Well pleased are we with what we have seen, and more than pleased with the urbanity of the parties whose exhibition we have visited; and determined to avail ourselves of their kind invitation to return "free" as often as we can find it convenient to do so. D.

## BATHING,—ITS USE AND ABUSE.

BY SIR ARTHUR CLARKE.

We do our nature wrong,  
Neglecting overlong  
The bodily joys that help to make us wise;  
The ramble up the slope  
Of the high mountain cope—  
The long day's walk, the vigorous exercise,  
The fresh luxurious BATH,  
Far from the trodden path,  
Or, 'mid the ocean waves dashing with harmless roar,  
Lifting us off our feet upon the sandy shore.  
WORDSWORTH.

THAT bathing is the most efficacious of remedies, as well as the most healthful of luxuries, is so fully established by the opinion of the highest authorities, founded on the universal practice and experience of ages, that it is unnecessary to go over the beaten ground. I shall therefore proceed to observe, that the manner of bathing, though a point of the first importance, seems by most people to be thought of no consequence at all; but let the effect of bathing be considered, and this indifference will appear in a strong light.

By the compression of the whole external surface of the body, which takes place on judicious immersion, the blood is carried on with acquired force to the heart, and returned by the reaction with proportional impulse. By this increased action and velocity, the capillaries are opened, the sluggish and tenacious humors loosened, obstructions are removed, the vessels are cleansed, and the whole system is invigorated; but all this depends on total and instant immersion; and to suppose that stepping into a bath, or wetting the body by parts, will produce these effects, is an absurdity that one would scarcely think any person of the commonest powers of comprehension could admit; yet the practice of many people seems to imply as much, though even the most accustomed bathers have experienced, that when, by bathing in shallow water, they have necessarily wetted the lower extremities first, their breath has been taken away; whereas by plunging wholly into water of the same temperature, no such inconvenience has arisen: a sufficient proof of the danger of partial bathing.

As by judicious bathing the vessels are freed, and the pores opened, so, by a contrary mode, the very reverse of these advantages must be expected. Everything beyond a single plunge and immediate immersion is preventive of the incalculable benefit which judicious bathing never fails to produce. By continuing in the bath, the body is robbed of its natural heat; reaction prevented; the vessels collapse; and transpiration by the natural channel of the pores is suspended; obstructions are confirmed, and paralysis is frequently induced. It is common to observe the fingers of "dabbling" bathers void of the vital stream; and though habit enables some persons of robust constitutions to remain a considerable time in the water, it cannot fail ultimately to destroy the vigor of the frame. Even the exercise of swimming, when long continued, has in numberless instances occasioned the loss of the use of limbs, and not unfrequently proved fatal.

Some persons think it a laudable feat to leap head foremost from a height into the water; but this unnatural posture must be injurious, except to those whose heads and heels are equally pro-



vided with brains. An easy and nearly horizontal position is the best for the moment of immersion.

It is frequently objected, that cold bathing is dangerous in internal and local weaknesses; but a close and attentive observation, as well as personal experience, lead me to think this objection at least equivocal. May not these weaknesses be occasioned by obstructions which the bath will remove? and as to the humors being forced on the peccant part, they are too briskly driven to rest anywhere; and it is at least as probable that the part affected, partaking of the power of this simple and natural tonic, may join in the general expulsion. I have myself bathed under pleuritic affection, which immediately abated, and by repetition was entirely removed. Similar consequences ensued on bathing with a face much inflamed and swollen from a violent tooth-ache. The same effects were produced in a case of head-ache, which had continued for ten days, with excruciating torture, and was nearly subdued by the first immersion, and wholly in a very short time. In short, I have scarcely a doubt that when evil has resulted from bathing, it has been from the injudicious manner in which it has been used.

In regard to the best time for bathing, it is when the natural indication is the strongest, and this, generally speaking, will be after considerable exercise (but short of producing sensible perspiration or fatigue). The body is then in that adust state which renders bathing so highly luxurious; and a vigorous circulation will ensure the full effect of reaction. Nothing then can be more operative of ill, or at least of diminished good, than lingering on the margin of the flood till the stagnating fluids refuse to obey even the spur of immersion. Hunger is the first sensation in a healthy body on rising from the repose of the night; and as digestion takes place in the most perfect manner during sleep, and many hours have passed without supply, the stomach should then be recruited. This, therefore, is not the most proper time for bathing. I consider the best time, generally, to be between breakfast and dinner; but every one will be able to determine this point, who is capable of a small degree of reflection, and will give it as much consideration as he often bestows on matters of less importance. Perhaps, where there is great rigidity of fibre, the morning may not be objectionable, and the warm bath may be a good preparative.

I cannot too often repeat, that every subsequent dip lessens the effect of the first immersion; and that the bath should be used once, and once only, every day; and were it so used every day in the year, it would ensure a life of health, barring the effects of intemperance, and all other ill habits; though even these enemies to health and life will labor against such an antagonist. I cannot here help smiling at the idea, that three or four dips, twice or thrice a week, are better than one every day. I really should be provoked to call this notion absolutely idiotic, had I not met with persons of good sense who had fallen into this egregious error; and I knew a lady who actually took ten dips on the last day of her stay at a watering-place, and would have gloried in her economical exploit, had not the chattering of her teeth, instead of her tongue, prevented her recounting it to her friends for at least ten hours after.

I am now to tread on slippery ground; but I cannot conscientiously avoid it, though I know I shall risk the displeasure of the real, but mistaken, delicacy of some, and the affected delicacy of more, when I urge the ill effects of using dresses in bathing; but I must submit to sensible and reasoning females, that an encumbering dress not only injures the primary influence, but by clinging to the person, checks the glow which should be felt on coming out of the bath, and in weak constitutions often totally prevents it. As the usual enclosure ensures a perfect privacy, it were to be wished the imagination would not conjure up a phantasmagoria of merely ideal observers.

A part of my subject now presents itself, upon which I can never sufficiently expatiate while any thing remains unsaid which may tend to enforce its interest; I mean, the bathing of children. The little innocents are entirely at the mercy of those into whose hands they may happen to fall; and the brutal or senseless indifference to their feelings, their fears, their almost convulsive apprehensions, is sometimes productive of the most afflicting consequences, and too often prevents any beneficial effect from bathing.

Children should never be dipped more than once; and that with the greatest care, that the immersion may be deep, but quickly done. The practice of dipping them three times (Folly's magic number), and generally without allowing them sufficient time to recover their breath, is so preposterously absurd, so evidently injurious, that one would almost wonder it could ever obtain. The child is made to look with increased dread to the hour of bathing, through the pain it has experienced from the distress which the lungs have undergone; by which the chance of benefit is reduced to almost nothing. Let parents, then, and all who have the care of children, weigh well these suggestions, and rescue the little sufferers from the hands of ignorance and inattention; that they may partake of the benefit of this invaluable remedy, preservative as well as curative. When a child knows that it is only to be dipped once, it will soon be reconciled; for it will be put to no pain; on the contrary, the sensation will be highly agreeable.

The proper depth for bathing is about four feet and a half; a less depth were disadvantageous, and a greater would be too deep for general use. Persons attending bathing-machines should be very attentive to this circumstance, as it will greatly contribute to the satisfaction as well as benefit of the bathers, who are seldom aware of its importance.

Volumes of cases might be adduced, incontestably proving the efficiency of the bath, and showing the absurdity of those apprehensions which some people have entertained respecting its application in particular complaints. There is much more danger of deranging the frame, and occasioning local injury, by medicines uncongenial with the natural economy, and powerful in their sensible or less perceptible ravages, than can possibly be experienced in any case from judicious bathing.

In a word, when the bath is used with due consideration and judgment, its advantages are certain and universal.



## TO THE SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!  
 Bird thou never wert,  
 That from Heaven, or near it,  
 Pourest thy full heart  
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still, and higher,  
 From the earth thou springest,—  
 Like a cloud of fire;  
 The blue deep thou wingest,  
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever,  
 singest!

In the golden lightning  
 Of the sunken sun,  
 O'er which clouds are bright'ning,  
 Thou dost float and run,—  
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even  
 Melts around thy flight:  
 Like a star of Heaven,  
 In the broad day-light  
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen are the arrows  
 Of that silver sphere,  
 Whose intense lamp narrows  
 In the white dawn clear,  
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air  
 With thy voice are loud;  
 As when night is bare,  
 From one lonely cloud  
 The moon rains out her beams, and Heaven is  
 overflowed.

What thou art we know not:  
 What is most like thee?  
 From rainbow clouds there flow not  
 Drops so bright to see,  
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden  
 In the light of thought,  
 Singing hymns unbidden,  
 Till the world is wrought  
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a high-born maiden  
 In a palace tower,  
 Soothing her love-laden  
 Soul in secret hour,  
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her  
 bower;

Like a glow-worm golden  
 In a dell of dew,  
 Scattering unholden  
 Its aerial hue  
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from  
 the view.

Like a rose embower'd  
 In its own green leaves,  
 By warm winds deflower'd,  
 Till the scent it gives  
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-  
 winoed thieves.

Sound of vernal showers  
 On the twinkling grass,  
 Rain-awakened flowers,  
 All that ever was  
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth  
 surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,  
 What sweet thoughts are thine;  
 I have never heard,  
 Praise of love or wine  
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymenæal,  
 Or triumphal chant,  
 Matched with thine would be all  
 But an empty vaunt,—  
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains  
 Of thy happy strain?  
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?  
 What shapes of sky or plain?  
 What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of  
 pain?

With thy clear keen joyance  
 Languor cannot be:  
 Shadow of annoyance  
 Never came near thee:  
 Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,  
 Thou of death must deem  
 Things more true and deep  
 Than we mortals dream,  
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal  
 stream?

We look before and after,  
 And pine for what is not:  
 Our sincerest laughter  
 With some pain is fraught:  
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest  
 thought.

Yet if we could scorn  
 Hate, and pride, and fear;  
 If we were things born  
 Not to shed a tear,  
 I know not how thy joy we ever could come near.

Better than all measures  
 Of delight and sound,  
 Better than all treasures  
 That in books are found,  
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness  
 That thy brain must know,  
 Such harmonious madness  
 From my lips would flow,  
 THE WORLD SHOULD LISTEN THEN, AS I AM LISTEN-  
 ING NOW.

SHELLEY.

## MORNING DEW.

Just now the dew, which sometimes on the buds  
 Is wont to swell like round and orient pearls,  
 Stands trembling in each pretty floweret's eye,  
 Like tears that do their own disgrace bewail.



## ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

## A HINT TO THE WISE.

ENGLAND'S the country, as we know,  
Where folies naturally grow ;  
Where without culture they arise,  
And tow'r above the common size.

CHURCHILL.

WE HAVE, MORE THAN ONCE, echoed the sentiment of the eminent medical practitioner, who declares that mankind are ALL mad upon some one point or other. There can be no doubt about it. Nor does the purely artificial butterfly-life we live afford us any reason to wonder at people's erratic tendency to quit the natural path. They turn their backs upon nature, and must have "some" fresh excitement daily. A fine field is now before them!

We have been greatly pleased to notice the effect produced on the sensible portion of the public, by the getting up of the recent "Monster Petition on American Slavery," by the well-meaning, but sadly, misguided women of England. It is condemned on all hands, as being calculated to do infinitely more harm than good. And what sensible person can doubt it? It requires no argument; it is so self-evident. Such notoriety lessens respect for the female character.

As for the marvellous exertions put forth by Mrs. Harriet Beecher STOWE, on behalf of the slaves in America—nothing too laudatory can be said of *her*. Truth, sincerity, righteous zeal, plainness of speech, and an honest cause—have induced her to write a volume of "Facts," that must in due time benefit those for whom she struggles so bravely. The woman has become an idol here, and she deserves such homage. May God bless the work of her hands!

This leads us to the object of our present remarks—which is, to try and awaken in the hearts of our excellent, kind-hearted Englishwomen, a desire to come forth in behalf of THEIR OWN suffering sex, *here*.\* In this labor of love, would we had ten thousand Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowes! But alas! with all the many sad scenes around us of poverty, sickness, distress, prostitution, sin, sorrow, and human wretchedness; no public champion appears for *them*!

No strangers can our nobility and gentry be, to what we speak of. They know it all but too well; yet, like the Priest and

\* Some women are very fond of scribbling, and can handle their pen well. But their *forte* lies in fiction, and their brain has to be racked for matter. Nature deals not in fiction, but pleases by the perpetual freshness of her facts. No effort of the mind is wanted here. The pen writes without any effort.—ED. K. J.

the Levite, they "pass by on the other side." If their names can be printed in a newspaper, or otherwise publicly proclaimed—then, we admit, they will contribute something from their store—but this is not "charity."

The truth is, all cases of real suffering are passed by. The really deserving seldo complain. They sorrow in silence—starve—die. Nobody heeds the tolling bell that closes upon their earthly career. They depart, uncared for. True charity would search for such cases as these. They are easily found—their number legion.

But no! If an artful man or woman pretend to drown themselves, and are rescued—for such, money flows in from every quarter. The magistrates are continually remonstrating with the public for their ill-judged sympathy in similar cases; but all to no avail.\*

As for the poor milliners and dress-makers of London, and their sorrows—all traceable to the worse than thoughtlessness of the nobility and gentry; of them, we could write volumes. But as the Press, collectively, has recently espoused their cause, and tried hard to shame the wealthy and unfeeling tyrants who oppress them, we will not enlarge upon this. The streets, after dusk, speak volumes of the state of society. The poor shivering wretches (from twelve years old and upwards) who wander there, are doomed to inevitable destruction. As we have before said, a woman who has once fallen—no matter under what extenuating circumstances—from the path of virtue, *is known by her own sex no more for ever*. No pity, no relief, no giving of alms—no attempt to reclaim. Infamy is her portion here; and, so far as her own sex are concerned, inevitable destruction hereafter! Not a hand would be put forth to save a hair of her head. "Let her die!"

Our kindly-disposed women—thank God we have many such—err in their notions of charity. They arm themselves with half-penny and penny tracts, and rashly enter places the most loathsome, to "read" to people who are unable to understand what they hear. Starving, too, are these poor creatures for the most part; and *if* they listen, it is simply with the view of getting a parting penny when their visitor withdraws. This is a self-sacrifice at once dangerous to the visitor, and far worse than useless to the persons

\* There is a great deal of "morbid sympathy" going on at the west-end of London, where beggars of all sorts haunt the streets. Women with petitions, get up all sorts of artful tales; and work upon the feelings of private people to a considerable tune. It is a complete "matter of business," and a very thriving one too. But as *the whole tribe are impostors*—known to be so, one cannot but regret the want of judgment shown in giving them money.—ED. K. J.



visited. In point of fact, it makes them hate what you wish them to love. This is "morbid sympathy."

England is a wealthy country. There is money enough in it to regenerate the length and breadth of the land, and to make all sorrowful hearts happy. But there is no disposition towards this.

Everybody is selfish, cold, and indifferent. The world seems to be turned topsy-turvy. If a man be convicted on the clearest evidence of murdering his wife—or the wife her husband, the most strenuous efforts now-a-days are made to rescue them from punishment. Nay, in the very face of the judges, jurymen will give verdicts quite against the evidence adduced. In the late case of the villain Kirwan, who murdered his poor wife, the morbid sympathy evinced to prove him "innocent" almost exceeds the power of belief. This ought not to be. The man was a fiend, and yet—not executed! Elizabeth Vickers, too, tried for murdering her master at Brixton,—morbid sympathy has found HER "not guilty!" She gets all his money too!!

With the example of Mrs. Harriet Beecher STOWE before them, let our fair country-women arise and exert themselves. Charity begins "at home." We need not wander far away for a theme. England's "cabins" hold many "slaves"—already but too well acquainted with "Uncle Tom." Great as may be the horrors of slavery in America—and we shudder to read of them—yet are there equally horrible cases of slavery here. They may differ in kind, it is true; but they differ nothing in intensity.

English slavery is an expression little used; but a well-compiled work under that very title, would form a volume far exceeding in size that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and be readily acknowledged as a national blessing.

If only one billionth part of the money lavished daily on silly tom-fooleries, which perish with the using, were set aside for this good work,—what a happy nation we should be! whilst our women—God bless them! would be worshipped and held in everlasting remembrance.

#### EXCELLENCE OF FORGIVENESS.

Nothing is more moving to a man than the spectacle of reconciliation. Our weaknesses are thus indemnified and are not too costly—being the price we pay for the blessing of forgiveness. The archangel, who has never felt anger, has reason to envy the man who subdues it. When thou forgivest, the man that hast pierced thy heart stands to thee in the relation of the sea-worm that perforates the shell of the muscle, which straightway closes the wound with a pearl.

#### I LOVE THE SPRING.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

I love the Spring; the gentle Spring,  
When Nature's smiles are blithe and free;  
And merry birds with rapture sing  
Their softest, sweetest melody.  
Cold biting winds have passed away,  
The bitter storm; the ceaseless rain;  
And Zephyrs whisper as they play,—  
"Spring, gentle Spring, is come again."

I love the Spring; the Summer flowers  
May wear a brighter, gayer dress,  
But lilies pearled with passing showers,  
Have greater claim to loveliness.  
Sweet v'lets peep where'er we stray,  
And daisies dance upon the plain,  
While laughing blue-bells nod and say,  
"Spring, gentle Spring, is come again."

I love to wander through the vale,  
When merry warblers sweetly sing;  
And pretty ring-doves tell a tale  
Of joys that bloom with lovely Spring;  
And when at eve I listen long,  
To Philomel's enchanting strain,  
Methinks I hear, in that lov'd song,  
"Spring, gentle Spring, is come again."

I love the Spring; a rich perfume,  
Is mingled with the cheering breeze;  
The fields their brightest garb resume,  
And beauty clothes the forest trees.  
The Nect'rine, Peach, and Almond bloom,  
May still be seen in Nature's train;  
And buzzing bees dispel the gloom,  
By humming "Spring is come again!"

I love to roam at dawn of day,  
To see the sun rise o'er the hill;  
Where dew-drops glisten on the spray,  
And softly flows the murmuring rill.  
Then, whilst I listen with delight  
To lowing herds, o'er hill and plain,  
The merry Cuckoo, in its flight,  
Sings "Lovely Spring is come again!"

I love the Spring;—the Lark's soft lay  
Awakens thoughts of happiness;  
And by the stream where sunbeams play,  
Are pleasures words can ne'er express.  
Oh, who can fail to love and prize  
The countless joys we thus obtain!  
Hark! every voice in Nature cries,—  
"SPRING, LOVELY SPRING, IS COME AGAIN!"

#### COUNTRY PLEASURES & COUNTRY DANGERS.

MY DEAR SIR,—It's all very well of you to write so sweetly about the country, and to invite us young city fellows, and west-enders, down to sip the morning dew "just to give us an appetite." You talk, too, about walks in the fields, fair companions, visits to farm-houses, &c.,—enough to turn one's head!

But while you thus write—hear how another annotates by way of caution. He says:—



"There's a world of buxom beauty, young fellows, flourishing in the shades of the country. 'Aye, marry is there!' Above all things, avoid farm-houses. Farm-houses are dangerous places. As you are thinking only of sheep or of curds, you may be suddenly shot through by a pair of bright eyes, and melted away in a bewitching smile that you never dreamt of till the mischief was done.

"In towns, and theatres, and thronged assemblies of the rich and titled fair, you are on your guard; you know what you are exposed to, and put on your breast-plate, and pass through the most deadly onslaught of beauty—safe and sound. But in those sylvan retreats, dreaming of nightingales, and hearing only the lowing of oxen, you are taken by surprise. Out steps a fair creature, crosses a glade, leaps a stile; you start, you stand by, lost in wonder and silent admiration. You take out your tablets to write a sonnet on the return of the nymphs and dryads to earth, when up comes John Tomkins, and says, 'It's *only* the farmer's daughter!'

"What! have farmers such daughters now-a-days?"

"Yes: I tell you they have such daughters—those farm-houses are dangerous places. Let no man with a poetical imagination—which is but another name for a very tindery heart, flatter himself with fancies of the calm delights of the country; with the serious idea of sitting with the farmer in his old-fashioned chimney corner, and hearing him talk of corn and mutton; of joining him in the pensive pleasures of a pipe, and brown jug of October; of listening to the gossip of the comfortable farmer's wife; of the parson and his family, of his sermons and his tenth pig. Over a fragrant cup of young hyson, or whilst you are lapt in the delicious luxuries of custards and whipt creams, in walks a fair vision of wondrous witchery; and, with a curtsey and smile of most winning and mysterious magic, takes her seat just opposite. It is the farmer's daughter! A lovely girl of eighteen. Fair as the lily, fresh as May-dew, rosy as the rose itself; graceful as the peacock perched on the pales there by the window; sweet as a posy of violets and "clove gillivers;" modest as early morning, and amiable as the imagination of Desdemona or Gertrude of Wyoming.

"You are lost! It's all over with you. I wouldn't give an empty filbert or a frog-bitten strawberry for your peace of mind, if that glittering creature be not as pitiful as she is fair. And that comes of going into the country, out of the way of vanity and temptation; and fancying farm-houses only nice old-fashioned places of old-fashioned contentment.—Young fellows! again I say—beware!"

Now, Mr. Editor, what can I—what shall

I do? I want to love the country, but fear to risk the danger that lurks among the farm-houses. Will you kindly give me a hint?

Yours, TYRO.

[Your question is an odd one; and had you lived in the country so long as we have done, you needed not to have asked it. Come down, Sir, and get "used" to the sight of these lovely faces. What would the country be without them? Never mind the "mysterious magic" lurking beneath a witching smile. If, after beholding it once, you *should* require our aid—you will *not*—we will then gladly assist you.]

#### POETS AND VERSIFIERS.

ALL men, women, and children, are manifestly poets—except those who write verses. But why that exception? Because they alone make no use of their minds.

Versifiers—and we speak but of them—are the sole living creatures that are not also creators. The inferior animals, as we are pleased to call them,—and as indeed in some respects they are, modify matter much in their imaginations. Rode ye never a horse by night through a forest? That most poetical of quadrupeds sees a spirit in every stump; else why by such sudden start should he throw his master over his ears?

The blackbird on the tip-top of that pine-tent is a poet, else never could his yellow bill so salute with rapturous orisons the re-ascending sun, as he flings over the woods a lustre again gorgeous from the sea. And what induces those stock-doves, think ye, to fill the heart of the grove with soft, deep, low, lonely, far-away, mournful, yet happy—*thunder*? What, but love and joy, and delight and desire? In one word, poetry. Poetry, which confines the universe to that wedded pair, within the sanctuary of the pillared shade impervious to meridian sunbeams, and brightens and softens into splendor and into snow divine the plumage beautifying the creatures in their bliss, as breast to breast they crood-en-doo on their shallow nest.

Thus all men, women, and children, birds, beasts, and fishes, are poets,—except versifiers, Oysters are poets. Nobody will deny that, whoever in the neighborhood of Preston-pans has beheld them passionately gaping, on their native bed, for the flow of the tide coming again to awaken all their energies from the wide Atlantic. Nor less poetical are snails. See them in the dewy stillness of eve, as they salute the crescent Dian; with horns humbler indeed, but no less pointed than her own. The beetle, "against the traveller borne in heedless hum," if we knew all his feelings in that soliloquy, might safely be pronounced a Wordsworth.

Thus are we all poets, high and low,—



except versifiers. They, poor creatures, are a peculiar people, impotent of good works. Ears have they, but they hear not,—eyes have they, but they will not see. Nay, naturalists assert that they have brains and spinal marrow; also, organs of speech. Yet, with all that organisation, they have but little feeling, and no thought; and by a feeble and monotonous fizz, are you made aware, in the twilight, of the useless existence of the obscure ephemerals!

These remarks are intended more particularly for the eye of the gentleman alluded to in our first article (see page 193). Versifiers, he will see, are mere gingling jobbers, *not* poets. We entreat him to mark well the difference between talking, rhyming, and feeling.

### ECHO.

How sweet the answer Echo makes  
To Music at Night!  
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,  
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,  
Goes ans'ring light.

Yet LOVE hath echoes truer far,  
And far more sweet,  
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,  
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,  
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh in youth sincere,  
And only then,—  
The sigh that's breath'd for "one" to hear,  
Is by that one, that "only" dear,  
Breath'd back again!

THOMAS MOORE.

### SPRING AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

Spring is coming, Spring is coming!  
With her sunshine and her shower;  
Heaven is ringing with the singing  
Of the birds in brake and bower.  
Buds are filling, leaves are swelling,  
Flower on field, and bloom on tree,  
O'er the earth, and air, and ocean,  
Nature holds her jubilee.  
Soft, then, stealing, comes a feeling  
O'er my bosom tenderly,  
Sweet I ponder as I wander,  
For my musings are of THEE!

Spring is coming, Spring is coming!  
With her mornings fresh and light;  
With her noon of chequer'd glory,  
Sky of blue and clouds of white.  
Calm, grey nightfalls, when the light falls  
From the star-bespangled sky,  
While the splendor, pale and tender,  
Of the young moon gleams on high.  
Still at morn. and noon, and even,  
Spring is full of joy for me;  
For I ponder as I wander,  
And my musings are of THEE!

*Dublin University Magazine.*

### THE BLOOD OF ANIMALS.

IN A VERY INTERESTING LECTURE recently delivered by BRANSBY COOPER, before the "Royal College of Surgeons," the subject of "Animal grafting"—a pet crotchet of the immortal JOHN HUNTER, was introduced, with the following curious illustrations.

John Hunter, said the lecturer, more clearly recognised the great importance of this fluid than any physiologist who had gone before him. His views with respect to the importance of the blood to the animal economy, led him to the belief that the blood was endowed with a life of its own, more or less independent of the vitality of the animal in which it circulated. The following experiments seemed to have been instituted with the view of establishing the fact, that *the blood of a living animal could, even under the artificial stimulus induced by the introduction of the part of another animal into itself—by ingrafting, nourish and support it, so as to convert it into a part of itself.* Hunter transplanted a human tooth to the comb of a cock, where it not only became fixed, but actually became part of the organic structure of the cock's comb; he proved this by injecting the cock's head, and, on dissection (as the preparation on the table illustrated), the blood-vessels filled with the coloring matter of the injection were traced into the capillaries of the living membrane of the cavity of the tooth.

The most striking instance of this incorporation of a foreign organic body with a living tissue, was shewn by the learned orator in another preparation made by the immortal Hunter, in which the spur of a cock had been removed from its leg and transplanted to its comb, where it not only continued to grow, but had acquired a far greater size than the spur ever acquired in its natural situation. The result of this experiment involved a very interesting physiological inquiry—how the capillaries, which were destined by nature merely to furnish blood fitted for the elaboration of the tissues of the comb, should, under the stimulus of necessity, to use Hunter's own expression, be rendered competent to eliminate the horny matter of the spur, even to the extent of an hypertrophied condition.

The orator then took an elaborate review of the digestive organs of various animals; and found that, in certain instances, they were capable of becoming modified to meet contingencies to which an animal might be exposed. By this change the animal might be rendered capable of existing and even thriving on a kind of food entirely of an opposite character to that originally intended by nature for its support and nourishment;



and illustrating which, Mr. Cooper mentioned that Hunter fed a sea gull (naturally a bird of prey) with grain, and after twelve months he destroyed the bird, and, upon examination, found that its normally membranous stomach had become much thickened; and so changed in character, as to resemble in appearance the gizzard of the graminivorous fowl rather than that of a carnivorous bird.

Another striking instance of the periodical modification of the digestive apparatus, was found by Hunter in the crop of the pigeon during the period of incubation. This crop, which at other times was similar to that of birds in general, during incubation assumes a glandular character, which enables it, in addition to its ordinary function, to secrete a milky fluid, which is ejected, and affords a nourishment for its young progeny; rendering the crop, in fact, a kind of mammary gland.

### FRESH AIR.

WE beg most cordially to commend to our readers' notice, the following advice, given by an American orator. At no season could it be more appropriate than at the present:—"Gentlemen and ladies, open your windows—let in the fresh air. Light, physical or moral, is not more essential to vision than air is to health and happiness. Yet how careful are most of us to exclude it!

You close up the windows, nail list around the doors, and appear to do all in your power to exclude Heaven's free gift of fresh air; and the reason why people are not smothered is that the air is so subtle, it works its way through every little crevice, so that it is almost impossible to get it shut out altogether. But, if people do not get themselves quite suffocated, they continue to get pale, stupid, nervous, and heavy headed for want of pure air, which is so anxious to force itself into their rooms, but which they contrive to keep barred out.

What would you think of a man, coming down the river, on a raft, who would get a basin of water and keep it for weeks to wash himself every day, when the broad river was running level with his feet? You would say he was a fool. Are you any wiser, who have miles deep of fresh air above you, and yet do not allow yourself more than a few square feet to be used over and over again hundreds of times? I wish every one of you knew what a curious piece of machinery your lungs and hearts are, and how well the atmosphere is adapted to our use.

If you are afraid to have the fresh air blow upon you while you are asleep, break a pane of glass out of the top of the window until you get used to fresh air; and then a stream of it hard enough to blow the quilts off the bed will not hurt you.

### DAISIES.

Fair and peaceful daisies!  
Smiling in the grass;  
Who hath sung your praises?  
Poets by you pass,  
And I, alone, am left to celebrate your mass.

In the summer morning,  
Through the fields ye shine,  
Joyfully adorning  
Earth with smiles divine,  
And pour from sunny hearts fresh gladness into mine.

Lying in the meadows,  
Like the milky way,  
From nocturnal shadows  
Glad to fall away,  
And live a happy life in the wide light of day.

Bees about you humming,  
Pile their yellow store;  
Winds in whispers coming,  
Teach you love's sweet lore—  
For your reluctant lips still worshipping the more.

Birds with music laden,  
Shower their songs on you;  
And the rustic maiden,  
Standing in the dew,—  
By your alternate leaves tells if her love be true.

Little stars of glory,  
From your amber eyes  
No inconstant story  
Of her love should rise;  
And yet "He loves me not!" is oft the sad surprise.

Crowds of milk-white blossoms,  
Noon's concentrated beams  
Glowing in your bosoms;  
So, by living streams  
In Heaven, I think the light of flowers immortal gleams.

When your date is over,  
Peacefully ye fade,  
With the fragrant clover,  
And sweet grasses laid—  
In odors for a pall, beneath the orchard shade.

Happy, happy daisies!  
Would I were like you—  
Pure from human praises,  
Fresh with early dew,  
And ever in my heart to Heaven's clear sunshine true!

### ENGLISH BEAUTY.

"Life, long and happy, to English beauty!" says Mrs. S. C. Hall. Amen! say we. Despite all that has been or ever will be said of its fragility, its dangers, its destruction, it is a blessed thing to look upon and live amongst.

Talk of its fading! it never fades. It is but transferred from face to face. The bud comes forth as the blossom is perfected; and



the bud bursts into blossom but to hide the falling leaves, fragrant amid the decay of the parent flower.

Then the beauties of our country are so varied! The peasant girl, gifted with pearl-like modesty, and the courtly maiden, set, as her birthright, in a golden circlet—the intellectual face beaming intelligence, and the English matron, proud as Cornelia of her living jewels.

Nor is the perfection of English beauty confined to any class. In summer-time you meet it everywhere; by the hedge-rows, in the streets, in the markets, in the parks, at watering places; at home, and abroad. At every turn, one meets some fair specimen of living beauty. We are reflected in it, and we get rude health by the contact.

#### "LITERARY PENSIONERS."

THE MISERABLE OUTCRY of certain literary men about their "hardships," and their ignoble attempts to be admitted to pensions (!) are truly contemptible.

Whatever may have occurred in earlier times, when the claims of literature were not properly recognised and rewarded, can have no reference to the sums *now* paid for mental labor. A recent pension granted to a public literary man, reminds us, although he is a sad grumbler, that he has in his time rolled in money. Few persons have been better remunerated, or better enabled to live in complete affluence. If his expenditure was unduly extravagant,—which it was, who but himself can be to blame? This whining, puling, outcry, we repeat, is disgusting; and we hope to hear no more of it. Meantime, let us append the very sensible remarks of a contemporary (the *Critic*), bearing hard upon the same subject:—

A great deal of exaggeration and absurdity has been vented, especially in a certain recent "Autobiography," with respect to the "calamities" of authorship by profession. Much of the pain which is said to attach exclusively to that condition of life, is mitigated by counterbalancing advantages or pleasures; while still more of it will be found, on close inquiry, to be no necessary concomitant of literary pursuits, but, in a greater or less degree to accompany *all* the forms of industry cultivated in a state of society so highly complex and artificial as is our own.

When, towards the close of his laborious literary life, ROBERT SOUTHEY, indulging in a train of retrospective meditation, endeavored to sum up what literature had done for him, he chronicled the result of his reflections in the question,— "Would I have been a happier man had I been all my life arguing in Westminster Hall?" and it needs no great acquaintance with the character or temperament of men like SOUTHEY to enable any one to answer for him "No!" The temper which was ruffled by the sarcasms of BYRON; the

insusceptibility which so pitiful a person as WILLIAM SMITH of Norwich could rouse into passionate indignation; the whole sensitive nature which, even in so quiet a sphere as the library at Keswick, at last yielded its possessor a prey to insanity,—how could these have stood the judicial browbeatings and professional exasperations and wear and tear of metropolitan legal existence?

Let any literary man, with the gifts and sentiments of the *genuine student*, and who is disposed to grumble at the chagrins of his lot, ask himself whether these would be fewer or less keen were he a surgeon or a merchant,—were he a competitor of Mr. Pecksniff's, or doomed to be pitted against the learned and eloquent Serjeant Buzfuz?

This is well said; quite to the point. If rigid inquiry be made, it will be found that no really deserving man, now-a-days, needs perish for want of support, simply because he is an author. Let him work with his hands, as do other men equally worthy with himself; and let him bear in mind the trite but true saying,—*Aide toi, et le Ciel t'aidera.*

We are quite of the old school; and consider that "if a man will not work, neither should he eat." This is good law, and should be equally dealt out to all but those who are "incapables."

#### INDIAN SCENERY.

The following graphic sketch, from the pen of a traveller in the East, cannot fail to interest our readers. It bears the impress of truth throughout:—

Our Eastern land is a gorgeous one, but it is a *picture land*. It better suits the portfolio of an artist—the "tesselated pages of an album," than the personal contest of hand and foot, or constitution. It is fair to look upon, but let us see it in a diorama. It has all the capabilities of producing a superb and showy painting, or series of paintings; but it will not do to tread those sunny tracts, to wander among those glittering scenes, that look so well on canvas. The sunbeams that impart life to the picture, give death or delirium to the traveller who dares their influence; and those grotesque groups of trees and depths of jungle—bright with flowers and birds, whose very plumage seems a flower-bed—afford shelter to beasts of prey, and reptiles whose venom is as powerful and deadly as their colors are beautiful.

There are squirrels sporting before my door. I love those graceful little creatures—so wild, so boldly shy, so untameably-regardless of the endearments of man! *Parroquets*, with green feathers and *roseate* bills, are fluttering noisily among the cocoa-trees, with a mad sort of rompishness allied to intoxication. They are delighted, no doubt, with the sudden shower which has so refreshingly cooled the air; or perhaps they have been banquetting on the seeds of the cotton-plant; which if Pomet, a botanist of other years, is to be credited, "*fuddle the parroquets.*"

The oleander scents and beautifies the little garden plot before me, and the wild plants, that spring profusely around, are full of beauty.



Would that I were enough of a botanist to describe them! But there, in the hedge, is the singular tree of the Three Dresses! First it cometh forth like a fairy, all in a garb of green, covered from top to toe, with a leafy robe of that loveliest color; presently, ere many weeks have passed, it suddenly droppeth its emerald raiment, and, all leafless and barren, appeareth in deep mourning, a black and funereal thing: by-and-bye, however, buds of unseen flowers deck the squalid branches, and lo! all at once, in one night, arrayed in a stole of scarlet glory, our cardinal of trees—a vegetable Proteus—blazes forth upon the sight, a tree of harmless lightning! It has just assumed its third costume; and that hedge looks, in the distance, like an avenue of fire. There is not a green leaf nor brown bud to vary the crimson splendor of its pride; for every capsule has burst forth into a blossom of unexampled brilliancy. This tree is the *Butea frondosa*.

Yonder, in the corner, near the margin of the neglected bowry (reader, bowry is not a little bower, but a large well), are the apples of the racy tomatæ. Beside them, in dangerous proximity, droop the superb corollæ of the deadly stramonium—so nearly neighbored are the useful and the hurtful in this world! Here, close to the veranda, is another poisonous plant of extreme beauty; it is thorny, its leaves resembling those of a thistle; but they are of a delicate sea-green, and each stalk is surmounted by a flower, which is a perfect gem of elegance. It is of bright yellow, looking like a golden chalice; has six petals surrounding many stamens and pistils, for the plant is polyandrous; while a pyramidal germen is crowned by a ruby-colored stigma. It is the *Argemone Mexicana*, and it is said that the Bheels and wild septs of our Northern Circars poison their kreeses and arrows with a preparation from its viscid juice. In spite of its winning beauty, the weed exhales a fetid odor, indicative of its hurtful propensities.

#### HARMONY RUN MAD.

A WRINKLE FROM GERMANY.

COMPLETELY SATISFIED with the performance of a symphony which I had just heard—as well as with an excellent dinner, I fell asleep; and beheld myself, in a dream, suddenly transported back into the concert-room. Here I found the whole of the instruments in motion—holding grand council, under the presidency of the sweet-breathed Hautboy.

To the right, a party had arranged themselves; consisting of a Viol d'amour, Viol di Gamba, Flute, &c. Each of these sounded melancholy complaints as to the degeneracy of the present era of music. To the left, the Lady Hautboy was haranguing a circle of Clarionettes and Flutes, both young and old, with and without keys. In the centre was the courtly Pianoforte, attended by several graceful Violins, who had formed themselves after Pleyel and Gironetz. The Trumpets and Horns formed a drinking conclave in the corner; while the Piccolo-

flutes and Flageolets occasionally filled the whole room with their *naïve*, childish strains.

All appeared very comfortable; when, on a sudden, the morose Contra-basso, accompanied by a couple of kindred Violoncellos, burst into the room, and threw himself passionately into the director's chair. Then did the Pianoforte, together with all the catgut instruments present, involuntarily sound in accord from terror.

"It were enough," he exclaimed, "to play the deuce with me, if such compositions were to be given daily. Here am I, just come from the rehearsal of a symphony of one of our newest composers; and, although, as is known, I possess a pretty powerful nature I could scarce hold it out longer. The strings of my body ran a risk of being torn for ever! If any more such work goes on, I will positively turn *Kit*, and gain my livelihood by the performance of Muller and Kauer's dances!"

*First Violoncello* (wiping the perspiration from his brow)—"Certainly, *old dad* is right; I am so fatigued that, since the opera of Cherubini, I don't recollect any such *échauffement!*"

*All the instruments together*.—"Explain! explain!"

*Second Violoncello*.—"What! the symphony? It is *inexplicable*, and unendurable. According to the principles my divine master, Romberg, instilled into me, the production we have just executed is a sort of *musical monster*, which can boast of no other merit than *originality!* Why, it makes *us* climb up aloft like violins."

*First Violoncello* (interrupting him pettishly).—"As if we could not do it as well!"

*A Violin*.—"Let each class keep within its due bounds."

*Bass Viol*.—"Aye, or what will remain for me to do? I who stand between the two?"

*First Violoncello*.—"Oh, *you* are out of the question! *Your* ability is only to support us, or to produce a few quavers and turns; as, for instance, in the *Pelican*; but as to what regards fine tone—"

*Oboe*.—"None can compete with *me*, in that respect."

*Clarionet*.—"Madam, you will surely allow *us* to notice our talents!"

*Flute*.—"Yes; for marches and festivals."

*Bassoon*.—"Who resembles the divine *tenore* more than I?"

*Horn*.—"Why, you surely won't pretend to so much delicacy and power as I have?"

*Pianoforte* (with dignity).—"And what is *all this*, compared to the body of harmony possessed by me? Whilst you are, severally, 'parts of a whole,' I am all-sufficient."

*All the others* (vociferously).—"Hold your tongue! you cannot even hold a single note."



*Trumpets and Kettle Drums* (noisily).—  
“Silence! hear us. What, pray, would be the effect of any composition without OUR assistance? Unless we spoke, there would be no one to applaud.”

*Flutes*.—“Noise suits the vulgar souls; but the true sublime consists in *warbling*.”

*First Violin*.—“And but for my *conducting*, in what a mess would the whole of you be!”

*Contra-Basso*.—“But, I flatter myself, I *sustain* the entire effect. All would be dull and vapid, otherwise.”

*Omnes* (all starting up).—“I alone am the soul! without me, no harmony would be worth hearing!”

At this moment, the *Maitre de Chapelle* entered the room; and the several instruments, alarmed (for they knew whose powerful hand could call forth and combine their powers), suddenly went out of tune.

“What!” cried he, “quarrelling again? The *Symphonia Eroica* of Beethoven is about to be performed; and every one who can move key or member will then be called upon.”

“Oh! anything but that!” exclaimed they.

“Rather,” said the *Bass Viol*, “give us an Italian opera. *There*, one *may* occasionally nod.”

“Nonsense!” replied the *Maitre de Chapelle*. “Do you imagine that, in these enlightened times, when all rules in art are neglected, a composer will, out of compliment to you, cramp his divine, gigantic, high-flying fancies? Regularity and perspicuity are no longer studied, as by the old masters, Gluck, Handel, and Mozart. No! hear the elements of the most recent symphony that I have received from Vienna; and which may serve as a prescription for all future ones. First—a slow movement, full of short, broken ideas, no one of which has the slightest connection with the other. Every ten minutes or so, a few striking chords; then a muffled rumbling on the kettle-drums; and a mysterious passage or two for the bass viols—all worked up with a due proportion of pauses and stops. Finally, when the audience has just entered into the spirit of the thing, and would as soon expect the archfiend himself as an *allegro*, a raging *tempo*; in managing which, the principal consideration is, to avoid following up any particular idea—thus leaving more for the hearer to make out for himself.”

Whilst the learned *Maitre de Chapelle* was thus declaiming, suddenly a string of the guitar (which in reality hung over my head), snapped, and I awoke, to my no small vexation.

I was, at that time, on the high-road towards becoming a great composer of the NEW SCHOOL!

J. D. HAAS.

## WELCOME, SWEET MAY!

Thou Goddess, May! thrice welcome here;  
This is thy natal day,  
When floral beauties all appear,  
Clad in their bright array.

Each busy insect on the wing  
Flies forth to meet the Sun,  
To sip the honied sweets ye bring,  
For winter's reign is done.

The mind of man still seems to sleep,  
Nor heeds these roscate hours!  
Creation's Lord forgets to keep  
The Birth-day of the Flowers!

'Tis said that in the olden times,  
This had not wont to be;  
May *then* came in 'mid Village chimes,  
And sounds of Minstrelsy.

The fairest daughters of the land  
Went forth to hail the day;  
With floral Emblems in their hand,  
They met and welcomed May.

May always brought the rural Queen  
A Chaplet for her brow,  
And strewed sweet Cowslips o'er the Green,  
Where still she strews them *now*.

Bright Buttercups, of golden hue,  
She scatters o'er the dale—  
The Primrose and the Harebell blue,  
And Lily in the Vale.

And bids the Hawthorn bloom and blush,  
Each tree put on its vest;  
Then shows the Linnet and the Thrush  
Where they may hide their nest.

The infant buds of hope appear  
In May's maternal hand,  
And blooms that make a fruitful year,  
To gladden British land.

Then wherefore is the May-pole bare?  
No Flow'rets there are found,  
No garlands waving high in air,  
No milkmaids dancing round!

No more are rustic children drest,  
In wreaths of Flow'ry May,  
Nor Youths nor Maidens in their best,  
To keep glad holiday.

How sadly changed is now the scene!  
No merry bells are rung;  
They never crown a Village Queen—  
No songs of May are sung!

But May is not forgotten quite—  
The Cuckoo yet is true!  
And the Nightingale still sings at night,  
As he was wont to do;

And still the Village May-pole stands,  
Just where it stood before;  
Still, as of old, with Flow'ry bands,  
It *may* be wreathed o'er.

Again let rustic music play,  
To serenade the hours;  
And welcome the return of May,  
The Jubilee of Flowers!



### OUR ENEMIES, THE KAFFIRS.

AT THE PRESENT MOMENT, it may not be uninteresting to give our readers a graphic sketch of the men who have so long been a terror to us, but who now have good reason to fear us. The description is furnished by the Rev. Francis Fleming, M.A.

In personal appearance and formation, the Kaffirs are a race of the most manly and handsome people known among savages, and in many of their points resemble the New Zealanders. In stature they are generally tall, their height varying from five feet eight or nine inches to upwards of six feet. Their muscular frame is remarkable for symmetry and beauty, as well as great strength; but their arms, from want of proper exercise to develop the muscles (owing probably to their usual indolent mode of life), appear small and disproportioned in size to the legs and body.

In all of them the lower limbs are strikingly robust and fine, and cases of deformity are very rarely to be noticed amongst them. Their carriage is stately and upright—in many even majestic; and this is particularly observable in their chiefs, whose habitual attitudes of ease, and abrupt yet graceful actions in giving their commands, are truly elegant and imposing. They are haughty and proud in their bearing, and carry the head erect and thrown back. The left arm is usually laid across the chest, to support the blanket or kaross, which, carelessly slung over the left shoulder, is their only covering or article of clothing. This, when moving quickly, they gather closer around them; and then, throwing the second corner of it over the right shoulder, they leave it to hang in negligent folds across their fine expansive chests, reminding the beholder much of the Roman toga of old.

Their shoulders are square and firmly set, and, like the chest, very broad. Their heads are large, but not disproportioned to their bodies; the forehead being elevated and intellectually formed, and in many cases very high, and finely developed in a phrenological point of view. Their hair is woolly, although not so thick and matted as in either the negro or Hottentot races, from whom the Kaffirs widely differ in all points of personal appearance. Their ears are large, but well made, and seem generally to have become elongated by the weight of their pendant ear-rings and ornaments. Their features, although much varied, are fine—particularly the eyes, which are keen and piercing; and, although always unsteady, wandering and stealthy, yet from their large size and great brightness, and from their being well set under their broad deep brows, the idea of cunning and deceit, which undoubtedly is

their national character, and has usually to be found out by some dear-bought experience, does not at first sight impress a stranger.

The common color of the eye is black, or dark brown, somewhat in harmony with that of their skins, which are however darker in some tribes than in others, especially in the Amampondo and more northerly ones. The nose also varies in form—in the T'Slambie tribes being broader and more of the negro shape, than in the Gaikas or Galekas, while among the Abatembu and Amampondo, it assumes more of the European character. In many of them, the perfect Grecian and Roman noses are discernible. These latter tribes appear, in all other respects, to retain their original nationality of appearance.

### THE ART OF SUCCESS.

IN EVERYTHING WE DO "WELL," FAITH must be the ladder that raises us up. If we would progress, let us *resolve* to please. Nothing is more easy, if we set rightly about it. In all that we undertake, towards whatever object we direct our ambition—to please is to succeed, and the art of succeeding is no other than the art of pleasing.

What is it that pleases? Is it a little man, or a tall man? Is it a bountiful share of embonpoint, or a slender form? Is it a black moustache, or a blonde one with large whiskers, if one is not in the army, or a face carefully shorn of every hair? Is it a timid look, or a tempting eye? an air of confidence, or of modesty? the candor of a young Englishman, or the petulance of a Frenchman, a simple attire, or a dress of magnificence?

To render a woman pleasing, must she appear a goddess to our eyes? Ought she to have ebon locks, or golden tresses? the nose of Roxalana, or of Aspasia? a passionless languor, or an impetuous vivacity? Shall we prefer the warm tint of the Spanish woman, or the delicate complexion of the English woman?

The reply to all these questions is, that every thing pleases in its kind, when you find in it that *je ne sais quoi* which cannot be expressed, and which makes an impression we know not how. That which pleases, is not always regular beauty; but never ugliness. It is often maliciousness, but never wickedness; it is at times good-nature, never silliness; it is a modest reserve and not affected prudery; the *abandon* of an affectionate heart, and not the artful advances of a coquette; ingenious sallies, and not pedantic bon-mots. It is sometimes the self-love of a giddy youth, never the presumption of a man vain of his learning. We



could continue these antitheses till to-morrow, and many would be less ridiculous if they spent some hours in considering them attentively. In works of literature, what pleases, is what touches the heart, or amuses the mind, and occupies it without fatiguing it. It therefore is not those kind of compositions in which the whimsicality of terms, the use of obsolete expressions, the combinations of the most uncouth words, the amalgamation of the most unsuitable ideas, occasion you all the labor of painful study; or, in which, without suffering you to breathe, picture after picture is presented to the imagination, as if it were not necessary to take time to comprehend what is before our eyes, in order to be affected by it; in which the fogs of the marshes, the ferns, the moon-beams, the heaths, the meadows, the streams, the burning sands, the birds of the desert, the fowls of the court-yard, the mountains, the streets, the valleys are mixed pell-mell, in the same page, as if one could contemplate a hundred points of view at once, and have at the same time eyes to the right and left, behind and before. Were they as numerous as those in the tail of the peacock, they would be insufficient for this; and even then it would require as many minds as eyes!

#### COLD AND THIRST.

DR. SUTHERLAND, in his "Voyage of the Lady Franklin and Sophia," gives us some very interesting particulars of the cause and effects of cold and thirst.

Captain Penny's party, it appears, had an abundant experience of the intensity of cold. At one time the temperature fell below the freezing point of Mercury. Nor is exercise any complete cure for this evil. Exercise, in what an Arctic voyager would call cold weather, produces extreme thirst and abundant exhalation from the skin, which, of course, freezes in the shape of hoar-frost under the clothes.

With reference to this, Dr. Sutherland observes,—"I believe the true cause of such intense thirst is the extreme dryness of the air when the temperature is low. In this state it extracts a large amount of moisture from the human body. The soft and extensive surface which the lungs expose, twenty-five times or oftener every minute, to nearly two hundred cubic inches of dry air, must yield a quantity of vapor which one can hardly spare with impunity. The human skin throughout its whole extent, even where it is brought to the hardness of horn, as well as the softest and most delicate parts, is continually exhaling vapor; and this exhalation creates, in due proportion, a demand for water.

"Let a person but examine the inside of

his boots, after a walk in the open air at a low temperature, and the accumulation of condensed vapor which he finds there will convince him of the active state of the skin. I often found my stockings adhering to the soles of my Kilby's boots after a walk of a few hours. The hoar-frost and snow which they contained could not have been there by any other means except exhalation from the skin."

#### THE POETRY OF GRIEF.

Poetry from the soul of a mourning parent must be exquisite; though it requires the lapse of some interval ere the reality of grief can be suited for, and transmuted into poetry.

Dr. Johnson's objection to elegies has some elements of truth. A relation or friend will not, in the first troubled moment after the bereavement, think of pouring out his sorrows in melodious verse. So far we agree with the doctor; but that that friend cannot afterwards, when the troubled soul is composed into a melancholy mood, bewail his loss in song, is egregiously untrue. He may produce the finest elegy without being exposed to the vile charge of counterfeiting grief. Who would doubt the sincerity of Milton's attachment to "Lycidas?" We should not expect a mother to plant a rose over her son's grave on the day of burial; but if some weeks afterwards she should do this, would she forfeit the character of being an affectionate mourner?

The broken heart does make melody; and under the immediate and crushing pressure of grief the harp is hung upon willows. Then, the only vision which fills the soul is the cold face—as unsuggestive of poetry as a mask. Genius is altogether inactive beside the unburied, beloved dead. But when the grief is becoming calm—when it can be studied as well as felt—when the soul is set free from the death chamber, suns itself in the past, and can go backwards gleaning fondly the memorials of the precious life which has been withdrawn, and forming an image to be cherished as the substitute of the lost one,—when thus the process of imagination is being begun upon the anguish, then flows freely the exquisite poetry of grief.

#### THE OLD THORN.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Thou art grey, old thorn, and leafless—  
Leafless, though the Spring be near;  
But "my love" hath sat beside thee,  
And each branch of thine is dear!

Thou art small, green cot, and humble;  
Little in thy looks to cheer;  
But my true love dwells within thee,  
And each stone of thine is dear.

Love makes all things sweet and holy,  
All things bright, however drear;  
All things high, however lowly;  
WHAT WERE LIFE WERE LOVE NOT  
THERE?



## A CHILD'S HEART.

That heart, methinks,  
Were of strange mould, which kept no cherish'd print  
Of earlier, happier times, when life was fresh,  
And LOVE and INNOCENCE made holiday.

HILLHOUSE.



HALF THE ENJOYMENTS OF LIFE, —aye, at least one half of them, consist in a retrospect of those by-gone happy hours when INNOCENCE held possession of our gradually expanding ideas, and we impulsively obeyed the dictates and promptings of honest old NATURE. Alas! how soon is an air-tight stopper put upon us, ere yet we are well out of our nurse's arms! No sooner do we begin to ask questions, than we are silenced by a freezing "H-u-s-h!"

In spite of this, we are determined to turn over to-day one of the first pages of our Book of Life, and to let our thoughts find vent in print. There is a charm about little children which delights us; and the absence they evince of all guile causes us often to make *them* our companions, whilst we turn in disgust from the world at large. Little good-fellowship is to be experienced *there!*

There is nothing in Nature more susceptible than the heart of a child, be it in boy or girl. Few of us care to inquire deeply into its joys and sorrows, though occasionally they will force themselves upon us; yet do we all marvel now and then at what we both hear and see. If we would think more, we should know more.

We have been highly delighted of late, whilst perusing in its progress the translation of the works of Dr. GALL, now appearing in our pages. We have pondered much on his observations of the human heart in its early stages of life—showing how much more "forward," from circumstances, some children's animal passions are than others—partaking, to a certain extent, of the emotions generally known by adults only.

In our youth, WE were ourself a most singular example of this curious fact, as we shall presently explain. Our heart was no stranger to hope, fear, and love, ere we had reached the age of seven years. The thoughts that then passed through our mind, and the scenes of excitement to which, from circumstances, we were at that time subjected, have often recurred to us since; and do often recur to us now. We fell in love with the sweet face and person of a most lovely girl in her seventeenth year, before we had numbered seven summers. We loved that face, that figure, far better than our own life. Yes, we lived upon her smile. We grew upon the words that fell from her cherry lips. We were thinking of her, morning, noon, and night.

We make these few remarks for the purpose of introducing a somewhat similar case recorded in "*Villette*," an unusually interesting novel, by Currer Bell. Here, however, a little girl was the heroine, and her age did not exceed six years. With her, as with us, "contact" had worked the spell; albeit the object of her affection—a handsome school-boy, named Graham, was of a cooler temperament than herself. He *liked* Paulina, but did not love her; whereas she doated on *him* with all the fondness of a grown-up woman.

We cannot but believe that this little episode has its origin in fact. It reads like gospel truth. Let us then listen to Miss Lucy Snowe, the teacher in the family, whilst she tells us all about Paulina and Mrs. Bretton's handsome son Graham:—

In the evening, at the moment Graham's entrance was heard below, I found her at my side. She began to arrange a locket-riband about my neck, she displayed and replaced the comb in my hair. While thus busied, Graham entered.

'Tell him by-and-by,' she whispered; 'tell him I am going.'

In the course of tea-time, I made the desired communication.

'Polly going? What a pity! Dear little Mousie, I shall be sorry to lose her. She must come to us again, mamma.'

And, hastily swallowing his tea, he took a candle and a small table to himself, and his books, and was soon buried in study. 'Little Mousie' crept to his side, and lay down on the carpet at his feet, her face to the floor. Mute and motionless, she kept that post and position till bed-time. Once I saw Graham—wholly unconscious of her proximity—push her with his restless foot. She receded an inch or two. A minute after, *one little hand stole out from beneath her face*, to which it had been pressed, *and softly caressed the heedless foot*. When summoned by her nurse, she rose and departed very obediently, having bade us all a subdued good-night.

I will not say that I dreaded going to bed an hour later; yet I certainly went with an unquiet anticipation that I should find that child in no peaceful sleep. The forewarning of my instinct was but fulfilled, when I discovered her, all cold and vigilant, perched like a white bird on the outside of the bed. I scarcely knew how to accost her. She was not to be managed like another child. She, however, accosted me. As I closed the door, and put the light on the dressing-table she turned to me with these words: 'I cannot—cannot sleep; and in this way I cannot—cannot live!'

I asked her what ailed her.

'Dedful miz-er-y!' said she, with her piteous lisp.

'Shall I call Mrs. Bretton?'

'That is downright silly,' was her impatient reply, and indeed, I well knew that if she had heard Mrs. Bretton's foot approach, she would have nestled quiet as a mouse under the bed-clothes.



'Would you like to bid Graham good night?' I asked. 'He is not gone to his room yet.'

She at once stretched out her little arms to be lifted. Folding a shawl round her, I carried her back to the drawing-room. Graham was just coming out.

'She cannot sleep without seeing and speaking to you once more,' I said. 'She does not like the thought of leaving you.'

'I've spoilt her,' said he, taking her from me in good-humor, and kissing her little hot face and burning lips. 'Polly, you care for me more than for papa, now—'

'I *do* care for you, but you care nothing for me,' was her whisper.

She was assured of the contrary, again kissed, restored to me, and I carried her away; but, alas! not soothed. When I thought she could listen to me, I said—

'Paulina, you should not grieve that Graham does not care for you so much as you care for him. It must be so.'

Her lifted and questioning eyes asked "why?"

'Because he is a boy, and you a girl; he is sixteen, and you are only six: his nature is strong and gay, and yours is otherwise.'

'But I love him so much; he *should* love me a little.'

'He does. He is fond of you. You are his favorite.'

'Am I Graham's favorite?'

'Yes, more than any little child I know.'

The assurance soothed her; she smiled in her anguish. I put her to bed. The candle being extinguished, a still half-hour elapsed. I thought her asleep, when the little white shape once more lifted itself in the crib, and the small voice asked—

'Do you like Graham, Miss Snowe?'

'Like him! Yes, a little.'

'Only a little! Do you like him as I do?'

'I think not. No; not as you do.'

'Do you not like him much?'

'I told you I liked him a little. Where is the use of caring for him so very much: he is full of faults.'

'Is he?'

'All boys are.'

'More than girls?'

'Very likely. Wise people say it is folly to think anybody perfect; and as to likes and dislikes, we should be friendly to all, and worship none.'

'Are you a wise person?'

'I mean to be so. Go to sleep.'

'I *cannot* go to sleep. Have you no pain just here' (laying her elfish hand on her elfish breast) 'when you think *you* shall have to leave Graham; for *your* home is not here?'

'Child, lie down and sleep,' I urged.

'My bed is cold, said she. 'I can't warm it.' (I saw the little thing shiver.)

'Come to me,' I said, wishing, yet scarcely hoping, that she would comply: for she was a most strange, capricious little creature, and especially whimsical with me. She came, however, instantly, like a small ghost gliding over the carpet. I took her in. She was chill; I warmed her in my arms. She trembled nervously; I soothed her. Thus tranquillised and cherished, she at last slumbered.

'A very unique child!' thought I, as I viewed her sleeping countenance by the fitful moonlight.

Thus ends this affecting little narrative; and it reminds us that we have got to bring our own to a conclusion.

The scene of our early love was laid in Brighton. The young lady was on a visit to the sea-coast with her papa and other branches of her family, and they all joined us in our walks—for be it known the young ladies had gone to school with certain friends of ours, and an intimacy naturally followed.

Two families had sought the sea-side; and "visiting" was a matter of course. Roving on the sands of Worthing is pleasant—very; and taking little walks and strolls in the bracing air is delightful—very. The ringing laugh of Caroline S— still haunts us, like a pleasing vision. We fell before it, ere we had taken more than two of these walks. We fell sick too—and pined!

One day, in a state of fever, we were heard to utter, imploringly and affectionately, "Dear-est Caroline S—!" This led the doctor to smell a rat. Within four days subsequently, Carry's papa himself placed us in his daughter's arms. How long we nestled there we know not, but we remember being supremely happy. Immediate change of air and scene was of course considered necessary for us. The vision vanished but too soon, and the poetry of early life merged at once into the commonplace prose of conventional usages and proprieties.

We had entered upon our "first love!" This reminds us that, from our earliest infancy, we imbibed, without being taught, the affectionate habit of caressing everything we loved. We have kept true to our principles ever since. What, therefore, with "the many" would very properly be deemed insolent and unbecoming, is recognised in us as proceeding from a principle of nature inculcated in early life.

It would not do for us to renounce our principles now. Nor have we the slightest inclination to do so. "*Cum privilegio*" is our harmless "letter of introduction," which never yet failed to procure us a hearty welcome wherever we wished to enter. Nor have we ever been banished for "committing a breach of privilege."

Folks smile at us; they laughing say,  
"When *will* you be a man?  
The parting year leaves you the *boy*  
You were when it began."

Then we, in love with the disgrace,  
'Their smiles and jests enjoy;  
Thankful that as we grow in years,  
In *heart* we're still a *boy*!

So much for the recesses of a child's heart!



"A PALPABLE HIT"  
AT  
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE following "skit" upon Westminster Abbey is from Matthew WARD'S "English Items," a book full of "hits" at the people of England—not over and above good-naturedly bestowed, but many of them fully merited.

We all know how visitors are fleeced at St. Paul's—perhaps, too, our knowledge extends to the same extortions practised at the Abbey. Yet is it amusing to hear what our American author says of us. We have thrown many stones at *his* country; it is only fair to receive his fire at us.

A SCENE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The accumulated expectations pent up since his boyhood become oppressive by delay, and the visitor grows warm and fidgety in his anxiety to be admitted to the holier places of the church. This intensely vivified excitement never becomes dangerous however, as, by a charitably considerate arrangement of the English Government, it is always allowed ample time to cool. The numerous gentlemen in black, whom the Government compels the old church to pay for so shabbily doing its honors, being of sedentary habits and a literary turn of mind, are unwilling to be interrupted to convey a single visitor through the interior chapels. It requires a party of seven curious individuals, each one provided with a talisman in the shape of a sixpence, to interrupt the comfortable repose of a pompous official. And as most people have ceased to consider a show, composed of mouldy monuments and tattered flags, a very lively one, even when it happens to be a *great bargain*, a stranger will usually incur the risk of remaining some time in the ante-chamber.

During the painful period of his probation, he is subjected to the impositions of another class of hucksters. Watching with the liveliest interest the various stages of his impatience, they rapidly advance upon him from every nook and corner the instant they perceive him arrived at the extreme point of desperation. With unblushing assurance, they poke at the bewildered gentleman descriptions of the Abbey, plans of the building, pictures of the monuments, and armfuls of other plausible stuff, which they feel very confident *he has not the courage* in his exhausted condition to refuse. Of course he buys everything without much examining the contents; for in his melancholy frame of mind, the advertisements of the *Times* a week old would prove a refreshing literary treat.

At length, however, the mystical number of seven is made up. The stately keeper slowly rises, unlocks the door, passes us in one by one—that being the most convenient mode of collecting the sixpences; enters himself, and then turns the key. An extraordinary metamorphosis instantly occurs. Our guide assumes an alacrity quite startling, when contrasted with his former torpidity. The man appears to be worked by steam. In his mumbled routine of names, dates, and non-

sense, the only distinguishable feature is its haste. He rushes us through chapels, over monuments, and along aisles, without ever pausing for breath, till he has put us out at a gate on the other side, with the satisfied sigh of a man who has just accomplished a very irksome task.

This is a visit to Westminster! This it is to hold communion with the illustrious dead! This is the intellectual enjoyment which the English Government have considered too delicious to offer to the public *gratis*!

We heartily wish that some more of our neighbors would come forward, and expose the various extortions practised in England on the sight-seeing public. We are really amazed when we think how quietly John Bull bows down to his endless burdens!

HUMAN MISERY  
IN  
THE STREETS OF LONDON.

WHAT PASSES IN the course of twenty-four hours within the precincts of London, would, if known and reflected on, cause millions to marvel, thousands to sigh, and hundreds to weep.

Much human sorrow is there amongst us, carefully veiled from sight by timidity and a sense of shame. The deserving mix among the undeserving,—the latter getting fat on their apparent misfortunes; whilst the former die from sheer starvation, being unable to "sham" sorrow, or ask for aid from the passer-by. How many a wan and eloquently-speaking countenance meets our eye daily; telling us more than we dare to inquire into, knowing our inability to play the part of a Good Samaritan. With a bleeding heart we often deplore the little discernment there is amongst those who are well off, and the apathy with which they turn aside from the stricken heart, fast falling into the grave for the want of only the common necessaries of life. On this subject, our pen would run riot; but we know how impossible it is to work on hearts of iron and brass, and therefore study brevity.

The subjoined paper is slightly abridged from an article in "Bentley's Miscellany." We let the humane writer speak in our stead; cordially echoing his sentiments, and hoping that his labor may not be altogether in vain:—

A poor man falls down in a fit, or the weakness of hunger overpowers him; he sinks against the wall of some splendid mansion; his features are compressed, his brow clammy cold, his lips livid; you saw him *sink*, not fall upon the ground with a squash, as the professional gentlemen, with *artificial* blood in their noses, do the trick; it is a clear case of famine, and no mistake. Now is your time to see what human nature is made of. The master of the house, or the lady, comes to the



window, and instantly retreats; a powdered footman appears at the door, and looks up and down the street for a policeman to remove the *nuisance*. Several well-dressed passengers look at the poor man, and pass on the other side; ladies, as they go by him, fumble a little in their pockets—as if they meant to give something; but think better of it. An elderly gentleman, with drab gaiters and silk umbrella, pretends to feel the patient's pulse, shakes his head solemnly, and walks off, satisfied that he has detected an impostor. A housemaid of the mansion, touched with tender pity, hands up through the area rails a glass of water.

Now troop by the poor lost creature a group of working men, in fustian jackets, going to their dinners, whistling and gossiping as they go. They halt and surround the unfortunate man; they lift him, and put him in a more easy posture. One runs to the public-house, bringing some ale, warm, with ginger; they speak kindly to him, bidding him keep up his heart; they ask him—question to bring tears into dry eyes—where is his home? He looks up piteously, and whispers—he has *no* home. He has not where to lay his head!

“Now then,” says one of the fustian jackets, taking off his hat, and shoving it into the encircling mob, “the poor devil's hard up, hasn't got no home, nor no victuals; drop a few browns to pay for a cab, you'll never miss it.”

The appeal is heard, curiosity is shamed into benevolence; the Samaritans in fustian call a cab, and the homeless man is driven to try the hospitality of Mary-le-bone workhouse.

I think I hear a respectable gentleman, in an easy chair, with an easy income, and easy shoes, exclaim:—

“Mister Author, this is very fine, but I have no doubt, for my own part, the fellow was a humbug—the scoundrel was acting.”

“Was he though! All I can tell you is, my good fellow, if he was acting, you never missed such a chance in the course of your theatrical life; you have paid seven shillings to the dress circle many a time and oft, for a much worse performance, and here was a little bit of tragedy, without scenery, machinery, dresses, or decorations, you might have seen for sixpence, and been six and sixpence better for it.”

I have seen these tragedies more than twice—everybody has seen them who knows London: Gilbert White saw them when he said:—

— I shall sink,

As sinks a stranger in the busy streets  
Of crowded London; some short bustle's caused,  
A few inquiries, and the crowd close in,  
And all's forgotten.

I do not deny that impostors are common. I know that they are clever, and are with difficulty to be discriminated from those real heart-rending cases of distress that London almost daily exhibits to our view. No punishment is great enough for these scoundrels; not that the offence is so great in itself, but because it adds and ministers to that covetousness, that hardness of heart, which furnishes us with an excuse, which we are all too ready to make, of not giving once, lest we might once be deceived.

To a man living on the shady side of life, whose poverty compels him to walk with his own feet,

hear with his own ears, and see with his own eyes, the contrasted conditions of London Life, afford much matter for painful contemplation. These contrasts are striking and forcible; they run the whole gamut of the social scale, from the highest treble to the deepest bass. They exhibit human life in every color, from hues of the rainbow to the deepest shadows and most unchequered glooms; and all this in a day's walk—in the space of a few palmy acres. Next door to luxury and profusion, you have hunger and despair—the rage of unsatisfied hunger, and the lust of desires that no luxury can quench.

I have seen little children, fat enough for the spit, wrapped in woolpacks of fleecy hosiery, seated in their little carriages, drawn by goats, careering over the sward of Hyde Park; and at the same moment, crawling from the hollow trunks of old trees, where they had found refuge for the night, other children, their nakedness hardly concealed by a few greasy rags flapping against the mottled limbs of the creatures, heirs of shame and sorrow, and heritors of misery and its necessary crime. I have seen a poor family, ragged and hungry—the children running after an ugly pug-dog, with a velvet jacket on, who was taking the air, led by an attendant footman with gold-headed staff. I have seen an old woman of eighty, painted, periwigged, bejewelled, and brocaded, taking an airing in a gorgeous coach, three footmen hanging on behind, her ladyship's companion, a cynical-faced pug, *probably the only friend she had in the world*; and I have seen another old woman of eighty—any of the Wapping Old Stairs watermen will remember Mary Mudlark—up to her mid-leg in the Thames, raking and scraping the mud and water, for rags, bits of stick, ginger-beer bottles, scraps of iron, or whatever she could recover from the waters, by which she might earn a few pence to keep her from starving.

But it is painful to multiply these painful contrasts of condition, which every day's walk exhibits. One only conclusion can we draw from these spectacles—namely, how far removed is man by the “accident” of fortune from his fellow-man; how utterly abandoned, even in the centre of civilisation, outlawed from human aid, protection, sympathy, *so soon as he ceases to have certain tokens of humanity in silver, gold, paper, or brass about his person.*

#### THE GOODNESS OF PROVIDENCE.

Lo! a fond mother with her children round,  
Her soft soul melting with maternal love.  
This on the cheek she kisses; that she clasps  
Unto her bosom; on her knee one rests,  
Another sits upon her foot; and while  
Their actions, lips, and speaking eyes unfold  
Their various wishes, *all* she understands;  
To these she gives a look, a word to those,  
Smiling or chiding, still in tender love.

Such unto us is blissful Providence,  
So o'er us watches, comforts, and provides;  
Listening to all, assisting every one,  
Withholding oft the favors we implore  
But to create more earnest supplication—  
And, while it seems a blessing to deny,  
In the refusal grants us—HAPPINESS.



## A PLEA FOR THE SKY-LARK.

## SKY-LARKS IN CAGES.

WE FEEL MORE THAN JUSTIFIED,—CALLED UPON, to plead hard for the Sky-lark at this season. Till within the last week, or so, thousands of fresh victims have been caught by the villainous trappers, and caged. Mated, and affectionately employed in building nests for their expected young, they have after a long season of cold and misery just begun to enjoy themselves, when a net closing over them has suddenly separated them for ever from all they hold dear in the world.

To imagine that these birds will sing, or that they can be "happy," would be ridiculous. Birds are not such fools—neither are their tender hearts made of such materials as ours. Whilst ours bend, theirs break.

We are moved to pity, not unmingled with detestation, to see certain birds day by day hung out of windows to make them "sing"—the sun scorching their heads, and the wind sweeping through their cages in fitful gusts. Oh! the agony endured by those heralds of the sky, as they listen to the distant voices of their free brethren, mounting up to Heaven's gate! Yet do their tender-hearted owners see no harm in confining them. "They are used to it!"

We are quite aware that all WE can say will avail nothing. Birds alas! are a doomed race. WE are made happy by *their* sufferings! To show that we are not singular in this idea, we subjoin the remarks of a brother naturalist (Broderip), who thus forcibly speaks his mind:—

Of all the unhallowed instances of bird incarceration (not excepting the stupid cruelty of shutting up a robin in an aviary), the condemnation of the skylark to perpetual imprisonment is surely the most repugnant to every good feeling. The bird, whilst his happy brethren are carolling far up in the sky, as if they would storm Heaven itself with their rush of song, just at the joyous season

When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear, is doomed to pine in some dingy street!

There, in a den with a solid wooden roof, painted green outside, and white—glaring white—within, which in bitter mockery is called a sky-lark's cage, he keeps moving his wretched wings, and beating his wings against the wires, panting for one—only one—upward flight into the free air. To delude him into the recollection that there are such places as the fields, which he is beginning to forget, they cut what they call a turf—a turf dried up in the vicinity of this smoke-canopied Babel of bricks, redolent of all its sooty abominations. This abominable lump of dirt is presented to the skylark as a refreshment for his parched feet, longing for the fresh morning dews.

Miserable as the winged creature is, he feels that there is something resembling grass under

him; and then the fond wretch looks upwards and warbles, and expects his mate! Is it possible to see and hear this desecration of instinct unmoved? And yet we endure it every spring; and, moreover, we have our Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals!

## NOTES ON THE WHITE SHARK.

IN EARLY CHILDHOOD, we often associate curious ideas with that monster of the deep, the shark; and if we turn our memory back to days when cork floats and shot-bound lines formed the symbols of our childish Paradise, our budding intellects would then startle at the least nibble, and draw thoughts to the nursery-book wherein was depicted that scourge of the ocean—the decimating shark.

But when the form of manhood is full on, those childish pleasures—exciting our simple imaginations to indulge in horrible visions—soon vanish; the fly-rod is exchanged for the tough ash stick, and we feel ourselves, after a season or two's practice, more lords over the finny tribe than any statesman could wish to be: for the art is gentle.

But to our purpose. The matter with which I am at present engaged, relates not to the rural sports of Britain, and savors little of any claim in an act connected with the government of this country. Small scope there would be for litigation in my subject, even if there were any "Fishery Laws" in vogue for the protection of sharks; my only wish is that the shark may not form an overpowering attachment to the cod and other fish of our coasts.

Our interest must now be concerned with the deep sea waters, whose denizens in many parts are little known, and whose habits must be very curious to those who can witness them. On our coasts the White Shark (*Squalus carcharius*) is seldom met with, especially when full grown. It possibly follows shoals of fish during their migrations through the St. George's Channel, Irish Sea, German Ocean, and English Channel; but it appears to know the value of deep waters, and instinct warns it to give a wide berth to strangers, for the creature only affords a random chance to be noticed by Naturalists. Dame Nature, it would seem, teaches it to keep well out to sea, and enables it to say good-bye to the stuffing fraternity, commonly styled in these "fast days" of knowledge "Taxidermists."

It does not follow that subjects which might have gratified the taste of a Buffon, would be by any means acceptable to the man who labors for his daily rations; especially to men of a maritime class, in which are hardships innumerable, and accidents too common. The lover of shark knowledge would often glory in a capture which involves



within its folds an incarcerated colony—panic-stricken, not only by imprisonment, but by the existence of a foreign intruder amongst them.

Some weeks ago, a young White Shark was entrapped in a fishing-net several miles off the coast, opposite Workington, Cumberland. The singular pull of the net, and its violent motion when uplifted, caused considerable excitement, doubtless. When the load was hauled up, a rough-skinned, long-bodied creature presented itself, surrounded by a mass of gasping haddocks, &c. The fisherman's most incorrigible enemy, commonly called the "Sea Devil," when observed, soon meets with his proper fate: he is despatched and thrown overboard—thereby causing one of the most hideous, though at the same time curious fishes, to be seldom seen by landsmen. But in this instance the hardy fellows looked again upon their foe, and finally decided that it no doubt was a "curositie," and they brought the body home. The local fishmongers, pronouncing it useful for their service, the shark was destined to perform a journey inland; and after a fair exhibition in the country markets, it was purchased, and ultimately consigned to the stuffing process, namely, the embodiment of wire and tow.

The White Shark often grows to a ponderous size, and is gigantic in proportions; which is not the case with the Blue Shark. Specimens have been seen upwards of twenty feet long, and they seem to visit our northern seas; but few accounts, if any, appear recorded of the full grown White Shark having been taken on the shores of Britain. I remember another circumstance which occurred to me some years ago, during a cruise on the coast of Norway and Sweden, and which, as it may not be altogether uninteresting, I will here relate.

The sea was calm, and the waves were unbroken; but a long, heavy, upheaving swell rolled our craft about under a flapping mainsail, in a breathless sky. We were some miles off the Naze of Norway. Any one who has experienced life at sea, can recal the monotonous hour when a calm prevails. The eye finds relief there, only by occasionally gazing at the clear line of division on the horizon, where green and blue elements unite. During those silent hours of Nature's lethargy, the sea-bird seldom in its sluggish flight flaps the air around us; not even near the coast, nor when a fair view of a headland may be seen through the telescope. All around looks peaceful solemnity, and the only moving form seems the ever-rolling swell, which jostles our cutter, and plays with it as the serpent boa would round a toy rabbit.

In peaceful quiet such as this, a sailor, indolently leaning over the taffrail, discerned

an object which basked immediately under the vessel's wake. With goggling eyes, he at times looked listlessly about him. Then again would he cast a greedy and devouring glance at the dainty mouthful above him. I may mention that a cutter yacht (one of which I at that time owned) has many facilities for observing monsters who may take a fancy to what seems a large bird above them; for as the vessel generally sits very low in the water at the stern, your propinquity to an object near the water's surface is very close when that object is nearly at the tail of the ship. The man on the watch very quietly withdrew, and reported that "a shark was astern of us." The intelligence rapidly flew through the ship, and every one was alive in looking over the stores in search of barbs and harpoons.

A joint of mutton, and strong hook attached, were then lowered by means of a rope of sufficient length; but our friend glided under us, and we observed that fresh meat, only a few days before killed at Stavanger, could not tempt him. We tried scarlet-colored cloth; this too was useless, and could not fascinate the fish; for he soon left us, and many of the seamen believed that he had paid a visit to another ship somewhere in the offing. We computed this specimen to be about twenty feet long, and it seemed to me to be between four and five feet across the head.

One man there was on board pleased with this hasty termination to our pleasures, and that was "a hand" (to use a common sea-phrase) who had been seriously ill, and was several weeks slung in his hammock, on the sick-list. Nearly all sailors possess superstitious notions; this poor fellow was not an exception, for his spirits rallied after the departure of a visitor who wanders through the pathless seas—a tyrant of his element:—

The dread of all who in the breeze  
Of tropic climes enjoy its cool  
Life-giving air—soft listless ease,  
The rock-formed bath, or swimming pool.  
Perchance death comes, with open jaws,  
A victim bids adieu to shores  
How much more blest! sad havoc's done,  
One man is gone—the sea's alone!

*Keswick.*

C. W. R.

#### A HINT ON WOOING.

SOME beauties are like the convolvulus, which only shows its flower when the sun shines; but the sun of beauty is a gas-lustre. Should'st thou ever fall in love, woo not thy fair one with costly gifts, nor by taking her to concerts, balls, theatres, promenades, and other revelries, lest thou thereby give her a distaste for domestic life; remember that the lap-dog, which has been accustomed to luxurious feeding, despises porridge and milk.



## THE AVIARY AND ITS OCCUPANTS.

No. IX.

(Continued from Page 157.)

THUS FAR WE HAVE TRAVELLED, SLOWLY BUT SURELY, over the roughest ground. Having, contrary to a general rule, begun at the beginning, we find no need to retrace our steps. We have given ample instructions, we imagine, on every branch of our subject,—including the building of an aviary, the purchase of “stock,” the proper mode of preparing the birds’ food, &c. &c. ; and we have henceforward to look on the pleasant side of the picture *only*. With care and attention, you will have very few deaths, very few casualties, and still fewer cases of sickness. In short, you will possess a “model aviary,” and find it a perpetual and inexhaustible fund of amusement.

We have already taken occasion briefly to direct attention to the fact of the human eye, and general expression of countenance, having considerable influence in the taming of birds and other animals—rendering them, moreover, affectionately playful. If you want anything to love you,—man, woman, child, or animal, pay it unceasing attention. Nothing can long stand out against kindness. A cheerful smile, or a winning look, from a feeling heart,—but why need we dwell upon what everybody ought to know?

With this principle ever in view, we always made a point of attending on the inmates of the aviary *in propria personâ*. It was no uncommon circumstance for a bird to perch on our head, our shoulder, our knee (whilst stooping), or on our hand, whilst engaged in cleansing the perches, &c. On such occasions we made it an undeviating rule to notice these marks of affectionate regard, by giving him a fond look, and whistling him a lively tune; also, by offering him some “tid-bit” in the form of a mealworm, an earwig, a piece of ripe soft pear, or the leaf of a juicy lettuce.

Emboldened by the familiarity of their fellows, and remarking that we never abused the confidence reposed in us, nearly the whole family would, after a while, eat from our hand. We have gone so far with many of them, as to take them up singly, while trotting about the floor; kiss them; play with them; and let them run away quietly from the half-open hand. They would as quickly return, and repeat the same ceremony; evidently much gratified with their “tiny” performances.

You will have unlimited opportunities for the indulgence of these reciprocal pleasing familiarities, for you must enter the aviary every morning,—regular as clockwork, to perform the requirements of the day. The perches must all be rubbed hard with a soapy

flannel, and afterwards dried. The windows and looking-glasses must be wiped with a dry cloth. The floor must be cleansed from its impurities. The universal mixture must be fresh made; and the residue (if any) thrown into the poultry yard; the fountain must be cleansed, and fresh water turned on. In short, a variety of other minor matters must be attended to, which will necessarily suggest themselves at the time.

We would here remark, that all persons who *will* have fine birds, must be scrupulously exact in keeping their apartment clean, also in seeing to their toe-nails being kept properly cut, and their feet not clogged up nor fouled by dirt. Look to their “hoppers and food troughs daily, and blow away the refuse of any seed that may remain on the lower ledge.

Be careful to keep a nice selection of Geraniums, Stocks, Calceolarias, &c., in the miniature balconies round the windows; and train your Ivy and other climbers over the upper parts of your windows. The birds will rejoice in an arrangement of this nature, and their song will be loud and continuous. You must also have nailed on the outside of all your windows (at all events the lower panes), a strong galvanised wire-work frame, the bars sufficiently close to prevent the ingress of the CATS, which would otherwise dash through the windows, and make sad havoc within. There is but ONE way of annihilating *these* vermin; to this we have already directed special attention.

In selecting your birds generally, it is always advisable to prefer those of a quiet temper. This remark has reference, in the most pointed manner, to woodlarks in particular. These melodious little songsters are, for the most part, very wild and very timid; knocking themselves about sadly, even at the reflection of their own shadow. They also have a bad habit of jumping up violently from the floor, when you go near them; especially when they are moulting. Their legs, we should observe, are fragile as the finest glass; consequently, they are liable to be easily broken. Woodlarks, of quiet habits, are a great acquisition in an aviary, where “harmony” is considered desirable. As they race along the floor, in the joyousness of their nature, they pour forth the most deliciously-plaintive notes. Many persons rank them as equal, some as superior to the nightingale.

Skylarks will neither thrive nor sing in an aviary. Naturally accustomed to soar aloft, they are sure to dash their heads violently against the ceiling; nor can they be taught to keep upon the floor. It is, therefore, quite useless to admit any of this tribe.

Should you, perchance, observe any flight feathers lying about, watch narrowly who



the offender is that has been thus spiteful ; and if you find any recurrence of the outrage, remove him at once. There must be no in-subordination allowed. When bringing in the daily supplies of fresh food, &c., you will be much amused by closely watching the movements of the expectant guests. They will cling to the wires and feed freely from your hand.

If ever you purchase any *good* song-birds, whose plumage may be defective, simply press hard upon the stumps of their tails, and draw out the whole of the tail feathers—one by one. In less than a fortnight after they have luxuriated in the aviary, a new tail will be discernible in prospective ; and in a short month their entire plumage will be beautiful. This affords abundant proof of the benefits derivable from air, exercise, and amusement.

Our next chapter will include a complete world of operations connected with an aviary ; and if we may offer an opinion, it will be one of universal interest to all who love to keep their birds well and "happy."

Half the birds that are pent up in cages lead a life of unceasing misery. Their owners talk loudly about "loving" them ; and they "prove" their love by letting their pets exist in dirt and filth. One glance at the interior of a bird-cage tells its own tale !

## BIRDS OF SONG.

### THE THRUSH.

(Continued from Page 154.)

WE COME NOW TO DISCUSS THE MERITS of the thrush—one of our very earliest birds of Spring.

The thrush is a bold, saucy rogue—one who will not be daunted or put down by any one. He fears no enemy,—not he ! And determined if possible to *have* no enemies, he sings to *all* alike. We observe that he pays due deference to the blackbird, with whose "matins" he rarely interferes ; but no sooner are the devotions of the latter over, than the welkin rings out with the most ravishing strains of joy.

No suppressed notes have we here. Our hero's heart is full to the brim ; and we *must* hear what he has to say, both to his mate and to us. So rapid, too, is his utterance, so long his "little story" of love and happiness, that "variety" appears in every second note he utters.

The one great business of the thrush's life appears to be devotion to his ladye-love, affection to his numerous offspring, gratitude to his Maker, and fondness for the society of man. He is rarely silent throughout the day ; and at the close of evening, he whistles so long as a streak of light is visible. His

"vespers," on our return home, rejoice our heart. The park resounds far and near with his outpourings of joyous melody.

We are now singing, be it known, of the musical thrush, *Turdus Musicus*—not the missel thrush. The latter is a much larger bird than the former, and does not sing nearly so well, nor so much. A handsome bird he is, truly, and an ornament to a garden lawn ; but, as a cage-bird, or a vernal chorister, he must not rank high. The musical thrush is the more taper and elegantly-formed bird of the two. When he stands erect, he is a most loveable object. His fine intelligent eye speaks eloquently for him ; nor need he fear exhibiting his cerebral development. His head is a noble study, having only one organ in it—the organ of "music." How he "discourses" this, all of us who live in the country know to our infinite delight.

The time for "pairing" depends much on the weather. When the early part of the year is mild, and the sun visible at intervals, early pairing and early incubation are the consequence. Nests are already formed ; and marriages, of course, have long since been contracted. Hence the song of the birds is "sweet." We may remark here, that never do birds sing more sweetly than when first united. All their best endeavors to please their spouses, and render their lives "happy," are then exercised to the full. Nor do these good offices cease and determine until the compact can be lawfully rescinded with the termination of the season. Such is "birds, law." Being moralists in our way, we do wish these remarks of ours to extend below the surface ; for, as we have often said, we may learn a profitable lesson every day, even by a consideration of dumb animals. They shame us in almost every branch of their domestic economy.

The nest of a thrush, like that of a black-bird, is not closely concealed ; consequently the school-boy and the villainous bird-catcher make sad havoc with their eggs and offspring. How often have we heard the parents bemoaning the loss of their infant progeny, in tones which would have melted any heart, save only those above-mentioned, which are notoriously made of iron, and therefore impenetrable. There is, however, much sound sense in these noble birds. They grieve, truly grieve for their loss, but they "sorrow not as those without hope." Making the best of matters, again do they go through the heavy duties of nidification, incubation, and hatching ; and a second brood sometimes escapes the murderous scrutiny of the robbers' eye. On such occasions, how joyous must be the feelings of the "happy pair !" How excessive their fondness for each other, and for their children ! And with what delight must they bring them out to see the world, and teach them to



provide for their own wants! The nest of the thrush is constructed with much ingenuity. Its interior resembles a large circular cup, both in form and size. It is quite smooth to the touch, though not polished. To receive this, a substratum of tufted moss is formed. As the structure advances, the tufts of moss are brought into a rounded wall, by means of stems of grass, wheat, straw, or roots. These are twined with it, and with one another, up to the brim of the cup, where a thicker band of the same material is hooped round like the mouth of a basket.

When any of the straws, or other materials will not readily conform to this required gauge, they are carefully glued into their proper places by means of saliva. This is a fact which a sceptic may realise by the careful inspection of any nest. It is worthy of examination, and a beautiful contrivance to gaze upon.

When the "shell," as it may be termed, is completed in the manner we have described, the happy pair begin the interior masonry by spreading pellets of horse or cow-dung on the basket-work of moss and straw; beginning at the bottom, which is intended to be the thickest, and proceeding gradually from the central point. This material, however, is too dry to adhere of itself with sufficient firmness to the moss, and on this account it is always laid on with the saliva of the bird as a cement. How must the patience of the little architect be taxed to lay this on so very smoothly, having no other implement than its narrow-pointed beak!

No human architect could produce any similar effect with such a tool as this, seeing that the whole surface is of one uniform smoothness; but from the frame being nicely prepared, and by using only small pellets at a time, which are spread out with the upper part of the bill, the work is rendered easier. Some writers assert that thrushes prefer the dung of cows for lining their nests with; but experience proves the contrary. Horse-dung is selected, as being the more eligible for the purpose. This may be ascertained by comparing a piece of the dry droppings found in pastures, with the inner wall of the nest. Dry horse-dung retains *no smell*; whereas cow-dung, though exposed to the heat of the sun for many months, always retains a musky smell, resembling Indian ink.

On this wall being finished, the birds use for an inner coating little short slips of rotten wood—chiefly that of the willow; and these are firmly glued on with the same salivary cement, while they are bruised flat at the same time, so as to correspond with the smoothness of the surface over which they are laid. This final coating, however, is seldom extended quite so high as the first;

and neither of them are carried quite to the brim of the nest, the birds thinking it enough to bring their masonry near to the twisted band of grass which forms the mouth.

The whole wall when finished, is not much thicker than pasteboard, and though hard, tough, and water-tight, is more warm and comfortable than might, on a first view, appear, and admirably calculated for protecting the eggs or young from the bleak winds which prevail in the early part of the spring, when the song-thrush breeds. We are so great admirers of the ingenuity of these birds, that we have deemed it right to be minutely particular in describing the manner of their forming their nests. Some find fault with the nests for being water-tight from within,—thereby, they say, admitting rain to spoil their eggs; but this is ridiculous, as *one* of the parent birds invariably remains "on the premises" to prevent any such calamity in time of rain.

Last year a pair of thrushes built their nest in a yew tree, immediately contiguous to one of the lower windows of our dwelling. We could easily reach it with the hand. During the building of that nest we had ample opportunities for watching the parent-birds. We rose very early for the purpose of observation, and found them busy at day-break. Their task completed, five eggs were duly laid by the mamma, and in due time hatched.

The interval between the laying of the eggs, and the hatching of the young, afforded us many delightful opportunities for observing the affection of these happy creatures. Never was husband more kind or more attentive; never was wife more charmingly sensible of those attentions, and devoted to her "only love." They loved well and truly. The bustle too, and fuss, consequent upon the departure of the happy family from their cradle, were irresistibly diverting. It was all managed at sunrise. Unobserved by the little party, we were narrowly scanning all their movements. We saw them flap their wings, and assay their powers of flight. We noted their unmistakeable feelings of joy and delight on first peeping round upon the world; and the obedience they paid to their parents. Not a note uttered by the latter escaped them, and in a day or two they were well able to provide for their own necessities. They were our guests all through the year, and still live in our grounds.

We have now to record the pleasing fact, of the same parents having again built their nest in the tree adjoining that in which they nested last season. It is built at a height not exceeding five feet from the ground, and we catch the eye of the occupant every time we pass. Ere this reaches the public eye, the young, five in number, will be nearly a



week old. Again shall we watch them narrowly, and mark their progress and departure.

The ceremony of feeding is a most amusing one. The two parent birds are unceasing in their self-imposed task, and luxuries out of number are brought in constantly to the young. We often wonder how such quantities of food can be so readily disposed of. Still is the cry for "more! more!"

As for the song of the thrush, it is now most delightful. May is just the month when all the choristers break forth in unrestrained happiness. Nor do they interfere with each others' music,—all is pure harmony. To enjoy this season, of course we must be out at daybreak. Who would be a lie-a-bed in May? Sights are there to be seen, sounds are there to be listened to, that turn our earth into a perfect Heaven:—

The flow'rs in their splendor now paint the gay meads,

On yon balmy zephyr their odors take wing;  
The clear sparkling dew hangs around them in beads;

Rejoicing, they welcome the opening of Spring.

The bee loves to feast on some rich-scented flower,  
And kiss the red roses the long summer's day;  
Till twilight o'er shadows his sweet elfin bower,  
And makes him in joy to his hive haste away.

With music sweet minstrels the valleys regale,  
While chanting their anthems so melting at e'en;

And clear crystal streamlets, that glide through the vale,

Proclaim that effulgence hath dawn'd on the scene.

All Nature in beauty we joyfully see,  
And fair blushing maidens in love's rosy bloom;  
Whilst lambskins are frisking in infinite glee,  
And bidding defiance to sadness and gloom.

In our next, we will give some more interesting particulars about our hero; and reply to many questions that have been asked us about his food, etc.

#### THE FOREST TREES OF ENGLAND.

THERE are eighteen species of trees, known as "the Forest Trees of England." Of these, Mr. Loudon tells us in his "Arboretum," eleven only are undoubted natives. He enumerates them as follows:—*Tilia parvifolia*, *Acer campestre*, *Fraxinus excelsior*, *Fraxinus heterophylla*, *Ulmus montana*, *Quercus robur*, *Quercus sessiliflora*, *Fagus sylvatica*, *Carpinus Betulus*, *Betula alba*, and *Pinus sylvestris*.

There are seven others; which, if not decidedly indigenous, are yet very common in England, and must be included in any complete list of English and Foreign Trees. Their names are:—*Castanea vesca*, *Acer pseudo-Platanus*, *Tilia grandifolia*, *Tilia Europaea*, *Ulmus glabra*, *Ulmus Campes- tris*, and *Ulmus suberosa*.

#### OUR MIRROR OF THE MONTHS. M A Y.

Give me a May-day, that amid the fields,  
Treading on flowers, and in the odorous air,  
I may roam on o'er mountains and through woods:  
And as the tender memories of the dead  
Stream o'er me from the things they loved so once,  
And from the flowers that decked their early biers,  
I—feeling saddest love within my soul—  
May feel my soul, and know I am IMMORTAL.

IT REALLY DOES SEEM a piece of gratuitous assumption for any mortal to attempt to sing the glories of Spring; and to comment in so many words upon what meets the eye, and steals upon the senses in the open air of Heaven in the month of May.

Are there any persons in the world who can fail to enjoy this festive season? We fear there are—many. Yet are they people without soul; and so we leave them to bury themselves in dirty cities and smoky towns, whilst we run out in all the buoyancy of regenerated youth into the fields and hedge-rows.

What first greets our vision? *Green*,—refreshing green. Green is Nature's universal livery. How beautifully clean and new is every item in her ladyship's wardrobe! At each turn we take, there is a profusion of verdure before, behind, and on every side of us. Nature's carpet is fresh laid; and nothing surely can be more grateful than to press its velvet surface. Then what a constant succession of rapid changes await us day by day!

There is a beautiful diversity  
In every change of Nature. He that rules  
The universe, displays creative power  
In the minutest objects of our vision;  
As the most magnified extents of suns  
That give light, heat, and life, to rolling orbs  
Existing in their systems. While the year  
Lives on the breath of Time, there's more to love  
In each degree, where'er we turn our eyes,  
To exercise our thoughts.

And how great is the zest with which we again behold these lovely objects from which we have so long been parted! A long winter has buried us in frost, snow, wind, and rain; we have borne it all, and survived. We are just awaking, like Nature, from a state of torpor—

And now that the cold winds and snows are gone,  
We feel the invigorating strength of Spring;  
Greet the first flowers that lift their tender bells  
To meet the approbation of the sun,  
Like modest Genius venturing in the world  
For literary commendation; or  
Young Beauty in her bashfulness, whose lips  
Have felt the kisses of her love's first love;—  
So sweet are thy returns, O, Heavenly May!

To enjoy all that now awaits us, requires little beyond the disposition to do so. If we retire late to roost, and toss restlessly upon



our bed after a heavy meal, the less we say about "the delights of the country" the better. We cannot rise with the sun's herald, nor witness the ushering in of day,—a sight of unexampled grandeur :—

How beautiful is Morn !  
 When from her downy pillows peeping  
 At the world beneath her sleeping,  
 Her ruddy blush reflected lingers  
 On the tissuey veils of gold,  
 The gorgeous work of Sol's own fingers,—  
 That gracefully her form enfold  
 From the sky-lark's daring sight,  
 As merrily he wings his flight,  
 The laureate of morn !

How beautiful is Morn !  
 When in her garb of roseate hue,  
 Richly gemm'd with glittering dew,  
 She sees the fields of light advancing,  
 While laughing nymphs around her play ;  
 Welcoming, with glad songs and dancing,  
 The all-resplendent orb of day.  
 At his approach they fade from sight,  
 Enveloped in a silvery light,—  
 The peerless robe of morn !

It often astounds us, when we meet with people who delight to talk about such things, and read them in books,—and yet never make one single effort to witness them! We repeat,—it astounds us. A pleasant writer referring to people in towns, says :—It is deplorable to think of the aching hearts, borne hither and thither in their luxurious carriages; the envyings and heart-burnings which vex the spirits of the passers-by, gazing on the wealth they long for, toil for,—but cannot have. How different the attractions of the country! You walk out and gaze around on Nature in all her inimitable beauty. The sun glistens on the dew, making it brighter than any jewels; sheds its radiance on the exquisite flowers, more beautiful than any work of art; and they are the property of the poorest herdsman, and create no vain longings. The ploughman whistling to his cattle, or a joyous child swinging on a gate, are perhaps all you meet in your walk; but you pass them without a feeling of pain. They have their troubles doubtless, for sorrow is the lot of man; but they are lighter far than the vexations of those who live in a troubled city.

We have now arrived at the time of the singing of birds. All the groves and gardens are vocal with melody. The nightingale and black-cap, true to their observed times, were safely allocated with us on the 9th of April, and singing away merrily under our very window on the morning of the 10th. Most of the other summer visitors too, including our good friend, the cuckoo, have since been added; and we are again in all our glory.

As for walks and strolls,—if we have no "opportunities" for these, we *make* them.

"Where there is a will," says the proverb, "there is also a way." And at this lovely, seductive season,—

When May  
 With her saucy curls,  
 Beckons us at the gate,—  
 We were but unmannered churls  
 To sleep and let her wait.

No waiting is there for us! A sight of the blue ether, and the sound of "melody hanging in the clouds," soon hurry us away.\*

This is the month when the sun shines out warm and broadly; when, to use the forcible expression of an enthusiastic admirer of nature, "the crackling holly hedges glitter in the laughing shower of splendor, like a line of cuirassiers with their polished breast-

\* We are always pleased when we find an echo to our own sentiments—and more particularly when it is freely and openly expressed. The following fragment, from the pen of Leigh Hunt, shews a geniality of feeling which is perfectly delightful. Speaking of May and its influences, he says :—"Spring, while we are writing, is complete. The winds have done their work. The shaken air, well tempered and equalised, has subsided. The swallow now shoots by us, like an embodied ardor of the season. The glowing bee has his will of the honied flowers, grappling with them as they tremble. Then the young green! This is the most apt and perfect mark of the season,—the true issuing forth of the Spring. The trees and bushes are putting forth their crisp fans; the lilac is loaded with bud; the meadows are thick with the bright young grass, running into sweeps of white and gold, with the daisies and buttercups. The orchards announce their riches in a shower of silver blossoms. The earth in fertile woods is spread with yellow and blue carpets of primroses, violets, and hyacinths, over which the birch-trees, like stooping nymphs, hang with their thickening hair. Lilies-of-the-valley, stocks, columbines, lady-smocks, and the intensely red peony, which seems to anticipate the full glow of summer-time,—all come out to wait upon the season, like fairies from their subterranean palaces." To the above he adds the following exquisite sentiments :—"Who is to wonder that the idea of love mingles itself with that of this cheerful and kind time of the year, setting aside even common associations? It is not only its youth and beauty, and budding life, and 'the passion of the groves,' that exclaim with the poet,—

Let those love now, who never loved before ;  
 And those who *always* loved, now love THE  
 MORE.

All our kindly impulses are apt to have more sentiment in them, than the world suspect; and it is by *fetching out this sentiment*, and making it the ruling association, that we exalt the impulse into generosity and refinement, instead of degrading it, as is too much the case, into what is selfish, and coarse, and pollutes all our systems."—We wish we could find a few more such writers as these, and see such sentiments dispersed all over the civilised world.—ED. K. J.



plates." There appears now, too, a regular succession of lovely flowers, to replace some of our earlier pet favorites that are on the eve of taking their departure. Whilst we write, the short, tender grass,—

Glowing,  
Just as from a gentle mowing,  
Asking a fair foot to press  
On its springing mossiness,

is covered with marguerites, thick as the stars in a summer's night,—a thousand dew-drops, almost imperceptible on a close inspection, throwing up their dazzling long rays against the eyes, and twinkling in and out, like fiery diamond-sparks set round an Eastern emerald.

We have already hinted, that to *write* much about the glories of the country, is "a liberty" that we ought to avail ourself of as little as possible. We believe it to be even so, and shall therefore merely remind our good friends that—

The May is on the hedges white as snow,  
Or maiden-dresses on a Sabbath noon;  
And flowers by thousands 'neath their shadows  
grow,  
Blue-bell and cuckoo!—

That all Nature is clad in her most witching garb; and that joys innumerable await all who will seek them with a pure and loving heart. Up, then, good people,—

Up with the morning and up with the sun!  
Night, with its dreams and its shadows, is done.  
The lilac's small stars in their thousands arise,  
While the garden is filled with their languishing sighs,  
I must away with the earliest hours,  
To gather the MAY-DEW that lies in the flowers.

The yellow laburnum, the spendthrift of spring,  
How lavish the wealth which its bright branches fling!  
Is rich as the bough which the sibyl of yore  
To chase the dark spirits of Acheron bore;  
How soon, at the sight of its gladness, depart  
The shadows that gather in gloom o'er the heart!

The violets open their eyes in the grass,  
Each one has a dew-drop to serve as a glass;  
Last night in their shelter the Fairy Queen  
slept,  
And to thank the sweet watch o'er her sleep which  
they kept,  
The look which she gave them at parting left  
there  
The blue of her eyes and the scent of her hair.  
With his wings filled with music, the bee is  
abroad,  
He seeks the wild thyme-beds of which he is lord.  
The lark starts from slumber, and up-soaring  
flings,  
The night-tears the clover has shed on his wings;  
The chirp of the grasshopper gladdens the field,  
For all things their mirth or their melody yield.

The glory of Spring, and the glory of morn,  
O'er all the wide world in their beauty are borne;  
For the Winter is gone to the snows of the north,  
And the promise of Summer in green leaves looks  
forth.

The red rose has summoned her sisters from rest,  
And earth with the sight of the lovely is blest.

I, too, will go forth—I, too, will renew  
My bloom and my spirits in sunshine and dew.  
I hear the birds singing, and feel that their song  
Bears my own heart, that sharcth their gladness,  
along.

Ah, let me away with the earliest hours  
To GATHER the May-dew that lies in the flowers!

(L. E. L.)

### TO A GLOBE OF GOLD FISH.

Restless forms of living light  
Quivering on your lucid wings,  
Cheating still the curious sight  
With a thousand shadowings,—  
Various as the tints of even,  
Gorgeous as the hues of Heaven,  
Reflected on your native streams  
In flitting, flashing, billowy gleams!  
Harmless warriors, clad in mail  
Of silver breastplate, golden scale;—  
Mail of Nature's own bestowing,  
With peaceful radiance mildly glowing,—  
Fleet are ye as fleetest galley  
Or pirate rover sent from Sallee:  
Keener than the Tartar's arrow,  
Sport ye in your sea so narrow.

Was the Sun himself your sire?  
Were ye born of vital fire?  
Or of the shade of golden flowers,  
Such as we fetch from Eastern bowers,  
To mock this murky clime of ours?  
Upwards, downwards, now ye glance,  
Weaving many a mazy dance;  
Seeming still to grow in size  
When ye would elude our eyes—  
Pretty creatures! we might deem  
Ye were happy as ye seem,—  
As gay, as gamesome, and as blithe,  
As light, as loving, and as lithe,  
As gladly earnest, in your play,  
As when ye gleam'd in far Cathay.

And yet, since on this hapless earth  
There's small sincerity in mirth,  
And laughter oft is but an art  
To drown the outcry of the heart;  
It may be, that your ceaseless gambols,  
Your wheelings, dartings, divings, rambles,  
Your restless roving round and round  
The circuit of your crystal bound,—  
Is but the task of weary pain,  
An endless labor, dull and vain;  
And while your forms are gaily shining,  
Your little lives are inly pining!  
Nay—but still I fain would dream  
That ye are happy as ye seem;  
Deck'd in oriental pride,  
By homely British fire-side.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.



## RAIL ROADS AND STEAM-ENGINES.

BY REV. J. M. NEALE.

Water and flame to agreement came,  
 And a solemn league they swore,  
 To use such speed and to do such deed  
 As never was done before :  
 To be friends to time—to be foes to space,  
 And mingle their rattle powers,  
 At a giant's pace, in a giant's race,  
 To be slaves to us and ours.

The sign is made, the word is said,  
 And the boiler coughs and hoots ;  
 And taught to go, at first right slow,  
 The long line onward shoots ;  
 Till with valves that rattle quick, and with steam  
 that volumes thick,  
 And with buffers each from others far apart,  
 While the sleepers quake below, and the wheels  
 like lightning go,  
 Through the tunnel and the bridge we dart.

Through the chalk-built hill, by the busy mill,  
 By the stream where the waters splash,  
 Through the Kentish hops, through the Sussex  
 copse,  
 O'er the breezy heath we dash ;  
 Where the small birds sing, where the sweet bells  
 ring,  
 Where the earliest flowers are pluck'd,  
 We thunder away the live-long day  
 O'er embankment and viaduct.

There's a hill before, and we give not o'er,  
 But with double speed we fly,  
 And we make no pause at the tunnel's jaws,  
 Though we enter with doleful cry ;  
 But the darkness of rocks our engine mocks,  
 And mountains are tamed by skill ;  
 Though they fought right hard for their own at Box,  
 And harder at Clayton Hill.

The hour will be past if we pause at last,  
 So faster, if faster may be,  
 The clouds that fly through the summer sky  
 Are not so swift as we ;  
 There's a whirr in the trees when we pass like the  
 breeze,  
 As if all we had done were too slow ;  
 And for breath we must gasp, and the tender-rails  
 we clasp,  
 As a mile a minute we go.

We may hear the bell of our coming tell  
 A long long league away ;  
 And the pleasant field to the town must yield,  
 Ere we end our toil to-day ;  
 For life and for limb our praise to Him,  
 And thankfulness let's give,  
 Who guides us aright in our whirlwind flight,  
 When we COULD NOT GO WRONG AND LIVE !

[The last four lines are deserving of especial regard. Our correspondent is right. It is nothing *but* Providence that now saves us from destruction on the railways. Scarcely a day passes without some truly horrible calamity being recorded in the newspapers. We read, as a matter of course, that some dozen people have been mangled on the rail ; and also, as a matter of course, that some mighty official has been "sent down to see about it !"]

## CATS AND SQUIRRELS.

WE ARE NOT AWARE of ever having seen these two distinct animals spoken of together ; but as we dearly love to record all "curious facts" that come under our eye whilst "strolling" abroad in this great world of ours, we introduce them to-day as a novelty.

It must not be supposed, because we have from time to time been severe upon cats, that we are therefore cruel haters of the race. No ! Our observations upon cats, as vermin, have reference always to their being kept where *birds* are domesticated ; and we shall never pity anybody who may lose their birds in consequence of there being a cat in the house. We will never believe that a person can love cats and birds too. It is impossible.

This paves the way for our offering a few remarks, on the pleasure that might be derived from keeping cats and squirrels. Yes, gentle reader,—cats and squirrels ! In early days, the association of these animals caused us much amusement. They played together, slept together, raced together up and down stairs, and lived in all the amity of social life. Our taste, however, outlived this fancy ; or rather, circumstances induced us, on the death of one of our most favorite squirrels, to banish our regret in the substitution of a taste for *birds*,—and then—farewell to cats !

We never could, from childhood, bear to be without some living thing that was fond of us ; and singular to say, the affection was, in nearly every case, equally ardent in both parties. Never, surely, were squirrels like ours ! Their tricks and affectionate gambols would, if recorded, fill a volume. Preserved in glass cases, the rogues still catch our eye daily.

We were reminded of these early fancies, a few days since. Calling on CLIFFORD, 24, Great St. Andrew Street, Holborn, to purchase some "model cages," we saw running along his counter three of the most beautiful little squirrels that can be conceived,—quite young, and very tame. They were pursued by a black and white kitten, or rather cat, as she is six months old,—and were caught one by one in her mouth. They were all in an ecstasy of enjoyment ; and allowed themselves to be taken into a large cage, the door of which was open.

By our desire Clifford closed the cage, which had open wires back and front. Then, indeed, had we a rich treat in watching the motherly fondness of that cat. She fondled the squirrels one after the other ; licked them all over with her rough tongue ; and turned complete somersaults over their heads. The squirrels, too, full of antics, did the same thing ; and never, we imagine, was there a prettier *tableau vivant* of its kind. Then would they lie down tired, and curl themselves up—either on the cat's back or beneath



her fore-paws, which were carefully elevated to receive her play-fellows. This cat, be it observed, is an excellent mouser, which makes the circumstance we record still more surprising. These games go on daily.

The mother of this fond little cat has just received another addition to her family in the form of some elegant kittens. These we have advised Clifford to keep, and to associate them with squirrels. Running about together in a house in the country, they would, when at play, cause a family unceasing entertainment. As for their tricks and gambols,—nobody could attempt to describe them.

We once had a very pretty little dog who was equally fond of squirrels. Seated on Carlo's back, one of our brush-tail friends would fly up and down stairs like wild-fire. Then would the pair lie down exhausted, and cuddle each other on the hearth-rug—awaking to another game of romps! But our pen must stop here, else should we exceed all bounds. The days of one's youth recall so many happy hours!

### BEAR AND FORBEAR!

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

By the blessings God has given,  
By the mercy he bestows,  
Let us bear with one another,—  
Soothe, and share each other's woes.

Check that look of cold derision,  
Learn to sympathise with grief;  
In thy bosom let the lonely,  
Weary mourner find relief.

Woman's voice is never sweeter  
Than when pity fills her breast,—  
When she breathes kind words and blessings  
On the heart with grief oppress'd.

Save the erring, lead them gently  
From the paths of dark despair;  
Let them hear the voice of mercy,  
And thy kind compassion share.

Many yet are madly standing  
On the brink of wretchedness,  
With no friendly hand to save them,—  
None to shield them from distress.

Save,—oh, save them! e'er with anguish  
In its vortex they are hurl'd;  
Shield them with the hand of mercy,  
From a cruel, heartless world.

Save the erring,—let the guilty  
From their misery depart;  
Though the frowning world assail them,  
God will bless the contrite heart.

Save the erring from destruction,  
God of Heaven, shelter them!  
May we learn by thy compassion  
To FORBEAR E'ER WE CONDEMN!

### ZOOLOGICAL FOLK LORE,—No. 1.

THE THOUGHT has suggested itself to me, my dear Sir, that if you were to publish in OUR OWN JOURNAL a collection of the omens, superstitions, &c., connected with Natural History, it would greatly interest your readers. With your concurrence I will commence the series, and continue it regularly. There are a vast number of sources from whence I can derive authentic particulars; and as I have myself noted many very curious local peculiarities, the *ensemble* cannot fail, I imagine, to please the public at large. — J. MCINTOSH, Mem. Ent. Soc.; Wern. Club; Arch. Association, &c., Taunton.

[We hardly need premise, that all superstitions have their origin in ignorance. Our object is to expose this ignorance, and to prove that all the works of our great Creator show his wisdom as well as goodness. There is nothing in Nature but what is, of its kind, both admirable and beautiful.]

No. 1. ROASTING MICE FOR HOOPING-COUGH! — In Norfolk, we are told, this is a common practice. We believe it is also common in other countries. *Mice* are often, in country places, roasted alive as a means of expelling others of the race from private houses. This is also done with respect to *rats*. Can anything be more absurd or cruel? A roast mouse is also said to be an infallible cure for children in a certain state of physical weakness. "Oh ignorance! where is thy blush?"

No. 2. THE CAT.—In many country places, it is positively asserted, and believed, that this animal will not remain in a house with an unburied corpse! And in Wiltshire and in Devonshire, it is believed that cats born in the month of May will catch no mice or rats; but will, differing from all other cats, bring into the house snakes and slowworms!

No. 3. SWANS.—Some people believe that these graceful and beautiful birds are hatched by thunderstorms!

No. 4. THE MAGPIE.—In many places, country folk gravely inform you that it is proper to make a low bow when one of these birds is seen. In Scotland, as well as in England and Ireland, it is a vulgar saying that to see four of these birds at one time is a sign of death in the family. Three denote a wedding; two, mirth; one, sorrow. For anglers in spring, it is always unlucky to see single magpies; but to see two is regarded as a favorable omen. This beautiful bird appears to have taken its place amongst the ignorant as an omen of evil, just as the poor owl did amongst the ancients. A nurse is frequently heard to declare that she has lost all hopes of her charge when she has seen a *piannet* on the house top. Old Gerarde, in his queer old Herbal, remarks that magpies are called in some places *pie-annies*.

No. 5. CUCKOO.—It is unlucky to hear this delightful harbinger of our spring for the first time in the season upon soft ground. In other places, the superstition is hard ground. If you have money in your pocket, you are sagely advised to be sure to turn it over!



No. 6. SNAILS.—If black snails are seized by the horns, and tossed over the left shoulder, the process will ensure good luck to the person who performs it. In Scotland this is a very common superstition!

No. 7. THE ROOK.—These useful but most persecuted birds, are said by country folk to leave the house until after the funeral, if the rookery be near the house. They are also said to follow the fortunes of owners who have left their dwelling places, and abandon the rookeries if the house is left untenanted, or about to be pulled down!

No. 8. PIGEONS.—Many good wives, out of ignorance, destroy the feathers of these birds instead of saving them to stuff beds, &c. They say if they were to do so, it would prolong the sufferings of the *death bed!* and when they are more than usually severe, it is attributed to this cause—"because the bird has no gall!"

No. 9. REDBREAST, SWALLOW, AND WREN.—It is a belief amongst boys, and even some grown-up people in country places, that to disturb the nests of these birds is unlucky; and the housewife considers the eggs of these birds in her house as affecting the safety of her crockeryware!

(To be continued.)

## PUBLIC ANNOYANCES.

### STREET MUSIC.

WE ARE GLAD TO OBSERVE that we are not alone in our strictures on the organ-ic and other nuisances which infest our public streets. Our contemporary, the *Examiner*, takes up what we have so often dwelt upon; and whilst pointing out the evil, shows the injustice of allowing the evil to remain.

Is there no independent Member, asks our contemporary, that will join forces with Colonel Sibthorpe for the suppression of one of the most intolerable nuisances to which the inhabitants of the metropolis are subjected without mercy, without hope of deliverance, or chance of redress? Where is the liberty of the subject, where the boasted inviolability of the Englishman's castle, if a man cannot reckon for an hour together upon the quiet and undisturbed possession of his own premises,—aye, of his own ears and brains and nerves?

A greater pest to society can hardly be imagined than the London organ-grinders,—an army of lawless fellows, who are let loose day by day upon the streets of this metropolis, and whose persecution has assumed the form of a regular—we intend no pun—*organ-isation*. By some understanding between their unseen employers, the great street-organ proprietors, whose slaves the grinders are, the town appears to be divided into street-organ beats, as distinct as are those assigned to different sections of the Metropolitan Police by the Commissioners.

The public have not even the relief of variety, the chance of a change for the better. Week after week, on certain stated days, and at certain stated hours, the same instrument repeats its detestable noises—to the gratification, it may be, of some idle individual, gifted with ears callous to

every dissonance, who encourages the performance by a periodical contribution—but to the annoyance and torment of a whole street. Here, a studious individual is driven half frantic in the vain effort to collect and compose his thoughts, while his ears are assailed by the incessant din of some discordant apparatus for the production of noise; there, the nerves of an unhappy sufferer on a sick-bed are kept in a state of distressing irritation by the intolerable grating of unmusical sounds, yclept street-music.

In vain is the tormentor remonstrated with. He coolly maintains his position, probably answering the request for his removal with a grin at the windows of the house from which the message proceeded. If he apprehends that active steps are likely to be taken to procure the interference of the police, he moves, perhaps, a few yards further down the street, and there begins his infernal concert afresh. In nine cases out of ten, however, no such interference is possible. No policeman is to be found far or near; or when, at length, the attendance of that official is secured by dint of great trouble, the organ-grinder has had the satisfaction, in the mean time, of finishing his round of tunes, and has taken his departure. Even if, through some rare instance of perseverance, the delinquent is actually taken into custody, and brought before a Magistrate, the chances are that he escapes through some loophole or other, as was the case recently at one of the metropolitan police-offices, when a fellow who had for weeks, in spite of reiterated remonstrances, been the torment of an invalid, escaped scot-free, on the ground that the formality of warning him off had not been repeated on the occasion on which he was finally committed to the hands of the police!

There is something ludicrously absurd as well as monstrously unjust in the present state of the law on this subject, which enables a number of idle vagabonds, most of them foreigners imported for the purpose, to invade the comfort of quiet, respectable people in their own houses, without their having a chance of protecting themselves from so insufferable a nuisance. Surely an Administration composed of "all the talents" should be able to devise a remedy for an evil which, laughable as it sounds, is to many of the inhabitants of London a source of serious interruption and of grievous discomfort.

These remarks are very just. We verily believe that the removal of the organ-grinders would save many hundreds of persons from going mad. Cab-drivers, who with all their faults are comparatively harmless nuisances, have been subjected to the most rigid discipline,—almost to the depriving them of the opportunity for eating and drinking; whilst these foreign monkeys are allowed to do just as they like, and to fill our asylums with idiots and raving madmen.

## THE BEAUTY OF VIRTUE.

A diamond,  
Though set in horn, is still a diamond,  
And sparkles as in purest gold.



## THE PLEASURES OF MADNESS.

## THE SPIRIT RAPPERS.

There is a pleasure in being mad,  
Which none but madmen know.

DRYDEN.

We are not going to defile our pages by a too close examination of the blasphemous pretensions put forth by the Spirit Rappers. These impostors are pretending to raise from the dead the spirits of the departed! We merely wish to put forth a friendly caution to the weak-minded, not to be led away by their artful and seductive advertisements. Whilst they "rap," the public are "let in!"

We have, at page 199, expressed our belief that the whole world is mad. This belief is strengthened from what we daily see. Every absurd advertisement that appears is credited; and however monstrous the thing proposed to be shown is, the more numerous the visitors to see it!

The Spirit Rappers are a body of artful infidels, who prey upon the credulity of an English public by pretending to raise the dead spirits of departed friends; afterwards coaxing them to hold converse with the living.\* This introduction to the "dead," costs the "living" one guinea. THIS is the "grand secret" of raising the dead!

There is a lecturer, and a "Medium," or go-between—a woman, of course! These and their confederates act in concert; and by silly taps or raps under the table, actually cajole many of their victims into the belief that the sounds proceed from disembodied spirits! The whole affair has been so well exposed in the *Zoist*, that nothing is left for us to add.

We should never have alluded to the subject, but for the impious advertisement, which we subjoin, copied from the *Times* of April 12:—

"*Spiritual manifestations and communications* from DEPARTED FRIENDS, which so much gratify serious and enlightened minds, are exemplified daily by the American Medium, Mrs. R.," &c.,—(here follows her address, which we are *not* going to give.) It will be seen that the words "serious" and "enlightened" are here used to entrap the superstitious; and no doubt the result has answered Mrs. R.'s purpose.

\* At a late rapping *Séance*, says the *Zoist* (No. XLI. p. 95), Mr. G. H. Lewes wrote upon a piece of paper the following question—"Is the *Medium* an impostor?" An unequivocal "YES" was the answer. The question was again put, and again the Spirits assured the company that the *Medium* was "AN IMPOSTOR." In this particular case, we admit "the Spirits" to have been clairvoyant. Perhaps the Medium had mesmerised them first, and all were *en rapport*!—ED. K. J.

The above advertisement is only one of many similar. It is vain to tell people they are being hoaxed. We wish it rested here. We have been told of many, however, who have visited the Rappers, and whose intellects have been seriously affected thereby. We honestly confess WE have not paid them a visit, nor shall we "pay" for any such honor. We have heard enough from those who *have* paid, to convince us of the abomination of this most impious, barefaced swindle.\* Surely such people should be made amenable to the ecclesiastical law!

\* The imposture is imported from America; and we have read some most laughable accounts of its rise and progress. No miracle could be worked without money *there*; no miracle can be worked without money *here*. It may be asked—have any sensible men been led away by the impostors? We have heard of *one* very clever man falling a victim. Yet are we unwilling to credit the evidence of our senses.—ED. K. J.

## IF YOU LOVE ME,—SAY SO.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

The little lane—the greenwood lane—

Where Mary dwelt, was gay with singing,  
For brook and bird in many a strain

Down vale and moor their notes were flinging;  
But Mary's heart was deaf to song,  
No longer she her heart could smother,  
For she had learnt—at last—'twas wrong  
"To say one thing, and mean another!"

'Tis right—'tis due, when hearts are true,  
'To show that heart without deceiving,  
And not to speak, in idle freak,  
To try if one's the power of grieving!  
In Mary's heart, and Mary's mind,  
She loved one youth, and loved no other;  
But Mary's tongue was oft inclined  
To say one thing, and mean another!

Would all might see how sweet 'twould be  
If truth alone their words directed;  
How many a day might then be gay  
That passeth now, in tears, dejected.  
Would all might learn, and all discern,  
That truth keeps longest, friend or brother!  
Then, maids, be kind, and speak your mind;  
Don't say one thing, and mean another!

[There is such exquisite feeling in the above, and, the practice condemned is so general, that we gladly join our voice with that of Charles Swain in trying kindly to put it down.]

## THE POETRY OF SIMPLICITY.

GIVE me a look, give me a face  
That makes simplicity a grace;  
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:  
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,  
Than all the adulteries of art;  
Which strike mine eyes but NOT MINE HEART.

BEN JONSON.



## THE MOON'S RAYS.

Plac'd in the spangled sky, with visage bright,  
The full-orb'd moon her radiant beams displays;  
But 'neath the vivid sun's more splendid rays,  
Sinks all her charms, and fades her lovely light.



NEVER WAS THERE A TIME when people felt so anxious as they now do, to learn the why and because of what is passing daily before them. Curiosity has been awakened; sensible books have been published at a cheap cost; and the mind, once aroused, seeks pleasure in what is profitable. Let us hope that this laudable thirst for knowledge will spread. The more we know, the better members of society are we likely to become. Our old folk blush at their ignorance, and regret the follies of their youth. Let them be made wise thereby, and teach their children what will benefit them through life. This is a suitable atonement for neglected opportunities.

The Sun's rays, as is well known, consist of three distinct species—viz, rays of heat, rays of light, and deoxidising rays, the latter being so named from their influence in separating oxygen from its combinations. The rays of light are again separable by the prism into several rays, all varying in color from each other; the red ray on the one hand, and the violet on the other, forming the opposite extreme edges of the rainbow fan into which the sun's light is refracted by the prism—the red ray being the *least* refrangible, and the violet ray the *most* so.

In the focus of the red ray, the heating rays are most intense; while, on the contrary, the oxidising rays are most intense in the focus of the violet ray—both the heating and deoxidising rays diminishing in intensity on approximating to the centre of the rainbow fan, beyond which the presence of either is but in a slight degree indicated by the usual tests. The sun's heating rays are not reflected back to the earth by the moon; while on the contrary, the deoxidising rays seem evidently to be so, in at least an equal degree with the rays of light; and to this is attributable the greater proportion of the hitherto inexplicable phenomena produced by the moon on the surface of our planet.

To the influence of the sun's deoxidising rays is wholly or mainly referable the extrication of oxygen from living vegetables, the ripening of fruits and grain, the tarnishing of colors, the decomposition of animal and vegetable matter, and the extinguishing of combustion; for combustion being simply a chemical union of oxygen with a combustible body, whatever counteracts that union must counteract or altogether extinguish combustion. The fact of the deoxidising

rays of the sun counteracting combustion, is so duly appreciated by the clearing parties in New South Wales (though ignorant, of course, of the cause), that they invariably prefer the night time for burning off the timber, finding the combustion proceeds then with infinitely greater intensity than during the day. Now, most of, if not all, these effects are produced in nearly as great, and often in a greater degree, by the moon's rays than by those of the sun; showing that the sun's deoxidising rays are reflected back to the earth by the moon equally with the rays of light.

The finer colors of silk are tarnished by the moon's rays, the same as by the sun's; fires are extinguished by the former the same as by the latter; the bleaching of linen proceeds even more rapidly in moon than in sun-light; and the ripening of fruits and grain almost equally so; while meat and fish become more quickly putrescent in the moon's rays than in the sun's, a fact well known to all ships' stewards. The latter curious circumstance is explainable by our knowledge of oxygen being a constituent of almost all vegetable and animal bodies; therefore, whatever tends to separate this, must either materially alter or entirely destroy their substances.

On new-killed meat being exposed to the sun's rays, its exterior is dried and hardened by the sun's heating rays; and a species of crust is thus formed around it, guarding from the decomposing influence of the deoxidising rays, like the tin cases enveloping preserved meats; the preservative effects of the pyroligneous and other acids being also referable to the hardened exterior crust produced. The moon's rays, however, being destitute of heat, no such protecting crust can be consequently formed; the meat and the fish exposed to them remaining in a soft *moist* state, and therefore being more readily acted upon by the above rays—moisture being almost essential to animal and vegetable decomposition. The moister state of linen during the night than the day, accounts in some measure also for bleaching being more rapid by moon than by sun-light. It is a curious fact, as connected with this, that linens bleach quicker when spread upon the green grassy sward, than when spread upon stones, or hung upon rails. This is doubtless owing to the grass, like other vegetables, absorbing oxygen when screened from the influence of the deoxidising rays, and thereby assisting the bleaching, by absorbing the oxygen of the coloring matter of the linen as fast as extricated by the above rays.

Many metallic oxides and vegetable dyes, which, like living vegetables, have their oxygen separated from them by exposure to



these rays, re-absorb the oxygen again when no longer so exposed. Hence, the pleasing surprise often experienced on examining our once shabby habiliments. After being deposited for weeks in the lumber-chest, we find them look again "almost as good as new," in consequence of the coloring matter of the dye re-absorbing in the dark the oxygen previously extricated from it by the sun's rays—on the presence of which oxygen in the coloring matter, its hue entirely depended. By our knowledge of the sun's deoxidising rays being reflected back to our earth by the moon, we can readily explain the observation of the olden physicians, of intermittents and other diseases, produced by vegetable putrefaction, being most prevalent during full moon—in consequence of the sun's direct deoxidising rays, and those indirectly reflected by the moon, exerting a simultaneous influence. Also, as is evident, a double power upon vegetable matter; thus producing a more speedy decomposition thereof. Probably, also, the paroxysms of lunacy, during full moon, may be ascribed to the above greater vegetable decomposition at that period—lunatics being people of strong nervous susceptibility, consequently strongly influenced by atmospheric changes.

To what are we to attribute the curious anomaly of the sun's heating rays not being reflected back to us by the moon, equally with the luminous and deoxidising rays? Can it be owing to the violet and other the *most* refrangible rays (in which the deoxidising rays are most intense, from their equal refrangibility therewith) being reflected back to the earth by the moon, while the red and other the *least* refrangible rays (in which, for the same reason, the heating rays are most intense), are not so reflected? If this surmise be correct, the lunar rainbow will be found destitute of the red ray of light. The softest and mildest of the sun's luminous rays are the violet, and other the *most* refrangible rays; and therefore it may be in consequence of these rays only being reflected back to the earth by the moon, that moonlight is so soft and pleasing to the human eye. The dissolution of mists by the moon has probably no connection with what is here referred to, being doubtless referable to her attractive powers.

#### A "REAL" CHRISTIAN.

He that can apprehend and consider vice, with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better—he is the true wayfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed; that never sallies out and sees her adversary, and slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat.—MILTON.

#### CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

WE RECEIVE FROM TIME TO TIME some very distressing communications from parents, relative to the seemingly innate cruelty to animals existing in their children; and entreating us never to lose sight of an opportunity to crush the feeling.

We are sorry to say that there *does* exist much cruelty in the world,—not only among children, but among grown-up people. Many who keep cats and dogs, positively more than half starve them. Hence the depredations committed on their neighbors' larders and poultry-houses by the former, and the pitiful howlings of the latter,—

"Making night hideous."

Talking of children, we ourself know a boy who, though he has an excellent mother, is so abominably cruel that if walking in a garden he would kill every living thing he saw; and if near the poultry-house, he would maim nearly every one of its inmates. Horses, dogs, cats, birds,—all are alike to him. He glories in the sight of a broken limb, and loves to witness the tortures he has inflicted upon his poor innocent victims. Education has done nothing for him. A brute he is; a brute he ever will be. A boy like this—he is some fourteen years of age, is enough to contaminate a whole school. So fearful are the dangers arising from contact!

The punishment of such boys, if neglected by their parents in early years, will be visited doubtless on the latter in full measure, at some period of their lives,—and very properly so too. A cruel child can never make an amiable member of society.

*Apropos* to the subject of cruelty, is the subjoined chapter, written by Peter Parley. Although addressed nominally to little people, it hits hard at large and small. Let us *all* read it, and examine ourselves faithfully as to whether it has a voice to us:—

God loves all things. He kisses them in his sun-shine, fondles them in the summer breezes, and joy is in their eyes and in their hearts. Plants and flowers, beasts and birds, fishes and insects, *all* feel the law of love from their Creator.

The plants bloom in beauty, the beasts skip and play in rapture, the birds sing in sweetest melodies, the fish leap joyfully in the limpid stream, and insects dance in delight in the sunny air.

Love is everywhere. The love of Him, who is all love, dwells in every creature, the constant spring of all that is. Little girls and boys, who have not love in their hearts for all that lives, are very far from deserving the love of their good Creator.

And yet there are many little girls and boys, and, alas! many grown-up men and women, who, although they may feel quite certain that it is right to "love one another," have very little love



to the things God has made for their use—much less to those which seem to be of no use to them. Some cruel men will, for their sport only, sadly ill-use that noblest of animals—the horse. It was but recently that Peter Parley read an account of a steeple-chase, as it is called, in which horses are made to leap over high rails, deep ditches, stakes, and hedges. In this steeple-chase no fewer than five horses were obliged to be killed after the race; three had their backs broken, and two their legs snapped.

Now, little boys do not ride steeple-chases; but they will train themselves to this kind of sport, by wanting love and kindness to the things that are around them.

But of this they may be sure, that every cruel act will so harden the heart, and render the mind so dead to the voice of humanity, that as they grow up to be men, the love of cruelty will prevail in them, and disgrace their name and nature.

Many children are unkind to animals from sheer want of thought. But the same law that teaches men and women not to do to others what they would not like done to themselves, ought to keep boys and girls from hurting such things as they may chance to have power over; for the abuse of power is a great crime.

After God had made all things and pronounced them good, he made man in his own image, full of sense and goodness. He gave him dominion over the fowls of the air, and the fish of the sea, and every living thing that moveth upon the earth. But man was not to be their tyrant.

“What is a tyrant?” you inquire. A tyrant is one who uses his might against the law of right; who acts according to his own will; who enslaves, imprisons, kills, and destroys whoever and whatever he pleases, and will suffer no one to call him to account; you read of such men in every history of the world.

There are many ways of being tyrants—there are many ways of being cruel. It is monstrously cruel to rob a bird of its young. It is cruel to set a trap for a bird, to put it in a cage—for a cage is a prison; and a boy is nothing better than a jailor—nay, much worse, for he is jailor and tyrant too. Do not think that nice food and seeds, and even care and attention, can be any compensation to the bird deprived of its liberty. Liberty is the greatest gift of God to man, the greatest gift he has given to the beast, the bird, and the insect; and when we deprive any of God's creatures of that gift, all the love and the kindness we can show them is but poor recompense.

Man has enslaved the horse, the dog, the camel, the reindeer, and many other animals. They do his bidding, bear his burdens, and lose a life of freedom and happiness for one of pain and labor. They groan and wince under the lash, the curb, or the chain. They wear their lives away in sorrow, in the close stall, the confined crib, or the fenced yard. Their youth is spent in effort and labor; their old age in pain and misery, with bruised bones, seared skins, and blind eyes. What can make amends for this?—nothing but kindness; and even then we are still the animals' debtors for more than we can ever pay.

Many little boys and girls who would think it wrong to be wilfully cruel, are very unfeeling and forgetful. How many there are who doat upon

pets. Yet, the fate of pets is usually unfortunate, and, very frequently, through the neglectful conduct of those who love them.

It is very common for boys to keep rabbits, and for girls to keep canaries. At first we find those who pet them very attentive; they feed them, often over-feed them, watch them, and fondle over them. After a little while, some other favorite object engrosses their attention, and the pet is left, not unfrequently, to perish by some accident that care would have prevented; or to die of starvation.

A young friend of mine, Edwin, was a kind-hearted boy enough, but he was very inconstant; he would take a violent affection to a thing; but this affection soon went off, and he became in a few days as cold and heartless as he seemed to be warm and full of love.

On one occasion, he had seen a squirrel, at the shop of a dealer in birds and fancy animals. He was delighted to see it turn round and round in its little cage, and he would stand and watch it for a long time, as he went to and from his school every day. At last he prevailed upon his mamma to give him the sum required for the purchase of the animal; and having obtained it, he brought it home in great glee. It had a place allotted to it in Edwin's own play-room; and the boy had several projects in his head to make his squirrel more and more happy. So Squirrel was pampered and fed. Every week Edwin laid out the greater part of his pocket-money in the purchase of nuts for his pet, and he carefully cleaned its cage every morning before breakfast, and hung it up in his place every night. Squirrel grew tame, and would suffer Edwin to take him in and out of the cage, and to play with him. And Edwin was very fond of, and very proud of his pet.

And he might have remained so for some time longer; but one of his young friends had purchased a magpie, which he had taught to talk. A very talkative bird it was, and a very merry one, too! It hopped and jumped about, and seemed to care for nobody; it chattered, and fluttered, and turned its head on one side to look up at you with such provoking assurance, that everybody laughed at and admired the magpie. Edwin was entranced from that moment—the fate of poor squirrel was sealed. A magpie Edwin was determined to have.

Now it so happened, that master magpie was not only a very talkative bird—he was also a very meddling one. He did not exactly respect the property of others; so Edwin found no difficulty in purchasing magpie: but while the negotiation was going on, and the money was being hoarded, poor Squirrel severely suffered. His supply of nuts was at first reduced, and now and then his bread-and-milk was forgotten. Squirrel felt every day the pangs of hunger, and he longed for the green trees, where he could find a profusion of food for winter stores; but the bars of his prison were strong. At last, one day—it was the day the magpie came home, his supply of food quite failed. Squirrel determined to break prison, and forced his head between the bars of his cage. He could not get his body through, however; and alas, owing to the projections of his ears, could not get his head back again! Thus was he strangled.

I will leave my young readers to imagine the feelings of this inconstant boy, upon beholding



his pet dead at the bottom of his cage. I will not describe his sobbings and lamentations. There was no one to mark them but magpie, who was hopping about the play-room, and at last hopped to the top of the dead squirrel's cage. This monitor, looking obliquely down upon Edwin, said, with a roguish leer, "You are a stupid!"

Edwin was more than a stupid. But still the set phrase of the magpie had its effect upon him. "I have been," said he to himself, "stupid indeed, and wicked, too." And so my young friends are *all* they, who neglect those whom they are bound to cherish and to love. They who are fond of pets should reflect, that when they have them they incur a kind of responsibility. They are bound to *feed* them, and to *care for* them; and if they fail in this, they are really very wicked; while the habit of inconstancy, and of fickleness, will render them in mature years both dangerous and despicable among their fellow creatures, who will put neither faith nor trust in them.

Our readers will bear witness, that we have not shown ourself backward in exposing cases of cruelty. The wretch KING, who roasted his cat alive, and enjoyed her cries whilst sipping his brandy and water with "his lady and his friend,"—and the miscreant, at Southampton, who recently cut off full half of the lower mandible of a favorite and friendly jackdaw—these and others have been duly branded by us. We will continue the good work.

#### PERENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

##### No. XLII. PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN.

BY F. J. GALL, M.D.

(Continued from Page 171.)

IN ANIMALS AND IN MAN, WHEN ALREADY FORMED, the organs of the body are still subjected to different periods of an activity altogether different, according as these organs are developed or diminished by the influence of the seasons, temperature, and food, and especially by the influence of the laws peculiar to the organisation, or according as they are more or less irritated by the afflux of the fluids. Hence, we see the mechanical aptitudes and propensities of animals appear and disappear at different periods; for example, the propensity to procreate, to sing, to build, to migrate, to separate or collect in bodies, to gather fruits, &c. It is the same with the dispositions of the mind in the human race, and especially in women. These dispositions are subject to periodical changes of greater or less continuance. Malebranche directs our attention to the fact, that, at different periods, the same object does not inspire us with the same feelings, and that we form very different judgments in regard to it. The object, meanwhile, has remained the same, but our organs have undergone some alteration. How much does our manner of feeling and thinking differ, at the moment when the senses are heated, and some instants afterwards, when one is more calm, and the senses are satisfied! What a powerful influence is exercised on our

propensities and our faculties, on our will and our judgment, by the different affections, such as anger, hatred, jealousy, despondence, sadness, chagrin, terror, envy, disquietude, fear, compassion, desire, joy! Who can mistake the influence of the approach or presence of periodical evacuations, such as the menstrual, hemorrhoidal, &c., the influence of pregnancy, of retained evacuations, suppressed secretions, of food and digestion; of the immoderate evacuation of fluid, milk, blood, &c.; in short, the influence of every thing which exhausts the strength, such as fasting, prolonged watching, too constant and uniform mental effort? Who can deny the influence of a considerable approaching change in temperature, especially at the approach of a violent wind, or a storm; that of castration, of disease of the testicles, the womb, and other viscera? the influence of inflammations and suppurations in general, of inflammations of the brain in particular, of abscesses, wounds, and concussions of this organ; that of narcotic and irritant poison; that of rabies, worms, &c.? Finally, who can avoid perceiving the influence which agreeable sensations have over us, and that charm which we find in surrounding objects, such as a clear sky, a fine climate, &c.; that of music, dancing, tranquillity of mind?

All these, and many other causes, produce the most astonishing changes in the exercise of our faculties, moral and intellectual, and yet they act directly over the organisation only. Must we not conclude, that if, in certain cases, these same causes have for their result the most extraordinary propensities, such as the most shameless lasciviousness, a despair which refuses all consolation, the most arrogant pride, the most gloomy distrust, and even a propensity to commit criminal acts, the principle of all these propensities is inherent in our nature, and that the strength with which they manifest themselves, has, likewise, its source in a derangement of our organisation?

When occasion offers, I shall cite examples of all these phenomena; for the present, I shall confine myself to the following facts. Father Maillon possessed, in childhood, only the most limited faculties; but in the midst of this mediocrity, he received a rather severe blow on the head, and from this moment displayed superior talents. We were told, in our travels, of two well-known young men, to whom a similar accident happened. One of them, till his thirteenth year, could never succeed in anything. He fell from the top of a staircase, made several holes in his head, and, after his cure, pursued his studies with the most marked distinction. The other, when fourteen or fifteen years old, gave equally little hopes of himself. He fell at Copenhagen from the fourth story of a staircase, and after this fall, displayed great intellectual qualities. This change was not the only one. No one, till then, had ever remarked in him any bad quality; but, after this same fall, he exhibited a very bad character, which, in the sequel, deprived him of an eminent office, and caused his confinement in prison. I knew a girl, nine years of age, whose head received a blow on the right side. From that time, she complained of a pain which she felt on the left side of the head, and which cor-



responded to the place where the blow had been received. By degrees her arm became weakened and almost paralysed; her lower jaw trembled unceasingly; she was frequently attacked with convulsions. But, as an offset to these misfortunes, her intellectual faculties had acquired an uncommon degree of vigor, and though she was only in her eleventh year, the features of her face, and her singularly sedate behavior, would have made her pass for a grown-up woman.

Gretry, in his memoirs of himself, tells us that he owed the development of his genius for music, to a violent contusion he received on the head, by the fall of a large log. Haller tells us of an idiot, who, having received a severe wound on the head, exhibited some understanding so long as the wound continued open; but relapsed into imbecility so soon as a cure was effected. The same phenomenon often happens in regard to the other organs. Haller again relates, that a person attacked with inflammation of the eye, acquired, in consequence, such energy in the organ of vision, during the course of his disease, that he could see even by night. It is thus with all the inert organs, and those whose development is defective; irritation develops or greatly augments their faculties. These examples prove, more and more, that the innateness of the properties of the soul and mind, and their dependence on organisation, must pass for demonstrated truths.

It is true, that in a state of health, man does not feel that he exercises his intellectual faculties by means of material organs; but he is equally unconscious that digestion, nutrition, and secretion are exercised in him by material apparatuses. Inattentive to the nature of his being, to the phenomena which relate to it, and to their causes, he hardly dreams that the difference which shows itself in him, according to the difference of age, in the exercise of his propensities and his faculties, is the result of the change which has taken place in his organisation. "We must, consequently," as Herder says, "pardon the error of the people, when, in the midst of the dream of life, they regard the reason with which they are endowed as independent of the senses and the organs, and raise it to the rank of a primordial and pure faculty. The observer of nature, on the contrary, who knows, by experience, the origin and the whole course of human life, and who, by the study of the history of nature, can trace the chain of the gradual perfection of the animal kingdom, up to man, is unceasingly reminded of the influence of organisation. Everything shows him, that man no more makes himself, as respects the use of his intellectual faculties, than he depends on himself for his birth." Malebranche has also said with reason, "that the difference in the tastes of nations and even of individuals, for the various kinds of music, arises in a great measure from differences in organisation; that, in general, our propensities and our faculties depend on the same cause; and that, consequently, we cannot better employ our time than in seeking the material causes of the changes which befall us, in order to learn to know ourselves. Let us hope that men will not long defer to acknowledge, generally, as Bonnet says, that it is only by the physical, that we can penetrate into the

moral nature of man, and that, consequently, the basis of all the philosophy of the human mind, is a knowledge of the functions of the brain.

#### SECTION IV.

##### OF FATALISM, MATERIALISM, AND MORAL LIBERTY.

IN the preceding sections, I have proved, by indisputable facts, that the faculties of the soul and the mind are innate, and that their exercise depends on the organisation. I have also shown that the origin of the moral and intellectual faculties, and the different modes in which they are manifested, can be explained in no other way. But, there is a kind of objection, which new truths never escape, especially when they may lead to great results. Ignorance, prejudice, envy, and often bad faith, endeavor to combat these truths. If they cannot attack the principles of a doctrine, they try at least to render it suspected, by the dangerous consequences of which they accuse it. Thus, it is reproached to the physiology of the brain, that it overturns the first foundations of morality and religion; that it eminently favors materialism and fatalism; and that, consequently, it denies free will. History teaches that the same has always happened to every discovery.

The followers of the different schools of philosophy among the Greeks, mutually accused each other of impiety and of perjury. The people, in turn, detested the philosophers, and accused those who sought to discern the principles of things, of invading, in a presumptuous manner, the rights of the Divinity. The novelty of the opinions of Pythagoras, caused his expulsion from Athens; those of Anaxagoras threw him into prison. The Abderides treated Democritus as insane, because he wished to discover in dead bodies the cause of insanity; and Socrates, for having demonstrated the unity of God, was condemned to drink hemlock.

The same scandal has been renewed in all ages and among all nations. Many of those who distinguished themselves in the fourteenth century by their knowledge in the natural sciences, were punished with death, as magicians. Galileo, for having proved the motion of the earth, was imprisoned at the age of seventy years. Those who first maintained that climate influences the intellectual faculties of nations, made themselves suspected of materialism.

In general, nature sports in a singular manner, and yet always uniformly, with new truths and those who discover them. With what indignation and what animosity have men repulsed the greatest benefits! For example, the potato, Peruvian bark, vaccination, &c. As soon as Varolius made his anatomical discoveries, he was derided by Silvius as the most ignorant, the most senseless, the most infamous of men: *Vesanum, literarum imperitissimum arrogantissimum, calumniatorem, maledicentissimum, rerum omnium ignarissimum, transfugam inipium, ingratum, monstrum ignorantie, impietas exemplar, perniciosissimum quod pestilentiali halitu Europam venenat*, etc. Varolius was reproached with dazzling his hearers by a captious eloquence, and with producing, artificially, the prolongation of



the optic nerve to the thalami of the same name. Harvey, maintaining the circulation of the blood, was treated as a visionary; and the envy of his enemies went so far as to seek to ruin him with the Kings James I. and Charles I.; and when it was no longer possible to cut short the optic nerve, or to arrest the blood in its vessels, the honor of these two discoveries was suddenly transferred to Hippocrates. The physical truths announced by Linnæus, Buffon, and that pious philosopher, Bonnet, by George Leroy, were represented as impieties which threatened to commence the total ruin of religion and morality: even the virtuous and generous Lavater has been treated as a fatalist and a materialist. Everywhere, fatalism and materialism, placed before the sanctuary of truth, served to deter the world from entering it. Everywhere, those, whose judgment the confiding public awaits, not only attribute to the author of a discovery the absurdities of their own prejudice, but even renounce truths already established, as soon as they are opposed to their ends, and resuscitate exploded errors, provided they will serve to ruin the man who allows them their due weight.

Such is a faithful picture of what has happened to me. I have therefore some reason to be proud of having experienced the same fate, as the men to whom the world is indebted for so great a mass of knowledge. It would seem that nature had subjected all truths to persecution, in order to establish them in a more solid manner; for he who knows how to wrest one from her, presents always a front of brass to the darts hurled against him, and has always the strength to defend and to consolidate it. History shows us, that all the efforts and all the sophism directed against a truth once drawn from the abyss, fall like dust raised by the wind against a rock.

The examples of Aristotle and of Descartes ought in a special manner to be quoted, when we would make known the influence of prejudice on the good and bad fortune of new doctrines. The antagonists of Aristotle caused his books to be burned; afterwards they burned the works of Ramus, who had written against Aristotle, and declared the adversaries of the Stagyrite, heretics; and there were even legislative acts, forbidding to attack his philosophy under pain of the galleys. And yet no one now concerns himself with the philosophy of Aristotle! Descartes was persecuted because he maintained innate ideas, and the University of Paris caused his books to be burned. He had written the sublimest thoughts on the existence of God; Voet, his enemy, accused him of atheism. Still, later, this same university declared itself for innate ideas; and when Locke and Condilac attacked innate ideas, there was a cry on all sides of materialism and fatalism.

It is thus, that the same opinions have been regarded sometimes as dangerous, because they were new—sometimes as useful, because they were old. We must then conclude to take pity upon man; that the judgment of contemporaries on truth or error, or on the dangerous or innocent consequences of a doctrine, is singularly suspicious; and that the author of a discovery ought not to trouble himself about anything but to know whether he has actually discovered the truth.

“Reason,” says Anchillon, following Bonnet, “knows neither useful truths nor dangerous truths. What is, is; there is no compromising with this principle. It is the only answer we need make; and to those, who, subjecting every thing to utility, ask what is this good for? and to those, who, always yielding to their fears, inquire ‘whither will this lead?’ Jesus, the son of Sirach, has already said, ‘We must not say, what good will this do?’ for the use of everything will be found in its season; but we cannot abuse the truth.’”

I do not pretend to say, that ignorance and ill faith will not abuse my doctrine; for what will not man abuse? Tell him that he must expiate his crimes, and you will see him, in his superstition, immolate his children. Have not Lucretius and his disciples employed all their wit, to show that the belief of the immortality of the soul keeps up the fear of death, and poisons all the enjoyments of life? Yet, who knows not, that this same belief is the basis of social happiness, of order, and of morality, the most effectual consolation in the crosses of life. To found hospitals for lying-in women and foundlings, to introduce inoculation or vaccination; to place lightning-rods on houses, is, in the eyes of some, an inestimable benefit; of others, an outrage against Providence. In a word, man makes of everything a subject of offence; but, as St. Bernard says, we must judge differently of the offence of the ignorant, and of that of the Pharisees. The former are offended through ignorance, the latter through ill-will; the former, because they know not the truth; the latter, because they hate it.

Malebranche thus represents the enemies of new truths: “It is not the persons of true and solid piety, who ordinarily condemn what they do not understand, but rather the superstitious and the hypocrites. The superstitious, through servile fear, are startled as soon as they see an active and penetrating spirit. For instance, one need only give them some natural reasons for thunder, and its effects, to appear an atheist in their eyes. But the hypocrites make use of the appearance of sacred truths revered by all the world, in order to oppose new truths by particular interests. They attack truth with the image of truth; and in their hearts make a scoff of what all the world respects; they establish for themselves, in the minds of men, a reputation the more solid, and the more formidable, as what they thus abuse is more sacred. These persons are, then, the strongest, the most powerful, the most formidable enemies of truth.”

I, too, have something to do with the superstitious, and still more with the hypocrites; but I shall not trouble myself with these last, except to answer their objections.

As for those who doubt in good earnest, I shall seek to let them know the true spirit of my doctrine, on all points that can cause them disquiet. I shall prove to them which my principles are in accordance, not only with the nature of things, but with the experience and the testimony of the greatest thinkers, and of respectable men, who have most loved the human race; and, as the object is to rectify opinions of the highest importance, they will not be surprised if I adduce the testimony of the fathers of the church, and of the



apostles. What is there more proper, to confound hypocrisy and to tranquillise the most timorous piety, than the encouraging accordance of my principles with the teaching of those who, without captious reasonings, without vain subtleties, have so well developed the nature of man; who have mainly occupied themselves in contributing to his happiness, who have revealed to us a morality the purest, and the most appropriate to our wants; who, in fine, have so frequently sealed with their blood, eternal truth?

#### MORE "CURIOUS FACTS."

#### THE COMMON MOUSE, AND THE WHITEBAIT.

THE GOOD FOLK OF SCOTLAND must forgive us for our unwearied zeal in "dabbling" among all things that throw a light upon the footsteps of Nature. We have "strolled" much of late, and seen things innumerable that will have to be treated of in turn. Meantime we make room, as usual, for two interesting notes, contained in the "Naturalist," No. 28. The one by R. F. LOGAN, Esq., of Duddington, treats of the Common Mouse. The other, by G. PULMAN, Esq., of Crewkerne, clears up the mystery of the Whitebait, once said to live in the Thames only. Space forbids our adding any notes of our own upon this far-famed luxury; but an opportunity for so doing will offer hereafter.

#### NOTES ON THE COMMON MOUSE.

FOR some time past I have had a live specimen of the Common Mouse (*Mus Musculus*) in captivity, for the purpose of observing its habits; and as Common Mice are, I should think, not very often kept as pets, unless it be the albino variety, it may perhaps interest some of your readers to know something of the manners of this agile, timid little cosmopolite.

For a short time after its introduction to its domicile, it was restless and watchful, constantly biting the wires with its teeth; and in so doing, making such a noise, that had its teeth not been very hard and strong, they must have been broken to pieces by such violent exercise on so hard a substance. Now it sleeps away most of its time during the day, rolled up in a corner like a ball, but is roused by the slightest noise; and when food is placed within its reach, awakes to full activity, steals out of its corner, seizes it in its mouth, and runs with it generally into the opposite corner; where it munches it, holding it between its fore feet, and crouching on the hinder ones; but not sitting erect, as we see Mice frequently drawn. This posture it very seldom assumes; but does so occasionally when cleaning its fur, though never, I believe, while feeding. It is a most cleanly little animal, and always dresses its fur after a meal; licking its paws quite clean, and then raising them both together over its head, and stroking down its face and ears; finishing the operation by licking its fur as far as it can reach, very much after the manner of its enemy the Domestic Cat.

When about to lie down, it generally turns round once or twice in the corner, like a Cat or Dog; and laps up milk, when given to it, exactly in a similar manner. One day when I thought it thirsty, I offered it a drop of water on the end of my pen, which it licked off with avidity, and followed the pen when withdrawn for a fresh supply. In sleeping, it frequently tucks its head right under its body, so as literally to rest on the crown of it; a most uncomfortable position one might suppose; but one which it seems very fond of. I have never heard it squeak, or utter the smallest sound since it came into my possession; which is rather remarkable. As another proof of its disposition for cleanliness; I had one morning given it some soft food, in eating a portion of which, it rolled it in the dirt at the bottom of the cage; on discovering which, it immediately rejected it, and pushing it with its snout to the furthest extremity of the cage, returned to its favorite corner; which it swept perfectly clean in the same fashion, shoving everything aside with its snout, and then went for a fresh supply.

It is nearly, though not quite, omnivorous in its appetite, as there are some things it will not touch. It dislikes animal food, and shows a marked preference for farinaceous substances; bread being an especial favorite. A bit of ripe pear, or cooked cabbage, it will not touch, though a dried fig is eaten with evident relish.—R. F. L.

The above commentary on an animal which is so universally detested, and held in check by sometimes three cats in one dwelling, will be read with lively curiosity. Often have we silently watched these elegantly-formed little creatures, as they played prettily on the floor of our summer-house. Seated at a window opposite, we have been really unwilling to disturb them. One thing is fatal to their being made "pets" of; and that is, the offensive odor inseparable from their local habitations. It is positively injurious to health.

We now subjoin the second extract, referring to—

#### THE WHITEBAIT IN DEVONSHIRE.

The Whitebait (*Clupea alba*), is far more widely known, at least by name, than many other fishes of larger growth and of much more important pretensions. The conspicuous part which it yearly plays in the ministerial dinner at Greenwich, has given to it a kind of political association, and thus has sufficiently familiarised it to every newspaper reader, whether naturalist or not. But, however widely it may be known by name, there are perhaps few of our British fishes in reality less popularly known, and certainly none to which so circumscribed a locale has till recently been assigned; indeed, it is not long since this little fish was "promoted" to the rank of *species*, it having previously been regarded simply as either the Herring or the Shad in an early stage of its growth. The honor of discovering its true nature is due to Mr. Yarrell.

A belief, in the non-naturalist world, that *Clupea alba* is peculiar to the Thames, very generally prevails, although naturalists have for



some years been aware of its existence in the Southampton Water, and more recently, it is said, in a few of the rivers of the southern and eastern counties; I believe, however, that its existence so far west as Devonshire is now announced for the first time; for, although it has not escaped the notice of observers residing in the neighborhood of the stream which I am about to mention as its habitat, as, indeed, it could hardly do, yet the opinion of its being anything more than a *Brit*, as it is locally designated, appears never to have been seriously entertained before a relation of mine, Mr. Abel Pulman, of Totnes, suspected, and last year completely satisfied himself of the fact, that it was not the *Brit*, but the veritable *Clupea alba*.

It is the River Dart, that Queen of the western rivers, which now steps in to share with Father Thames the "honor" of producing this interesting species. The part of the river in which it is found—and it swarms there in incredible numbers—is that which extends from Totnes Weir to the mouth of the river at Dartmouth—a distance of about a dozen miles—being the part of the river within the influence of the tide. During the hot months the fish, in particular parts of this interval, line the sides of the river in shoals, and often attract the most indifferent observer by the singularity of their movements; ever and anon the water seems alive with their gambols, or as if hailstones were falling thickly upon its surface. The fish are then evidently engaged in feeding upon the myriad Shrimps which occupy the places alluded to, for the little victims spring continually above the surface in futile attempts to escape from their active and insatiable enemies. The whole of the specimens examined by Mr. Pulman contained numbers of these little *Crustacea*, more or less digested, so that the nature of the Whitebait's prey is placed beyond a doubt. The little fish itself is known, on similar evidence, to become the prey of the Bass and other larger species which inhabit this romantic stream.\* Bushels upon bushels of the Whitebait are hauled ashore, during the fishing season, in the Salmon-nets, and are left, with wasteful indifference, to rot upon the banks. A gentleman last summer ventured upon the experiment of cooking a few, by way of sample, and he pronounces them to be in every way identical—equally delicious as a piscatory *morceau*—with the far-famed Greenwich luxury.

Whether the fish remain in the river during the whole year, or otherwise, has not been ascertained; but they have been observed in March and in every succeeding month till the end of November, and the fishermen do not remember their absence from the Salmon-nets at whatever season those nets might have been used; a fact which, if it does not settle the question of time (and, of course, I do not advance it with that intention), at least speaks plainly as to the sort of *mesh* employed on the Dart in the capture of Salmon, and thus adds another instance to those which are constantly occurring of the short-sighted folly which, by using nets

sufficiently small to capture the Salmon *fry* along with the parent fish, is everywhere dooming to positive extinction the princely race of *Salmo*.

The specimens of Whitebait from the Dart which have fallen under my notice, appear to answer in every particular to the description of *Clupea alba* by Yarrell and other writers. Specimens have also been submitted to the editor of this magazine, and he has unequivocally set the seal of corroboration to the opinions on the subject which had previously been entertained, in all humility, by my relation and myself.—G.P.

NOTE.—BY S. HANNAFORD, Jun., of Totnes. If there was any doubt before as to the *Clupea alba* being in the Dart, there can be none now, for I have carefully dissected two of my specimens, and the vertebræ decide it. The only other of *Clupea* genus which has a serrated abdominal line is *Clupea sprattus*, according to Yarrell, which has only forty-eight vertebræ; whilst of the two specimens I examined, I counted in one fifty-four, and in the other fifty-five. Yarrell says fifty-six; but, from the length of time mine have been kept, I may have mistaken one or two, and without the aid of a good microscope.

The other articles in the "Naturalist" are, as usual, attractive and interesting; and as the season advances, we shall have in it, we hope, many more "curious facts" like those we have here recorded.

## CURIOSITIES OF NATURE.

### THE BEARD OF THE MUSSEL.

THERE IS SCARCELY A LADY possessing any approach to a collection of natural curiosities, who has not a brown, silky-looking substance, which she terms the *beard of the mussel*. She will, with pleasure, learn its use and mode of formation:—

The *Pinna*, or Marine Mussel, when inhabiting the shores of tempestuous seas, is furnished, in addition, with a singular apparatus for withstanding the fury of the surge, and securing itself from dangerous collisions which might easily destroy the brittle texture of its shell. The object of this apparatus is to prepare a great number of threads, which are fastened at various points to the adjacent rocks, and then tightly drawn by the animal; just as a ship is moored in a convenient station to avoid the buffeting of the storm.

The foot of this bivalve is cylindrical, and has, connected with its base, a round tendon of nearly the same length as itself, the office of which is to retain all the threads in firm adhesion with it, and concentrate their power in one point. The threads themselves are composed of a glutinous matter, prepared by a particular organ. They are not spun by being drawn out of the body like the threads of the silk-worm, or of the spider; but they are cast in a mould, where they harden, and acquire a consistence before they are em-

\* The number of species of fish produced in the Dart is very considerable: even the Sturgeon has been captured in its waters.



ployed. This mould is curiously constructed ; there is a deep groove which passes along the foot from the root of the tendon to its other extremity ; and the sides of this groove are formed so as to fold and close over it, thereby converting it into a canal. The glutinous secretion, which is poured into this canal, dries into a solid thread ; and when it has acquired sufficient tenacity, the foot is protruded, and the thread it contains is applied to the object to which it is to be fixed ; its extremity being carefully attached to the solid surface of that object. The canal of the foot is then opened along its whole length, and the thread, which adheres by its other extremity to the large tendon at the base of the foot, is disengaged from the canal. Lastly, the foot is retracted, and the same operation is repeated.

Thread after thread is thus formed, and applied in different directions around the shell. Sometimes the attempt fails, in consequence of some imperfection in the thread ; but the animal, as if aware of the importance of ascertaining the strength of each thread, on which its safety depends, tries every one of them as soon as it has been fixed, by swinging itself round, so as to put it fully on the stretch—an action which probably also assists in elongating the thread. When once the threads have been fixed, the animal does not appear to have the power of cutting or breaking them off. The liquid matter out of which they are formed, is so exceedingly glutinous as to attach itself firmly to the smoothest bodies. It is but slowly produced ; for it appears that no *Pinna* is capable of forming more than four, or at most five threads in the course of a day and night. The threads that are formed in haste, when the animal is disturbed in its operations, are more slender than those that are constructed at its leisure.

Reaumur, to whom we are indebted for these interesting observations, states also, that the marine mussels possess the art of forming these threads from the earliest periods of their existence ; for he saw them practising it, when the shells in which they were enclosed were not larger than a millet seed. In Sicily, and other parts of the Mediterranean, these threads have been manufactured into gloves, and other articles, which resemble silk.

#### SINCERITY.

If there be one thing more delightful than another in this world of ours, it is to enjoy the friendship of a man or woman whose SINCERITY is beyond suspicion. Its extreme rarity invests it with a priceless value when found. Let us all reflect, and see how many we can individually reckon up of those that love us *sincerely* (!).

#### AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A DOG—NO. XII.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.  
(Continued from Page 168.)

ONCE AGAIN, my dear Mr. Editor, I come before you with my personal adventures ; and I am glad to hear from you that they are so heartily relished by the public. Leaving the "Exclusives," as you happily call them, "ALONE in their glory," let me now tell you of our trip to Chillon.

Chillon is so well known, and so celebrated, that almost all tourists visiting this part of my country have stopped a short time to examine its ancient castle. It would have been unpardonable in a dog, born and bred within a few hours of its site, not to have been there and able to say something about it. More than once have I visited this horrible prison of the wretched Bonivard. I have made the trip, by water and by land. The former is decidedly the most agreeable, and by far the most pleasant ; and if you patronise the steamer, you can land either at Vevay or Ville-neuve. This is also the more usual way of making the trip. So I will describe the route by land. You know I have always had an eye to entomology.

I started from Lausanne with my old master and his family. The road goes through Pully, Paudex, Lutry, and Cully, to St. Saphorin. Thus far it is anything but interesting, excepting to the "gros Proprietaire de Vignobles." A wine-growing country, generally speaking, wears rather a dull and too uniform an appearance. It is, however, delicious just during the blossoming season ; and rich indeed when the luscious clusters are ripe for the vendange. A narrow road, not always sufficiently wide for two carriages to pass, with a low stone wall on each side (which here and there forms into little recesses in which a carriage can escape when in fear of being run into by the Diligence, and wait till the monster has passed by), runs the whole distance from Lausanne to St. Saphorin ; and along the walls thousands of lizards may be seen playing about. Did I not bite their tails off?—that's all!

I must not forget to mention that the wine of St. Saphorin is delicious, when a few years old ; at least, I heard Bombyx say so. Of course at Cully I cast my eyes up to the Tour de Gourzes, and I dare say, Mr. Editor, you can guess my thoughts. [Right well ! Fixo.] From St. Saphorin to Vevay the road gets more varied. We escape the sameness of the Vignoble ; whilst fields, orchards, and neat country-houses, with pretty gardens, cross our view.

Now the lofty summits of the Dent de Jaman, and the Diablerets, appear in all their grandeur ; and you may perhaps catch sight of a heavy thunderstorm sneaking around between the Chaux de Naye and the Ormonts ; and well it will be if you reach Vernex before it bursts, or you may chance to get such a broadside as you little contemplated. At Vernex is a capital little hotel, perfectly unique. Mine host and hostess are very obliging, and everything is beautifully clean. As for the table, *c'est tout ce qu' on peut desirer*. The sign of the Cigue suspended across the road invites you to walk in. A little beyond, you reach Montreux, where there are some capital *Pensions*, but I recommend the Cigue, at Vernex.



From Montreux to Chillon is about half-an-hour's walk. The scenery, however, is so severe, and grand, that those who have had the opportunity of making this promenade will never forget it. The road is rather on the descent. But I must not forget the old church at Montreux—on the summit of a quiet little mountain—the views from which I really will not attempt to describe; for, (although a dog, I am not going to make a fool of myself)—satisfied as I am that no description or painting that any honest dog can give, or make, would convey even an idea of it. Whether you take your station on this spot, in the early morn, just as old Sol has gladdened the tips of the Chaux de Naye and the Tours d'Aï,—or late in the evening, when his departing rays are gilding the summits of the Dent de Borée, the Autan, and the Lavenel, the scene is indescribably grand.

I may also remark, *en passant*, that Montreux is famous for its cherries; producing decidedly the very finest in the canton.—You may think it strange, Mr. Editor, that a dog should have a fancy for ripe cherries; but I must confess, honestly, that I have a great *penchant* for ripe fruit. I wish much that gooseberries did not grow on such disagreeable, awkward bushes. Full many a time, tempted by a ripe berry, have I got *such* a scratch of the nose! Bombyx, my master, scarcely ever touches fruit, so he escapes getting *his* nose pricked; and many a joke does he crack in the fruit season at my expense!

Along this bit of road, some good caterpillars have been taken. Here *Sphinx*, *Nicæa*, and *Galii*, have occasionally been picked up. *Hylas*, *Ægon*, *Sybilla*, and *Populi*, are abundant on the wing, as well as *Scabioseæ*, *Minos*, &c. Swarms of the caterpillars of *Scrophulariæ*; many of *Smerinthus Populi*, but no such good luck as *Smerinthus Quercus*. No! He's not to be got so easily. Here also *Hera* is not uncommon; and against the walls of Chillon, *Fraxini* and *Sponsa* are sometimes found. Well, we arrived just before the drawbridge of Chillon, when an immense tortoiseshell cat appeared before my eyes. Didn't I hunt her half way to Villeneuve! It was impossible to resist it, although I kept old Bombyx waiting. The beast, however, escaped up an oak tree, and I came back expecting to be well scolded. The old boy, however, took it very well,—thanks to the beautiful scenery which occupied him.

We now crossed the singular drawbridge which leads to the entrance of the castle. Here are a couple of sentinels, who do not appear particularly pleased with their monotonous duty. Not having an inexhaustible love for the beauties and grandeur of nature, they look as if they would much rather be in a snug café, with a pipe and a *quartetta*, than measuring their paces up and down this tiny promenade, with every stone and nail of which they must be quite familiar. Occasionally a "voions voir" escapes their sulky tongue, just when a large brochet is seen gliding along the surface of the Lake, close to the walls of the castle; or when the rumbling Diligence is heard approaching from Montreux. Now and then, too, a very amiable grin lights up their rude faces, if a good-tempered looking person arrives at the chateau. This grin is, of course, to be *rewarded* on his exit!

Once inside the castle, you are introduced to *Madame la Gardienne*, who most obligingly shows you over every part of the interior,—including the antique chamber of the old ducal proprietor, the *Salle de Justice*, and the *Cuisine Seigneuriale*. By Jove! this *is* a kitchen; with a fire-place where entire oxen might readily be roasted; and in this singularly curious apartment, Mr. Editor, in olden times, the great lords used to dine; yes, in this very kitchen. Full many a jovial carousal has doubtless there been held; and to judge by the size of the cellars, there was no lack of good wine. I was, however, most interested to see the dreadful dungeons, and especially that of the unfortunate Bonnivard. First, we passed through a low, long, dreary, damp, vaulted chamber, called the Guard Chamber. The very place struck a thrill of horror through us. No guard is now there. Nothing, save the damp, naked walls; with large black spiders crawling about here and there, in solemn mockery of the ancient guard.

At the end of this chamber, *Madame la Gardienne* unlocked a low, ponderous, arched door; and here, let me observe that her husband or her son generally made their appearance. I could plainly see that the good lady did not half like this lugubrious place, nor did I either; and if I had known my way out, I think I should have made a bolt of it. This introduced us into the outer prison,—a long, narrow, dreadfully clammy place, with dark round arches, and heavy, half-worn-out pillars. This was lighted (or rather a few rays of light were let in) from above, through little, narrow, barred windows, half smothered with venerable cobwebs. A more dreadful dungeon one cannot well picture to oneself. In the further corner of this dreary place, another low arched door was unlocked and unbarred; and you were in the prison of poor Bonnivard. It was much like the other; but not so long, and scarcely a ray of light—gloomy beyond expression. I saw and felt the very stones worn away, by the pacing to and fro of poor Bonnivard. Yes, and I placed my paw on the very iron ring to which he was chained. There it now remains, a memento of the horrid tortures of Bonnivard. Bombyx registered his name on the pillar. I, *of course*, did the same!

Next to this dreadful prison was a small chamber, dignified by the name of the "Confessional." It is of the same depth as the prison, and about eight feet across. It is entered by a low arch from the prison, and has a kind of stone bench, called an altar, at the back. Here, it is said, the priest used to "confess" the poor creatures condemned to execution. From the "Confessional" the poor wretch was conducted through another little arch to the place of execution,—a little chamber, same depth as the "Confessional," across the top part of which you may still see the "Potence," actually worn away by the continued friction of the cursed rope—a piece of which is still to be seen by means of a glimmer of light let in at the top. Low down, and just opposite the fatal "Potence," there formerly was (though now it is stopped up) a low trap door, through which the body of the poor wretch (after execution) was ejected into the deep waters beneath. Singularly enough, near this door, on the outer walls of the chateau, are



sculptured the arms of the eanton, with the appropriate motto—" *Liberté et Patrie.*"

Retraicing our steps through these various chambers of death and sorrow, we crossed a court yard, and visited the Arsenal and Armoury. They have got some funny things there, Mr. Editor. Pieces which are not meant for playthings; or, at any rate, intended for "a game" I have no fancy to play at! From hence we passed to the horrible *Oubliettes*,—deep narrow wells, which go down till they nearly reach the water. The sides of these wells, at convenient distances for torture, are furnished with the blades of swords, scythes, spikes, &c., &c., which are firmly fixed in them. There is a kind of "Baseule" upon the top, on which the criminal or offender was placed. He was attended by the executioner and the priest; and, at a given signal, the "baseule" was turned, and the wretched creature precipitated down the *oubliettes*. The "baseule" returned to its position—*et tout fut oublié.*

Such was the inside of Chillon. Happily these days of horror have long since gone by.

The exterior of the Castle is too well known to require any description from me. I was not sorry, after a while, to find myself cracking the bones of a cold roast chicken, at the "Cigne" at Vernex, from whence next morning we all returned home.

Tottenham, April 20.

FINO.

### DEAR IVY LEAVES!

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

Dear is the wreath to me,  
That Nature weaves;  
But none more dear than ye,  
Dear ivy leaves.  
Emblems of Innocence!  
Give me your confidence;  
Love be the recompense,  
Dear ivy leaves!

When doubt, or dark despair,  
My spirit grieves,  
Then you shall be my care,  
Dear ivy leaves:  
I love your lively hue,  
For friends still kind and true  
First taught me to love you,  
Dear ivy leaves!

Fame has no charm for me,  
Favor deceives;  
But Heav'n smiles on ye,  
Dear ivy leaves!  
Yes, you shall be my care;  
In happy hours I'll wear  
A wreath to deck my hair,  
Of ivy leaves.

Here, in my pretty bower,  
Your truth receives  
Blessings from every flower,—  
Dear ivy leaves!  
The sky is bright above,  
And the fond turtle-dove  
Tells you a tale of love,  
Dear ivy leaves!

High o'er my rustie cot,  
Under the eaves,  
Breathe a "forget-me-not,"  
Dear ivy leaves!  
When my sweet birds seek rest,  
With care or cold opprest,  
Oh, fold them on your breast,  
Dear ivy leaves!

Joy beams where'er you elimb;  
Your step retrieves  
The mischief done by time,—  
Dear ivy leaves!  
Yea, put forth all your power,  
To shield the mould'ring tower,  
When storms and tempests lower,  
Dear ivy leaves!

Faithful the heart must be,  
That fondly cleaves  
To Fortune's wreck, like ye,  
Dear ivy leaves!  
Though care and sorrow fill  
Life's path with every ill,  
I find you faithful still,  
Dear ivy leaves!

E'en at the silent tomb,  
My heart conceives,  
Your smiles dispel the gloom,  
Dear ivy leaves!  
Friends in adversity,  
Still you have charms for me,  
Few love as I love ye,—  
DEAR IVY LEAVES!

### MORE OF THE DOG.

#### DOG-LIFE AND DOG-DEATH.

What Fate imposes, Dogs must need abide;  
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

SHAKESPEARE.

AFTER THE HIGHLY AMUSING "ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF," presented to the readers of OUR OWN by that jolly dog, FINO, I fear, Mr. Editor, that not a few miserable bipeds will begin to grumble with Dame Nature for limiting the number of their understandings, and denying them delectable canine faculties. But the high-life, well-fed, entomological "bow-wow," is only a one-sided picture. Therefore, to prevent any discontented individuals longing after dog-life, I presume to reverse the medal.

I regret that, owing to the deficiency of his education, the subject of the present "memoir" was unable to make a few notes of the most interesting episodes in his career. I am thereby prevented giving so "full, true, and particular an account" as I could wish. The pith of what is to follow is, in a measure, guessed at. It is partly the result of a *post mortem* examination, for which I have not yet received a farthing; and not a little indebted to that many-tongued lady, Miss Rumour. That he *was* born, there exists not the slightest cobweb of a doubt; but where? Whether



life dawned upon him in the warm stable, the cold barn, or the melliferous cowhouse, must remain a matter for doubt.

Though no trace of his parents can be obtained, it is presumed, on the authority of his coat and legs, that they were poor, but respectable; earning their bread, like lawyers, by the sweat of their tongue. Yet were they descended from a long line of ancestors; sprung, on the one side, from the mountainous districts of Scotland, and, on the other, from the peaceful sheep-walks of Yorkshire. In truth he was a sheep-dog—a little "crossed" 'tis true; but none the worse for that. In early life he evinced a pugnacious disposition, which may probably be ascribed to the amiable disposition of his master's youngest son, who, in a fit of sportive glee, threw him down a well, when but three weeks old; causing the fracture of five of his ribs. This was a most unlucky hit; for no sooner did he recover the full vigor of his lungs, than he began to use them most lustily on the approach of his young playmates. On one occasion, he even went so far as to inflict a wound on the infantine arm, whereon the prints of his juvenile canines were most vividly impressed; and for which Snarl was well flogged with a hedge-stake until three more of his unfortunate ribs went in.

After this most momentous occurrence, a more humble frame of mind began to shew itself; and, poor fellow, he endeavored to fawn kindly on the hand which had punished him. But, alas! his evil star was in the ascendant, and his good intentions were called treachery. He was soon after banished from the home of his youth, and sold into the service of an illustrious pig-jobber. Here he remained until the day of his death, enjoying many opportunities for revenging the numerous injuries he had received in early life at the hand of man, and from the foot and mouth of beast.

Fortunately for Snarl, the strong hides of his associates were not over and above sensitive; so that he could indulge in a tough pull without exciting his enemy to deadly strife. Yet he met with one misfortune by this—namely, the irreparable fracture of one of his beautiful canine teeth. Fortune seemed to have a secret grudge against poor Mr. Snarl; though for what reason, I am unable to define. He had already made all dogs in the market-place bow before him, and inflicted summary punishment on every pig his master bought. But at last he encountered his match.

Now it must be understood that Snarl was peculiarly fond of tail—no part to him offered such a convenient bite, and such a fund of amusement when bitten. He was, one day, busily enjoying himself with this sport, when in his rounds he smartly tugged at the tail of

a surly old sow; but, alas, like many other sharpers, he had "got the wrong sow by the tail." It grunted, turned, and charged. A combat ensued. Snarl down, first round. Up, at it. Pig upset fat lady, and Snarl into basket of eggs. At it again, and down beneath the feet of a colt, who kicked in three more of his ribs. The seconds interfering, victory was proclaimed on the side of Grumpy; and Snarl was carried off the field in a pig-cart.

Being thrown into the stable, on his return home, he was noticed to bleed from a wound in the left hind-leg; and, on examination, the sage pig-jobber, though three-parts drunk, returned a verdict of "Wilful biting against some dog or pig unknown." Rumour's tongues are at great variance on the subject of his recovery; but, going to that which seemed the longest, it informed me that, though his ribs were mended, he was never seen to smile again.

Some months after the occurrence of the incident above narrated, Mr. Snarl felt an unpleasant sensation about the region of his stomach; with nervous sickness, and loathing of his food, followed by a general fever all over. In short, to tell the truth—which, by the way, is more than most biographers care to do—he was attacked by a bilious fever. Whether this was induced by indulgence in spirits, or not, I cannot find out. This fever very ungenerously excited another of a more dangerous character, the germs of which he had received, with the bite, in the late scuffle; and, as a dire consummation to this "sad eventful history," he became mad!

No appearance of this gentleman's disorder was observable on the day previous to that of his decease. He certainly was languid and irresolute; but so quiet, that he even submitted to have his head held while his nostrils were filled with the abominable fumes of *Nicotiana Tobacum*, for the amusement of two intelligent blackguards. But the fatal hour arrived. On the afternoon of Friday, the 11th March, 1853, Snarl dashed into town like a mad thing; his hair wildly erect, his eyes flashing fire, and his teeth in threatening attitude. On, on he rushed; spreading dire dismay among cats and curs, biting and snapping as he went.

There was a general *mêlée*. "Mad dog!" was echoed from lips of all shapes, sizes, and colors; and weapons of all kinds, from the martial rifle to the humble spade, were displayed against him. Regardless of opposition, he boldly held on his way—through one street, down this alley, and across that court; tearing as he went, and caring nothing whether his victims were the property of beggar, baker, or bishop.

"Stop him, Bill!" shouted the valiant butcher. But Bill retired fearfully into a



corner, to enjoy a quiet tremble to himself; and our hero, for that time, escaped. The druggist took the alarm, and, from a secret cupboard, produced a dark bottle, labelled "Prussic acid." But who would dare to hold the patient for the dose? The farmer, the groom, and the sportsman flew into the lanes and fields with their cobs, hacks, and hunters, to escape his fangs. Young ladies shrieked in wild despair, clinging to papas and cousins as if they only were the objects of his malice. How long the hunt *might* have lasted, no one knows; had not the valorous butcher's spade come bang across his jaws. This *coup de tête* brought him to the ground. The advantage was quickly followed by a cut in the occipital bone, with the edge of the same instrument; and another in the neck almost severed his head from his body.

Thus, after a long life, chequered by every pang and woe that cruel fate could inflict on helpless clay, fell poor Snarl, in a field of mud! It was then, as a referee, that the present biographer was called in, and—on opening the subject, found eleven fractures in his ribs, a broken skull, a diseased liver, a cut throat, and a stomach-full of grass,—all on this unhappy wretch! A complication of evils, sufficient to insure immortality to any two-legged Snarler; and why not to a genuine cur?

But Snarl's memory shall live. His biography is written, his skeleton is on its legs again, and his worn-out flesh at rest in the domestic midden stead.

Oh! be his failings covered by his tomb;  
May wholesome cabbage o'er his ashes bloom!

CANINE PLUTARCH.

## HINTS TO AMATEUR GARDENERS.

### THE CALENDAR FOR MAY.

#### THE FLOWER GARDEN.

We remember the time, when it could safely be predicated of May that she would be "true" throughout. We had no fear of cold chilly nights, and bade defiance to Jack Frost. Easterly winds, too, troubled us not.

We should like to return to those "good old times." However, experience has made us suspicious; and though the following rules and regulations may be observed in the Garden, yet must we be prepared for the enemy in whatever form he may visit us.

*Alterations* should all be finished.

*Annuals*—for succession continue to sow, prick out, pot on, and turn out.

*Antirrhinums*.—Pot on such as have already been stopped and are well broken into a larger pot, using strong and rich compost; turn out, if favorable weather, into beds or borders.

These subjects afford a long continuation of flower, and many are of brilliant colors.

*Auriculas*.—As the plants go out of flower they may be re-potted; carefully remove a portion of the old soil and replace with fresh; the routine of potting is similar with these as with other subjects. The young plants potted in February may, if rooted through, be potted into larger pots; it is needful that a few days' shade be given to all after shifting, that their re-establishment may be promoted and secured. Keep free from green-fly at this time they abound, and if allowed to remain, prove sadly injurious.

*Awnings* or coverings to beds of bloom, continue.

*Bedding* plants may now be generally got out.

*Beds*, plants now need tying, pegging, &c., according to growths.

*Borders* keep clean; occupy empty or vacant places; tie subjects in need of support.

*Box*, if anywhere deficient should be repaired, any ragged growths checked or shortened.

*Bulbs*.—Mark the spots, by labels, where they decay; take up such as need dividing and store away.

*Culceolarias*, If wanted in large specimens, shift into larger pots; be watchful against green-fly, they abound.

*Carnations* are making considerable advance towards blooming; stick, if not done; clean from decaying foliage; top-dress, and keep watered.

*Chrysanthemums*.—Continue treatment recommended last month.

*Cinerarias*.—Where seed be required, choose two, three, or more (according to the quantity required) of the very best varieties, and place them on fine ashes in a frame, under a north wall, entirely exposed except as to easterly winds and heavy rain. See that every variety be correctly labelled, and make notes as to the varieties you propose continuing the cultivation of.

*Cuttings* may still be taken, if further increase of bedding plants be needed.

*Dahlias*.—Look through the stock, and get in sorts deficient of, or desirable; the new varieties are sent out this month; when received, place in a moderate hot-bed for a few days to recover from packing; then pot on; harden off.

*Destroy* insects which are sure to abound at this time.

*Epacrises*.—Give a general shift at this season.

*Ericas*.—Small plants and others to bloom, from July forward, must now be shifted; attend to watering.

*Forced* bulbs, plants, &c., need to be removed as they decay.

*Fuchsias*.—Judiciously stop straggling growths; this will prevent the necessity of the use of so many sticks, as often seen.

*Green-fly* keep under. Two or three consecutive fumigations are highly desirable in houses of plants ere they come into flower.

*Greenhouse*.—Get out all subjects as their beauty declines, that others may be substituted. Air, water, shading, and order, are common instructions, which need only hints.

*Hollyhocks*.—See to the quarters that all plants



are secure; snails and slugs are sad enemies. Propagate.

*Liliums*.—Be careful that they never suffer for want of water; water with rose over the foliage. Train flower stems.

*Pansies*.—At this season flowers will be in their true character. Look through seedlings, and discard all inferior.

*Pelargoniums*.—Plants that have been prepared and treated as directed for this month's flowering will soon be gay, and the flowers will be acquiring their true character, as the blooms generally are apt to come small. The netting must now be put up to exclude bees; for if they are allowed access to the house, they fertilise the flower and it soon falls.

*Picotees*.—The yellow sorts need fewer stimulants, they are naturally less robust than the white sorts.

*Pinks*.—Keep free from weeds; water in dry weather, using liquid manure at least once each week. Few subjects will take more growing than Pinks.

*Polyanthuses*.—As the bloom is over, these may be parted and planted out in a shady situation. Gather seed, and sow it at once in pans, boxes, &c.

Protect from sun all plants in bloom that it is desirable to maintain long in perfection.

*Ranunculuses*.—Apply copious waterings, if dry weather; the Ranunculus delights in a moist soil.

*Roses*.—Spare no exertion to keep down green-fly; the buds will be fast forming and swelling; water copiously in dry weather; surface stir beds of, and apply a good dressing of well decomposed manure.

*Roses* in pots will, if carefully tended, be now amply repaying the labor and attention bestowed. Keep well watered.

*Seed*, sow of Biennials, Perennials, &c.

*Seedlings* pot off, turn out.

*Stick* growing border plants, and all that need support

*Store-pots* should now be generally emptied.

*Tulips*.—Get the top and side cloths on; if the stage be a complete one, the top cloth can be rolled up by the pulleys and let down instantly if rain or hail threaten. As soon as the blooms show color, exclude the direct rays of the sun, but continue to let them have all the air possible. The side cloths should be very thin canvas; so thin, that in shading from sun, a free circulation of air is not prevented. As soon as the flowers begin to fade, and the beauty of the bed declines, take off the cloths and admit all the weather.

*Turning-out* into beds, &c., ought to be completed by the end of the month.

*Verbenas*.—Select in the beginning of the month the plants intended to grow in pots for exhibition or otherwise, and pot on into 24's, 16's, or 12's, according to habit of the variety, two or three plants of a sort in a pot, using a very rich compost—1 fibrous loam, 1 leaf mould, and 2 rotten dung; adding sand, and placing pieces of dried cow dung over the drainage, keeping the plants still in a slight hotbed of dung. Continue to harden off general stock for bedding. Towards the middle or end of

the month, as the weather suits, plant out the bedding varieties; the stronger, such as "Defiance," the weaker such as "Gloire de Paris," should be planted about 6 inches apart, the varieties of moderate growth about 9 inches. Fumigate well before bedding out. N.B. When blooms or plants be required for exhibition, the final stopping should not be made less than 7 nor more than 8 weeks prior to the day required. Give air to plants retained in frames to prevent weak growth.

*Waterings* will be a duty of importance; to do effectually is to do well.

*Weeds* should no where be seen.

[From Edwards' "Garden Almanac."]

### THE GOSPEL OAK.

The custom of making the boundaries of parishes, by the neighboring inhabitants going round them once a year, and stopping at certain spots to perform different ceremonies, in order that the localities might be impressed on the memories of the young, as they were attested by the recollections of the old—is still common in various parts of the kingdom. The custom itself is of great antiquity, says Strutt, and is supposed to have been derived from the feast called Terminalia, which was dedicated to the God Terminus, who was considered as the guardian of fields and land-marks, and the promoter of friendship and peace amongst men. Its beneficial effects, and social influence, are thus described by writers, in the quaint style of two centuries by-gone:—

That every man might keep his own possessions,  
Our fathers used in reverent *processions*,  
(With zealous prayers, and with praiseful cheer,)  
To walk their parish limits once a year;  
And well known marks, (which sacrilegious hands  
Now cut or break,) so bordered out their lands,  
That every one distinctly knew his owne;  
And many brawles, now rife, were then unknowne.

It was introduced amongst Christians about the year 800, by the pious Avitus, Bishop of Vienna, in a season of dearth and calamity; and has been continued since his time by many clergy,—the minister of each parish, accompanied by his churchwardens and parishioners, going round the bounds and limits of his parish in Rogation Week, or on one of the three days before Holy Thursday (the feast of our Lord's Ascension); stopping at remarkable spots and trees, to recite passages from the Gospels, and implore the blessing of the Almighty on the fruits of the earth, and for the preservation of the rights and properties of the parish. The learned and excellent Andrews, Bishop of Winchester, left a fine model of prayer for these occasions; and it must have been a soothing sight to witness the devotional feelings of the multitude, thus called forth in the



simplicity of patriarchal worship in the open air, surrounded by the works of God.

*Maluit umbrosam quercum;*

and it would be difficult to select a more fit object than the broad oak to mark their resting place, and to serve as an altar beside which to offer up their prayers, as in times of yore the worshippers of God were wont to do, in their solemn groves, before temples made by hands were built to Him, and the place of his tabernacle fixed by his own divine revelation.

Many of these Gospel-trees are to be found in different parts of the country. About Wolverhampton in particular, the boundaries and township of the parish are marked by them, and they are preserved with the greatest care and attention. That they often possessed a double claim on the regard of the young by being made the witnesses of vows not likely to be forgotten, we may gather from the plaintive reflection Herrick puts into the mouth of one of his lovers, in his "Hesperides:"—

Dearest, bury me  
Under that holy oke, or Gospel Tree;  
Where, though thōu see'st not, thou may'st think  
upon  
Me, when thou yearly go'st Procession.

The Gospel Oak, near Stoneleigh, stands in a little retired coppice, the solitude of which is equally favorable to thought and to devotion, to the reveries of the philosopher on ages past, and the contemplation of the Christian on ages to come.

*Locos et ipsa silentia adoramus.*

"In the fresh fields, His own Cathedral meet,  
Built by Himself, star-roof'd and hung with green,  
Wherein all breathing things, in concord sweet,  
Organ'd by winds, perpetual hymns repeat."

Puss.

## POULTRY.

### THE BEARDS OF POLAND FOWL.

IN August last, we introduced a debate on the subject of Poland fowls; canvassing the question—whether they should or should not have beards?

With reference to this former article, Dr. Horner, of Hull, writes as follows:—

Though the minds of some appear yet uninformed, I am gratified to learn that my remarks (See Vol. II., p. 124) on the question—Whether Polands should, or should not, have beards? have been effectual in removing the prejudice, excited by the author whose dislike so unmercifully condemned the bearded variety. I showed that no argument whatever had been adduced to warrant such condemnation, and that it was simply an idiosyncrasy of taste, a mere matter of personal dislike. Nothing, surely, can be more subversive of truthful inquiry than the

conversion of a subject into an affair of like or dislike. If such were allowed, there would be no property or attribute of poultry remain fixed or established; one, might dislike the feathered legs of the Shanghae; another, the rose comb of the spangled Hamburgh; a third, the whole cheek of the Spanish fowl being white; and so on.

Especially, then, does it behove men to be careful how they express themselves in print, for it is wonderful how people will at once adopt as an axiom and a truth anything that "they have seen in a book." If we do not like any particular properties of a fowl—yet have not proof that such are spurious; it is our duty to let Nature alone, and the fowl also, and not keep it. I feel convinced that no one would have questioned the propriety of beards, had not a learned author, in his dislike, most irreverently attempted to uproot them. To remove, however, the impression of dislike against the beard, I contended that, in the spangled Poland, it really harmonised with the whole appearance of the bird, with his magnificent top-knot, with his remarkably voluminous and profusely hackled neck, and with his whole dashing and *debonnaire* deportment.

The Poland is an exceptional fowl—differing in many of his most striking, and characteristic, and allowed attributes, from other poultry; and I do affirm that there is a harmony, and a keeping, and a consistency between the beard and the top-knot—between the spreading and elongated feathers or beard below the bill, and the elongated feathers or top-knot above it. They, together, exhibit a conformity and a relation which comprises a oneness or complete whole. Diminish or take away either the one or the other, and the whole effect is gone; there remains a nakedness and a want. Thus it ever is,—

"In Nature's chain, whatever link you strike,  
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike."

For my own part, I would not admit the beardless gold and silver-spangled Polands at our exhibitions. Not because I think them a spectacle of nakedness, and want about the neck, throat, and head, but for the graver reason, that I deem them spurious or mongrel fowl; hybrid, I judge, between the Poland and the spangled Hamburgh.

In elucidating this, unfortunately, the plumage can assist us little in our argument, or proof, for the golden and silver-spangled Hamburghs closely approximate to the Polands. There are, however, more important points than the mere marking or color of the plumage—there are distinctions of shape, or configuration of the body; circumstances relative to that great peculiarity of Polands, the top-knot; to the comb, as well as to the beard, and to the tail—that facilitate and satisfy inquiry. First as to shape: the body of the true Poland is very round, tapering somewhat suddenly near the tail; the breast is remarkably round and protuberant, "more so," observes Mr. Baily, "than in any other fowl, except the bantam!" The neck is a characteristic and striking feature: it is not only long, but it is of extraordinary thickness and fulness, and most profusely covered with voluminous hackle feathers; whilst in carriage it is upright, bold, and dashing. In the beardless variety there is



a most perceptible modification and contrast; in a word, a very near approach to the spangled Hamburg. The prominency and roundness of the breast is diminished, the body is narrowed, lengthened, and gradually tapering to the tail; the feathers of which, as observable in the hen, are like those of the Hamburg, and are much longer than in the true or bearded Poland. The neck presents a striking difference: all that general volume of the neck is gone; and it is thin, spare of feathers, and meagre; in size and in proportion it is wanting.

Though, as I have said, the marking of the plumage affords us no help in tracing the beardless Poland to its connexion with the spangled Hamburg, they being very similarly spangled—yet the nature, fabric, or material of the feather differs, and affords assistance in defining the difference between the true bearded Poland and the hybrid one. Thus, let any one handle a true golden Poland hen, and he will be struck with the remarkably soft, silky, yielding quality of feathers; it is so peculiar, that at this moment I can recall the surprise on my first handling one; while the feel or sensation communicated by the beardless fowls is like the Hamburg, a comparative closeness and hardness of feather; there being nearly as great a difference in this respect as there is between the feel of a Shanghae and a Malay. This difference in the character of feathers in various fowls is well noticed by Mr. Baily, and a very distinctive character it is.

Again, the top-knot, in the great majority of beardless Polands (especially in the golden), is insignificant. It is, I believe, invariably so in imported birds; but within the last two years, there have been raised in this kingdom some silver beardless Polands with top-knots of fair size; the golden, however, as far as I have seen at exhibitions, or heard of, still remain in *statu quo*; waiting some lucky hit, or cross with the bearded, to give them top-knots, and to reduce their abundant, plated, pointed combs. It is important to notice, that in breeding beardless Polands, the greatest uncertainty prevails as to the quality of the chickens. In some which I last year raised from the very best specimens of beardless silver Polands, there was a very near approach to the rose comb of the spangled Hamburg; an uneven, serrated, protuberant, and large plate of flesh, terminating in a point, with a mere tuft of feathers for a top-knot; whilst a very few had top-knots equal in size to the parents.

It is indeed a fact, as important as it is striking, that while the chickens of the true bearded Poland have invariably large and full-sized top-knots, the produce, on the contrary, of beardless Polands, evince all the uncertainty and anomaly above stated. How is this? Why, I ask, should one be all certainty, the other uncertainty? The answer is clear, plain, and convincing enough. The beardless Polands being spurious, hybrid—now the Polish, now the Hamburg blood or type prevails; so that in the one instance we have top-knots, in the other scarcely any, but with development of comb; for it is a fact well known to breeders, that all cross-bred birds exhibit a constant tendency to lean to one parental origin or the other; as they term it, “they cry back.” Thus have I shown that the beardless Poland is degenerate in shape,

specially and generally; also in carriage, bearing, or deportment, and in the quality of its feathers; whilst the character of its produce or chickens is ever varying and uncertain.

But what, on the other hand, has been urged against beards?—Simply dislike. A whisper has gone forth, which no one, however, will own to—that the beard is from a cross with the Russian fowl. In truth, the Poland has no one character of the Russian; not even in the so-called beard is there any resemblance; for whilst the beard of the Russian is a long tuft, looking like a hanging bag of feathers, the beard of the Poland consists of imbricated feathers, scarcely longer than the rest on the throat, and closely, compactly, and definitely arranged in a triangular shape, the base being uppermost; it has nothing in common with the bearded tuft of the Russian, or any other fowl. It is truly *sui generis*—true in its own kind, and an inborn, inbred characteristic of a true Poland. In conclusion, I beg to say, that though I now write as a partisan of the bearded Poland (and coincide with the opinions of such experienced gentlemen as Mr. Vivian, as well as of Mr. Baker, of London, and others), it was only after mature reflection, observation, and experience on both varieties, kept at the same time, and in equal numbers, that the conviction was forced upon me, that the bearded are the true Polands, and that the beardless are spurious.

The long-heralded *Poultry Book*, No I., has appeared. It is, as we imagined it would be, a book *not* for the multitude, but for the “choice few” who are at present mad after the unsightly Cochins. If anything would set real judges of beauty against this particular breed, it would be the animals “figured” in this book. A great deal of discursive matter is introduced, that renders the work “heavy;” though it is undeniable that the elevations, plans, designs, &c., must have been produced at some considerable cost. This, however, considering that wealthy breeders will be the principal purchasers, is of little consequence.

By and-by, when the editors (the Rev. W. Wingfield, and Mr. G. W. Johnson) have exhausted their panegyrics on the Shanghae breed, we shall see what they have to say about the more *useful* fowls.

We hold to our opinion (confirmed by practical poulterers), that “the Dorking,” after all, is *the* bird for the table.

#### CHEERFULNESS.

HAPPY is he who, like the lark, is ever joyful, ever merry. We dearly love to hear a man sing or whistle as he walks along to his work. No one can be sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculation its power of endurance! Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous, a spirit all sunshine; graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.



TIT-FOR-TAT;  
OR,  
THE GREAT PRINCIPLE.



ONE OF MY PECULIARITIES is— a strong tendency to differ in opinion from other people upon almost every possible subject. I never mouth the matter—I come out roundly.

I have no doubt the reader is fond of roast-beef and plum-pudding. Now I detest them. Nothing could be more gross, earthly, stultifying. Besides, no man fond of such stuff does, ever did, or ever can sit down to a meal, without running into excess. Then come custard, ice-cream, fruit, almonds, raisins, wine. You rise with a distended stomach and heavy head; and stagger away with brutish apathy. I am for light diet—milk, rice, fruit; sweet, harmless things of nature. No lamb bleeds for me. No stately ox is slain that I may feast. Old mother earth supplies my slender appetites. The deep, deep spring, clear as crystal; the innocent vegetables—ethereal food. Thus I am light as air. I am keenly alive to every moral and natural beauty, which few enthusiastic beef-eaters are. I drink no beer, and I swallow no spirits. I never smoke, and I rise all the year round at five o'clock.

I differ from everybody in another thing. I believe in love at first sight. We ought to be able to tell in a week, whether a woman would do for a wife. The judgment of "true love" is intuitive. A glance, and it is done. A man of genius has in his own imagination a standard of the object of his love—an unexplainable model—the prototype to which exists somewhere in reality, although he may never have seen or heard of her. This is wonderful, but it is true. He wanders about the world, impervious to all the delicious, thrilling, soul-melting beams of beauty, till he reaches the right one. There are blue eyes—they are tender, but they touch not him. There are black—they are piercing, but his heart remains whole. At length, accident flings him into contact with a certain creature. He hears the tones of her voice; he feels the warm streams of soul shining from her countenance. Gaze meets gaze, and thought sparkles into thought, till the magic blaze is kindled, and—they fall in love.

It sometimes happens that, for one model in the imagination of this man of genius, there are accidentally two or three prototypes in real life; or rather, he has two or three different models.

It is a great misfortune for a man to have more models than one. They lead him astray. They involve him in difficulties. They play the very deuce with him. And yet meta-

physicians and phrenologists ought to know, that IT IS NO AFFAIR OF HIS. If a school-boy have the organ of destructiveness, you may "whip" him for killing flies, but you MUST NOT wonder at him. If a youth— But this brings me back again to my subject.

I never could tell how many of these models Fred had; a great many, no doubt. He was a true lover of Nature, and all her Ladyship's fair children seemed naturally to love *him*. They could not help it.

Oh, those sweet women! It is almost incredible. He must have dealt in magic. It was a perfect blessing to be near him; to catch the light and heat of the thousand glances which fell upon him, and of which he caught a few stray ones, though only by accident. Lovely women fell into his mouth like ripe plums. He had clusters of them: They all loved him, and he loved them all. His was a royal heart. . . .

"What are you thinking of, Fred?" said I.

"Caroline," he answered—"of course."

"She who sailed yesterday for America?"

"Yes—I LOVE HER."

"And *she*?"

He rose and opened an *escritoire*.

"Is it not perfectly beautiful?"

The sweet relic of golden, sunshiny hair, lay curled charmingly, in a rose-colored envelope. It *did* look pretty. But—

"Has Caroline B— such light hair?" asked I. "I never knew—I always thought—I was observing only yesterday that—surely, surely you have made some mistake—see, what is that written at the bottom of the paper? 'Julia!'"

Fred hastily looked again in the little pigeon-hole, and drew forth another rose-colored envelope; another! and another!!

I smiled! So did he.

"What a vile, narrow prejudice it is!" said Fred.

"What?"

"That a man can love only one! I have loved twenty—fifty—nay, a hundred. I *always* love *some one*. Sometimes two at a time—sometimes twenty. I should die else."

"Heartless!" exclaimed I. "This is not *love*. Love is sole, absorbing—pure—constant—immutable."

"Hark'e," said Fred. "I never *cease* to love. Adding another angel to the list, does not infer the striking out any of the others. Oh—no! There is no limit. A man of soul loves just as he happens to be placed in relation to women. I am warmed by them, as I am when I stand in the sunshine. Because I have a garden here, when the beams of the god of day fall on my shoulders with a pleasing ardor—must I not feel the warmth when I stand in your garden yonder? It is 'the



great principle.' Should the object of my early love *die*, must I be ever thereafter *dead* to the most exquisite of human passions? Death is only absence. I know twelve pretty women. They are better than men. NATURE made them so. They are all different—all excellent—all divine. Can I be blind? Can I be deaf? Shall I deny that their voices are sweet, their hearts tender, their minds clear and intelligent? No. I love them ALL—Julia, Mary, Fanny, Helen, Henrietta, Emily, Eliza, &c. I never think of them without sensations of pure delight."

Frederick felt a hand upon his shoulder; he looked up. It was Mrs. B., his wife.

"The d—l!, said he. . . .

I had withdrawn, of course. I am a bachelor myself. Curtain lectures are not in my way. I have troubles enough of my own. Mrs. B. did not come down to dinner. Mr. B. did not come home to tea. I did not get up next morning to breakfast. So that I *could not* know what was the "result."

Mrs. B. is one of the very loveliest women I ever met. I believe I have two or three of the models myself. It is pleasant enough, but then—every rose has its thorns!

"Only think!" said she to me, her eyes moistened with tears, her cheek crimsoned with shame, her bosom palpitating with distress,—“twelve! He loves *twelve*, he says."

"A whole jury!" said I.

"It is monstrous!" said she.

"Monstrous indeed!" echoed I.

"What if I should love twelve officers!" said she.

"Tit-for-tat," said I.

"Or six?" said she.

"Too good for him," said I, taking her hand.

"Or three?" said she.

"Or *one*?" said I, drawing her toward me, and kissing her soft lips. She was my only sister, and I always loved her. . . . The plot was arranged. Frederick had meditated a journey of two days; but was called back, by an anonymous note, at nine the same evening. . . . Tall women are so scarce! We hired the uniform at the tailor's . . . .

"I am thunderstruck!" exclaimed Henry to me. "The world is at an end. The sun is out. What! Kate—my dear Kate!" the tears gushed from his eyes.

"I saw it myself," said the servant.

"Kiss-ed her!"

"Six times," said John.

Frederick caught the pistol, and pointed it at his head. I wrenched it from his grasp.

"Come with me," I said. "Perhaps it may be a mistake."

We opened the door softly. In the next room sat Mrs. B.—at her feet a richly-dressed young soldier, who kissed her hand, received

from her a lock of hair, swore he loved her, and left her with an ardent embrace.

"I am suffocating," said Fred.

"Hush!" I exclaimed: "See, there is another. How familiarly he seats himself by her side—takes her hand"—

"I shall strangle to death."

"Patience!"

"Dear-est Colonel!" exclaimed Julia.

("The other was only the lieutenant," whispered John.)

"I am blessed with *too few* such faithful friends."

(I held Fred still with the grasp of a giant.)

"That I love you, I cannot deny. *A woman of soul loves just as she happens to be placed in relation to men. She is warmed by their noble characters, as she is when she stands in the sunshine. It is 'the great principle.'*"

"Love-li-est of thy sex!" said her companion.

Fred burst forth, levelling both pistols at the Colonel. He pulled the triggers, but they did not go off. Pistols, loaded with sawdust, seldom do.

The Colonel uttered a scream, and fled.

"Madam!" said Fred, swelling with indignation, "have you any *more* of these affectionate friends?" "ONLY EIGHT, my dear husband. Why, what puts you in such a rage?"

"Perfidious wretch!"

"Hear me," said Mrs. B., solemnly.

"When we married, I intended to devote my life, my actions, my heart to you. From you I expected the same. I can see no distinction in our relative duties towards each other. Love must exist on both sides—or on neither.

Whatever may be the opinion of a heartless world, a 'man of soul' and of virtue makes his wife"—

"I am not to be preached to, traitress," said Fred. "I leave you now for ever; but not till I take vengeance on my new military acquaintances. Where are they?"

"They are here," she answered.

The door was thrown open, and the two officers, with their *chapeaux* off, were heard giggling and laughing in a most unmilitary manner.

What did Fred do? Just what every other good husband ought to do,—he first rubbed his eyes, and looked foolish. He then burst out into a ringing laugh, and flew into his wife's arms—sobbing audibly.

The two young military officers, of course, "giggled" again; and as Fred had "vowed" to take vengeance on them, he took it,—in his usual manner! He was forgiven, on his promise not to offend any more.

I *hope* he kept his word,—for the sake of "the Great Principle!"

DOT.



## THE NECKLACE.

Nay, bind not on that snowy neck  
 Rich pearls, and sparkling chains ;  
 Its beauty needs no aid to deck,  
 Save its own azure veins.

I cannot bear those links should hide  
 A bosom fair as thine ;  
 Nor veil beneath their jewell'd pride  
 Love's dear and fragrant shrine.

A ruby mark adorns thy breast  
 Whose tints some fairy wove,  
 Whose glow my lip has fondly prest,—  
 'Tis Nature's gem I love !

Remember how I've blest that spot,  
 And felt thy bosom thrill  
 Beneath my kiss ;—then hide it not,  
 Give me its beauty still !

'Twere shame to veil the smallest part  
 Of that transparent skin ;  
 Take off, take off that jewelled heart,  
 There's one more rich within !

The worm may weave its web of gold  
 To hide it from the sun ;  
 But bursting from its silken fold,  
 The butterfly needs none.

In Nature's plumes, the stately swan  
 Floats o'er the crystal lake !  
 Undeck'd by art, the graceful fawn  
 Springs lightly from the brake.

And who would tint the drifted snow,  
 Or gem the ocean's spray ;  
 Or gild the morning's early glow !—  
 Yet thou art fair as they !

Then go, let glistening gauds be tried  
 By others,—not by thee ;  
 Thou hast not one defect to hide,  
 The lily's not more free.

Yet, if thou wilt a necklace wear,  
 GIVE ME its links to twine ;  
 Come to these arms, and find it here,  
 "Love's necklace" shall be thine !—

M. G. S.

From KIDD'S JOURNAL, May 30, 1840.

## MAY-EVENING.

COME, and hear the lav'rock's vespers  
 Sounding sweetly through the dell ;  
 Come, and hear the melting whispers  
 Lightly echo'd by the gale.

Phœbus gilds the hills in splendor ;  
 Luna brings the ev'ning's close :  
 Twilight sues, with accents tender,  
 Wearied Nature to repose.

Come,—the birds with love are burning,  
 Sweet they sing, in sportive glee ;  
 While, to hives of joy returning,  
 Wings the laden merry bee.

Then, oh, leave all baneful pleasures ;  
 Rove, with me, o'er hill and lea ;  
 May unfolds her flowery treasures—  
 Come, then, come !—she waits for thee.

D. S. B.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

*The Starling.*—The starling has already been noticed in OUR JOURNAL, both in laudatory and disparaging terms. I must say he is a special favorite of mine. I like his free and confiding habits. I admire his glossy and glittering plumage. I love to see him marching, in double-quick time, over my lawn, in quest of worms and insects ; I enjoy his soft and musical whistle, as he sits, in an autumnal morning, basking on the top of some tree that catches the first rays of the rising sun. I doubt not that the amount of good effected by starlings in the destruction of predatory insects, must far outweigh the little mischief they may do in an occasional visit to the cherry garden. In this agricultural district they are constantly to be seen on the backs of the sheep, relieving those animals of vermin ; and the sheep seem well aware that their visitors are engaged in a very neighborly occupation. But my present object is to notice an accusation made against starlings, which I remember to have heard ever since I first took an interest in the feathered tribes ; viz. that being given to intrude in pigeon-houses, they are in the habit of destroying both the eggs and young of the pigeons. Yarrell has alluded to the accusation. Without offering his own opinion on the subject he says, "Starlings frequently roost in pigeon houses, and are accused of destroying both eggs and young pigeons. This has been doubted ; I can substantiate no charge on my own knowledge," &c. Now evil reports, although oftentimes altogether false, and generally exaggerated, have frequently at least some foundation. I had often sought for information on the point in question, from observers of nature : but, for a long time, could learn nothing that was satisfactory. However, I was at length enabled to satisfy myself as to what I consider the origin of the charge against, and the amount of capability in the starling. When I first resided amidst the hills of North Hants,—some twenty years since, starlings were rare ; now they abound. I wish I could add, that fitting places for nidification abounded also. But no ; in these utilitarian days, if a sound tree happily escape the axe, a pollard, or a tree with a hole in it, has no chance of long adding to the picturesque of the neighborhood. The starlings consequently occupy every available position—the eaves, the thatch, the chimney of the cottage, the barn, the church tower ; and, as an especially comfortable retreat, they share with the pigeons the tenantry of the dovecote. Conversing with an observant neighbor about the inmates of his pigeon-house, he accidentally remarked the circumstance of his occasionally losing young pigeons from the intrusion of the starlings. The remark of course caught my attention ; and, on following up the conversation, I learnt that the starling, being a bold and pugnacious bird, after taking possession of a hole for nidification in the vicinity of a pigeon similarly engaged, will frequently attack the latter. On such occasions the pigeon, from its timid and unwarlike habits, not only gives way, but is led sometimes to forsake its eggs, and even its young, in terror of the powerful and sharp beak of its neighbor. It appears to me, that the circumstances just narrated may be fairly regarded as explanatory of the origin of the accusation against the



starling, who may thus far be culpable: and in this way may be charged with the occasional ruin of a pigeon's nest. I offer this explanation as likely to interest some of the readers of our JOURNAL; and as being useful to satisfy the doubts of others (as it has satisfied my own,) regarding this blemish in the character of the Starling.—H.H.W., Combe Vicarage, Hants.

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*On Breeding Canaries, Proper Cages, &c., &c.*

—Since I wrote last, death has been at work in my family of songsters; and no less than one-fourth of the whole number have been struck down by his ruthless hand. All these deaths have taken place in cages of wire and tin-plate, without any wood being used in their construction. I thought these would be more easily cleaned, and kept in order, than those made of wood; and although told by an experienced fancier that such cages were dangerous, still I persisted in using them, and have paid dear for my obstinacy. I do not yet know *why* these tin and wire cages are more dangerous than others; I only state the fact. That the few remarks I may forward to our JOURNAL, on the subject of Canary Breeding, may be more easily understood by your readers, I will, with your permission, give a list of my birds and cages; and their respective arrangement. The cages are numbered, from 1 upwards:—No. 1 is a handsome and very complete cage, painted white inside; but not made entirely of mahogany. It was procured from Clifford, Great St. Andrew Street; and with the above exception, is made according to the instructions given in one of your own earlier articles on Song-Birds. Its occupants are a pair of London prize canaries (mealy cock and Jonque hen) not quite perfect, and one year old. No. 2 is a large cage made entirely of mahogany, 30 inches long, 20 high, and 12 deep. It is neither painted nor whitewashed inside; and is tenanted by a pair of perfect prize canaries (Jonque cock and mealy hen). No. 3 is the same as 2, only rather smaller; it is neither painted nor whitewashed. Its tenants are a mealy Belgian cock and Jonque hen,—both fine birds. No. 4 is the same as 3. No. 5 is a very old cage, about the same size as No. 2; but without a division to separate the young birds from the old ones, and with loose nest-boxes. Nos. 4 and 5 are without inhabitants at present. Nos. 6 and 7 form a double cage (new), of the usual construction, with loose boxes, and quite plain. Each compartment is 24 inches long, 20 high, and 12 deep. No. 6 contains a pair of common canaries, and No. 7 a mealy Belgian cock and Jonque hen. Nos. 8 and 9—a double cage, similar to the last (one year old)—size of each division, 19 inches long, 12 high, and 10 deep. It is occupied by two pairs of fine Norwich canaries,—Jonque cock and mealy hen. No. 10 is a very old and common cage containing a cock goldfinch and hen canary. No. 11 similar to the last, and contains a cock linnet and hen canary. The foregoing list comprises all my present stock; but, before six months have passed over, I hope to see it very largely increased. The first symptoms of breeding were shewn by No. 2, whose inmates were kept in a warm room, where a fire was constantly burning. Being supplied with materials, the nest was finished on February 23rd; but the first egg was not laid till March 3rd. Four eggs were laid, but turned out

unfruitful. The same pair formed another nest, and the hen has been sitting for a week on four eggs, all of which appear to be unfruitful. No. 1 in the same room, built a nest early in March, but the eggs were not laid till near the end of the month, and then in one corner of the space where the nest-box is placed, on the bare wood, and in such a situation that the hen could not possibly sit on them. I placed them in the nest; but she has not condescended to look at them since, and is now building a new nest. The eggs, three in number, I intend to place in No. 6, where the first egg was laid on the 4th instant. In No. 8, four eggs were laid on the 30th March, and the hen is now sitting. Two other pairs are making preparations for a beginning; and in a fortnight I expect we shall be in full operation. One of your correspondents states, that cakes made with butter are injurious to the young birds. I have used the broken cakes and scrapings of cakes procured from a confectioner's, to mix with boiled egg, for my birds; and I never found any ill effects to follow its use, though no doubt the crumbs and broken cakes contained a large proportion of butter. I have five larks, and they are all in full song. I give them equal parts of CLIFFORD'S German paste, bruised hemp-seed, and bread crumbs, mixed. This food answers admirably for them. My bed-room has a southern aspect, and is devoted to my favorites, whose comfort and convenience I constantly endeavor to study. They are fed and watered every morning, with the addition of egg and cake twice a week. Every Thursday they are thoroughly cleaned, and an abundant supply of fresh sand given. Any further information likely to prove of interest to your readers, I shall be most happy to communicate from time to time.—ALPHA, Liverpool, April 8.

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*Notes on the Robin, Swallow, Cuckoo, &c.—*

We are now, my dear Sir, in all our glory. The weather is seasonable; the glorious sun shows us his bright and lovely face; and the trees are clad in a vesture of the most refreshing green. The very flowers, on every hand, seem anxious to gladden us as we pass. All nature is serene and happy; and as you say, why should not we, her children, be happy too? Is not happiness "contentment?" [Most assuredly!] Our robins are at nest. The mamma in expectancy has been "sitting" some time; and her doating spouse has, meanwhile, paid her the most attentive consideration. There is no *mauvaise honte* about him! More than once has the elegant little rogue taken from my very hand a mealworm, and flown with it direct to his better-half. No selfishness have we here, Mr. Editor. Well may you remark, that we mortals ought to improve upon the many hints thrown out to us by the lower world! I note *something* suggestive every day; and often ponder on your words—not, I hope, without profit. The swallows have been over some days [they visited Hammersmith on the 14th of April]; but we have not yet heard the Cuckoo. [He was heard at Acton, Middlesex, 1½ miles from Hammersmith, on the 17th of April.] He cannot, however, be far off, as his *avant-courier*, the wry-neck, is heard early every morning. I should tell you, that we are not, like the generality of people, averse to swallows



building under the eaves of our house. We love their tribe dearly, and always encourage them. The consequence is, that they share our hospitality regularly, year after year. One pair always build in a shed at the rear of the house; and last year, we had a nest constructed at a very slight elevation from the ground. The little heads of the inmates did look *so* pretty, as they were raised up to receive the food brought in by their parents! A few days since, I removed the old nest; so that all now is ready for their reception. It is the practice of most young birds, I believe, not to return to the nest after they have once quitted it. [You are quite right, Mdllie.] Last year, however, our young swallows, after having been in flight all day, carefully unscorched themselves at night in the family cradle. They were packed in as neatly as ever; and nobody would have supposed they had ever been abroad. How beautiful they looked! and how happy! This continued for some days. I could furnish you with endless anecdotes of our little families, with whom we live in perfect happiness; but this will suffice for the present. Every day is adding to our company. Our summer visitors are dropping in with all the familiarity of old friends. It is refreshing to see that they come to us with all the confidence of a grateful heart. They are not like the cold-hearted world, unmindful of a kindness rendered; but bear in mind, from year to year, the friends who have made them welcome at their table, and protected them lovingly during their visit to a foreign land.—HEARTSEASE, *Hants, April 18.*

[The pair of robins we alluded to last month, as being so remarkably tame, have been "sitting" on seven eggs. These eggs have recently realised seven very pretty little infant robins. We have been permitted to view them, although not to touch them. Indeed, this last would have been a breach of trust perfectly indefensible. The "happy family" are thriving wonderfully. Very funny do they look, packed in so closely! And as for their powers of digestion, they are fully equal to those of a London alderman. To see what is lugged in by the parents daily, and swallowed by their children—as a matter of course, puzzles us exceedingly. Just as these remarks meet the public eye, the nest, we expect, will be empty. It is now (April 25) full, almost to an overflow. We should add, that the parents before taking in the worms, &c., tap at the window with their bills every now and then, with a view to direct attention to their movements. Saucy, happy, innocent, confiding rogues are they!]

*Life Assurance.*—I am anxious, Mr. Editor, to "assure my life" before I leave this country. I purpose being absent two years. I am in my thirtieth year, and should like to assure for £1,000. Can you tell me what this would cost; and if the "Policy" will permit my leaving England?—E. W., *Chard.*

[We are fortunately in possession of the Tables of the "National Assurance Investment Association," 7, St. Martin's Place, Charing Cross. In this we find chapter and verse given on the subject of your inquiry; and it is plain that you *may* quit the country of England. In table No. 7, we observe the following:—"A

person aged 30 (next birth-day) may secure £1,000 at his death by the annual payment of £34 16s. 8d. during the whole period of life, *with liberty to proceed to all parts of the world*, without invalidating the Policy, or being required to pay any additional premium." Of course you must be careful to keep up your annual payment. We recommend your applying to the Managing Director, Mr. Peter Morrison, for a prospectus. It will now come "free" by post.]

*Black Fowls with Red Feathers.*—It is not uncommon for Spanish, Polands, or any other black fowl, to throw a few red feathers. I have seen it so often, I dare not say it is a sign of impurity—nor do I think it is hereditary. These deviations are equally common in other breeds, but as an entire color is not so essential, they are not noticed. Last year I had a Spanish hen moulted quite white; this year a cock of the same breed moulted with an accurately-defined red stripe, down each wing. I should be very sorry to destroy a bird for a few red feathers. I believe there are no Polands with pure white tops.—J. BAILY, *Mount Street.*

*The Swallow in Switzerland.*—In the last number but one of OUR JOURNAL, your amiable correspondent—"Forestiera," has given a delightful anecdote of swallows and their singular domicile in the East, singularly but faithfully illustrating their affectionate confidence in mankind. I cannot refrain from bringing under your notice very similar facts regarding the swallow, which occurred to myself every year in Switzerland; and which I think shews the same confidence in mankind which "Forestiera" has so charmingly described. In the house that I occupied at Cour, near Lausanne, was a very long gallery with seven windows, which shut by open-worked shutters, or, as the French call them, *jalousies*. The windows themselves are moveable, and fixed up in the winter; but removed in the spring and summer. Here, in the spring, I used to keep my caterpillars; and the feeding and arranging these would occupy nearly two hours every morning, generally from five till seven. Here there were five swallows' nests, and all the time I was feeding my caterpillars, the swallows would come in and out as freely as if nobody was there. Some were building or repairing their nests; some bringing food to a nest full of little, twittering, gaping bills; some bringing insects to their faithful mate, who was sitting on her complement of pretty eggs. Now although I was moving about, and often the old gardener, and six or seven young ones were scrambling about the gallery—aye, and even old "FINO" too, the swallows cared not for us, unless it was occasionally to perch for a minute on our shoulder. Then would they dart through the window after more food; twittering away after their peculiar manner, as happy as birds could be. The swallows seemed to welcome me as much as I did them.—BOMBYX ATLAS.

*How to color Oil, Red, or Reddish Brown.*—Referring to "Violet's" inquiry (*ante* p. 180), Oil may be colored a very deep red by alkanet-root cut small, immersed in the oil, and the whole placed in the sun's heat. A reddish brown, by the aid of Spanish arnatto. This requires a stronger heat.



I am not aware of any vegetable substance which will color oil *black*, or I would with much pleasure inform the fair "Violet" of it.—ZIG-ZAG.

*Skeleton Leaves.*—There are various modes of procuring skeleton leaves, but the following plan I have hitherto found attended with the least disappointment. July is the best month to select leaves for the purpose. Care must be taken that they are not bruised, or otherwise injured. A small piece of the stalk of the tree should be attached to each leaf. They should then be placed in an earthenware vessel, and covered with *soft* water, and exposed to the air and the heat of the sun; and as the water evaporates more must be supplied. From one month to two months is the time usually required for the leaves to become in such a state as to allow the membranes to be removed. This must be done by placing them on a plate with clean water, enough to cover them. Then, with a fine needle, commence with the leaf-stalk, and proceed till all the outer membrane is removed from each side of the leaf. Great care must be used when separating the membrane from the middle rib. The green substance can then be gently cleared away by using a camel-hair brush. Sometimes it is necessary to leave them in water for a few days, before all the green can be removed; and in this case the water should be clean, and fresh every morning. I have generally found it desirable to well wash each skeleton with *yellow* soap and a little soda, to make them white. This *seldom* fails; but whenever, it does, a little chloride of lime added to fresh water, will effect the purpose. Time and patience are required to get *perfect* skeletons, but the great beauty of each specimen amply rewards any who may be disposed to prepare them for themselves.—PUSS.

*Proper Food for the Tortoise.*—Your Correspondent, J. J., who inquires at page 183 what food Tortoises like best, is informed that the following are regarded by them as luxuries:—leaves of the Dandelion, Sowthistle, and Lettuce. There was one domesticated in our family, who ate with much *gusto* petals of the Rose and Gum-cistus; also heads of Clover, Daisies, and Dandelion. They require a little water in very dry weather; and some of the tribe show an affection for bread and milk. Their appetites slumber till June. They then make up for lost time.—BLUE-BELL.

*The Highland Colley.*—Mr. James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, thus writes in a letter to the Editor of "*Blackwood's Magazine*:"—"My Dog 'Sirrah' was beyond all comparison the best dog I ever saw. He had a somewhat surly and unsocial temper, disdainful all flattery and refusing to be caressed,—but his attention to my commands and interest will never again be equalled by any of the canine race. When I first saw him, a drover was leading him by a rope. He was both lean and hungry, and far from being a beautiful animal, for he was almost black; and had a grim face, striped with dark brown. I thought I perceived a sort of sullen intelligence in his countenance, notwithstanding his dejected and forlorn appearance, and I bought him. He was scarcely a year old, and knew so little of herding that he had never turned a sheep in his life;

but as soon as he discovered that it was his duty to do so, and that it obliged me, I can never forget with what anxiety and eagerness he learned his different evolutions, and when once I made him understand a direction, he never forgot or mistook it."—"One night" (says Mr. Youatt) "a large flock of lambs, that were under the Ettrick Shepherd's care, frightened by something, scampered away in three different directions across the hills, in spite of all that he could do to keep them together." "Sirrah" said the shepherd "they're a' awa!" It was too dark for the dog and his master to see each other at any considerable distance; but "Sirrah" understood him, and set off after the fugitives. The night passed on, and Hogg and his assistant traversed every neighboring hill in anxious but fruitless search for the lambs, but he could hear nothing of them nor of the dog, and he was returning to his master with the doleful intelligence that he had lost all his lambs. "On our way home, however," says he, "we discovered a lot of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine, called the Flesh Cleuch, and the indefatigable 'Sirrah' standing in front of them, looking round for some relief, but still true to his charge; and we concluded that it was one of the divisions which 'Sirrah' had been unable to manage, till he came to that commanding situation. But what was our astonishment, when we discovered that not one lamb of the flock was missing! How he had got all the divisions collected in the dark is beyond my comprehension. The charge was left entirely to himself from midnight until the rising sun; and if all the shepherds in the forest had been there to have assisted him, they could not have effected it with greater promptitude. All I can say is, that I never felt so grateful to any creature under the sun, as I did to my honest 'Sirrah' that morning."—ZIG-ZAG.

*The Nightingale.*—Can you tell me what places in England the nightingale does *not* visit; and also give me some particulars of his song, and general habits? I have heard the question of his exclusiveness much debated, and wish to know what are the facts of the case.—JANE T., *Richmond, Surrey.*

[The Nightingale does not visit our northern counties—Yorkshire alone excepted. It is supposed that the soil of that country suits his fancy. He is, we believe, *never* heard in Devonshire and Cornwall, nor in North Wales. Ireland and Scotland, too, he holds in supreme contempt. In Middlesex, and the Isle of Wight, he holds his court both by day and night. As we have written so very much about this king of birds in our *FIRST* and *SECOND* Volumes,—to them we must refer you for further particulars.]

*Longevity of the Hive-Bee.*—It may interest some of your Apiarian readers to learn, that three Essays have been forwarded to the Entomological Society for competition for the prize of five guineas, offered by the society last year for the best Essay on the longevity of the three kinds of individuals of the hive-bee, with especial reference to the practical results of the question on the relative advantages of retaining stocks or swarms. These Essays have been referred to a committee, who have unani-



mously considered the essay by Mr. Desborough, of Stamford, as most worthy of the prize, which has accordingly been awarded to him. The Essay is now in course of being printed in the Society's "Transactions," but it is understood that a limited number of separate copies will be printed for sale.—Q.

*Public Park and Botanic Garden at Southampton.*—I am very happy to tell you, Mr. Editor, that the important port of Southampton is about to enjoy the advantages of a public park and botanic garden. A large piece of waste ground in the centre of the town, which has long been lying idle, is to be devoted to this purpose.—HEARTSEASE, *Hants.*

*Wishes.*—Every man has a right to "wish," Mr. Editor. You wish—he wishes—we wish. As for me, had I my wish,—

A little airy sprite I'd be,  
A being of mirth and jollity,  
A laughing little merry fay,  
I'd revel all my time away.  
Clad in sunbeams' luscious light,  
Glittering in radiance bright,  
Endowed with a magician's might,  
I would I were an airy sprite!  
With joyous heart and open hand,  
Pure goodness for my magic wand,  
O'er the strand,  
'Cross the sand,

I'd flee  
And see  
O'er every land!

All evil I would change to good,  
Affection plant where malice stood;  
All care-worn want, too, I'd destroy,  
And misery I'd turn to joy.  
Where lovers breathe  
My form I'd wreath,  
And each fond thought direct.  
The mother's joy,  
Her smiling boy,

My fostering care, too, should protect—  
For true to my mission endowed from above,  
I'd live in each heart a pure Spirit of Love!

J. BARKER.

*Trout introduced into New Zealand.*—I regret that I cannot give "T. G." (see p. 179) any detailed account of the transit of the spawn from England to New Zealand. I have merely heard from the brother of the gentleman who took them out, that the fish, or many of them, had arrived; and so far, the plan pursued had proved successful. Last season, however, some trout spawn obtained from me was sent, together with some salmon spawn, in a vessel bound for Australia. It was placed in gravel in large iron tanks; a supply of water from the Wandle being also provided for the necessary change. The ova came to maturity some days before the usual time, on the arrival of the vessel under the tropics. The result of my own experience is, that about 42 days is the time required from the spawning, but this varies according to season, temperature, and other causes, for which I cannot account; as for instance, this year I had some

ova sent me from Derbyshire, which was spawned on Christmas-day; most of them I put into my boxes, but some I kept in the house in a small tin vessel, into which water supplied from a tank on the house-top, and consequently at a low temperature, was kept constantly dripping. I have observed that this spawn has been very irregular in the time of its hatching; some of it coming to maturity in about 70 days, and one egg not till the 80th day, and that at the moment I was examining it with a microscope, under which the little creature is a splendid object exhibiting to perfection the circulation of the blood in a marvellous manner. With regard to the wish expressed in the conclusion of "T. G.'s" letter, that a hybrid between the salmon and trout should be attempted in the Wandle, I am afraid that as the above-named river is merely a succession of mill-dams, having no unbroken communication with either the sea or a large river, a hybrid possessing any of the distinguishing marks of the salmon could not be expected to thrive in it.—S. G., *Carshalton.*

*More "Causes" of Insanity.*—The total number of brewers in the United Kingdom is 2,678; of victuallers, 89,963; of persons licensed to sell beer to be drunk on the premises, 39,378; not to be drunk on the premises, 3,348; 26,564 victuallers, also 13,813 persons licensed to sell beer (to be drunk on the premises), and 1,014 (not to be drunk on the premises) brew their own beer. The total quantity of malt consumed in the United Kingdom by brewers, was 21,540,058 bushels; by victuallers, 7,720,128 bushels; and by persons licensed to sell beer (to be drunk on the premises), 3,378,165 bushels; not to be drunk on the premises, 391,457 bushels.—E. W.

[When we reflect how much poison, in the form of drugs, vitriol, etc., is to be added to this beer when made, we can only express the wish—not hope, that the drinkers' constitutions may prove an antidote to the poison imbibed. We hate the name of beer, and the smell of beer.]

*The Trees of Oregon.*—A fir-tree, standing on the farm of Judge Strong, at Cathlamette, twenty-five miles above Astoria, on the Columbia river, is of the following dimensions: diameter, five feet above the ground, where it is round and sizeable, 10 feet; height to the first limb, 112 feet; height of the tree, 242 feet, "The trunk," says a writer in the *Philadelphia Horticulturist*, "is perfectly straight, diminishes very gradually, and the whole tree is beautiful; yet in this respect not singular, for our forests are composed of trees lofty, straight, and beautiful. A spruce tree, standing on the bottom lands of Lewis and Clark's river, twelve miles from Astoria, measured accurately with the tape five feet above the ground, is 39 feet in circumference. The place of measuring is above the swell of the roots. The trunk is round, and with a regular and slight diminution runs up straight and lofty. We did not ascertain its height. Nor is it "alone in its glory," but in a forest of spruce, cedar, and fir, some of the trees of nearly and perhaps quite equal size. General John Adair, of Astoria, informs me that about three years ago he bought a hundred thousand shingles, all made from one cedar tree, for which



he gave fifteen hundred dollars in gold. The forest trees of Oregon are remarkable for their straightness, loftiness, and very gradual diminution in size. They are destitute of large branches, and have comparatively little foliage. Two hundred feet in length of saw-logs have been cut from a tree, the smallest end being 16 inches in diameter. Lewis and Clark "measured a fallen tree of that species (fir), and found that, including the stump of about six feet it was 318 feet in length, though its diameter was only three feet."—PHILIP T.

[A gentleman in the Oregon Territory, writing to the *Philadelphia Horticulturist*, says:—"One of our citizens has received an order from London to cut one of our tall trees into segments, and ship it to that city, there to be erected to adorn the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. It will be done. Those persons therefore who desire it, will be able to examine an Oregon forest tree, with its top pointing up among the clouds that envelope the metropolis of England."]

*Increase of Post-Office Business.*—The labors of the Post-Office now, and in 1829, are scarcely comparable. In 1840 it was said, with an expression of wondering surprise, that 40,000 letters left London daily—and the entire number passing through the office amounted to 76,000,000 annually. The next year, at the reduced rate, they were more than doubled; and every year the increase has risen higher and higher. During the last six years the average increase amounts to no less than 260,000 letters and 14,000 newspapers daily. It is estimated that the number of letters which will pass through the General Post-Office in the present year, will be about 95,000,000—the newspapers nearly 2,000,000—over and above the numbers which passed through it in 1846, though the reduced postage law had then been in operation for some years. The Report of the Post-office of the United States for twelve months ending the 30th of June, 1852, shows that the number of letters that passed through the American post-offices during the year was under 96,000,000, or less than a quarter of the number transmitted in this kingdom; but it is worthy of notice that 88,710,490 newspapers and other packages of printed matter were charged with postage during the year; and that, in addition, 27,073,548 passed free.—LECTOR.

*Portraits of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.*—There are, Mr. Editor, some thirty portraits exhibiting in one shop-window, purporting to be "correct likenesses" of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Yet are they all different, and no two alike! Speaking on this subject, the Editor of the *Liverpool Mercury* says:—"All the portraits of Mrs. Stowe which are exhibited in the shop-windows are little better than caricatures. Instead of the hard, frigid look which they bear, her countenance wears a soft and gentle expression, quite in accordance with her affable and pleasing manners. When in repose, her face is of a quiet, observant, thoughtful character; but, in conversation, especially on the subject with which her name is now, and will for ever be identified, those soft blue eyes light up with brilliant animation, betokening the strong emotional feelings at

work within. She is quite ready to converse, and promptly responds, with a confidence that manifests intelligence, and not dogmatism, to every inquiry, and all objections. The terrible facts of American slavery she has at her fingers' ends, and, with facile readiness, she marshals them to the entire destruction of the clever sophisms which the apologists of slavery know so well how to weave; and yet the feeling always in the ascendant, with regard to the slave-holder, is that of pity and commiseration. She holds the scales with an even hand, and no indignation at the atrocities of slavery leads her to forget that to have been born amid slave institutions is a dire calamity to the "owner" and the owned. The same simple, genuine naturalness, that gave such power to her book, belongs, in an eminent degree, to the character of the author, and will confirm the golden opinions which her pen has already won for her wherever she goes. No amount of unexpected fame will lead such a woman to look with a less pure and single eye to the righteous object of her labors—the emancipation of 3,000,000 of human beings now held as chattels in the southern states of America. Knowing, Mr. Editor, in what high honor you hold this inestimable lady, I send you the above, as being worthy a place in OUR OWN JOURNAL.—SARAH N., *Liverpool*.

[Thanks. The same thirty portraits, or copies of them, are now disgracing our London shop-windows. It is really too bad so to libel the intelligent face of this angel of mercy. We have elsewhere paid her our meed of praise, and lamented that, amongst our own countrywomen, no such Good Samaritan exists. We repeat it, there are scenes of slavery to be met with among our *white* population, quite as deplorable as those related of America. Yet is there no fair champion to be found to fight their battle, or plead their cause. The moment, however, any *foreign* grievance is announced, all our ladies (we believe 660,000 of them signed the "Monster Petition") are up "in arms, and eager for the fray." This is sad,—a national evil, and a national disgrace. Let it be speedily amended.]

*Cruelty to Animals.*—Cruelty to dumb animals is one of the distinguishing vices of the lowest and basest of the people. Wherever it is found, it is a certain mark of ignorance and meanness; an intrinsic mark, which all the external advantages of wealth, splendor, and nobility cannot obliterate. It will consist neither with true learning nor true civility; and religion disclaims and detests it as an insult upon the majesty and the goodness of God, who, having made the instincts of brute beasts minister to the improvement of the mind, as well as to the convenience of the body, hath furnished us with a motive to mercy and compassion towards them very strong and powerful, but too refined to have any influence on the illiterate or irreligious.—JONES, *of Nayland*.

*The Road and the Rail.*—Mr. Robert Weale, Inspector of Poor Laws, has published a statement showing the cost of railway travelling as compared with travelling by private conveyance, coach, etc., from which it appears that from August, 1835, to Dec., 1852, he travelled over 88,298 miles by the latter mode, at a cost of



£7,176 1s. 1d., or 1s. 7½d. per mile; the time occupied in travelling being 3 years, 27 weeks, and 5 days. Between the same dates he travelled 90,932 miles by rail, at a cost of £1,091 5s. 9d., or only 2¾d. per mile; and the time occupied in the journeys was 1 year, 23 weeks, and 4 days. If the whole distance could have been travelled by railway, the cost of travelling would have amounted to £2,151 18s. 11d.; had it all been accomplished by private conveyance, the cost would have been £14,566 3s. 4d.

*A Song for May-Day.*—The subjoined, Mr. Editor, will please many. Please insert it.—A. F.

AIR.—A May-Day morning early.

With reticule, or with milking can,  
Each maid now goes forth early;  
And if she but meets with a smart young man,  
Who vows that he loves her dearly,—  
She makes him a curtsy—he makes her a bow,  
There's dew on her lip, and a blush on her brow,  
He kisses the maiden—one doesn't know how—  
On a May-day morning early!

She strives to forget him, but all in vain,  
For that May-day morning early  
So dearly is prized, not to see him again  
Would break her poor heart—or nearly!  
In making her shopping, or milking her cow,  
She wants to get married, yet cannot tell how,  
And wishes he'd pop her the question just now,  
On a May-day morning early!

*The relative Colors of Flowers.*—Can you tell me what color predominates in flowers? Is it yellow, or white? I incline to the opinion that it is white.—ROSINA, Clifton.

[You are correct in your belief. The predominating color among flowers is white. Of 4,000 species examined, the relative proportions were found to be as follows:—white 1,193, yellow 951, red 923, blue 594, violet 307, green 153, orange 50, brown 18, nearly black 8. No flower perfectly black is yet known, nor probably ever will be.]

*The Postage of our JOURNAL to New South Wales.*—I have just sent out, in connection with several other families (friends of mine) a quantity of our JOURNAL to friends in Sydney, and other parts of Australia. I was enabled to do this by the new postal arrangements which came into operation on the 1st day of April last. I name it, as it is just possible some of your readers may not be aware of the existing facility for forwarding the JOURNAL direct, to a land where it will be read with so much interest.—CHARLES H.

[We thank you for this hint. We have, of course, largely availed ourself of this new channel of communication. It must be borne in mind that if three JOURNALS are sent, they must go in three several envelopes, open at each end. They must not be sent together as "one package." To prevent misconception, we print the regulations: "From the first day of April, 1853, printed books, magazines, reviews, and pamphlets (whether British, colonial, or foreign), may be transmitted by the post between the United Kingdom and New South Wales, by the direct packet, via Plymouth;

or by the Overland Mail, via Southampton and Singapore, at the following reduced rates of postage, viz.—For each packet not exceeding ½ lb. in weight, 6d.; ditto exceeding ½ lb. and not exceeding 1 lb., 1s.; ditto ditto 1 lb. and not exceeding 2 lbs., 2s.; ditto ditto 2 lbs. and not exceeding 3 lbs., 3s.; beyond which no packet can be sent. Provided, however, that the following conditions be carefully observed:—1. Every such packet must be sent without a cover, or in a cover open at the ends or sides. 2. It must contain a single volume only (whether printed book, magazine, review, or pamphlet), the several sheets, or parts thereof, when there are more than one, being sewed or bound together. 3. It must not exceed two feet in length, breadth, width, or depth. 4. It must not exceed three pounds in weight. 5. It must have no writing or marks upon the cover, or its contents, except the name and address of the person to whom it may be sent. 6. The postage must be pre-paid in full, by affixing outside the packet, or its cover, the proper number of stamps. If any of the above conditions be violated, the packet must be charged as a letter, and treated as such in all respects.]

*The Child and the Gossamer.*—You gave in a former paper, Mr. Editor, a very beautiful description of "The Child and the Dew-drop." Let me, as a pendant, send you as beautiful a poetical picture of—

THE CHILD AND THE GOSSAMER.

A sunbeam was playing through flowers that hung

Round a casement that looked to the day;  
And its bright touch wakened a child, who sung  
As it woke and began its play;  
And it played with the gossamer beam that shed  
Its fairy brightness around its head.  
Oh, 'twas sweet to see that child so fair  
At play with the dazzling things of air.

Oh, ne'er was a lovelier plaything seen,  
To childhood's simplicity given!  
It seemed like a delicate link between  
The creatures of earth and Heaven.  
But the sunbeam was crossed by an angry cloud,  
And the gossamer died in the shadowy shroud;  
And the child looked sad when the bright things fled,  
And its smile was gone, and its tears were shed.

Oh, gentle child, in thy infant play,  
An emblem of life hast thou seen;  
For joys are like sunbeams—more fleeting than they,  
And sorrows cast shadows between;  
And friends that in moments of brightness are won,  
Like gossamer, only are seen in the sun.  
Oh! many a lesson of sadness may  
Be learnt from a joyous child at play.

Those who have children—and who love them, can readily appreciate the "joyous innocence" of a little child at play. It is a lovely sight, truly!  
—SNOW-DROP.

*Bathing.*—I know your sentiments about bathing, Mr. Editor; I therefore send you an extract I



have copied from a book called "Modern Syrians," which will aid your views:—"Do I look like an invalid?" said my friend Eyoub, chuckling with good humor. Once on a time, a French doctor came to Damascus to seek his fortune. When he saw the luxurious vegetation, he said, This is the place for me—plenty of fever. And then on seeing the abundance of water, he said, More fever—no place like Damascus! When he entered the town, he asked the people, "What is *this* building?" "A bath." "And what is *that* building?" "A bath." "And *that other* building?" "A bath." "Out upon the baths, they will take the bread out of my mouth," said the doctor: I must seek fever practice elsewhere. So he turned back, went out at the gate again, and hid himself elsewhere. There is a sly hint in this, Sir, that we might all take, and turn to account.—J. R.

*The Swarming of Bees.*—Is there any use, Mr. Editor, in making a noise to attract bees whilst swarming? If not, surely the absurd practice might be dispensed with.—ANNE P.

[The practice that now prevails of striking a tin-kettle with an old key, when bees are throwing off a swarm, is an absurdity. It originated in an ancient custom or law, which made it necessary for the owner of a swarm which flew to a distance, to follow them with this kind of "music" (!) in order to establish a claim to them as his property.]

*Pure Air.*—You are such an advocate, Mr. Editor, for air,—pure air, and take so much pains to instil into us the necessity for our breathing it, that I offer no apology for sending you the following, which I have abridged from Dr. Southwood Smith's "Philosophy of Health," giving a description of the functions of the lungs, whilst he also demonstrates the great importance of pure air. It appears that when respiration is performed naturally, there are about 18 respirations in one minute, 1,080 in the hour, and 25,920 in the 24 hours. By each inspiration a pint of air is sent to the lungs—that is, 18 pints in a minute; in the hour more than 2 hogsheads, and in the 24 hours more than 57 hogsheads. When the body is in a state of health, there will be 72 pulsations of the heart in one minute. Every pulsation sends to the lungs two ounces of blood. Thus, 146 ounces, about an imperial gallon, are sent to the lungs, for the purpose of arterialisation or purification every minute. In one hour there are sent 450 pints, in 24 hours nearly 11,000 pints. The blood performs a complete circuit in the system in 110 seconds, and 540 circuits in 24 hours. There are three complete circulations of the blood in every eight minutes of time. The object of this beautiful arrangement is to ventilate the blood. *A constant supply of fresh air is an absolute necessity of our nature.* If we are deprived of it, *we die at once.* If the air is vitiated we suffer languor, which very often results in disease.—At this season, my dear Sir, I think these remarks may be read with much profit to us all. If you think so, please to insert them.—HEARTSEASE, Hants.

*The First Necessary of Life.*—Potatoes contain 75 per cent. (by weight) and turnips no less than 90 per cent. of water; which explains, by

the way, the small inclination of turnip-fed cattle and sheep for drink. A beefsteak, strongly pressed between blotting paper, yields nearly four-fifths of its weight of water. Of the human frame (bones included) only about one-fourth is solid matter (chiefly carbon and nitrogen); the rest is water. If a man weighing 10 stone were squeezed flat under a hydraulic press, 7½ stone of water would run out, and only 2½ stone of dry residuc would remain. A man is, therefore, chemically speaking, 45 lbs. of carbon and nitrogen diffused through 5½ pailsful of water. Berzelius, indeed, in recording the fact, justly remarks that "the living organism is to be regarded as a mass diffused in water;" and Dalton, by a series of experiments tried on his own person, found that of the food with which we daily repair this water-built fabric, five-sixths are also water. Thus amply does science confirm the popular saying, that water is the "first necessary of life."—G.

*Force of Lightning.*—A person may be killed by lightning, although the explosion takes place at the distance of twenty miles, by what is called the back-stroke. Suppose that the two extremities of a cloud, highly charged with electricity, hang down towards the earth, they repel the electricity from the earth's surface, if it be of the same kind with their own, and will attract the other kind; and if a discharge should suddenly take place at one end of the cloud, the equilibrium will instantly be restored by a flash at that point of the earth which is under the other. Though the back-stroke is often sufficiently powerful to destroy life, it is never so terrible in its effects as the direct shot, which is of inconceivable intensity. Instances, Mrs. Somerville tells us, have occurred, in which large masses of iron and stone, and even many feet of stone wall, have been conveyed to a considerable distance by a stroke of lightning. Rocks and the tops of mountains often bear the marks of fusion from its action, and occasionally vitreous tubes, descending many feet into banks of sand, mark the path of the electric fluid. Some years ago, Dr. Fielder exhibited several of these fulgurites in London, of considerable length, which had been dug out of the sandy plains of Silesia and Eastern Prussia. One found at Paderborn was forty feet long. Their ramifications generally terminated in pools or springs of water below the sand, which are supposed to determine the course of the electric fluid. No doubt the soil and sub strata must influence its direction, since it is found by experience that places which have been struck by lightning are often struck again. A school-house in Lammer-Muir, in East Lothian, has been struck three different times.—ANGELINA.

*Insects.*—Previously to taking any steps for the destruction of injurious insects, it is indispensable that we should be well acquainted with them and their economy, not only in their perfect state but in their different stages. For it might easily happen that we might destroy those most beneficial to our fruit and forest trees, and suffer their enemies to remain. Let us take one single instance as an example. Entire heaps of small cocoons are seen on the bark of trees, often not larger than the eggs of many butterflies. The



gardener or forester who does not know that these are the cocoons of the useful *Ichneumonidee*, but considers them to be really the eggs of moths, rubs them off the trees, and thus annihilates his best friends. [The Ichneumons are insects which deposit their eggs in the bodies of the caterpillars of other insects, and sometimes in their eggs also; the young Ichneumons, being hatched, devour the eggs or living grubs within which they are contained, and thus effect the destruction of thousands of the most noxious insects.] On the other hand, the gipsy-moth (*Bombyx dispar*) lays its eggs in large circular or oval spots on the bark of trees or hedges, and covers them with yellow wool. If we destroy these eggs, one heap of which often contains 3000, in autumn or spring, our fruit-trees will be secured from one of their most dangerous enemies. It is equally easy to destroy in the egg the yellow-tail moth (*Bombyx chrysothæa*) which is no less injurious to our orchards. This moth, says Vincent Kollar, lays its eggs on the leaves of fruit-trees, in a long narrow heap, and covers them with gold-colored hair, which makes them very conspicuous. Pulling off and destroying these leaves, secures the garden from another dangerous enemy.—C. W.

*The Swallow Tribe.*—The swallow, says Sir H. Davy, is one of my favorite birds, and a rival of the nightingale; for he gladdens my sense of seeing, as much as any other does my sense of hearing. He is the joyous prophet of the year—the harbinger of the best season; he lives a life of enjoyment amongst the loveliest forms of nature; winter is unknown to him; and he leaves the green meadows of England in autumn, for the myrtle and orange groves of Italy, and the palms of Africa; he has always objects of pursuit, and his success is secure. Even the beings selected for his prey are poetical, beautiful, and transient. The ephemera are saved by his means, from a slow and lingering death in the evening, and killed in a moment, when they have known nothing of life but pleasure. He is the constant destroyer of insects—the friend of man; and, with the stork and the ibis, may be regarded as a sacred bird. The instinct which gives him his appointed season, and which teaches him always when and where to move, may be regarded as flowing from a divine source; and he belongs to the oracles of nature, which speak the awful and intelligent language of a present deity.—EMILY P.

[It is a curious fact, that these mysterious visitors, creatures of instinct are by many persons supposed to perform their eccentric gyrations from mere caprice, while in reality they are amongst the very best friends of mankind. If it were not for such beautiful and graceful birds, our crops would be totally annihilated. We have no idea of the number of insects. Take the plant louse—the British locust. Bonnet, whose researches on it remind us of Huber on the honey bee, isolated an individual of this species, and found that from the 1st to the 22nd of June it produced 95 young insects, and that there were in the summer no less than nine generations. These are both wingless and winged; and Bonnet calculates a single specimen may produce 550,970,489,000,000,000 in a single year, and

Dr. Richardson very far beyond this. Now, when we see the swallow flying high in the air, he is heard every now and then snapping his bill and swallowing these and similar destroyers. If, at this season, one swallow destroys some 900 mothers per day on an average; and estimating each of these to be the parent of one-tenth of the above number, it would require some powers of arithmetic to calculate the benefit produced, and the number of insects destroyed.]

*More of the Cochin China Fowl Mania.*—I have met with many instances lately of Cochin China hens dying apparently very thin, but in reality choked with internal fat. I had one sent to me a few days since. The little flesh she had was red; the skin dry and tight. Her crop was full. On opening it, I found several lumps of calf's liver. Unable to get rid of this unnatural food, she had picked up pieces of crockery-ware, bones, and tobacco-pipes—all to no purpose. I found every organ of the stomach literally obstructed with fat, the liver of an immense size, and perfectly white, the gall-bladder nearly empty, and the intestines saffron color. There was an egg in her, which should have been laid some days before, and in her efforts to lay it she died on the nest. Now, it is a common complaint that these birds die suddenly; and I think it may be attributed to the fact, that, to attain weight, they are improperly fed, and that such feeding induces an unnatural, and, consequently, unhealthy state of body. I mentioned it to a clever medical friend, who said it was clear that as nature had provided fowls with capacity for digesting grain, with occasional worms, or chance pieces of meat—if you wished to alter the natural food, and substitute one of a totally different character, you must, to ensure impunity, first provide them with increased powers of digestion, or such results as those complained of must occur.—J. BAILY.

*Photographic Engraving.*—We are told, Mr. Editor, by Mr. Talbot, that he has, after much difficulty, succeeded in converting photographic metal plates into what he calls "positive etchings," by causing the plate, by certain chemical means, to engrave itself. Any object which can be placed in contact with the metallic plate,—as the leaf of a fern, the light, feathery flowers of a grass, a piece of lace, &c., is engraved as accurately as if its shadow had itself corroded the metal. Objects which cast a broad and uniform shadow, as the opaque leaf of a fern, or other plant, produce an etching which, when printed, delineates the original, in a pleasing but unusual form,—something between an aqua-tint engraving and an Indian-ink drawing. The size of the plate offers no difficulty, except in requiring more than usual care in the operator. But the larger the plate, the less obvious the minute deviations from the original.—W.

[Thanks. Read the article on "Photography," at page 143. The subject is one of pleasing interest.]

*Morality in Manchester and Glasgow.*—It appears, Sir, from the statistical records, that in Glasgow, where the profession of "religion" is extreme, one out of every twenty-two in the population is put down as "drunk and incapable,"—



all this arising from the free use of beer, spirits, and tobacco. Thus Glasgow stands "alone" in its moral deformity. The *Glasgow Herald*, in apologising for this, says—"Manchester is as bad!" Is it? I am a Manchester man, and I deny it. With us, instead of one in twenty-two, the report gives one in six hundred, as "drunk and incapable." This, I admit, is bad enough; but let the truth be spoken under all circumstances. I know this is your motto. There is far too much "cant" in Glasgow. [This is a notorious matter of fact.] Plenty of leaf, but little or no fruit. Now in Manchester, our artizans are not only hard-working people, but they are really moral. Professing little, they perform much. Their aim is noble. They improve both mind and body. They have their Mechanics' Institutes, and Public Libraries, too, and set an example that Glasgow would do well to follow. Judging from all we hear of Glasgow, I fear OUR JOURNAL does little good THERE. In Manchester it is fast becoming an idol among the many.—A SUBSCRIBER, *Manchester*.

[Your remarks are but too just. If people will sot themselves with beer—madden themselves by drinking ardent spirits—and muddle their brains with the fumes of tobacco—what *must* be the result? We really begin to think they deserve no pity. Yet, for their *children's* sake the heart feels sad. The men of Manchester are noble fellows; and we are glad to know how strong a hold we have on their best sympathies. There never ought to be more than one aim,—an aim to do good. This is all we profess. We hate cant, from our very soul.]

"Paired, not Matched."—There are some happy hints, Mr. Editor, in the "Educational Expositor" which, I think, might be transferred to "OUR OWN" with profit to the public generally.—"It has been said, and how truly! that no man will get on in life, who chooses for himself, as a friend and companion, one whose intellectual attainments are inferior to his own. One is then tempted to ask,—what man in his senses would choose for his wife, his most intimate friend, and hourly companion, one who is not only inferior to him in attainment, but whose tastes, sympathies, and feelings are all enlisted in a direction *diametrically opposite to his own*—from whom he could expect no counsel, with whom he could hope to have no thoughts in common? Yet this is what men do every day; and then *wonder they are not happy!* It is written in the constitution of things, and ever will it be proved, that woman's influence is man's best or worst instructor; yet he seems asleep with regard to his best interests in her. Is he in the society of woman, he thinks it necessary to compliment her—on what? On her good sense? On her sound judgment? On her sober reflections? her power of apprehension? and her just estimate of men and things? Nothing of the sort. Her beauty, her grace, her accomplishments—these are the subjects of praise. Where she is, he deems it necessary that frivolity should take the place of sense in conversation. There must be music, or dancing, or talk about the opera, the concert, some exhibition, the last new play, or the chit-chat of the neighborhood; silly flatteries pass round the room, attesting or

securing worship of weakness. Man! this is the education you are giving to woman. What education can you expect she will give to your child? What can she do, but repay it *in kind?*" This is a home thrust, Mr. Editor. May it "take!"—J. T., *Chard*.

*Love for Birds*.—I was very much delighted with the little anecdote that appeared in your last paper, under this head. I observe something equally forcible in the character of a Mr. Oliver, who was recently wrecked whilst going out to Australia. It seems the "wreckers" left him nothing but a single "white garment," an old pair of trousers, and a pair of slippers. These last, too, were stolen from him whilst they were temporarily moved from his feet. Still we find he was "jolly and cheerful"—*because he had saved two favorite birds he took out with him, by fostering them, unobserved, in his bosom*. I love to see you so dwell upon these little sympathies. Depend upon it, the public eye is upon OUR JOURNAL; and it will "win" its way to universal favor.—O. L. W., *St. Neots*.

*Insects, Vinula, &c.*—I see in the last number of the "Naturalist," a confirmation of the fact that *Vinula* ejects a liquid. An acquaintance of mine, let me mention, has been unsuccessful in rearing *Lasiocampa Rubi*. The larvæ were fed on bramble, which they appeared to relish; but they died (apparently starved) during the winter. I have not succeeded very well with *Neustria*. The moths, in almost every instance, have appeared crippled, and with their wings shrivelled up. I have often fed *Odonestis Potatoria*, chiefly on *Phleum pratense* and *Poa trivialis*; but never supplied them with water. Bombyx Atlas, I see, enforces it as a *sine qua non* that the leaves given to larvæ should be dry. This, I fear, has not been sufficiently attended to by me. Does it not appear singular that moisture should be hurtful, as seeing that, in their natural condition, they must often be exposed to it? I am very fond of watching the various changes of insects, from the egg to the perfect insect; but, unfortunately, I have few opportunities for collecting them. Should therefore your correspondent, Bombyx Atlas, (who I presume rears them very extensively) have any eggs which he can spare, or a few larvæ, or any duplicate *Lepidoptera*, and will kindly send them to the writer (either directly or through the medium of "Our Editor"), I shall feel much obliged to him. *En passant*, as the subject of Blackbirds has been lately under consideration, I may perhaps notice one I have, who is as fond of the insect tribe as we are. No insect comes amiss to him; LARVÆ, moths, beetles—he devours them all. I gave him a large dor-beetle. He amused himself with it for some time—allowing it to crawl partly up the side of his cage. However, he soon brought it down by a tap of his beak, and swallowed it. By-the-bye, I do not think that my larvæ of *S. Ligustri* was pierced by an ichneumon; for I have often seen caterpillars thus attacked, and the appearance cannot be mistaken.—CERURA, *Pimlico*.

*Cossus ligniperda, &c.*—"Cerura" states, Mr. Editor, that he has now a *Cossus* two years old. I can honestly assure him that, excepting as a matter of curiosity, it is not worth his while attempt-



ing to bring it up By what he states, I imagine it to be two years old; and really the chances are fifty to one against his bringing it up. If he had a hundred of them, and two or three old willow trees in his garden, then it would be a different matter. It would be worth the trial. But even then they are always most troublesome and disappointing. They are most assuredly to be reared if attended to when quite young. I have taken the trouble to do this; but I must say they are exceedingly difficult and provoking; and considering the result (save as a matter of curiosity and satisfaction), most disheartening. If "Cerura" be really anxious to go through this three years' nursing, I could put him in the way to succeed, but this had better be a private communication through the medium of our Editor. It would occupy *far* too much space in our JOURNAL. The caterpillar lives three years. I shall be most happy to receive any eggs of the sphynx in question, and will endeavor to rear them joyfully and jovially. The last point upon which "Cerura" requires information from me, is one of such a general character that I confess it is quite beyond the limits of an ordinary volume to contain. Now that May has arrived, the young foliage will be pretty generally advancing. Should the month be fine, "Cerura" must not let anything escape him in the shape of an insect. The gardens, the forests, the fields, the hedges, the highways, and by-ways—all must be observed. The leaves, the bark, the trunk, the pith, the roots of the trees,—all must undergo the strictest scrutiny. The food you sometimes enjoy nicely grilled for your breakfast; nay, stare not, "Cerura!"—the luscious fruit you offer to your ladye-fair; aye, the very dress she wears,—may *all* contain a caterpillar! Positive hunting, positive practical, persevering hunting, by night, by day, and at early morn,—is requisite to become a thorough entomologist. New wonders, fresh delights, will very often reward your perseverance and your exertions. Never fear the silly twaddle of "John Gray, Esq., of Glasgow," but become a truly practical "dabbler" in nature's inexhaustible beauties. These, thank God, are open to ALL of us; and we need ask no person's "permission" to "stroll" out and enjoy them. If I can at all aid the youthful inquirer, how happy shall I be to do so!—BOMBYX ATLAS, *Tottenham*.

*Insects, Potatoria, &c.*—In answer to the inquiry of Bombyx Atlas, as to my mode of feeding *Potatoria*, I may state that every morning and evening I give each caterpillar a few drops of water, which they drink freely. Of course it is understood that they are to have their usual food as well. I imagine that in a state of liberty they drink the dew; and as they abound in the lanes round Leytonstone, I shall endeavor during the present month to ascertain whether it is so. The caterpillars of this species survive the winter, and may be found, in the present month, on warm sunny mornings, stretched at full length on the stems of the couch grass, on the twigs of bushes, &c. I have now a goat moth in chrysalis, which I have reared entirely on cork. This caterpillar is of a carnivorous disposition. It devours *larvæ* of its own and other species that may be placed with it. Although I have had the caterpillar chrysalis,

and moth of this species, I never discovered the smell it is said to possess.—C. MILLER, *Hackney*.

*The Emperor Moth; Singular Fact.*—Your very delightful correspondent, Bombyx Atlas, is entitled to my best thanks for so kindly answering my inquiry about the Ravages of Insects in Sutton Park. He, too noble-minded to feel a contempt for "dabblers," invites rather than repulses inquiry. To his better judgment I leave it, to decide whether the following circumstance is as singular as many entomologists have assured me it is. At one time, my interest, and that of one or two more, was much engaged in the insect world; and their wonderful transformation particularly claimed attention. Boxes were contrived for feeding the *larvæ*; and as might naturally be expected, caterpillars were "promiscuously picked up." Amongst the rest, was a remarkably fine one of the Emperor moth. Somehow, this one caterpillar contrived to be treated with distinction, for he had a house and garden to himself (though small enough to be sure). A strong net was securely tied over the top at once, precluding the possibility of his going beyond the prescribed limits; and as effectually preventing any of his relations, or friends, calling upon him. Not that I ever observed any such little attentions on their part. In a few days, Grandpapa (as he was called) began to spin a web; a process we watched most narrowly, till he was so far encased as to be invisible. We then waited patiently till near the time when we expected to see the fly. And now a very sharp look-out was kept up. On removing the net one morning, twin moths had just emerged from the chrysalis. Their wings were *not* grown, and they were carefully placed to perfect their growth. Both were about the usual size of the Emperor moth when full grown, and both were perfect then. On examining the cocoon, the chrysalis only was there, and those entomologists who saw the fly and cocoons, say they never met with a similar circumstance.—PUSS.

*Canaries in the Open Air.*—Knowing how very much interested you and your readers are in the domestication of canaries in the open air, I send you particulars up to this date (April 5). You will no doubt feel surprised to learn that, notwithstanding the cold weather we had about ten days since (when the thermometer at my south window was at 17, and, nearer the earth, as low as 15.), I have a brood of four young canaries hatched in a Cypress tree. I discovered another on Sunday last. Watching the hen off, (when she went to feed), I peeped into her nest. There, sure enough, were four more young ones! I have three other nests in the open grounds; in one of them I have ascertained that eggs have been already laid. I had fully expected the first brood would have proved a failure; but am delighted to find it otherwise. I send this *at once*, not waiting for any further additions.—H. S. H. WOLLASTON, *Welling, Kent*.

[This is proof positive of the justice of our former remarks (see our FIRST and SECOND Volumes). Mr. Wollaston is fast developing what *can* be done (for it *is* done), in the way of breeding canaries, as regularly as any other of our



birds, in the open air. We hope, ere long, to pay Mr. W. another visit. We will then report further progress. We never enter his delightful domain, without feeling that we are in an earthly paradise.]

*The World "Artificial."*—The remarks of your youthful correspondent at Oxford, Mr. Editor, at page 188, have caused a world of mirth all over the country. It is very well known why you gave them admission; for they pointed a "noble moral" whilst they adorned a "curious tale." If the women do not become more natural in their mode of apparel, the fault will certainly never rest with the Editor of OUR JOURNAL. This reminds me that I may assist in the same good cause. Shakspeare has said—"Men should be what they seem." We say, "Women," too, "should be what they seem." Shall we ever live to see this? "Question!" I was in London last week, when my attention was arrested by some "remarkable objects" exhibited at the shop window of SYKES and Co., 280, Regent Street (a few doors west of Oxford Street). "What can they be?" thought I. I looked, and looked, and looked! Lo, and behold! they were the "casings" of a modern female. To describe them fully would be impossible. They were of course, hollow—the world is hollow. They were made in the form of a sugar loaf, the small end upwards. At this small end was an opening—thus allowing the machine to be placed over the head of the *petite* female previous to her incarceration. When this opening had given admission to the figure within, it found "a resting place," as described by your Oxford correspondent, on the centre of the person. Here it threw out, on every side, fearful shoots; forming a projection of immense proportions—the wearer being a complete specimen, under another name, of "Jack in the Green" on May-day.\* The circumference of this starched engine of destruction can only be guessed at. The "object" of this "fiction," I am told, is to convert the sex into fine, showy women; and to give them a dashing air. It must be good fun to see them emerge into *chrysalids*! No insect transformation certainly could be more curious! The best of the joke is, the large window I speak of admits only *three* of these modern deceptions; their amplitude filling all space! Two of them were "ornamented." A card, pinned on the bottom of each skirt, had printed on it:—

"Apartments to Let!"

\* Of course "Jack" does not show his head. With the exception of the head, our modern females, thus habited, do look, when dancing or sailing about, just as our correspondent describes them. Our fair friends, if we may be allowed to add a word, are like the nest of magic lemons we give to a child to play with. The outer lemon is of large proportions. We open it. Within, there is another. We open *that*, and lo! a third meets the eye. We pursue our search through *twelve* rinds. At last, we find—a minikin lemon! *Parturit mons nascitur ridiculus mus*. "The mountain's in labor, and out creeps—a mouse!"—ED. K. J.

Roomy enough were they, *I* should say, to accommodate "a small family." The card no doubt alluded to the house; but it was "reasonable" to believe it referred to the round-about. Oh, Mr. Editor, you *are* right. There is very little of the "genuine" about us. All is show!—WALTER, Cambridge.

[We have been to look at these female accoutrements; and they really are, as described, monstrosities indeed! We have said repeatedly, that people who study "Fashion," or so-called "Gentility," never THINK. We will not wrong them by imagining such a thing to be possible. No "thinking" person could ever attempt to waddle away with what we have just seen!]

*Gluttony of a Rat.*—In the autumn of 1848, "W. C." a highly respectable gardener, happened to be at work in a garden (not a mile distant from my house). It adjoined that of an old lady (Mrs. F.), and the two gardens were separated by a low wall. He was accidentally looking over the wall, when his attention was arrested by a large rat, who was leisurely walking along close to the bottom of the opposite wall. Curiosity prompted him to watch the animal. Stealthily sneaking along till he arrived at the foot of a fine espalier green-gage tree, he quietly mounted the stock, scrambled along the branches, seized a fine green-gage, and descended the tree just as he had mounted it. Then with the green-gage in his mouth, he sneaked along the side of the wall till he disappeared behind a heap of brick-rubbish in a corner at the bottom of the garden. After a short time he reappeared; the same operation was repeated; and the rat returned, loaded as before. Well, thought "W. C.," this is strange! who knows whether Mrs. F., missing her fruit, may not suspect one of her servants? An honest but innocent young woman may lose a good situation through the "gluttony" of this black fellow. No, no; this shall not be if I can help it. Thus musing, he slightly turned; when Mrs. F., who was in the garden, caught his eye. The opportunity of addressing the old lady was not lost. In a few words "W. C." craved pardon for his apparent rudeness in staring so intently into the lady's garden. He also explained the cause, and the honest, benevolent motive which occasioned his abrupt and prompt address to a strange old lady. He added, I should not be surprised, madam, if you soon had an opportunity of seeing the thief with your own eyes. Scarcely had the old lady turned round and slowly approached the green-gage tree, before she had herself the singular satisfaction of seeing Mr. Rat walk off with a third green-gage. "Well, this is really too bad!" said the old lady. "I certainly had missed a few green-gages, but I should never have guessed who was the thief. Now pray, "W. C.," do come in and try to catch this animal." He went in, and traced him to his nest as carefully as he could; but as he had two places he escaped for that time. Nine green-gages were found, which he had doubtless put by for his own private eating. Towards nightfall, "W. C." prepared a trap for him. It was baited with a rasher of most delicious bacon, and the thief paid the forfeit of his gluttony. From that very day till the day of her death, "W. C." regularly worked in the garden of Mrs. F. This period of time extended



over four years. He and his son now work in my garden, Mr. Editor, and the whole family are much respected. Is not this a curious case of "gourmandise" in a rat—of kind thoughtful feeling in a gardener, as well as of grateful feeling in the old lady; and may it not teach a lesson to all of us—never to judge rashly by putting too much faith in external appearances? We may sometimes condemn a fellow-creature for a theft committed by a rat!—**BOMBYX ATLAS.**

*The Family of Rooks, domesticated at Dover.*—It is not one of the least remarkable circumstances connected with Dover, Mr. Editor, that a number of rooks have for a few years past taken up their quarters among the trees in the grounds attached to the large house belonging to E. R. Rice, Esq., situated at the rear of the Marine Parade. Occupying the position that this spot does, in the centre of a bustling town, the fact occasioned universal surprise; and the "cawing" of the rooks soon became interesting. The inhabitants of the neighborhood have, on their parts, conceived quite a regard for these sable-feathered friends; so much so, that the vagabonds who have essayed to scare them have received instantaneous and condign punishment. It is not, therefore, surprising, that a report that a rookery was about to be destroyed should have occasioned a strong expression of feeling on the part of those residing near. This has emanated in the form of a petition to Mr. Rice, signed by between thirty and forty householders, requesting that he will not permit the rooks to be disturbed.—So that it is hoped the colony will yet be allowed to live in peace.—E., *Sandwich, Kent.*

[Turn which way we will, we find the heart of the savage peeping out. How is it that the English, with all their boasted civilisation, cannot bear to see any living creature "happy?" Of all animals, rooks are the most friendly. They must indeed have a mean opinion of mankind, for so returning their proffered hospitality!]

*The Dormouse—A "Tail" of Mystery.*—In your last, Mr. Editor, was a pleasing episode in the life of a "Happy Mouse." I want to address a note to her. Permit me to do so through the channel of OUR JOURNAL. Will you so far oblige me?—**LITTLE BO-PEEP, Worcester.**

[We cannot do less, Little Bo-peep, seeing that your communication involves a curious inquiry. Subjoined, therefore, is your letter. We have referred it to "Downy" in the first instance, and her "reply" (just received) shall be given, *pro bono publico.*]

"BO-PEEP" to "DOWNY."

"Dear, Happy Downy.—I am an aspiring little *Dormouse*, young and inexperienced; but seeking at all risks to better my present condition. Pray lend me your aid to further my wishes. The truth is, I desire to enter a family wherein one of our kindred lived most happily. By my winning little ways—being young, sprightly, and gentle—I should not fear to win the affection of all. Now, between *one* member of *that* family and myself, there seems to exist a feeling of sympathy. She desires to make me *her* pet, I long to become *her* darling. One thing sadly stands in my way. My predecessor had the misfortune to *lose his tail*

when about three years old. Some wise-heads assert, that this detriment to our beauty regularly takes place about that age. Now, as you are a mouse of experience, and the mother of so large a family, due credit would attach to your testimony. I therefore entreat that, at an early day, you will kindly inform me whether you can still "a tail unfold?" Meantime, my heart beating with hope, believe me yours ever affectionately, **LITTLE BO-PEEP.**—P.S.—If, as I begin to fear, you do *not* belong to *our* family, perhaps you can contrive to throw some little light upon my question."

"DOWNY" to "BO-PEEP."

"My dear little Cousin.—I hasten to reply to your very affectionate letter, received this morning from the Editor of OUR JOURNAL. I regret that I am unable to speak from actual experience, or observation, in reply to your query. That not only myself, but also every one of my family can "a tail unfold"—and a pretty long one too! I can honestly affirm. Now, without presuming to contradict your wise-heads, I will venture to doubt their statements. I have consulted my little mistress, my old master *Bombyx Atlas*, and his sapient dog *FINO*. Annexed is the result of our consultation; or, as we say in Hebrew, "Hereby hangs a tail." They all confess their inability to speak from positive practical experience; but I have referred to the "Museum of Animated Nature" (a most valuable work), "Le Dictionnaire Universale d'Histoire Naturelle" (a work above all praise), *Blumenbach* (whose name speaks for itself), and four other works on natural history. I have also carefully perused the minute descriptions of the manners and habits of one hundred and fourteen of the genus "Mouse," and ten of the genus "Dormouse;" but neither I nor *Bombyx* can find any allusion to the alarming and disagreeable prospect for dormice, or any other mice, at the third year of their age. Indeed *Bombyx* perfectly recollects talking with a man who deals in fancy birds, fishes, mice, &c., &c., upon the subject of the age which mice, properly taken care of, might expect to reach; and the man showed him a mouse which he affirmed he had reared himself, and which he said was upwards of eight years old. It certainly had as fine a caudal appendage, *Bombyx* tells me, as any mouse could wish to produce. For these reasons, my dear little Bo-peep, endeavor to redouble your efforts to win the affection of your wavering protectress. Tell her that you would rather die before the arrival of the doomed third year, than become a tailless mouse. Tell her that I do not believe one word about her wise-heads. The great Creator would never have formed us with such a beautiful ornament as our fine tail, if it were to be taken clean off when we had attained the third year of our existence! *Bombyx Atlas* does not believe it; neither does *FINO*; nor do I. My little mistress quite ridicules the idea. Most happy shall I be, to know that I have been any way instrumental in promoting your welfare. May you become as happy as I am, and never forget to show your gratitude to your mistress, if you should succeed in persuading her to take you under her fostering care! As for the contemplated loss of your tail, it will be time enough to talk about that when it occurs; and it is my belief you will never have occasion to refer to that subject



from natural causes. That such a thing might happen from accident is possible, but only possible. So now, my dear little Bo-peep, make yourself as pretty as you can, and as winning too; and I think you will succeed in becoming the pet of the family. My brother, sister, and all my family, unite in sympathetic love to you; and believe me ever most affectionately yours,—  
Downy.

*Notes on the Singularities of Birds.*—It is very amusing, Mr. Editor, to watch the “expanding intellects” of young birds, who show at a very early age that they will learn *something*. I once had half a dozen nests of young birds in one cage—consisting of missel thrushes, linnets, greenfinches, chaffinches, and blackbirds. Not one of them could peck save a young thrush, whom I put in when about a week older than the others. On feeding them one morning, this bird carried off a piece of food and dropped it near a chaffinch. The latter caught at it and swallowed it. This rather “quæred” the thrush; but he obtained another piece, and conveyed it to the same spot. It shared the same fate as the last; this must have tickled his fancy, for he deliberately brought it some more food and offered it; persevering till it was crammed. You can judge how astonished I felt, when, on the young bird refusing to have any more, he brought food to another one, and then to all the rest! He continued to perform the self-imposed duty every day, occupying the whole of his time, and seeming quite distressed when none of them would eat. He taught them too to peck, in “no time.” It was quite ludicrous to observe how puzzled he was to understand why the linnets should refuse a long worm, which to *him* seemed an especial delicacy. But he was a true philosopher; and after the worm had gone a-begging all round, he took up something else, and indeed everything in the form of food that he could get.—R. B., *Winchester*.

*The Cuckoo.*—Do, please, just announce the fact of the cuckoo being heard in our neighborhood to-day, for the first time. His refreshing notes have made us all so joyful in anticipation of the coming season!—SWEETBRIAR, *Worcester*.

[His arrival at this date has been pretty general, we are told, in those places which he usually gladdens with his presence. We agree with you, that his musical notes *are* refreshing. Our garden is his home.]

*The Cricket.*—I am so delighted, Mr. Editor, with the tone of your charming periodical, that I think it a duty to contribute whatever may tend to amuse and instruct your readers. Some may smile at the idea of a tame cricket; but we have had two tame ones. The first was a solitary bachelor, who came out regularly at night to be fed; retiring with sufficient crumbs for his morning meal. Finding himself noticed, he soon grew very familiar, and became our constant guest. In due time he fell in love; and in the natural course of events, united his fate—not to a *fair* partner, but to one of a caste dark as his own. Both grew quite familiar, and visited us constantly. If I were to relate to you half their contrivances to carry away what they could not eat, you would scarcely credit my tale. However, true it is, there was a mutual friendship established

between us all. I should remark that “Tom’s wife,” as we christened the female cricket, grew jealous, and eloped. Whether “Tom” pined or not I cannot say; but his sudden disappearance led to the belief that he *might* have died broken-hearted!—F. B., *Liverpool*.

[Are we personally known to this contributor? Our mind seems to incline towards that belief; although it is not her hand-writing that induces us to ask the question. We do not recognise the calligraphy; but we do the sentiment.]

*On Taming Birds.*—I much prefer *your* method of taming birds to that adopted and recommended by your correspondent, “Alpha.” The starving of birds to make them “love” you is heterodox, and quite foreign to the amiable principles which rule *OUR JOURNAL*. As you say—to “love for love’s sake” is Heaven upon earth. The starvation system is unnatural, and *therefore* objectionable; so let us, if you please, keep true to our principles.—Puss.

[You are quite right, Puss-y; but as we are liberal, we never muzzle our contributors. Bechstein gave “Alpha” the hint. We do not like Bechstein’s book,—never did,—never shall. The woodcuts it contains of birds and cages are well enough; but it is not at all adapted for the use of people who *love* birds. Neither is it practically useful. It has circulated, simply because there was no other competitor. Children have it in the nursery, as “a picture-book of Birds.” It amuses them, and keeps them out of mischief. Beyond this, it has no real value.]

*The Stereoscope, as applied to Miniatures.*—In your number for January, you gave some very interesting particulars about the Miniature Likenesses taken “in relief,” by Mr. Mayall, of 224, Regent Street; resembling, when so taken, *cameo* busts. May I ask if the cost is moderate?—REBECCA J., *Dundee*.

[The whole apparatus, including the portrait, may be had from forty-two shillings upwards. You say in your note that you are coming shortly to London. You will then be able to see a *variety* of specimens, and their effects.]

*The Piranha Fish.*—This fish, which contends for the dominion of the waters of the Brazilian portion of South America, is one of terrible voracity; there is hardly any animal that ventures into the water but what suffers from its attacks. The victim of the piranha is generally surrounded by large shoals or swarms of them; they may be justly compared to a nest of water hornets. Horses and cattle do not venture to drink of the water below the surface, lest their snout should be bitten off—an accident which, however, sometimes befalls them. The cayman himself is forced to fly before this terrible enemy, and turns his unprotected belly towards the top of the water: the otter alone, whose hairy skin deadens the force of the bite, is proof against their attacks.—WILSON.

A LITTLE SECRET.—If you would “overcome mountains” (we have done so)—work hard; trust to Providence; and reckon *NOTHING* to be impossible.



## LETTERS AND LETTER-WRITERS.

A LETTER from my Love ! Come let me bless  
The paper that her hand has travell'd o'er,  
And her eyes looked on. Then her inward thoughts ;  
See ! how amid the words of love they're traced  
Like glow-worms amid buds of flowers !

BAILEY.



**K**NOWING, —VERY KNOWING  
MUST HE HAVE BEEN, who  
first taught people to con-  
verse through the medium  
of hieroglyphics,—for such  
must letters have been in  
their early infancy. He has  
conferred a gift on mankind

which they can never sufficiently estimate, and for which they can never be sufficiently grateful. Men, women, and children, rich and poor, gentle and simple, the prince, the peasant, and the beggar,—all share in the benefit, more or less.

But for the power we possess of conversing with our friends at a distance, what miserable people we should be ! Of all the most innocent and exquisite pleasures of this life, surely that of hearing from an absent friend is the greatest. It is Heaven upon earth. When we are suddenly reminded, by a letter, of one who is dear to us, and see our name in the well-known hand on the direction, does not a flash of delight pervade the whole frame ; the heart beat with expectation while the seal is being broken ; and, as the sheet is unfolded, go forth in full benevolence to meet the heart of the writer in the perusal of its contents ? Surely yes.

How welcome is the postman's knock ! How we do love that man ! How cheerfully do we give him his Christmas-box ! In his hands are daily, hourly placed, secrets dear to us as our life. He seems to know it, as he presents us with the letters,—beginning "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—and one more, Sir,—nine !" He then smiles significantly, after recognising certain hand-writings, and looking at certain mottoes attached to certain letters in wax ; and bowing, he gradually backs out into the street. We repeat it, we love these messengers of peace, whilst we deplore the miserable parsimony that pays them wages insufficient to keep them alive. Talk about post-office robberies,—the post-office deserves to be robbed ! We detest the crime, but we marvel not at the circumstance.

Most sweetly does Montgomery write about letters, and those who indite them. His remarks are not, we admit, for the many ; but every reader of THIS JOURNAL will appreciate them at their full value.

An epistolary correspondence, he says, between intimate, endeared connections, is a spiritual communion, in which minds alone seem to mingle, and, unembarrassed by the bodily presence, converse with a freedom,

and fervor, and an eloquence rarely excited and perhaps never more felicitously indulged in personal intercourse. Hence the chief charm of a letter, if the term may be so applied, is its individuality ; as a message from one whom we love or esteem, according to the degree of kin or congeniality between us, sent expressly on an errand of kindness to ourselves. The consciousness that it was written to and for him, gives the receiver a paramount interest in its existence, as well as in its disclosures. To him, therefore, it becomes an object of affection ; and none but himself (however some others may sympathise with the feelings) can enter into it with the same degree of ineffable emotion : that, indeed, is "a joy with which a stranger intermeddleth not."

In letter-writing, when the heart is earnestly engaged, the first thoughts in the first words are usually the best ; for it is thoughts, not words, that are to be communicated ; and meaning, not manner, which is mainly to be aimed at. The ideas that rise, and thicken as they rise, in a mind full and overflowing with its subject, voluntarily embody themselves in language the most easy and appropriate ; yet are they so delicate and evanescent, that, unless caught in the first forms, they soon lose their character and distinctness, blend with each other, and from being strikingly simple in succession, become inextricably complex in association, on account of their multiplicity and affinity.

The thoughts that occur in letter-writing will not stay to be questioned ; they must be taken at their word, or instantly dismissed. They are like odors from "a bank of violets"—a breath—and away. He that would revel on the fragrance, by scenting it hard and long, will feel that its deliciousness has eluded him. He may taste it again and again, and for a moment ; but he might as well attempt to catch the rainbow, and hold it, as long to inhale and detain the subtle and volatile sweetness. He who once hesitates amidst the flow of fresh feelings and their spontaneous expression, becomes, unawares, bewildered ; and must either resolutely disengage himself by darting right forward through the throng of materials, to recover the freedom of his pen, or he must patiently select, arrange, and array them, as in a premeditated exercise of his mind on a given theme.

The great beauty of letter-writing, either with man or woman, consists in the freshness with which ideas flow from the heart. But to enjoy this, two minds must be united in one. There must be one heart, one community of feeling. Tastes must be similar, thoughts similar. In no other way can sympathy exist.

We have had, during the conduct of this Journal, some very remarkable opportunities



for speaking oracularly on the subject under notice. We are in constant and uninterrupted communication, and in free intercourse, with many persons whom we have never yet seen. We write as freely to them, as they do to us. If we say we love them, we speak but the simple truth. They have said as much to us. And why not? If we were to meet to-morrow, there would be no shyness, no strangeness, no distance between us. This result is brought about by that indefinable chord of sweet sympathy, on which we touched emphatically in our earlier volumes.

Some may connect these remarks with the professed "art of reading characters by the hand-writing;" but no such jugglery is ours. A good "guess," now and then, may bring grist to the mill of the hungry "professor;" but he knows nothing of what we are talking about.

Letters truly have a voice, and it sometimes speaks softly, eloquently, lovingly, to those who can hear it; but "no stranger," as Montgomery says, can "intermeddle" with such joys as these. Of letters generally, the same correct judgment may be formed. The mechanical action of the pen is seen on the paper. It is taken up for a purpose, and then laid aside. Cold, dry, formal missives reach us constantly. We reply to them as a matter of course; and having burnt them, at once cease to think of them and the writers. Selfish are the questioners, and as succinct are we in our replies.

But such are *not* the letters of which we have been singing. These, even if burnt, have a "correct copy" stamped upon a substance that is imperishable,—our heart.

### SOME PECULIARITIES OF THE CHINESE.

BY W. B. LANGDON.

THE CONSTANT INTERCOURSE NOW TAKING place between this country and China, naturally renders anything connected with the latter interesting. The subjoined remarks succinctly point out the characteristics of the women of the country; and give one an idea of their social habits. A Chinese dinner-party is a curiosity in its way. But *hommage aux dames!* Let me first speak of the ladies:—

The women of China, as in all other countries not blessed with Christianity, occupy a rank in society far inferior to that of the men. Nevertheless, their place in the social scale is higher, their influence greater, and their treatment better, than can be predicated of the sex in any other Asiatic nation. Of school education the mass receive none, though there are occasionally shining exceptions; but Gutzlaff ascribes to them the possession of a large share of common sense, and says that they make "devoted wives and tender mothers."

The generality of Chinese ladies cannot boast of great beauty. They make a free use of rouge, and

this article is always among the presents to a bride on the occasion of her nuptials. The distinguishing marks of personal attractions among the Chinese, in a gentleman—are, a large person, inclining to corpulency, a full glossy face, and large pendent ears; the latter indicating high breeding and fortune. In females it is nearly the reverse, delicate forms are in them highly esteemed, having slender "willow waists." The eyes are termed "silver seas." The eye-brows are frequently removed, and in their stead a delicately curved pencil line is drawn, resembling the leaf of the willow, "Lew shoo," a species of palm which is considered beautiful, and used metaphorically for "Pleasure." Hence the saying—"deceived and stupefied by willows and flowers;" *i. e.* by dissolute pleasures.

In what circumstances the "golden lilies," the highest of personal attractions, originated, is not known. The distortion is produced by turning the toes under the soles of the feet at birth, and confining them in that position by tight bandages, till their growth is effectually checked. The bandaging is continued for several years, during which the poor child suffers the most excruciating tortures. This is no doubt an absurd, cruel, and wicked practice; but those who dwell in glass houses should not throw stones. It is not a whit worse, nay, I maintain that it is less irrational and injurious than the abomination of tight-lacing. No vital part is here attacked, no vital functions disordered; and on the score of taste, if the errors of Nature are to be rectified, and her graceful lines and proportions improved, I see not why the process of amendment may not be as reasonably applied to the feet as to the waist. Almost every family in China, however poor, has *one* daughter with the small feet.

Head-dresses of natural and artificial flowers are always worn. "No woman," says Sir George Staunton, "is so poor as to neglect, or so aged as to give up adorning herself in this manner." The culture of flowers for this purpose is a regular occupation throughout the country.

Wives are distinguished from unmarried females, by the latter allowing the hair near the forehead to hang down towards the eye-brows; while the former have theirs bound together upon the crown of the head.

Among the accomplishments of Chinese ladies, music, painting on silk, and embroidery, hold the chief places. The musical instruments are various in kind and material, and a supply of them is held to be an indispensable part of the furniture of a lady's boudoir. Painting on silk is a very common recreation; and embroidery is an almost universal accomplishment.

So much for the women of China. Let us now take a peep at a Chinese "spread."

The ceremony attending an invitation to dinner is somewhat formal, and may be interesting to many of your readers. The invitation is conveyed some days before, by a crimson-colored ticket, on which is inscribed the time appointed; and the guest is entreated to bestow "*the illumination of his presence.*" At other times, the phrase is, "*I have prepared pure tea, and wait for your company to converse.*"



The following description of a Chinese dinner, from the pen of Captain Laplace, of the French Navy, is given with so much of the characteristic vivacity of his countrymen, and so well conveys the *first impression* of a scene not often witnessed by Europeans, that I introduce it without further apology:—

The first course was laid out in a great number of saucers of painted porcelain, and consisted of various relishes in a cold state, as salted earth-worms, prepared and dried, but so cut up that I fortunately did not know what they were until I swallowed them; salted or smoked fish, and ham, both of them cut into extremely small slices; besides which there was what they called Japan leather, a sort of darkish skin, hard and tough, with a strong, and far from agreeable taste, which seemed to have been macerated in water for some time. All these *et ceteras*, including among the number a liquor which I recognised to be soy, made from a Japan bean, and long since adopted by the wine-drinkers of Europe to revive their faded appetites or tastes, were used as seasoning to a great number of stews, which were contained in bowls, and succeeded each other uninterruptedly. All the dishes, without exception, swam in soup; on one side figured pigeons' eggs, cooked in gravy, together with ducks and fowls, cut very small, and immersed in a dark colored sauce; on the other, little balls made of sharks' fins, eggs prepared by heat (of which both the smell and taste seemed to us equally repulsive,) immense grubs, a peculiar kind of sea-fish, crabs, and pounded shrimps.

Seated at the right of our excellent *Amphitryon*, I was the object of his whole attention; but, nevertheless, found myself considerably at a loss how to use the two little ivory sticks, tipped with silver, which, together with a knife that had a long, narrow, and thin blade, formed the whole of my eating apparatus. I had great difficulty in seizing my prey, in the midst of these several bowls filled with gravy; in vain I tried to hold, in imitation of my host, this substitute for a fork, between the thumb and the two first fingers of the right hand, for the chopsticks slipped aside every moment, leaving behind them the unhappy little morsel which I coveted. It is true that the master of the house came to the relief of my inexperience (by which he was much entertained) with his two instruments, the extremities of which, a few moments before, had touched a mouth, whence age, and the use of snuff and tobacco, had cruelly chased its good looks. However, I contrived to eat, with tolerable propriety, a soup prepared with the famous birds' nests in which the Chinese are such epicures. The substance thus served up is reduced into very thin filaments, transparent as isinglass, and resembling vermicelli, with little or no taste. At first I was much puzzled to find out how, with our chopsticks, we should be able to taste of the various soups which composed the greater part of the dinner, and had already called to mind the fable of the fox and the stork, when our two Chinese entertainers, dipping at once into the bowls with the little saucer placed at the side of each guest, showed us how to get rid of the difficulty.

I confess I was never witness to this slovenly manœuvre, as the Chinese tables are generally

supplied with a species of spoon, of silver or porcelain, sufficiently convenient in shape.

To the younger guests, naturally lively, such a crowd of novelties presented an inexhaustible fund of pleasantry; and, though unintelligible to the worthy Hong merchant and his brother, the jokes seemed to delight them not at all the less. The wine, in the meantime, circulated freely, and the toasts followed each other in rapid succession. This liquor, which to my taste was by no means agreeable, is always taken hot; and in this state it approaches pretty nearly to Madeira in color, as well as a little in taste; but it is not easy to get tipsy with it, for, in spite of the necessity of frequently attending to the invitations of my host, this wine did not in the least affect my head. We drank it in little gilt cups, having the shape of an antique vase, with two handles, of perfect workmanship, and kept constantly filled by attendants holding large silver vessels like coffee-pots.

After all these good things served one upon the other, of which it gave me pleasure to see the last, succeeded the second course, which was preceded by a little ceremony, of which the object seemed to be a trial of the guests' appetites. Upon the edges of four bowls, arranged in a square, three others were placed, filled with stews, and surmounted by an eighth, which thus formed the summit of a pyramid; and the custom is to touch none of these, although invited by the host. On the refusal of the party the whole disappeared, and the table was covered with articles in pastry and sugar; in the midst of which was a salad composed of the tender shoots of the bamboo, and some watery preparations, that exhaled a most disagreeable odor.

Up to this point the relishes, of which I first spoke, had been the sole accompaniment of all the successive ragouts; they still served to season the bowls of plain rice, which the attendants now, for the first time, placed before each of the guests.

It must be remembered that this was a formal dinner; rice forms a much more integral part of an every-day meal.

I regarded with an air of considerable embarrassment, the two little sticks, with which, notwithstanding the experience acquired since the commencement of the repast, it seemed very doubtful whether I should be able to eat my rice, grain by grain, according to the belief of Europeans regarding the Chinese custom. I therefore waited until my host should begin, to follow his example, foreseeing that, on this new occasion, some fresh discovery would serve to relieve us from the truly ludicrous embarrassment which we all displayed; in a word our two Chinese, cleverly joining the ends of their chopsticks, plunged them into the bowls of rice, held up to the mouth, which was opened to its full extent, and thus easily shovelled in the rice, not by grains, but by handfuls. Thus instructed, I might have followed their example; but I preferred making up with the other delicacies, for the few attractions which, to my taste, had been displayed by the first course. The second lasted a much shorter time, the attendants cleared away everything. Presently the table was strewed with flowers, which vied with each other in brilliancy; pretty



baskets, filled with the same, were mixed with plates which contained a vast variety of delicious sweetmeats, as well as cakes, of which the forms were as ingenious as they were varied. Napkins steeped in warm water, and flavored with otto of roses, are frequently handed to each guest by the servants in attendance. This display of the productions of nature and of art, was equally agreeable to the eyes and the tastes of the guests. By the side of the yellow plaitain was seen the *litchi*, of which, the strong, rough, and bright crimson skin defends a stone enveloped in a whitish pulp, which, for its fine aromatic taste, is superior to most of the tropical fruits; when dried, it forms an excellent provision for the winter. With these fruits of the warm climates were mingled those of the temperate zone, brought at some expense from the northern provinces; as walnuts, chesnuts, apples, grapes, and Pekin pears, which last, though their lively color and pleasant smell attracted the attention, proved to be tasteless, and even retained all the harshness of wild-fruits.

At length we adjourned to the next room to take tea,—the indispensable commencement and close of all visits and ceremonies among the Chinese. According to custom, the servants presented it in porcelain cups, each of which was covered with a saucer-like top, which confines and prevents the aroma from evaporating. The boiling water had been poured over a few of the leaves, collected at the bottom of the cup; and the infusion, to which no sugar or cream is ever added in China, exhaled a delicious fragrant odor, of which the best teas carried to Europe can scarcely give an idea.

Other visits of ceremony are conducted with much pomp and formality. When a gentleman proceeds in his sedan to pay a visit, his attendants present his ticket at the gate, consisting of his name and titles written down the middle of a folded sheet of vermilion-colored paper, ornamented with gold leaf; and sometimes there is enough paper in one of these to extend across a room. According to the rank of the parties, the visitor and his host begin bowing at stated distances; though among equals the ordinary mode of salutation is to join closed hands. Only mandarins or official persons can be carried by four bearers, or be accompanied by a train of attendants. Soon after visitors are seated, an attendant brings in porcelain cups with covers, with a small quantity of fine tea-leaves in each, on which boiling water has been poured, and the infusion is thus drunk without the addition of sugar or milk; fruits are also brought in on beautifully japanned trays. In some Chinese apartments there are broad couches, called "*kangs*," as large as a bed. In the centre of these, small tables are placed, about a foot in height, intended to rest the arm upon, or place tea-cups. On the conclusion of a visit the host conducts his guest to his sedan.

Corpulency, and small, delicate, taper fingers, are much esteemed, as indications of gentility. Also a goodly rotundity of person,

and smallness and delicacy of hands. The carefully-cultivated and well-braided cues—so long in some instances as almost to trail upon the ground, and affording admirable "handles" to an antagonist in a passion—form a curious subject of observation. The history of this singular appendage affords a remarkable illustration of those revolutions which sometimes occur in national taste and manners. Previously to the conquest of their country by the Tartars, the Chinese permitted the hair to grow over the whole head. Shunche, the first of the Tartar emperors, issued an imperial edict, requiring the conquered people to conform in this particular to the custom of their victors. So stoutly was this decree at first resisted, that many of the nobles preferred death to obedience, and actually perished by command of the conqueror. At the present day, however, the loss of this very badge of servitude is considered one of the greatest calamities, scarcely less dreaded than death itself. To be deprived of it is one of the most opprobrious brands put upon convicts and criminals. Those to whom nature has been sparing in respect to the natural covering of the head, supply her deficiencies by the artificial introduction and intermingling of other hair with their own, thus seeking to "increase it to a reputedly fashioned size."

The Chinese put faith in the external developments of the skull, and are therefore, to a certain extent, phrenologists. They look for the principal characteristics of a man in his forehead, and of a woman on the back of the cranium.

\* \* \* Two curious *billets-doux* connected with the habits of the Chinese, will be found in another page. They are assigned a separate place, being from a different pen.—ED. K. J.

#### PROGRESS OF EMIGRATION.

WE HAVE MORE THAN ONCE OFFERED a few observations on this subject; and pointed out wherein we thought emigration beneficial, and wherein we thought it the reverse. We have shown who were really wanted abroad, and who amongst us had better remain at home. We hardly need say that our remarks were good-naturedly penned; although we fear little heed has been paid to them.

Since then, a Mr. C. Hursthouse has launched a little tome on the subject; and from this we make one or two extracts well worth perusal:—

A quarter of a century ago, the annual emigration from this country was about 15,000 souls. Increasing year by year as its benefits have become more felt, it has now reached nearly 360,000. Thus, at the rate of hundreds a day, the adventurous and the sanguine, the unfortunate and the discontented, the desperate, the poor, and the



needy, are stepping forth from our 'serried ranks,' to seek the free space and plenty of newer and less crowded lands.

Here, perhaps, the thought may cross some mind that emigration, though inherently a good thing, may, like other good things, be carried to excess; just as a glass of old ale may strengthen a teetotaler, a gallon prostrate him. Undoubtedly they would be right. Emigration might be carried much too far for the interests of the mother country. For instance, if some 'dazzling diggings' were discovered at the Land's End, and three-fourths of Hastings emigrated there, the chief items in the next census might be the mayor and corporation, a few score elderly ladies and gentlemen, and some hundred blooming young women. In such case, Hastings would become as a city of the past. Rents in High Street would fall to cyphers, and strayed cattle graze unheeded in the market place. If the French landed, the 'unprotected female' would fall the easy prize of war; and, without strong-minded women essayed the plough and spade, the fair fields and gardens of the suburbs might relapse into pristine wilderness. And similar over-emigration from the kingdom would produce similar sad effects. In emigration as in everything else, there is a judicious turning point—a 'wholesome mean.' A country, wanting people, is in a worse plight than a country wanting space.

But this turning point we are far, very far from having reached. True, hundreds a day may leave us, but a thousand a day are born to us. True, emigrant-crowded ships may dot the channel; but we go through the land and see no signs thereof. And, whilst we count our paupers and beggars by hundreds of thousands, our criminals by tens—whilst our capital displays the astounding spectacle of a twentieth part of its population rising every morning without the means of getting the morning's meal—whilst the 'Song of the Shirt' remains a true song—whilst thousands of strapping young men (doing their sisters' work) are exhibited in shops selling tape and bobbin—whilst an advertisement in the *Times* for an accomplished governess (where, "as the family is serious, no salary will be given") is answered by 20 charming young ladies, anxious for the wretched post\*—whilst such telling facts as these are patent to the world, we have good assurance that emigration is *not* overpassing those wholesome limits, within which it is the certain source of national prosperity and individual well-doing, just as the sun is the certain source of light and heat.

By the way, whilst hinting at emigration, we may just remark that murders at "the diggings" are now become so common that they almost cease to be recorded! If people *will* have gold, they must expect to pay "dearly" for it.

\* Our author is evidently a man of observation. We almost invariably find, as he says, that when governesses are wanted "in serious families," little if any "salary" is promised. The advertisements are, we think, foolishly explicit in this matter. "Long faces" ought to be well paid for: so few can produce them, at a moment's notice, of the required length. The effort surely *deserves* good pay.—Ed. K. J.

## TO THE SKYLARK.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

WHITHER away! companion of the sun,  
So high, this laughing morn? Are those soft  
    clouds  
Of floating silver, which appear to shun  
Day's golden eye, thy home? or why, 'mid  
    clouds  
Of loosened light, dost thou pour forth thy song?  
Descend, sun-loving bird, nor try thy strength  
    thus long.

Æthereal songster! soaring merrily,  
Thy wings keep time to thy rich music's flow;  
Rolling along the sky celestially,  
And echoing o'er the hill's wood-waving brow  
Along the flood, which back reflects the sky,  
And thee, thou warbling speck, deep-mirrored from  
    on high.

And thou hast vanished, singing, from my sight!  
So must this earth be lost to eyes of thine;  
Around thee is illimitable light:  
Thou lookest down, and all appears to shine  
Bright as above! Thine is a glorious way,  
Pavilioned all around with golden-spreading day.

The broad unbounded sky is all thine own;  
The silvery sheeted Heaven is thy domain;  
No land-mark there, no hand to bring thee down,  
Glad monarch of the blue, star studded plain!  
To thee is airy space far-stretching given;  
The vast unmeasured floor of cherubim-trod Heaven.

And thou hast gone, perchance to catch the  
    sound  
Of angels' voices, heard far up the sky,  
And wilt return, harmonious, to the ground;  
Then with new music, taught by those on high,  
Ascend again, and carol o'er the bowers  
Of woodbines waving sweet, and wild bee-bended  
    flowers.

Lovest thou to sing alone above the dews,  
Leaving the nightingale to cheer the night  
When rides the moon, chasing the shadowy hues  
From dark-robed trees, and scattering far her  
    light  
O'er town and tower? but thou art with the sun,  
Soaring o'er wood and vale, where low-voiced  
    rivers run.

I hear thy strain; now thou art nearing earth,  
Like quivering aspens moves each fluttering  
    wing;  
Rising in glee, thou comest down in mirth;—  
Hast heard the seraphs to their Maker sing  
The morning hymn, and comest to teach thy  
    mate  
The anthem thou hast brought from Heaven's  
    gold-lighted gate?

Lute of the sky! farewell, till I again  
Climb these cloud-gazing hills. Thou must  
    not come  
To where I dwell, nor pour thy Heaven-caught  
    strain  
Above the curling of my smoky home.  
Others may hear thee, see thee, yet not steal  
That joy from thy glad song which it is mine to  
    feel!



"TIME AND CHANCE."

*Fox et præterea nihil*—and the name  
Of chance are but the arguments of fools.  
Swoll'n with th' expansion of their own conceit.  
Can that which is not, shape the things that are?  
Is chance omnipotent?—Resolve me why  
The meanest shell-fish and the noblest brute  
Transmit their likeness to the years that come!

SOME,—how many!—say that everything is the result of "chance." Fie! Every circumstance, however slight, is planned and ordained. At least, so say WE.

Sir Walter Scott, walking one day along the banks of Yarrow, where Mungo Park was born, saw the traveller throwing stones into the water, and anxiously watching the bubbles that succeeded. Scott inquired the object of his occupation: "I was thinking," answered Park, "how often I had thus tried to sound the rivers in Africa, by calculating how long a time had elapsed before the bubbles rose to the surface." It was a slight circumstance, but the traveller's safety frequently depended upon it.

In a watch, the mainspring forms a small portion of the works, but it impels and governs the whole. So it is in the machinery of human life; a slight circumstance is permitted by the Divine Ruler to derange or to alter it; a giant falls by a pebble; a girl, at the door of an inn, changes the fortune of an empire. If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, said Pascal, in his epigrammatic and brilliant manner, the condition of the world would have been different. The Mahomedans have a tradition, that when their Prophet concealed himself in Mount Shur, his pursuers were deceived by a spider's web, which covered the mouth of the cave.

Luther might have been a lawyer, had his friend and companion, Alexis, escaped the thunder-storm at Erfurt. Scotland had wanted her stern reformer, if the appeal of the preacher had not startled him in the chapel of St. Andrew's Castle. If Mr. Grenville had not carried, in 1764, his memorable resolution, as to the expediency of charging "certain stamp duties" on the plantations of America, the western world might still have bowed to the British sceptre. Cowley might never have been a poet, if he had not found the *Fairy Queen* in his mother's parlor. Opie might have perished in mute obscurity, if he had not looked over the shoulder of his young companion, Mark Otes, while he was drawing a butterfly. Giotto, one of the early Florentine painters, might have continued a rude shepherd boy, if a sheep, drawn by him upon a stone, had not attracted the notice of Ciambue, as he went that way.

We trace the same happy influence of Slight Circumstances in the history of Science. Pascal was born with a genius for mathematical discovery. No discouragement could

repress his eager passion for scientific investigation. He heard a common dinner-plate ring, and immediately wrote a treatise upon sound. While Galileo was studying medicine in the University of Pisa, the regular oscillation of a lamp, suspended from the roof of the cathedral, attracted his observation, and led him to consider the vibrations of pendulums. Kepler, having married a second time, and resembling, perhaps, the great Florentine astronomer in his partiality to wine, determined to lay in a store from the Austrian vineyards. Some difference, however, arose between himself and the seller with respect to the measurement, and Kepler produced a Treatise, which has been placed among the "earliest specimens of what is now called the modern analysis." The slight circumstance of Newton's observing the different refrangibility of the rays of light, seen through a prism upon a wall, suggested the achromatic telescope; and led to the prodigious discoveries in astronomy. The motion of a speck of dust, it has been said, may illustrate causes adequate to generate worlds.

In our common hours of reading, we are affected by Slight Circumstances. A page, a line, a word, often touches us in a large volume. Frederic Schlegel was preparing at Dresden, in the winter of 1829, a Lecture which he was to deliver on the following Wednesday; the subject was, The Extent of Knowledge to which the Mind of Man seems capable of attaining. It was between ten and eleven o'clock at night when he sat down to finish his manuscript. One sentence he had begun:—"But the consummate and the perfect knowledge"—There the pen dropped from his fingers, and when the clock struck *one*, the philosopher, the orator, and the scholar, was no more. There is something solemn and even tremendous in that abrupt and mysterious termination—that dropping of the curtain upon the intellectual scenery which he was about to display to the eyes of his audience. "The consummate and the perfect knowledge"—and lo! even while he is gazing through the glass darkly, the mirror of the intellect is clouded by a shadow still blacker, and the Angel of Death conducts him into a world where the consummate and the perfect knowledge can alone be found.

The light and shade of life are produced by Slight Circumstances. A little gleam of sunshine, a little cloud of gloom, usually give the tone and color to its scenery. Let us begin with the *light*. How abundantly are objects of consolation scattered about our feet! Mungo Park, in his travels through the interior of Africa, was plundered by robbers at a village called Kooma. Stripped even of his clothes, he sat down in despair in the midst of a desert. The nearest European



settlement lay at a distance of five hundred miles. His spirits drooped under the vivid sense of his desolation and distress. Still, his confidence in the providence of God had not entirely forsaken him; and he recollected that, even in the wilderness, there was the stranger's friend. At this moment, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss, in flower, irresistibly caught the traveller's eye. The whole plant, he says, was not larger than the top of one of his fingers. He gazed with admiration upon the beautiful formation of the leaves. "Can that Being," thought Park, "who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, *look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image?*" The thought kindled his dying energies, and revived his fainting spirit. He started up, pursued his journey, and in a short time arrived at a small village. What slight circumstance could be more beautiful than this?

Let us now take an illustration of the *shade*. It has been remarked by philosophical writers, that the slightest annoyances in life are often the most painful. Ridicule stings more than injury. The Narrative of Humboldt may supply an illustration. "How comfortable must people be in the moon!" said a Saliva Indian to Father Gumilla; she looks so beautiful and so clear, that she must be free from moschettoes." We frequently hear exclamations of the same character in the walks of life. "Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest." Some slight change of situation or of employment would make us happy; and from the want of it we are miserable, and burn in perpetual

Wishing, that constant hectic of a fool.

Slight Circumstances are our moschettoes. Christianity remedies this fretfulness of the mind. It cools that tingling irritability of feeling, which urges us into scenes of frivolity for the mere purpose of change. It teaches us not only to endure the difficulties and annoyances that surround us, but to endure them with placid resignation. In whatsoever situation we may be placed, we are to *be content*. That one word carries a sermon within it.

Let us, one and all, settle the matter by acknowledging the truth of the Poet's dictum—

Whatever is, is right.

The Creator never "made" the world with a view to its usurping His power. In wisdom were we created; by wisdom are we sustained; in wisdom is it ordained that our lives shall be extended just so long as shall be needful to accomplish some grand purpose.

We are atoms in the scale of society; and form links in a chain which can never be broken till time shall be no more. If this be not "a happy way" of settling the question, we know not what is.

#### VULGAR FESTIVITIES.

HOW WE DO WISH THAT OUR PEN could work a reformation in the tastes of the people of England! With few exceptions, they see more delight in the pestilential fumes of tobacco, "qualified" by beer and spirits, than in all the glories of nature unfolding from day to day in the fields and hedge-rows. We speak not exclusively of the lower orders; but of those who, from their position in the world, ought to know better and set a better example. The lovely air of heaven is everywhere poisoned at this season. Gardens are converted into pot-houses—the public highways are polluted—our youth are little better than skunks. You may nose them half a mile off. Of course, the lower orders must "imitate" their superiors; and therefore is it that during the holiday season so much debauchery prevails. Mirth is good, and we love dearly to witness country festivities. But, as our contemporary, the *Times*, justly remarks, "it is indeed a sorry business when the British people has it in mind to be festive! As though bewildered at the very thought of twenty-four hours' absolution from toil, the artisan betakes himself to strongest beer to nerve his frame for the contrast, and inspires fumes of blackest tobacco to dim his perception as to the difficulties of his position; and to this beclouded and frenzied condition of their supporters do the caterers of holiday amusement address themselves. In no country in the world is so little art employed, so little invention exerted, such obstinate attachment to worn-out routine, as among our show people. All is coarse, supremely silly, or simply disgusting. There is no genuine mirth, no healthy expansion of the spirits. Riot and low debauchery are its substitutes."—We hold to our belief that all this arises from the influence of bad example. If "gentlemen" *will* make chimnies of their noses, volcanoes of their throats, and spirit-vats of their stomachs, it is really no matter for wonder if the lower classes do the same. When will the fashion for smoking, drinking, and (it is no use mincing the word) spitting, go out? These have surely ranked long enough amongst our—"modern accomplishments!"

#### THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

EXAMPLE is a living law, whose sway Men more than all the written laws obey.



**THE MOTHER AND HER BOY.**

A PICTURE OF LIFE.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

MANY long years had pass'd away—and still the mourner came,  
 And knelt beside the cold grave-stone that bore her husband's name;  
 The flow'rs he loved she planted there, whilst bitter tears she shed,  
 And gladly would have shared with him his cold and narrow bed,—  
 But for the child she lived to bless, and now her only joy,  
 The hope of future happiness, her own,—her darling boy.  
 The days of infancy had pass'd, the years of childhood fled;  
 And oft his merry voice recall'd the memory of the dead.  
 He wore his father's happy smile; his flowing auburn hair  
 Fell richly on his bonny brow, yet innocent and fair;  
 And in the fulness of her heart the widow gazed with pride,  
 And pictured scenes of pleasure with the darling at her side.  
 Yes, truly did she love him; she bless'd him every hour,  
 She press'd him to her bosom, and call'd him "Scotland's flower."  
 But now the hapless time arrived when he must quit his home,  
 To seek employment; and perchance, o'er distant lands to roam.  
 And oh what heartfelt sorrow the widow'd mother felt!  
 And tears of bitter anguish fell o'er him as he knelt.  
 But children little know the grief that rends a parent's heart,  
 The sorrow, agony, and care, when fortune bids them part:  
 The anxious thoughts that fill their breast, the hopes, the doubts, the fears;  
 The dreary days, the sleepless nights, the bitter, bitter tears.  
 Ye who have parents! honor them; guard them with tender care,  
 Or God will surely visit you with sorrow and despair!  
 The widow's home was now bereft of every earthly joy,  
 Weeks, months, years pass'd; and still there came no tidings of her boy.  
 Sometimes a sad presentiment of fear would fill her breast,  
 Then Hope again would smile and lull those anxious doubts to rest.  
 At length worn out with watching, with grief and hope deferr'd,  
 And pondering on his silence—the postman's step is heard.  
 She seized the letter with delight; she kissed it o'er and o'er;  
 She press'd it to her bosom, and hop'd to weep no more.

But why that start—that frenzied look? why are her cheeks so pale?  
 It is indeed a letter from her son in Newport Jail!  
 Oh God protect the widow, some consolation send;  
 In the sad hour of sorrow, oh be to her a friend!  
 In a close cell unblest'd by light, scarcely admitting air,  
 Sentenced to transportation, on bread and water fare,  
 Pale, fetter'd, and in prison garb,—behold the widow's son;  
 But who is she who meekly cries—"God's holy will be done!"  
 It is his mother,—but how changed! exhausted, pale with care,—  
 Without a penny in the world, oh, judge her deep despair!  
 Yes she had travell'd, and on foot, without a friend or guide,  
 More than five hundred dreary miles,—forgetting all beside  
 The noble deed she had in view, braving all toil and pain;  
 Alike regardless of fatigue, wind, tempest, hail, or rain;  
 Existing on the humblest fare,—spring-water by the way,  
 Two or three boil'd potatoes, with a bit of salt a day,  
 Was all she had,—and to procure herself a decent rest,  
 She sold her clothes (poor creature!) it was all that she possess'd—  
 With the exception of a dearly valued relic.  
 Yes;  
 Driven by penury and pain, despair and wretchedness,  
 Bow'd down with hardships she endur'd on the rough road she trod,  
 This, this she resolutely kept; it was "the Word of God,"  
 For her poor erring child! And though her eyes with tears were dim  
 She read the Sacred Word of Truth, to cheer and comfort him,—  
 Then kneeling down, devoutly pray'd it might be understood;  
 And thus had she performed her mission, great as it was good.  
 A mother's love clings to her child in sorrow, sin, and shame,  
 And in affliction's trying hour glows with a brighter flame;  
 With tears of intercession she pleads her cause above,—  
 THE HEART IS NOT BEREFT OF JOY THAT KNOWS A MOTHER'S LOVE!

**PECULIARITY OF THE HUMAN MIND.**

The endless varieties of form in which nature shows herself, scarcely differ more widely than the impression they produce on different minds; and the noblest prospect each can boast of, is lost and thrown away if the beholder's mind is not in accordance with it.



## DOMESTIC TOPICS.

## MISTRESSES AND SERVANTS.

*(Continued from Page 136.)*

IT CANNOT BE A MATTER FOR SURPRISE that the remarks of our valued correspondent, "FORESTIERA," in connection with our own on this subject, should have brought us an overwhelming number of communications. The evil we attempted to fathom, and for which we could propose no efficient remedy, is acknowledged from one end of the country to the other. We live—not for ourselves, but for our servants. We are at least, to a fearful extent, in their power.

We took so complete a review of the relative position existing between the mistress and her servants in a former number of OUR JOURNAL, that we need not go over that ground again. The justness and fairness of our observations has been universally admitted; so that, if we were to give publicity to a tenth part of the letters received, it would burden our columns, without adding one new fact. Yet have we a pleasing duty to perform, and one for which we were not altogether unprepared. Among the mass of letters which have come to hand, are some which speak loudly, eloquently, kindly—aye, and not a few affectionately, of the domestics living in the families whose mistresses have addressed us.\* Residing, for the most part, far away from great cities, and buried in the bosom of the country, people cannot understand what is said about the wickedness of servants generally. It appears incredible. This is a happy ignorance which we admire. It is most terrible, to be *compelled* to believe what daily comes under our eye. Human nature shudders at it; but we record facts as we find them. It is well known that an infected sheep will spread contagion through a whole flock. Equally true is it that evil-disposed servants, by constant contact, make each other as bad as it is possible to be. With rare exceptions, good and virtuous servants are unknown in great cities and their vicinities. As we have before said, there is a menial chain that binds them together; by the aid of which, as by an electric wire, they hold uninterrupted communication, and share largely in "family secrets" which never could become publicly known excepting through such a channel. We all know this but too well; and yet are totally unable to prevent it. But to return.

The letters we allude to speak of domestics, male and female, who have lived in one and the same family for a period of years, numbering from five to forty. Their long service has made them (very properly) part and parcel of the household. They are treated not only with respect, but with kindness and consideration. Their morals are cared for, their health and comfort are studied, and their happiness is secured. The *natural* (let us harp upon this) consequence, is—that duty becomes pleasure. The master, mistress, and family are loved, not feared. There is but one interest in common. If the house were left in charge of domestics so treated, it would be perfectly safe. No anxiety need be occasioned even by a prolonged absence. All this is the necessary consequence of kindness.

Among our correspondents is a lady, residing some 200 miles from London, who signs herself "a Clergyman's Wife." Her observations quite charm us; she regards the world as we do, made for the enjoyment of *all*. She is no advocate for undue freedoms; believing, as we do, that servants properly treated would know well how to behave themselves without requiring to be constantly reminded of it. The heart is what we want to work upon. That gained, every thing else becomes secondary.

We find in this letter of "a Clergyman's Wife" some very sensible remarks. She quite agrees with us as to the danger of "contact" where a servant is radically bad. She also fairly assumes that "contact," where a servant is good, possesses equal power. "To the influence of our old and faithful servants," she says, "I attribute the comfort we have had in the younger ones. If the example thus set by the heads of the lower house be so far beneficial in its result, how much greater must the effect produced on the younger servants be, by their observation of the manners and example of their master and mistress?" This is sound argument. Again, "Do we not daily see the habits, thoughts, and feelings of the parlor reflected in the kitchen; also the gait, bearing, dress, &c. of the different members of the family? A friend of mine observes, that she can generally tell the reception that awaits her in the drawing-room of any family, *by the manner in which she is received by the domestics at the door.*" There is something about this that pleases us vastly. We know it to be true. We have remarked it often.

Our correspondent goes into some detail on these subjects; and the more we follow her in her remarks, the more we admire the moral feeling that actuates all she says. She does not, as is the all-but-universal practice, look down with supreme contempt upon all who are of a rank inferior to her own. As

\* As we have carried out the wishes of the writers, in this article, they will not feel aggrieved by their favors not appearing in print. We have let *one* speak for the rest.—ED. K. J.



a responsible being, she evidently considers herself answerable for the well-being of her household. Hers is a labor of love as well as duty. She asks, very pertinently, "What qualities are most sought after, by mistresses wanting servants? Do they make any inquiry about their principles, or moral aptitude for the places they are required to fill? Do they not rather ask,—if they have been used to gentility (dreadful word!) nice appearance, and good manners? This *generally*, is all that is cared for." Our correspondent speaks the simple truth.

Our limited space forbids us to follow this amiable "Clergyman's Wife" through all her excellent reasonings. It is evident that her servants (seven in number), love and esteem her. She records many pleasing traits in their respective characters, that interest us greatly, and we are quite willing to believe that in this country there are, as she says, *many* families equally blessed with good servants. But, we ask, who and what made them good servants? Was it not all brought about by kindness and consideration on the part of the family? The letters now before us confirm the truth of our suspicion. If we would set a good example, most assuredly that example would be followed; and, as a necessary consequence, we should be beloved. "Beloved by a domestic!" we hear some say; "how truly horrible!" Is it indeed? We cannot see it.

One thing our country friends must bear in mind—and that is, the immeasurable distance which is preserved in London between families and their domestics. With few exceptions, they are not considered as being worthy of notice. Beyond the prescribed duties they are called upon to perform, nothing more is expected from them. If they are ill, there is no sympathy; if they are in trouble, there is no aid. They are recognised as mere machines. They neither care for the family they live with, nor the family for them. Hence, the never-ceasing changes, which the frightfully long list of advertisements in the *Times* newspaper confirms daily. We frequently encounter some of these wandering adventurers, and wonder how and where they contrive to get places.

For ourself, we are quite one of the old school. We delight in being respected by all who are associated with us, either in high or low degree. We could not be happy, and see the latter unhappy. We could not abound, and let them want. We could not see them suffer from illness, and fail to inquire how they fared from day to day (high treason this!); neither could we dare to spurn them as creatures beneath our notice. Oh, no! such disgusting, unjustifiable pride reigns not in our breast.

As regards our own observation, we know

and visit several families wherein servants have lived happily for nearly thirty years; and there is every prospect of their keeping their situations.\* Their good-natured recognition of us is very gratifying. We read their thoughts in their happy, smiling countenances; and we take care to let them read ours. Much do we pity those, whose scorn and contempt trample under foot all these natural feelings. They are a numerous class truly; and no doubt they ridicule our vulgar notions. But the censure of such men is praise.

We have now, with all consistent brevity, attempted to do honor to the "exceptions" that have been brought before us, with reference to domestic servants. We have received evidence that among the mass there are some excellent specimens of humanity. All honor be to them; and to the kind noble-hearted heads of families who have made them what they are, and who glory in setting their merits forth.

We may be severe, but let us ever be accounted just.

\* Our memory pleasingly supplies instances not a few, when, about twenty-five years since, things were much better ordered than they are now—*ex. gr.* Well do we remember walking over to breakfast (this we often did, for we were ever a very early riser) with a delightful family, at that time residing some ten miles from town. WHO was the first to anticipate our arrival? "Polly." This kind-hearted domestic, when she opened the door to us, greeted us with a smile that we shall never forget. Had this been wanting, we positively should not have felt "happy." Polly had lived in this family many years; and she would most probably have died in their service, had not Cupid whispered in her ear (she was a pretty girl), nudged her elbow, and suggested that "two heads were better than one." The good-nature, too, with which she would trip off to announce our arrival—this was refreshing after a long walk. How different are modern observances! Matrimony, however, changed neither *her* affection for her dear mistress, sons, and daughters—nor did it abate, one jot, *their* kind concern for her welfare. On the contrary, she was allowed to visit the house as usual; and was always received with the frank welcome which true honesty and faithful zeal demand. This is one instance out of many which we feel pleased to record. It reflects honor on that "happy family." It affords encouragement for others to follow "Polly's" example. Kindness made her a good servant; nor did she ever take advantage of the position she held in the household.

#### WHAT IS LOGIC?

LOGIC is a large drawer; containing some useful instruments, and many more that are superfluous. But a wise man will look into it for two purposes—to avail himself of those instruments that are really useful, and to admire the ingenuity with which those that are not so are assorted and arranged.



## TO ZILLAH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NECKLACE."

Maiden! by that peerless brow,  
Where love has sealed his frequent vow,  
By the memory of the past,  
And the rose-wreaths round it cast—  
Sever not Love's sunny chain,  
Give me back that smile again!

By those dove-like eyes of blue,  
By that breast's transparent hue,  
By each light and waving tress  
Whose golden curls thy bosom press,—  
By that cheek where mine has lain,  
Give me back that smile again!

By each deep and burning line  
That wooed and won that heart of thine,  
By those secret feelings known,  
In all their depths, to thee alone,—  
By all of pleasure, all of pain,  
Give me back that smile again!

By those vanished hours of love,  
By all that woman's heart can move,  
By all that glistening eye may tell,  
Of thoughts within its crystal cell;  
By every joy in pleasure's train,  
Give me back that smile again!

By the flow'r'ts that once were mine,  
By the tress that once was thine,  
By those lips whose honied kiss  
Clung to mine in murm'ring bliss,—  
By all that love may yet retain,  
Give me back that smile again.

Maiden! well thou know'st to me  
Thou wert as dew upon life's tree,  
The bud of promise to my heart,  
The spring whose waters reached each part,—  
And wouldst thou make the past all vain?  
No—give me back that smile again!

## THE DRESSMAKERS OF LONDON.

THERE ARE but few of us who are unversed in the nature and occupation of this large class of industrious bees, who toil so in their badly ventilated hives to minister to the caprices of women of fashion. Neither are we ignorant of the low rate of remuneration they receive, nor of the indirect means whereby they are *compelled* to obtain a livelihood—many of them having sick parents to support, and brothers and sisters looking up to them for bread. Of late this subject has been debated; but we fear little good has resulted from it. People of fashion have no heart, and would consider it *infra dig.* to lend an ear to cries of distress proceeding from a dressmaker—the vulgar wretch!

In our FIRST VOLUME, we quoted some remarks of the Countess of Blessington on the subject, which did honor to her heart and to her pen. But alas! her words, like ours, may be *read* by the votaries of fashion, and

that is all. They can make no impression on iron and stone. Let us, however, again listen to what the Countess has further to say about our dressmakers. OUR readers have hearts—so we'll e'en draw our bow at a venture:—

What shall I say about our dressmakers and plain work-women? Do they not *require* some little fresh air to recruit their exhausted frames? Yes, they do; but they are *of course* denied it!

Oh! would the high and noble dames, for the adornment of whose persons these poor creatures toil through the weary day, and not unfrequently through the long night, but reflect at how dear a price the graceful robe that displays the elegance of their forms so well, is obtained! They would then, let us hope, combine together, and resolve to use their all-powerful influence to change a system introduced through the desire of meeting the unreasonable demands for dresses to be made up at notices too short to admit of their being finished, except by the sacrifice of the sleep of those who work at them. Could they behold the heavy eyes, the pallid cheeks, the attenuated frames, and care-worn brows of the poor workers on the robes to be made in a few hours, their consciences surely would be lightened of the weight of their having, for the gratification of their vanity, exacted that which could only be accomplished at so heavy a penalty to the maker.

All Englishwomen are not unfeeling—they are only sometimes forgetful. The fair creature whose delicate throat is encircled by Oriental pearls, thinks not of the risk of those who dive beneath the wave to seize the costly gems. Could she but witness the operation, how would she tremble! nay, we are not sure that even the warmest admirer of pearls would not thenceforth abjure them. So, when ladies see themselves attired in becoming robes, they reflect not on the weary hours of toil the manufacture of them has occasioned. If they did, and we earnestly hope they will, they would soon do all in their power to lighten the labor, and to ameliorate the condition, of the dressmaker.

The heart that uttered these sentiments was an amiable one. But it was a heart that knew little of human nature. Not even an angel from Heaven—unless commissioned by the God of angels, could ever work upon the better feelings of a woman of fashion. Why? Simply because they have no heart. They consider the world, and all that is in it, to be theirs by right; and no argument could loosen that idea.

## EARLY RISING.

If you would be "happy," quit the pillow at day-break. Then, if ever, are the thoughts pure and holy; and the mind is open to soft, amiable impressions. The country is so calmly beautiful in the morning, that it seems rather to belong to the world of dreams which we have just quitted—to be some paradise which suffering care cannot enter—than to form a portion of a busy and anxious world, in which even the very flowers must share in decay and death.



## BEAUTY.

UNDER THIS EXPRESSIVE TITLE has the author of "Silent Love"—the best of all loves—produced "a poem." Clad in a neat and modest garb, it sings eloquently and sweetly of the goddess in whose praises we would all gladly join; for "Beauty" is everywhere.

We imagine the author to be young. We will therefore kindly give him a passing hint, to revise carefully everything he commits to paper before it sees the light of day. At page 40, he speaks of Adam's helpmate, Eve, being "sculptured" by his Lord. This implies effort, and is therefore as incorrect as unpoetical. A slight revision will set this and other little matters straight in a future edition. We subjoin one or two random extracts.

ALL THINGS ARE BEAUTIFUL! 'Tis bliss to see  
A living landscape with a canvass free!  
No stinted laws, no trite artistic rule,  
No science learnt in wisdom's wisest school;  
God is the painter, rainbow-tints the hues  
That give the lights and spread the distant  
blues;  
While towers and trees their perfect shadows  
give,  
And thus the dioramic pictures live!

We wander 'mong the wild umbrageous woods,  
Threading our path among their solitudes—  
The grass beneath our feet is full of life;  
Myriads of insects, in harmonious strife,  
Fulfil their little errand on the earth  
More punctually than man of lordly birth,  
Rearing great cities with more care and skill  
Than architect e'er did, or ever will!

We launch our yacht and sail the sparkling lake;  
What varied feelings in our breasts awake!  
The fluttering sails above, the waves below,  
The heath-clad mountains moving as we go!  
The fairy islands pebbled round and round,  
Like little floating worlds of hallowed ground;  
The sporting lambkins bleating on the hill,  
And grandeur all around supinely still!

A ship, by gentle breezes onward led—  
With all her snow-white canvass proudly spread—  
Gracefully bending on the swelling sea,  
With pennon waving from her topmast free,  
Is surely Beauty. As she glides along—  
Perhaps we hear the stalwart sailor's song;  
But while upon the beach we fondly stray,  
Both song and vessel, dream-like, melt away!

Now turn we to the scenes in busy life—  
Man elbowing man, amid the anxious strife;  
The feverish eye, the half-exhausted frame,  
In gathering gold, to earn a transient name;  
This too, when age and riches bear them down;  
O! why has man so avaricious grown?  
E'en while they count their idol, beauteous gold!  
Death calls and lays them senseless in the mould.

\* \* \* \* \*

What is more lovely than the babe at rest?  
Lying in cherub-laughter, loosely dress'd,  
Within its curtain'd cradle, fair and soft,  
With little dimpled fingers spread aloft,  
As if it stretched those rounded, dimpled arms,  
Enraptured by some unseen angel's charms,  
All yet unspotted by disease or care;—  
Sweet Innocence! how beautiful and fair!

\* \* \* \* \*

All things are beautiful! Children at play,  
'Mid garden-grounds, where sparkling waters  
stray;

Where bees and butterflies companions seem,  
Sporting together in the summer beam;  
Laughing and leaping, under shady trees,  
Or lying on the earth in full-length'd ease;  
Or chasing young companions round and round  
The stately bowers that decorate the ground!

O, joyous childhood, unsuspecting, fair,  
Stranger to ennu, heartlessness, and care:  
What all the fears of life to such as thee?  
The world is yet a marvellous mystery!  
No vanish'd hopes, no wild, ambitious schemes;  
No spectral horrors haunt thy midnight dreams;  
No dread of waking, ere the dawn of day,  
To grief, bereavements, troubles, or dismay!

The moral of this book is excellent, and the author's *aim* deserves our warmest commendation. He would have all the world happy, and he has done *his* best to make them so.

## 'TIS TWENTY YEARS SINCE!

THERE ARE SOME quaint remarks in one of JAMES'S novels, that please us vastly. There is so much truth in them!

Whilst speaking about dates and distances, he says:—

A frequent question with us is, "How long is it ago?" The reply should be, in many cases, "Oh, a long while; long enough for young men to grow old, and for old men to wither and rot. Some twenty years ago or more. Lack-a-day, how few twenties there are in life! Twenty and twenty are forty, and twenty are sixty; how few see the fourth twenty! Who sees the fifth?"

The first begins in the infant, with a passion for milk—all mouth and no wit—and ends in the youth with a love for sweet ankles and for cherry lips; all hearts and no brains. The second starts on his course like a swallow catching insects, and ends like a slough-hound upon the track of a deer: ambition flies before and distances him still. Then begins another twenty, with the hard brain, and the hard heart; your man of manifold experiences, who finds no pleasure in pippins, and is mailed against the dart of a dark eye. He must have solid goods, forsooth, and so chooses gold, which will not decay; but, good faith, it matters little whether it be the possession which decays, or the possessor,—whether the gilded coin rots, or the fingers that clutch it: the two part company all the same. Then comes the fourth twenty, often begun, and seldom ended; and we go creeping backward, as if we would fain run away



from the other end of life ; toys please us, straws offend us : we stumble at the same mole hills that tripped up our infancy.

Time rubs off from the score of memory what experience had written; and when the sorrowful soft gums have eaten their second pap, death takes us sleepy up, and puts us quietly to bed. It was twenty years ago, good youth, aye, that it was,—and twenty years is one of those strange jumps that are more wisely taken backwards than forwards.

When we read the foregoing, and call to mind what we see passing around us day after day, we think gleefully of our early days, mournfully of our middle age, and thoughtfully of what lies before us. Life is a dream,—Death a reality.

### THE PAINTER'S REVELATION.

"I CANNOT PAINT IT!" EXCLAIMED DUNCAN WEIR, the artist, as he threw down his pencil in despair.

The portrait of a beautiful female rested on his easel. The head was turned as if to look into the painter's face, and an expression of delicious confidence and love was playing about the half-parted mouth. A mass of luxuriant hair, stirred by the position, threw its shadow upon a shoulder that, but for its transparency, you would have given to Itys ; and the light from which the face turned away, fell on the polished throat with the rich mellowness of a moon-beam. She was a brunette—her hair of a glossy black, and the blood melting through the clear brown of her cheek, and sleeping in her lip, like color in the edge of a rose. The eye was unfinished. He could not paint it. Her low, expressive forehead, and the light pencil of her eyebrows, and the long, melancholy lashes were all perfect ; but he had painted the eye a hundred times, and a hundred times he had destroyed it, till at the close of a long day, as his light failed him, he threw down his pencil in despair, and resting his head on his easel, gave himself up to the contemplation of the ideal picture of his fancy.

We wish all our readers had painted a portrait, the portrait of the face they best love to look on—it would be such a chance to thrill them with a description of the painter's feelings ! There is nothing but the first timid kiss that has half its delirium. Why—think of it a moment ! To sit for hours, gazing into the eyes you dream of ! To be set to steal away the tint of the lip, and the glory of the brow you worship ! To have beauty come and sit down before you, till its spirit is breathed into your fancy, and you can turn away and paint it ! To call up, like a rash enchanter,

the smile that bewilders you, and have power over the expression of a face, that, meet you where it will, laps you in Elysium !—Make me a painter, Pythagoras !

A lover's picture of his mistress, painted as she exists in his fancy, would never be recognised. He would make little of features and complexion. No, no—he has not been an idolator for this. He has seen her as no one else has seen her, with the illumination of love, which, once in her life, makes every woman under heaven an angel of light. He knows her heart, too—its gentleness, its fervor ; and when she comes up in his imagination, it is not her visible form passing before his mind's eye, but the apparition of her invisible virtues, clothed in the tender recollections of their discovery and development. If he remembers her features at all, it is the changing color of her cheek, or the droop of her curved lashes, or the witchery of the smile that welcomed him. And even then he was intoxicated with her voice—always a sweet instrument when the heart plays upon it—and his eyes were good for nothing. No—it is no matter what she may be to others—she appears to him to be a bright and perfect being, and he would as soon paint St. Cecilia with a wart, as his mistress with an imperfect feature.

Duncan could not satisfy himself. He painted with his heart on fire, and he threw by canvass after canvass till his room was like a gallery of angels. In perfect despair, at last, he sat down and made a deliberate copy of her features—the exquisite picture of which we have spoken. Still the eye haunted him. He felt as if he would redeem all, if he could give it the expression with which it looked back some of his impassioned declarations. His skill however was, as yet, baffled ; and it was at the close of the third day of unsuccessful effort, that he relinquished it in despair, and dropping his head upon his easel, abandoned himself to his imagination. . . .

Duncan entered the gallery with Helen leaning on his arm. It was thronged with visitors. Groups were collected before the favored pictures, and the low hum of criticism rose confusedly, varied now and then by the exclamation of some enthusiastic spectator. In a conspicuous part of the room hung, "The Mute Reply, by *Duncan Weir*." A crowd had gathered before it, and were gazing on it with evident pleasure. Expressions of surprise and admiration broke frequently from the group, and as they fell on the ear of Duncan, he felt an irresistible impulse to approach and look at his own picture. What is like the affection of a painter for the offspring of his genius ! It seemed to him as if he had never before seen it. There it hung like a new picture, and



he dwelt upon it with all the interest of a stranger.

It was indeed beautiful! There was a bewitching loveliness floating over the features. The figure and air had a peculiar grace and freedom; but the eye showed the genius of the master. It was a large lustrous eye, moistened without weeping, and lifted up, as if to the face of a lover, with a look of indescribable tenderness. The deception was wonderful. It seemed every moment as if the moisture would gather into a tear, and roll down her cheek. There was a strange freshness in its impression upon Duncan. It seemed to have the very look that had sometimes beamed upon him in the twilight. He turned from it and looked at Helen. Her eyes met his with the same—the self same expression of the picture. A murmur of pleased recognition stole from the crowd whose attention was attracted. Duncan burst into tears—and awoke. He had been dreaming on his easel!

“Do you believe in dreams, Helen?” said Duncan, as he led her into the studio the next day to look at the finished picture.

#### THE PREVAILING WINDS.

WITH REGARD TO THE PREVAILING WINDS of our native country, the following account has been published in the Transactions of the Royal Society. “At London—

Winds.	Days.
South-west . . . . .	112
North-east . . . . .	58
North-west . . . . .	50
West . . . . .	53
South-east . . . . .	32
East . . . . .	26
South . . . . .	18
North . . . . .	16

The same register shows that the south-west wind blows more upon an average in each month of the year than any other, particularly in July and August; that the north-east prevails during January, March, April, May, and June, and is most unfrequent in February, July, September, and December; the north-west occurring more frequently from November to March, and less so in September and October than in any other months. In the fifth volume of the *Statistical Account of Scotland*, there is a table of seven years' close observation made by Dr. Meek, near Glasgow, the average of which is stated as follows:—

Winds.	Days.
South-west . . . . .	174
North-west . . . . .	40
North-east . . . . .	104
South-east . . . . .	47

In Ireland the prevailing winds are the west and south-west.”

This is *not a very* recent “minute” of the winds in London and its vicinity. We know *now* little of any but *north* and *east* winds!

#### EDUCATION OF THE JUVENILE POOR.

##### ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

NO PERSON CAN BE IGNORANT of the frightful condition of the lower orders in England, with respect to education. Children are born of ignorant parents, and most of them die even more ignorant than those who gave them birth. Beyond smoking, drinking, lying, swearing, and thieving, they know positively nothing. Nor do they improve; they degenerate.

One of the first things which strikes a foreigner on passing through the streets of the metropolis, and of the great manufacturing towns of England, is the quantities of children running wild in the poorer localities, ragged, dirty, untrained, uncontrolled, as if they were a species of vermin, rather than beings amenable to the laws, and living within the pale of a Christian community. This is so strange a sight, that, to a German who has not been in England, it is impossible to conceive the state of the juvenile poor of our towns.

“If any one,” says Mr. KAY, “will take his stand in the streets of a Swiss or German town, either before the schools open in a morning, or when the children are returning from the school play-grounds in the middle of the day, or after the schools and their play-grounds are closed in the evening, he will see *all* the children of the town, rich and poor together, on their way to and from their homes, clean, neatly and comfortably dressed, happy, healthy, and orderly in appearance, and with their bags of books in their hands. If he will go into the same streets during school hours, he will find no children whatever, except it may be a little creature too young for school, or boys of fifteen or sixteen, who have finished their course, and are now engaged in their regular employment. If he will visit the schools, he will find dry, clean, well-built and well-ventilated buildings, situated in carefully-selected sites, each divided into from four to twelve class-rooms, surrounded by dry and roomy play-yards for exercise, and full of children of all classes, comfortably dressed, clean, healthy, and intelligent in appearance, and under the care of educated men, who have been very carefully trained for their profession.” Under such a system, we shall not be surprised if we find a state of things which is utterly impossible at present in England. The schools and teachers are so excellent, “and the children of the poorer classes of these countries are so much more civilised than with us, that even in the capitals themselves I have often seen the children of the German nobles and gentry sitting at the same desks with the children of the poorest classes; and in the primary schools, in the country villages, it is



by no means uncommon, either in Germany or Switzerland, for the children of some gentleman in the neighborhood to attend the village school, and sit at the same desks with the children of the villagers."

If this were the testimony of a man who was pursuing a crotchet, we might lay it aside and think no more of it. But Mr. KAY is of a very different stamp. He has undertaken his task of examining into the state of education at home and abroad, in the spirit of a patriot and philanthropist; and he has executed it with the ability of a man of sound and enlarged understanding. We may therefore rely upon his statements, confirmed as they are by that floating information, which, in spite of our national prejudices—the result of insular position—forces its way to us. We see, then, that abroad, for the most part, instead of there being in every town crowds of children exposed to the corruption of the streets—to its dirt, its idleness, and bad example, disciplined in crime, and educated to a fate in after-life from which escape would be next to a miracle, all the children—except, as before said, those too young and those who have completed their course—are at school; and that by these means, and the good example they have received from educated parents, they are so civilised in manners that the children of merchants, professional men, and nobles, may be seen sitting in the same rooms, and at the same desks with children who are being educated and even clothed at the expense of the municipality—their parents being too poor to pay the small weekly school-fees required for every child.

And, be it observed, this happy result has been brought about in the face of the strongest religious differences, and is not to be traced to the character of any particular creed. The state of education and the condition of the children of the poor are the same in Protestant and Catholic states, in Bavaria as well as in Prussia. No poor man is prevented sending his children to school by inability to pay the school pence, for the town pays it for him as soon as the education committee is satisfied of his poverty. No poor parent is deterred by the wretchedness of his children's dress; on the contrary, he is induced to send them by the knowledge that by doing so they will be provided with comfortable clothing. No poor person is prevented by objection to the religion of the teacher; for if he objects to the teachers of one school, the committee will, at his request, transfer his children to any other school he may prefer; but, on the other hand, no parent has, in the face of these liberal provisions, any excuse for neglecting his children, or for leaving them to grow up in the streets, to become the pests of

society, and the miserable victims of his neglect.

Mr. KAY relates an incident which may not inappropriately be introduced here, and which, perhaps, will better exemplify the great difference betwixt the children of the English poor and those of foreigners, than any descriptive comparison. In the summer of 1847, he was travelling through the kingdom of Wirtemberg, from Ulm, to a town in the interior, by night. His companions in the diligence were an Oxford Fellow, a German, and a Frenchman. Conversation turned on the condition of the poor children in the German towns. The Englishman, with his insular prejudices, refused to credit the account which the German and his more travelled fellow-countryman had given him of the educational efforts of Germany, but laughed at them as useless and chimerical. "Well," said Mr. KAY at last, seeing argument was useless against prejudice, "if you are ever in the streets of a German town in the morning between eight and nine o'clock, or between twelve and one o'clock, observe what is going on, and remember what I told you."

Early the next day they stopped to change horses in a small town between Ulm and Stuttgart. The children of the town were on their way to the schools. "I begged the Oxford Fellow to get out of the diligence and observe what was going on around us at that time. The street in which we had pulled up was full of clean and respectable-looking children; each of the girls holding a small bag of books in her hand, and each boy carrying a little goatskin knapsack full of books on his back. There were no rags, no bare feet, and no unseemly patched and darned clothes. The girls were all very neat, their hair was dressed, as is always the case in Germany, with a good deal of taste, and their general appearance was healthy and comfortable. A stranger would have imagined them all to be children belonging to the middle classes. Most of them, however, were the sons and daughters of poor artisans and laborers. In England, many would have been the squalid idlers of our gutters and back alleys. In this German town, no difference could be discerned between the appearance of the children of the poor laborer and those of the rich shopkeeper. They all looked equally clean, respectable, polite, and intelligent. I asked my companion if he was convinced; he turned to me and answered, 'Yes; this is indeed a very interesting and curious sight. I do not any longer doubt the accuracy of all you told me last night. It is certainly very remarkable.'



The reflection, continues Mr. KAY, to which this sight leads every beholder is, that if this is the condition of all the children of the German towns, it is no wonder that the poor are so much more prosperous, virtuous, and happy than our own.

**BEAUTY,—**  
**MENTAL AND SUBSTANTIVE.**

So long as mind and matter shall exist, there will be a sympathy between mental and substantive beauty. Every form is perfected by the perfection of an idea. The daisy of the field, the moss on the mountain, the lily in the valley, the shell by the sea, the stars in the firmament—are all and each complete by the completeness of our perceptive qualities. If it were not so, these objects would appear the same to every individual. The poet would see in them no more superiority than the most worldly man observes. The intimacy of form and idea affects the course of our whole social and moral life. An ideal image of domestic peace governs the literal existence of domestic feeling.

We will take two instances—Love and Pleasure. It is necessary to have a lofty conception of love, that the reality may not sink into mere conventional duty. How often do we wonder at the matrimonial happiness which exists, in spite of poverty? We contrast this state of things with the proverb:—"When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window;" and we find the proverb false. The cause of the falsity in the adage can only be traced to the agency of an idea. The happiness of the marriage state exists only when the *anticipation* of good has preceded, and is preserved through the existence of the evil. When the faith in happiness is weak, the growth of misery is rapid and strong.

Can it be said that, in proportion as the age becomes intelligent, it anticipates the advent of social beauty?

No. Look around, and see how love lies bleeding under the golden hoof of Mammon! Few, very few, have knelt before the sacred altar with bosoms untouched by the gangrene of selfishness. Alas! the traffic of human hearts is as common as the traffic of common merchandise! Hearts, in the freshness of innocency, are bleeding their life away at every pore. Affection has lost a portion of its sublime completeness, and is fast dwindling into a thing of shreds and patches. Many a man has married a house, who should have married a woman; and many a man has wedded a fidgety uncle's will, or an asthmatical grandfather's legacy, when the world has applauded him for a more magnanimous action. Can we then wonder when we see

bickerings instead of blessedness, flirtation instead of fixedness, falsehood instead of faith, despondency instead of devotion, and caudalism instead of consolation?

**ALAS! SUCH IS LIFE!**

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

Our hearts may be gay as we hail a bright day,  
Yet its close brings us anguish and pain;  
At eve we may rove with the kind friends we love,  
But never behold them again!  
Though the heart with its brightest affections  
seems rife,  
They fade ere we grasp them—alas, such is life!

The mariner bold to his bosom doth fold  
His wife and his children dear;  
They murmur their fears, as they mingle their  
tears,  
For sorrow—keen sorrow is here.  
But his ship waits to bear him far over the main,  
And he cries as he leaves them, "I'll meet you  
again."

The ship nears the shore; she will never reach  
more,  
For a tempest is raging there;  
Their shroud is the surge, the wind howls their  
dirge,  
She sinks—whilst a shriek rends the air.  
Hark! whose is that scream? 'tis the mariner's  
wife,  
Her poor heart is broken! Alas, such is life!

The soldier has been to the battle, and seen  
His comrades fall round him and die;  
He's now going to part with the friend of his  
heart,  
And a tear dims the brave soldier's eye  
"Be faithful," he cries, "all our fears will prove  
vain,  
I'll fight for my country—then meet thee again."

The soldier returns, in his bosom still burns  
True love for the dear ones at home!  
He blesses his lot as he hies to her cot,  
Resolved he no longer will roam.  
But the kind gentle girl he would claim as his wife  
Now sleeps in the churchyard—alas, such is life!

The fond mother creeps o'er the cold grave where  
sleeps  
Her darling—her only child;  
Her husband lies slain on the dark battle-plain,  
With grief and despair she is wild.  
All she loved in this world—as a mother, a wife,  
IS GONE—GONE FOR EVER! ALAS, SUCH IS LIFE!

**TRUE LOVE.**

—'Tis made of every fine emotion,  
Of generous impulses and noble thoughts:—  
It looketh to the stars, and dreams of Heaven;  
It nestles 'mid the flowers, and sweetens earth.  
Love is aspiring, yet 'tis humble too;  
It doth exalt another o'er itself,  
With sweet heart-homage which delights to raise  
its object



## THE INNOCENCE OF CHILDHOOD.

When Heaven and angels, earth and earthly things,  
Do leave the guilty in their guiltiness,—  
A cherub's voice doth whisper in a CHILD'S,  
There is a shrine within that little heart,  
Where I will hide; nor hear the trump of doom.

MATURIN.

Oh, life! how pleasant is thy morning!

ROGERS.



**C**HILDREN ARE BUT LITTLE PEOPLE, YET they form a very important part of society, expend much of our capital, employ a great portion of our population in their service, and occupy half the literati of our day in labors for their instruction and amusement. They cause more trouble and anxiety than the national debt; the loveliest of women in her maturity of charms breaks not so many slumbers, nor occasions so many sighs as she did in her cradle; and the handsomest of men, with full-grown mustachios and Stultz for his tailor, must not flatter himself that he is half so much admired as he was when in petticoats.

Without any reference to their being our future statesmen, philosophers, and magistrates in miniature disguise, children form, in their present state of pigmy existence, a most influential class of beings; and the arrival of a mewling infant who can scarcely open its eyes, and only opens its mouth, like an unfledged bird, for food, will effect the most extraordinary alteration in a whole household; substitute affection for coldness, duty for dissipation, cheerfulness for gravity, bustle for formality; unite hearts which time had divided, soften feelings which the world had hardened, teach women of fashion to criticise pap, and grave metaphysicians to crawl upon all fours.

It is not only to their parents and near connexions that children are interesting and delightful; they are general favorites, and their caresses are slighted by none but the strange, the affected, or the morose. Even men may condescend to sport with children without fear of contempt; and for those who like to shelter themselves under authority, and cannot venture to be wise and happy their own way, we have plenty of splendid examples, ancient and modern, living and dead, to adduce, which may sanction a love for these pigmy playthings. Statesmen have romped with them; orators told them stories; conquerors submitted to their blows; judges, divines, and philosophers listened to their prattle and joined in their sports.

Spoiled children (Legion!) are, however, excepted from this partiality. Every one joins in visiting the faults of others upon their heads, and hating these unfortunate victims of their parents' folly. They must

be bribed to good behavior, like many of their elders; they insist upon fingering your watch, and spoiling what they do not understand. Like numbers of the patrons of literature and the arts, they will sometimes cry for the moon as absurdly as Alexander for more worlds; and when they are angry, they have as little mercy for cups and saucers as I have for a travelling Italian organ-grinder. They are as unreasonable, impatient, selfish, exacting, and whimsical as grown-up men and women; and only want the varnish of politeness and mask of hypocrisy, to complete the likeness. In short, they display to all their acquaintance those faults of character which their wiser elders show only to their family and dependents.

Another description of children deservedly unpopular, is the over-educated and super-excellent, who despise dolls and drums, read only for instruction, have no wish for a holiday, no fancy for a fairy-tale. They are the representatives of the old-fashioned, extinct class, who used to blunder through Norval's speech, or Satan's address to the Sun; but far more perseveringly tiresome, more unintermittingly dull than their predecessors. The latter excited your compassion by bearing the manner of victims; and when their task was over, were ready for a ride upon your foot, a noisy game at play, or a story about an ogress. But the modern class appear to have a natural taste for pedantry and precision; their wisdom never indulges in a nap, at least before company; they have learned the Pestalozzi system, and weary you with questions. They require you to prove everything you assert, and are always on the watch to detect you in a verbal inaccuracy, or a slight mistake in a date. Indeed, it is not a little annoying, when you are whiling away the time before dinner in that irritable state which precedes an Englishman's afternoon meal, tired perhaps by business or study, and wishing for a few minutes' relaxation preparatory to the important tasks of repletion and digestion, to find your attempts at playfulness and trifling baffled in all directions. Turning from the gentlemen to avoid the Funds, Nero Napoleon the French Emperor, or the New Ministry; driven from your refuge among the ladies by phrenology, or the lectures at the Royal Institution, you fly to a group of children, in hopes of a game at play, or an interchange of nonsense, and find yourself beset by critics and examiners, required to attend to Lindley Murray's rules, to brush up your geographical and chronological knowledge; and, instead of a demand upon your imagination for a story, or your foot for a ride, you are called upon to give an account of the Copernican system or the Peloponnesian war.



I love a children's ball—that is, a ball for very young children; for when they approach their teens, they begin gradually to throw off their angelic disguise, preparatory to becoming men and women; the germs of vanity, dissimulation, and pride, are visible; the young eye roves for admiration, the head is held high on contact with vulgarity; the lips speak a different language from the less deceitful brow. If the object of entertainments were really to entertain, we ought only to invite children; because, if not quite sure of succeeding in our aim, we at least can discover whether or not we have attained it.

In the uniform polite satisfaction and measured mirth of a grown-up party—the cold smiles, the joyless laughter, the languid dance, one tale only is told. Satiety, contempt, anger, and mortification may lurk beneath, no clue is afforded to the poor host by which he may discover the quantity of pleasure his efforts and his money have produced; a heart or two may be breaking beside him, but he knows nothing of the matter; a duel or two arranging at his elbow, but he sees only bows and politeness; and he may send away half his guests affronted by his neglect, and the other half ridiculing his hospitality, while he has fatigued and impoverished himself to please them. In these assemblies,

There's sic parade, sic pomp an' art,  
The joy can scarcely reach the heart;

while, in a party for children, ninety-nine out of a hundred consider themselves at the summit of human felicity, and take no care to conceal their sentiments; and if the unlucky hundredth happens to fall down, or to be affronted, a few tears and a little outcry show you where your assistance is required, and allow you to set matters right again by coaxing and sugar-plums. These occasional eccentric movements in the polka, proceeding from the exuberance of spirits and of joy; those shouts of merriment which sometimes defy the lessons of politeness and the frowns of a smiling mamma; those peals of young laughter so thrilling and so infectious; those animated voices and bright faces—assure the donors of the feast that they have conferred a few hours of exquisite happiness on the dear little beings around them, afforded them food for chattering and mirth for many days, and perhaps planted in their grateful memories one of those sunny spots to which the man looks back with pleasure and wonder, when sated, wearied, and disappointed, he sees with surprise how easily and how keenly he was once delighted.

Little girls are my favorites; boys, though sufficiently interesting and amusing, are apt to be infected, as soon as they assume the manly garb, with a little of that

masculine violence and obstinacy, which, when they grow up, they will call spirit and firmness; and lose earlier in life that docility, tenderness, and ignorance of evil, which are their sisters' peculiar charms. In all the range of visible creation there is no object to me so attractive and delightful as a lovely, intelligent, gentle little girl, of eight or nine years old. This is the point at which may be witnessed the greatest improvement of intellect compatible with that lily-like purity of mind, to which taint is incomprehensible, danger unsuspected; which wants not only the vocabulary, but the very idea of sin. It is true that

Evil into the mind of God or man  
May come and go, so unapproved, and leave  
No spot or blame behind—

But to those who have lived long, and observed what constant sweeping and cleaning their house within requires, what clouds of dust fly in at every neglected cranny, and how often they have omitted to brush it off till it has injured the gloss of their furniture—to these there is something wonderful, dazzling, and precious, in the spotless innocence of childhood, from which the slightest particle of impurity has not been wiped away. Woe to those who by a single word help to shorten this beautiful period!

That man was never born whose secret soul,  
With all its motley treasure of dark thoughts,  
Foul fantasies, vain musings, and wild dreams,  
Was ever open'd to another's scan.

Even the best and purest of women would shrink from displaying her heart to our gaze, while lovely childhood allows us to read its every thought and fancy. Its sincerity, indeed, is occasionally very inconvenient; and let that person be quite sure that he has nothing remarkably odd, ugly, or disagreeable about his appearance, who ventures to ask a child—what it thinks of him? Amidst the frowns and blushes of the family, amidst a thousand efforts to prevent or to drown the answer, "truth," in all the horrors of nakedness, will generally appear in the surprised assembly; and he who has hitherto thought, in spite of his mirror, that his eyes had merely a slight and not displeasing cast, will now learn for the first time that "everybody says he has a terrible squint."

I cannot approve of the modern practice of dressing little girls in accordance with the prevailing fashion, with scrupulous imitation of their elders. When I look at a child, I do not wish to feel doubtful whether it is not an unfortunate dwarf who is standing before me, attired in a costume suited to its age. Extreme simplicity of attire, and a dress sacred to themselves only, are most fitted to these "fresh female buds;" and it vexes me to see them disguised in the newest fashions of *Le*



*Follet*, or practising the graces and courtesies of maturer life. Will there not be years enough, from thirteen to seventy, for ornamenting or disfiguring the person at the fiat of French milliners—for checking laughter and forcing smiles, for reducing all varieties of intellect, all gradations of feeling to one uniform tint? Is there not already a sufficient sameness in the aspect and tone of polished life? Oh, leave children as they are, to relieve by their "wild freshness" our elegant insipidity; leave their "hair loosely flowing, robes as free," to refresh the eyes that love simplicity; and leave their eagerness, their warmth, their unreflecting sincerity, their unschooled expressions of joy or regret, to amuse and delight us, when we are a little tired by the politeness, the caution, the wisdom, and the coldness of the grown-up world.

Children may teach us one blessed, one enviable art, the heart of being easily happy. Kind nature has given to them that useful power of accommodation to circumstances, which compensates for so many external disadvantages; and it is only by injudicious management that it is lost. "Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is happier far than the duke's. Free from artificial wants, unsated by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasures; he can carve out felicity from a bit of hazel twig, or fish for it successfully in a puddle." I love to hear the boisterous joy of a troop of ragged urchins whose cheap playthings are nothing more than mud, snow, sticks, or oyster-shells; or to watch the quiet enjoyment of a half-clothed, half-washed fellow of four or five years old, who sits with a large rusty knife and a lump of bread and bacon at his father's door, and might move the envy of a London alderman.

HE must have been singularly unfortunate in childhood, or singularly the reverse in after-life, who does not look back upon its scenes, its sports and pleasures, with fond regret; who does not "wish for e'en its sorrows back again." The wisest and happiest of us may occasionally detect this feeling in our bosoms. There is something unreasonably dear to the man in the recollection of the follies, the whims, the petty cares, and exaggerated delights of his childhood. Perhaps he is engaged in schemes of soaring ambition, but fancies sometimes that there was once a greater charm in flying a kite—perhaps, after many a hard lesson, he has acquired a power of discernment and spirit of caution which defies deception, but he now and then wishes for the boyish confidence which venerated every old beggar, and wept at every tale of woe. He is now deep read in philosophy and science, yet he looks back with regret on the wild and pleas-

ing fancies of his young mind, and owns that "*l'erreur a son mérite*;" he now reads history till he doubts everything, and sighs for the time when he felt comfortably convinced that Romulus was suckled by a wolf, and Richard the Third a monster of iniquity—his mind is now full of perplexities and cares for the future. Oh! for the days when the present was a scene sufficiently wide to satisfy him!

Q.

### THE VALUE OF LIGHT

FOR THE

### FULL DEVELOPMENT OF PLANTS.

THE IMPORTANCE OF LIGHT, as an agent in the full development of plants, has so often been insisted on, and is now so fully appreciated by all who have the slightest claim to a knowledge of the science of gardening—in so far as it applies to and elucidates its practical details—that it might seem almost superfluous to say anything more on the subject. But our acquaintance with garden practice, in the aggregate, forces upon us the conviction, that though the higher principles of the art are acknowledged and practised in numberless establishments, there still lingers among us something more than a spice of the practice prevalent in what may be justly termed the dark age of horticulture. That the period to which we refer does not essentially belong to antiquity, but that the practices which characterise it are still healthful and vigorous, and not merely stumbled upon like fossils embedded in an ancient geological formation, many of our readers know well enough.

We have no intention of penning a dry dissertation on the influence of light; but believing that to teach by example is far superior to dogmatizing, as a means of elucidating any given subject, we shall, in illustration of our position, give some particulars that but two or three years since fell under our notice. In one of the southern counties of England, a lady—who was an enthusiastic lover of horticulture—possessed an establishment where every branch of the "art and mystery" of gardening was pursued: we do not say successfully, "for thereby hangs a tale,"—and all enthusiasts commit errors, and often gross ones, too. But we should always respect, rather than ridicule the mistakes of an enthusiast; for they will often be found to resemble, in intrinsic value, the ore of a precious metal. While the real gold remains mixed with baser matter, it can influence little the well-being of mankind; but when extracted, refined, and rendered subservient to the wants of society, it extends its benefits a thousand ways. So an enthusiast strikes out new theories, it may be, of little value in themselves, but from which, every-day, plod-



ding, matter of fact practice can extract much that is precious. But to return.

In the establishment we speak of, there were, for the accommodation of the heterogeneous mass of plants congregated, a host of structures—stoves, wet and dry, orchid-houses, greenhouses, pits, frames, and a whole legion of nondescript articles: not forgetting glass walls. As might be expected, there was no arrangement in placing the buildings: they jostled each other, whichever way you turned. Conservatory and potting-shed stood side by side; and if you set out with the intention of visiting the orchid-house, you stood a pretty good chance of stumbling into the stoke-hole. A guide, verbal or otherwise, was absolutely necessary for a successful perambulation. But as intricacy is held as an essential in garden arrangement, perhaps this might be considered a beauty. The exterior gave one a correct idea of what was to be expected within. Every available nook in every house was laid under contribution as a receptacle for plants. Shelves above you, shelves below you—on the left hand, on the right hand, plants were crowded—nay, crammed together; and, to crown the whole, vines from borders without darkened the roof, and, in the forcing season, others in pots usurped the few rays that would otherwise have struggled through the front lights. And under such circumstances as these, plants were expected to thrive, too—and develop their real beauties; and so many of them did.

The conditions were congenial to numerous species, but the majority were sorry things. Long, watery shoots, with many leaves and few flowers, in place of sturdy growths and brilliant blossoms, met the eye in all directions. Most of the plants were one-sided; and mildew, and scale, and bug, were apparent in the axils of nearly every leaf, and among the few heads of flowers that were produced. We had the honor of being accompanied through the houses and grounds by the proprietress herself, who, we must in justice to other parties concerned observe, was "her own gardener." Often she stopped before some fine species, and lamented that they did not prove more satisfactory under the treatment. Every cause but the right one was assigned as a reason for her failure. "Water was not given as she directed;" "the soil was not properly mixed;" "the loam was not of the best quality;" "her directions were not followed out in her absence," and so forth; while the true cause was apparent enough. We ventured to suggest that a deficiency of light had something to do with the matter; that too many plants were attempted to be grown in such a limited space; but our cicerone had an opinion of her own on those points, and we were met with a decided ob-

jection as to such an explanation being even remotely probable.

We must now beg the reader (after the manner of the play-bills) to imagine the lapse of a year. We are again in the grounds, and strolling through the houses. The proprietress has quitted the scene of her labors; and the accumulated treasures are about to be dispersed by the wand of the auctioneer. There is a large assembly of buyers; for here are many rare plants. Representatives of the Floras of almost every region of the globe are congregated in the space of a few roods. Many of the finer plants are destined to occupy some newly-built plant-houses but a few miles distant. These are of the best construction, and a due regard to an uninterrupted transmission of light is provided for: and, within, the plants are well cared for, and ample space is permitted each specimen for the display of its true character.

Another season has passed, and again we visit our old acquaintances. How would their former mistress rejoice at the change apparent in them! Scarcely do we recognise them in their improved appearance. It is the season for many of them to be in bloom, and so they are: not as they will be in a season or two hence, certainly, but yet very beautiful. Amongst them is one that we especially remember as having been lamented over by its owner on our first acquaintance with it, as never having afforded a solitary blossom. It is a fine plant of *Inga pulcherrima*, covered with bunches of its scarlet filaments, a very mass of beauty.

"Truly," we exclaimed, apostrophising the lovely object, "what a powerful lesson dost thou teach on the influence of light!"

[From the Gardeners' Journal.]

#### WHAT I LOVE.

BY JOHN CLARE.

I love to see the forest maid  
Go in the pleasant day,  
And jump to break an idle bough  
To drive the flies away.

Her face is brown with open air,  
And like the lily blooming;  
But beauty, whether brown or fair,  
Is always found with women.

She stooped to tie her pattens up,  
And showed a cleanly stocking;  
The flowers made curtsies all the way,  
Against her ankles knocking.

She stoop'd to get the fox-glove bells  
That grew among the bushes,  
And, careless, set her basket down,  
And tied them up with rushes.

Her face was ever in a smile,  
And brown and softly blooming;—  
I often meet the scorn of man,  
But welcome lives with women!



### THE VALUE OF SLEEP.

HABIT influences in some degree the amount of sleep that is required. It should be said, however, that it is never well to withhold any of the revenue that is justly due to the drowsy god.

A man may accustom himself to take so little sleep, as to be greatly the loser thereby in his waking moments. It may be commonly observed, that those persons who spend less time in sleep than is usually found needful by others of the same age and strength, and occupation, consume a much larger portion of their days than others do, in a kind of dreamy vacancy, a virtual inactivity of mind and body. The hours expended in sleep are not the only hours that might be justifiably deducted from the sum total of the life, as having been lost to it; numbers of moments are daily spent in an absolute inaction of mind and body; and sleep cannot be robbed of its dues, without adding largely, and in greater proportion than the time habitually stolen from the sleep, to that which is wasted in such waking reveries.

In order that the mind may have the power of undergoing trying and exhausting labor, that it may continue in the full possession of its capabilities, that it may continue to be undulled and unblunted by such wear and such use—an amount of sleep must be allowed which is proportionate to the severity of such work, to the engrossing and expending nature of the mind's employment. The nights may be robbed of the hours of sleep; and the time so stolen may be devoted to toil of mind or of body; but the endurance by the system of the undue waste and imperfectly restored balance of the vital force, even if somewhat protracted by the strength of the constitution, or if prolonged somewhat by the energy of a determined will, or by the spur of a great necessity, or by the desired goal of a great ambition or daring hope, must be short-lived.

The system cannot be robbed of its sleep, says Dr. Robertson, without a corresponding disturbance and derangement of the functions; the power and the equilibrium of the vital forces will become so far affected as to involve disordered action; and thus indirectly by forming part of the common organism, and directly by the diminished tension of the vital forces which supply the sensorium itself, the mind will become unable to continue its exertions. Many an ardent and hopeful aspirant for collegiate distinctions, many an anxious laborer for professional eminence, has thrown away his hopes in thus vainly struggling to cheat the system of this great requirement.

### SPARE MY FLOWER.

BY THE REV. H. T. LYTE.

O, spare my flower, my gentle flower,  
The slender creature of a day!  
Let it bloom out its little hour,  
And pass away!  
Too soon its fleeting charms must lie  
Decayed, unnoticed, overthrown;  
O, hasten not its destiny,—  
Too like thine own!

The breeze will roam this way to-morrow,  
And sigh to find its playmate gone:  
The bee will come its sweets to borrow,  
And meet with none.  
O spare! and let it still outspread  
Its beauties to the passing eye,  
And look up from its lowly bed  
Upon the sky!

O, spare my flower! Thou know'st not what  
Thy undiscerning hands would tear!  
A thousand charms, thou notest not,  
Lie treasured there.  
Not Solomon in all his state,  
Was clad like Nature's simplest child;  
Nor could the world combined create  
One floweret wild.

Spare, then, this humble monument  
Of an Almighty's power and skill;  
And let it at His shrine present  
Its homage still.  
He made it who makes nought in vain,  
He watches it who watches thee;  
And He can best its date ordain,  
Who bade it be.

O, spare my flower,—for it is frail;  
A timid, weak, imploring thing;  
And let it still upon the gale,  
Its moral fling.  
That moral thy reward shall be:  
Catch the suggestion and apply:—  
"Go, like me," it cries, "like me,  
SOON, SOON TO DIE."

### TO MIDSUMMER-DAY.

Crown of the Year, how bright thou shinest!  
How little, in thy pride, divinest  
Inevitable fall! albeit  
We who stand round about thee see it.  
Shine on; shine bravely. There are near  
Other bright children of the Year,  
Almost as high, and much like thee  
In features and in festive glee:  
Some happy to call forth the mower,  
And hear his sharpened scythe sweep o'er  
Rank after rank: then others wait  
Before the grange's open gate,  
And watch the nodding wain, or watch  
The fretted domes beneath the thatch,  
Till young and old at once take wing,  
And promise to return in Spring.  
Yet I am sorry, I must own,  
Crown of the Year! when thou art gone.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.



### THE NEW MODE OF BREEDING FISH.

CONNECTED WITH THE AGRICULTURE of this country, and equally interesting to the rural improver, are the wonderful discoveries lately brought to bear on the artificial production of fish in our rivers. The whole subject seems to open out a new source of profit to the speculator, of interest to the naturalist, and to tend to the increase of the nation's food. The capture of salmon—brought now to perfection so great that our rivers are nearly stripped of that king of fishes—ceases to be either skilful or surprising before the schemes in operation for continuing the race. Not only has the new principle been tested by the stocking of the French rivers and streams of the Vosges, the Moselle, the Upper and Lower Rhine, but the spawn has been successfully transported to New Zealand.

A recent number of the *Journal of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland* attributes the discovery of the plan to Mr. John Shaw, of Drumlanrig, so far back as 1833, and further proved by the Rev. D. S. Williamson, ten years afterwards. But the scientific world seems to have been still earlier at work; for, in 1764, Professor Jacobi, of Berlin, discovered that the roe of fish was fecundated after ejection by the female. Moreover, that the roe and milt extracted even from dead fishes possessed the vital power, and that even when dead two or three days, this power is not lost. The Professor also mentions how fish may be thus introduced into new districts, and even carried to other countries.

During the course of last summer, a small pamphlet, on the artificial production of fish, was published by Reeve and Co., which called particular attention to the French adoption of the discoveries of the German professor and the Scottish gardener, in filling the French streams and rivers with millions of fish of the most valuable kind.

Last year, fecundated trout spawn was conveyed to New Zealand. Gravel was placed in large iron boxes, with a supply of river water, in order to effect the necessary changes; for in water totally stagnant the fish cannot be raised. Owing to the warmth of the tropical atmosphere in the journey, the young were produced before the ordinary time. The usual period varies from 70 to 100 days, according to temperature; but in this case they appeared in about 42 days. The effect of a stream was obtained by constant dropping from a tank above the iron box; the water in which was, we believe, purified by the valisneria.

The originators of the French practice, as we stated in our Second Volume, were two fishermen of the names of Gehin and Remy, of La Bresse; who, finding the fish fail in

their streams, began to collect the spawn and apply the milt themselves. These they deposited in boxes or baskets full of holes, and placed them in situations of safety in running streams. A French paper says, "Applying this operation, the year afterwards, to a great number of fish, they obtained several thousand trout; and, in a year or two more, the numbers had literally increased to millions."

The French government considering the matter of much importance, these two fishermen were taken into its pay, and made to apply the principle to the streams of the districts we have mentioned. The same paper remarks, "They have done so with the most singular success; rivers and lakes, in which there were no fish, now literally teem with them."

The plan is to be further encouraged. A commission of *savans* is appointed to superintend the process. Salmon, perch, tench, and even lobsters are to be *domesticated*—so far at least as being bred and reared, out of the reach of their numerous enemies.

Perhaps no animal will multiply so fast as fish. The tench produces 38,000 eggs, the mackerel 546,000, the cod fish 1,357,000. The herring produces also vast numbers, and if only 2,000 of any one of these came to perfection, there would be, in the second year, 12,000,000, in the third 2,000,000,000. To protect only, therefore, is to ensure the production of millions of fishes; but how any fish now happens to escape their enemies, natural and artificial, seems even more wonderful than their powers of production.

The breeders of fish artificially in this country are, Mr. Gurney, of Carshalton, and Mr. Young, of Lochshin; but what should hinder the plan being tried by the landed proprietors near the sides of all the rivers in this and the sister kingdom? and why not try to introduce the salmon into rivers where it has not yet been found?

Mr. Shaw appears to have been the first to show that the parr and the smolt are only stages of the salmon; and to prove that by the construction of side ponds, with a small stream running over them, with sufficient water to keep them covered (but not too deep) so as to favor the development of the spawn with as much rapidity as possible, the desired end can be accomplished. The small fish will thus be preserved from their larger enemies until they have an opportunity of shifting better for themselves; and vast supplies will be afforded to the sea, to return again, either to the same spot, or most certainly to the same river, in another year.

The grisle, or young salmon of from 2½ to 3lbs. weight, has been sent to market, the spawn from which they have come having only been deposited in the preceding October or November, three months of this to be



allowed for hatching—and often a longer period. A grisle weighing 6 lbs. in the month of February, after spawning, has, in its return from the sea in September, weighed 13 lbs.; and, it is said that a salmon fry of April will in June weigh 4 lbs., and in August 6 lbs.

Taking the rapid growth, the immense powers of reproduction, and the effect which the artificial production seems to have upon the fish, we hardly know a subject of greater national importance than the encouragement of this practice.

We would strongly urge the thorough investigation of the subject, and the construction of breeding-ponds near the heads of our principal rivers, properly secured. The experiment has interest in itself enough to repay the trouble; and, if Jacobi be right, almost every purchaser of a male and female salmon has the power of putting the process into operation.

#### NOTES ON THE SWALLOW.

THE SUBJOINED PARTICULARS of the Swallow are from various sources, and will be perused with interest. We need hardly remark that these birds do *not* winter "under water;" but depart to foreign climes, like other birds of passage.

The swallow makes its first appearance in Great Britain early in spring; remains with us during summer, and disappears in autumn. The four species which inhabit this island, are also found during summer in almost every other region in Europe and Asia, where their manners and habits are nearly the same as in this country. In the more southern parts of the continent, they appear somewhat earlier than in England. The distinguishing marks of the swallow tribe are—a small bill; a wide mouth; a head rather large in proportion to the bulk of the body, and somewhat flattish; a neck scarcely visible; a short, broad, and cloven tongue; a tail mostly forked; short legs; very long wings; a rapid and continued flight.

The House, or Chimney Swallow, *hirundo rustica*, is the most common, as well as the best known. Its length is about six inches, its breadth from tip to tip of the wings, when extended, about twelve inches; the upper parts of its body and wings are black; the under parts whitish ash-color; the head black; the forehead and chin marked with a red spot; the tail very much forked. It generally arrives earlier than the rest of its genus, and mostly before the middle of April. It builds its nest in chimnies, at the distance of about a foot from the top, or under the roofs of barns and out-houses, has commonly two broods in the year, and usually disappears in the latter end of September, or beginning of October. Like all birds of the swallow tribe, it is perpetually on the wing; and it lives upon insects, which it catches flying. It has been calculated from the velocity of this bird on the wing, and its flight in the air for fourteen or fifteen hours together, in search of food, that it flies from two to three hundred miles in that time. As pre-

viously observed by an early writer, before rain it may often be seen skimming round the edge of a lake or river, and not unfrequently dipping the tips of its wings, or under part of its body, into the water as it passes over its surface.

Dr. Forster cites Aratus and Virgil in corroboration, that ancient authors had observed the same fact. He describes the Martin or Martlett, *hirundo urbica*, as being rather smaller than the swallow, and as easily distinguishable from it by the bright white color of all the under parts of the body. This species usually makes its first appearance early in May, though sometimes sooner; and leaves us towards the latter end of October. It builds under the eaves of houses, in crags of rocks and precipices near the sea, has oftentimes three broods in the year, and constructs its curious nest like that of the swallow, with mud and straw, lined with feathers on the inside.

He says that the swift, *hirundo apus*, is the largest of the genus, being seven inches in length, and nearly eighteen in breadth, when its wings are extended, and that it is of a sooty black color with a whitish spot on its breast. It arrives towards the middle of May, and departs about the middle of August. It builds in holes of rocks, in ruined towers, and under the tiling of houses, and has only one brood in the year.

He observes of the Bank or Sand Martin, *hirundo riparia*, that it is the smallest of the genus, is of a dusky brown color above, and whitish beneath; and that it builds its nest in holes, which it bores in banks of sand, and is said to have only one brood in the year.

No subject has more engaged the attention of naturalists in all ages, than the brumal retreat of the swallow; neither is there any subject on which more various and contrary opinions have been entertained. Some have supposed that they retire at the approach of winter to the inmost recesses of rocks and mountains, and that they there remain in a torpid state until spring. Others have conjectured that these birds immerse themselves in the water at the approach of winter, and that they remain at the bottom in a state of torpidity, until they are again called forth by the influence of the vernal sun.\* Dr. Forster admits that there are several instances on record of their having been found in such situations, clustered together in great numbers, and that, on being brought before the fire, they have revived and flown away. But he thinks that few of the accounts were well authenticated; and that the celebrated John Hunter and Mr. Pearson clearly prove, from various experiments, that these birds *cannot continue long under water without being drowned*. The doctor does not deny that swallows have occasionally been found under water; but he attributes their having been found in such situations to mere accident. As it is well known that, towards the latter end of autumn, swallows frequently roost by the sides of lakes and rivers; he therefore supposes that a number of these birds had retired to roost on the banks of some shallow and muddy river at low tide; that they had been induced by the cold to creep among the reeds or rushes which might grow in the shallow parts of the river; and that, while in that situation, driven into a state of torpidity by

\* Gilbert White insists upon this!—ED. K. J.



the cold, they had been overwhelmed, and perhaps washed into the current, by the coming in of the tide. He alludes to occasional instances of other birds besides swallows having been found in a state of torpor during winter, and imagines that fishermen had availed themselves of the coming in of the tide to catch fish, and that the swallows, before supposed to have been carried into the current, coming in contact with their nets, were consequently drawn out by them, and, not having been long under water, were not completely drowned.

There are several circumstances which seem to favor the opinion, that these birds remain concealed during winter in this country. Among others, the most striking is, that swallows, *hirundines rusticee*, as well as martins, *hirundines urbicee*, have sometimes appeared very late in autumn, a considerable time after they were all supposed to have taken their departure; and that they have likewise been found concealed in the crevices of rocks, in holes of old decayed trees, in old ruined towers, and under the thatch of houses. Dr. Forster further presumes, that those birds which have been found in a state of torpidity, had, owing to some accident, been hatched later in the year than ordinary, and consequently had not acquired sufficient strength to undergo the fatigue of a long journey upon the wing, at the time when the migration of the rest of their species took place; and that, to shelter themselves from the inclemency of the weather, they had sought retreats wherein, from cold and hunger, they had sunk into a state of torpidity.

"For several years past," says Dr. Forster, "I have observed that chimney swallows have appeared first in cold weather. I have sometimes seen them as early as April the second, when the mercury in the thermometer has been below the freezing point. On the other hand, I have often taken notice, that, during a continuance of mild weather for the space of a fortnight, in the month of April, not so much as one swallow has appeared." He also remarks, that, towards the latter end of September, swallows, as well as martins, congregate in great numbers, and are frequently seen sitting on the tops of houses, and on rocks near the sea. These meetings usually continue for several days, after which they suddenly disappear. They seldom perch on trees, except in autumn, shortly previous to their disappearance, and they then choose dead trees in preference. They sometimes sit on trees earlier in summer, when the weather has been very cold.

Swifts begin to assemble in large bodies previous to their departure, early in July; their numbers daily increase, and they soar higher in the air, with shriller cries, and fly differently from their usual mode. Such meetings continue till towards the middle of August, after which they are seldom seen.

Sand-martins likewise flock together in autumn. Some years ago they appeared in great numbers in London and its neighborhood. Dr. Forster clearly shows that swallows are birds of passage, and produces the accounts of mariners, who had seen these birds many hundred miles out at sea, and on whose ships they had alighted to rest, almost exhausted with fatigue and hunger.\* By

\* "Observations on the Brumal Retreat of the Swallow," by Charles Forster, F.L.S. 8vo.

this we may be enabled, in some measure, to determine to what quarter of the globe they retire, when they leave Europe in autumn.

Adanson, in his "Voyage to Senegal," relates, that on the 6th of October, being about fifty leagues from the coast, between the island of Goree and Senegal, four swallows alighted on the shrouds of his ship, which he easily caught, and knew to be European swallows. He adds, that they never appear at Senegal until the winter season, and that they do not build nests, as in Europe, but roost every night on the sand by the sea-shore. Sir Charles Wager has recorded, that in one of his voyages home, as he came into soundings of our Channel, a great flock of swallows settled on his rigging, every rope was covered with them, they hung on one another like a swarm of bees, the decks and carvings were filled with them, they seemed spent and famished, and, to use his own expression, were only feathers and bones; but, recruited with a night's rest, they resumed their flight in the morning. A similar circumstance happened to Captain Wright, in a voyage, many years ago, from Philadelphia to London.

There are many anecdotes of sagacity in these birds. For several years some swallows had built their mud habitations in the window-frames of a house, at Beaumaris in Anglesea. These dry, comfortable, and protected abodes were envied by the less favored sparrows of the same place, who embraced the opportunity (while the unsuspected swallows were skimming o'er the wide bosom of the main) and confidently took possession, thinking also to establish an undoubted settlement by depositing their eggs; the swallows finding their rightful *mansions* engrossed by other tenants, seemed reconciled to the ejection; but, to the astonishment of the lady residing in the house, no sooner had the sparrows hatched their young, than the swallows gathered all their forces, and plastered up the entrance of the nest containing the old sparrow and her brood, where they perished.

#### DAY-BREAK.

'Tis now the hour when o'er the eastern hills  
Morn, like a blushing bride, her pearls puts on,  
While the proud lark at Heaven's high lattice  
trills;

Now milkmaids blithe their quilted kirtles don,  
And the rough ploughman gapes and growls  
anon

As the cock's clarion pierces his dull ear;  
Down the green lane the lowing kine are gone  
To where the noisy brooklet bubbles clear,  
And in the folds the flock their shaggy guardian  
fear.

Now may be heard, under the vantage eave  
Of trellis'd villa in smooth-shaven lawn,  
The twittering swallow that seems loth to  
leave

Her procreant cradle for the breezy dawn;  
And at that soft sweet reveillie, half drawn  
The muslin from the casement's jealous bar,  
Shows a fair form more timid than the fawn,  
But with an eye that, like the morning star,  
Gleams through its lashes long, that black as  
midnight are. S.



## THE AVIARY AND ITS OCCUPANTS.

No. X.

*(Concluded from Page 216.)*

IF YOU WOULD STUDY COMFORT, it will be needful to have an abundant supply of those little nick-nacks, which though trifling, are yet indispensable; for as no workman, how clever soever he may be, can move one step in the right direction without being provided with proper tools—so, no aviary can be reckoned “complete” in its several appointments without *all* the necessary paraphernalia are in readiness, to be used as occasion may require them. We shall therefore proceed at once to particularise what these essentials are.

In the first place—as you will daily have to grate your bullocks’ liver, buns, &c., and as it requires a “fine” apparatus for this purpose, you must get a carpenter to furnish you with two well-seasoned deal boxes, made as follows:—The length of each box must be 8 inches; width, 6 inches; depth, 3½ inches. All round the tops of each should be ledges, shelving upwards and outwards, so as to prevent waste. In the upper part of each box let a square sheet of tin be inserted (any brazier will undertake this), perforated with minutely-fine holes, and strongly “roughed” on the outside, like an ordinary domestic grater.

In the under part of each box let a drawer be fitted, to pull out, having a ring in the centre. By the aid of this, you will obtain easy access to whatever you may have been passing through the holes above. One of these boxes should be kept exclusively for the bullocks’ liver, and cleansed immediately after use; the other, for the buns, bread, &c. This provision has reference to the “warblers” principally. The larger and more hardy birds will select tangible pieces of bread, bun, &c.; which they love to place under their claw, and flirt with at their leisure.

You must now provide a piece of deal, 12 inches square; made on the principle of what housekeepers call a chopping-board; that is, having a back to it, and a narrow “wall” on each side. On this you must place your hemp-seed, crushing it thoroughly with a *lignum-vitæ* rolling-pin. After every operation of this kind, scrape the board clean with a long knife; and daily scald it with boiling water, to remove or lessen the grease which has exuded from the hemp-seed.

A pestle and mortar, of marble, is the next requisite. This is serviceable for rubbing down the hard-boiled eggs and a variety of other substances connected with an aviary. It is an article of indispensable utility. To scrape your raw beef on, and keep it free

from taint, you will find nothing so serviceable, nothing so appropriate, as a circular slab of marble 12 inches in diameter. This will be in perpetual use as a general “table for operations.” In connection with it you will find a “spatula,” or apothecaries’ knife, very handy. Being flexible, it yields easily to the pressure of the hand. Both these articles must, of course, be kept sweet and clean.

To cleanse the floor of the aviary, by removing the sand, &c., the most ready instrument will be a kind of “hoe,” fitted in a wooden handle, 12 inches long. The width of the hoe should be 5 inches, and it should be slightly “inclined” outwards. A trowel, also, on a somewhat similar principle, will be found useful, for scraping the *corners* of the floor. The sand should be, to use an Hibernicism, rather gravel than sand. That is, it should be gravel, finely sifted, so as to retain a number of small pebbles. These pebbles are freely eaten by, and greatly assist the digestive powers of the whole feathered tribe. It is not necessary to throw away all the sand every time it is removed; it will come into use again, much of it, when cleansed by sifting.

For this purpose, always be provided with two large strong sieves, made of wire, one finer than the other. Through these, severally, pass what is removed from the floor of the aviary, day by day. The *dry* sand will freely pass through the fine sieve—the residue must be rejected as being quite unfit for use. It will, however, do for the poultry-yard.

For the purpose of cleaning the circular and square perches, there are always kept ready for use (obtainable at any of the bird-dealers in the neighborhood of “the Seven Dials,”) long and short iron rods, fitted with two distinct contrivances—one at either end. These are of light weight, and are made, at one end, so as to admit the perches into their centre. Thus, all dirt is readily removed, and with comparatively little trouble. These irons are also indispensable for the perches of *caged* birds, as well as those in an aviary.

The last equipment that we need notice is—the jars to contain your bird-seed, &c. These we should recommend to be of transparent glass, with glass covers also. The tall glasses, such as are used by chemists and confectioners, will be found most serviceable. Whether for your German-paste, your buns, your seed—or what not—these glasses are to be highly commended. They are by no means costly, and they preserve all that is contained in them sweet and wholesome.

Of course, you will keep yourself well supplied with sponges, flannels, nail-brushes, and other similar articles of daily use. You



should also be furnished with a stock of bird glasses, tin pans, &c., so as never to be at a loss, in case of sudden need. There is always something occurring, to render these provisions needful.

So much for the building and equipment of an aviary. We have been very minute, very precise, very methodical; so that we may now consider all our preparations for enjoyment "complete." If people *will* keep birds—and the practice is on the increase, it is a matter of stringent duty on our part to point out *all* that will induce towards making them "happy." Yet is *that* word a perfect mockery! If we could read the heart of a bird, and enter into his feelings at *this* season, whilst confined in a room,—we should hardly persist in our cruelty to his race.

Accustomed as WE are to range the fields, and almost to acquire the language (certainly the feelings) of the "free" songsters as they revel in delight around us)—we speak to a point on this matter. Oh! that all "admirers of our writings on Song-Birds" could join us in our walks; letting us chat to them by the way as we wandered through the young growing corn, in shady lanes, by brooks and rivulets; in copses, meadows, and leafy woods—we would try and convince them of what they are so slow to learn, so unwilling to believe. Nay more; we are vain enough to believe that our argument would "prevail" with many—for we should be away from the noise of cities; buried in Nature's lovely bosom; and the influences of the season, and its surrounding charms, could not *but* melt the heart. Every step we took, we could "illustrate" our argument—for we would point to everything having life, and address ourself to the very soul of each listening ear. We love to reason in the fields! And why? Simply because we always get our own way. Nature is such a special pleader! But we must again descend to prose.

The aviary thoroughly furnished, and your little families affectionately provided for, the next thing to be done is—to make yourself thoroughly acquainted with the natural history of every bird in your possession. You could not do this satisfactorily, unless you had several of the same species; for to judge of all by one, would be manifestly incorrect. Three of each, we think we may conscientiously say, will suffice for your purpose; if you chance to have more, so much the better.

You will find there are many books extant, which profess to treat logically of "British Song Birds;" and we recommend if you feel so disposed, a perusal of the whole. You will then satisfactorily convince yourself, how totally insufficient they are to teach you any large amount of practical knowledge. They appear mere servile copies,

one from the other. We have recently alluded to Bechstein's book (a new edition of which was lately published) in terms of dis-praise. We do not wish to be told how to trap birds, how to tease birds, how to turn birds into unnatural performers, and make them live a life of torment; neither to be instructed in the art of starving them into tameness. Such silly books, although profusely illustrated, must ever be viewed with distaste by all who have hearts, and by all who wish to be beloved by their pets. They are much in request among servants; and we see the ill-effects produced by them daily, as we pass through our west-end streets. Victims of every kind are exhibited in areas, or may be seen suspended from attic windows—shivering in the blast, or scorched by fervid heat. Our pen shall never be used in defence of *such* practices.

For several years we kept a regular "diary" of observations; and we most earnestly advise every possessor of an aviary to do the same thing. They will feel, as we have ever done, fresh sensations of delight every time they refer to their note-book. Truly different indeed will be their own remarks, by comparison with those they have been in the habit of reading in printed books!

You will first note the peculiarity in disposition of each separate inmate; observing, for instance, in whose company the canary and goldfinches are principally found; also the linnet, chaffinch, bullfinch, &c. Certain birds you will find to be of solitary, retired habits; others, gregarious; and many, partial to mixed society. Every day will unfold some new and interesting discovery, and bring to light some Pylades and Orestes vowing eternal friendship for each other, &c.

It is beyond all question, that social intimacies are formed in an aviary; and that they are of long continuance. This remark applies as well to male birds, as to those which live together in pairs. The most singular instance of attachment in illustration of the latter, that we can call to mind, is that of a pied mule canary (a hen), associated with a cock robin. The mutual affection of this out-of-the-way pair, was as strong as it was remarkable. The two were never to be found apart. The mule which we had originally imagined to be a male bird, and purchased as such, in due course laid three eggs. They were artfully concealed behind a part of the lining of the wall, in some dried chickweed. We removed these eggs as quickly as possible; and placed them under a hen canary, which was just beginning to sit, in a breeding cage.

There being a wise and universal law in nature, that no mules, males or females, can reproduce their own species; we felt



quite confident in our own mind of what must be the necessary result with regard to the hatching of the eggs. There was, of course, no embryo—consequently, no offspring. We merely experimented in this one extraordinary instance, to satisfy some amateurs who were morbidly sanguine of a contrary issue.

It is worthy of notice, that immediately on the removal of the eggs from their hiding-place, both the robin and the mule grew melancholy. Their affection was, if possible, redoubled; but, sick at heart at the frustration of their fondest hopes, they pined gradually away, and found a resting-place in the silent grave. "In their deaths they were not divided." We placed them in a small deal box, and buried them beneath the same tomb.

When you have carefully studied the dispositions and habits of the hard-billed birds, you will find that in the soft-billed you have yet more to admire. These little creatures, more particularly those known as the "Warblers," have all of them a soft, silky, plumage; and are, in point of substance, "light as air." Hence their sleekness, trimness, and fair symmetrical proportions. The time to view them in their glory is in the morning, while feeding; or when the sun streams into the aviary, through the windows. They may then be seen basking in the sun's rays, ranged on one of the long perches in the front window; or lying stretched out at full length on the margin of the rippling fountain.

The "Warblers" are also remarkably fond of sitting opposite the looking-glasses; before which they habitually make their toilet, and perform some excruciatingly-droll antics. If ever birds may be said to "think," it is at such seasons as these. It is long before they can bring themselves to believe that the reflection of their own person is not in reality another bird. Many are the assaults committed on the face of the glass in consequence!

To get these little rogues, one and all, to be your associates, you need only provide yourself with any of the luxuries in which they delight—such as a few wood-lice, ants, spiders, mealworms, or earwigs. Your advent will then be heralded with a rapturous song. One or two of these savory *morceaux*, kindly presented with the hand, will get rid of all *mauvaise honte* on their part, and cause you to be "A 1" in the estimation of the colony.

We here close our "Treatise on the Aviary and its Occupants." It has afforded us infinite delight to receive, during its progress towards completion, testimonials of approval from very high quarters. The spirit of our observations has been appre-

ciated; our motives have been pleasingly recognised; and our labor of love for the welfare of the feathered tribe has, we are assured, not been in vain.

## BIRDS OF SONG.

### THE THRUSH.

(Continued from Page 218.)

THE COUNTRY HAS NOW BEEN SO LONG rejoicing in the notes of this happy fellow, that we find him an especial favorite, go where we may. From the earliest dawn until long after sun-set, is he everywhere making himself heard and beloved:—

The thrush's song

Is varied as his plumes; and as his plumes  
Bend beauteous, each with each, so run his notes  
Smoothly, with many a happy rise and fall.  
How prettily upon his parted breast,  
The vividly-contrasting tints unite  
To please the admiring eye! So—loud and soft,  
And high and low, *all* in his notes combine  
In alternation sweet, to charm the ear.

There seems to be a mutual understanding between this bird and man, that he (the thrush) has a prescriptive right to take up his quarters just where he pleases. He seems intuitively to know that he is always a welcome visitor; and this knowledge it is that makes him so loud and so free in his song. He looks upon your garden as his own; your trees as his property; and your fruit as being provided for the refreshment and entertainment of his family. We assume all this, from the bold manner in which he takes possession of his territories.

In our last, we dwelt much upon the admirable construction of the thrush's nest, and made particular mention of the progressive architecture of the builder. We should have remarked, that the rounded form of this frame-work is produced by the bird measuring it, at every step of the process, with its body; particularly with the part extending from the thigh to the chin. It is this *uniform* course of action in all the tribe that causes us to make the discrimination between "instinct" and "reason." If we found an *exception* to a rule, facts would be against us; but it is not so.

The thrush lays four, sometimes five eggs. They are of a blue cast, spotted with black at the larger end. The nest is built in a Fir or Holly; sometimes on the stump of a tree; and very frequently near the ground. It is easily discoverable, and therefore often becomes the property of the highway robber. The heads of these diabolical vagrants are a study worthy of the phrenologists. The savages would appear to have but *one* organ in their whole system—we hardly need say that we mean the organ of "Destructive-



ness." Being in such constant operation, no wonder its owners are such "adepts" in their unnatural vocations!

The same remarks we have already made about the blackbird, apply with full force to the thrush. The best birds are always those which are bat-folded or netted. These possess the wild, or natural note; and when caged, they seldom or never lose it. It would, however, be foolish, as well as cruel to attempt to cage any of the old birds now. In the first place, they would not sing,—at all events for any length of time; in the second place, they would occasion you much unnecessary trouble in attending to them throughout the summer season; and in the third place, you would be depriving their mates of a natural protector whilst engaged in the arduous duties of incubation.

Nestling thrushes often turn out good birds if well educated; but they are very imitative. When only two months old, they will faithfully record the melodious strains of a love-sick cat; nor can we admit that these are much improved on by the extra "variations" that are sometimes indulged in. In such cases, it is desirable to let the performer have his immediate liberty, or your ears will ever after be doomed to sounds of feline melody. We should be wanting in our duty, did we not point out these innate propensities of the thrush. Our readers now have the remedy in their own hands.

If you wish to bring your birds up tame from the nest, it will be advisable to obtain some of the earliest broods, which generally thrive better than any others. You need not keep them *too* warm; but a piece of flannel should be thrown over the nest for a day or two till they are used to the change. When nearly fledged, remove them at once to other quarters.

A nest of young thrushes usually consists of four or five members. All these should be kept together in a long cage, with a wire front. Give them a good bottom of dry, red gravel, and place them in the sun. They will thrive wonderfully fast, thus treated. Feed them exactly the same as you would do young blackbirds. We have already spoken of this, at much length. They will soon learn to peck, and as soon to perch.

It is very difficult to distinguish a male from a female thrush, when young. Indeed, we can give no proper directions for exercising a judgment in the matter. However, if you procure your young birds early in the season, the males will soon "record" their song; and from the distension of the larynx, you will be able to discriminate the powers of their execution. Hens "jabber," the males whistle.

Thrushes, when young, are very liable to cramp. It is needful, therefore, to see that

no water whatever be placed inside their cages. Else will they upset the vessel containing it, and be constantly walking over wet sand. These matters are very seldom rightly understood, and many birds die from the want of only common care. On no account change the food of your birds too soon. Dry food will not suit their digestion, and must not be given them until they are at least six weeks old. A snail, a morsel of bread and butter, and an atom of cheese, in connection with their soft food, will bring them nicely forward. Hang them up in the most cheerful situation you can find; and always talk to them as you pass. This will render them very tame.

Carefully guard against the incursion of CATS. We have many times thrown in a caution of this kind, *en passant*; and at this season, we feel bound to repeat it with increased remonstrance. We never did, do not, and never shall aid any one whose cruelty permits birds, and other "pets," to be domesticated with CATS. The mere sight of one of these creatures sometimes deprives a timid bird of its sanity. Loudly and sweetly as it may have sung, in times past—*such* a shock as that occasioned by the "longing eye" of an anxious cat, will unseat the intellect. We have seen and heard of many such occurrences. We therefore say—beware! Thrushes, like blackbirds, require a variety in their diet. Their general food may consist of German-paste, stale bun, and hard-boiled egg. But they will anxiously look out for a snail, some bread and butter, a morsel of cheese, and a few meal worms. If these be given them at intervals, they will never ail anything; and with care you may keep them 15 years.

Thrushes are liable to CRAMP, particularly when young. Be careful therefore never to place the vessel holding water inside their cages; and let the gravel at the bottom of their cages be always kept clean and dry. It should be changed *every day*. You cannot do better than select your cages on the model proposed for those of the blackbird. They like plenty of room, both in width and height, and they should be suspended moderately high. In summer they may be left out all night; but as we have before remarked, *one* side of the cage must be boarded, to exclude all draughts.

Thrushes are very fond of bathing. You must therefore provide a square earthenware pan (sold by the bird-dealers), let into a wire frame. Suspend this every morning on the cage door (first opening it). The bird will soon jump into his bath; and when he retires you had better remove it immediately; then close the door.

To cause your birds to be tame and familiar, it is only needful to talk to them as you



pass; or to whistle to them. They quickly get used to you, and recognise your step. Hang them by themselves; as the loudness of their song would materially interfere with the harmony of your smaller birds. There is a great art in arranging your vocalists. If you study this, you may turn your garden into an aviary, and melody will be heard to pour from every tree.

We have now said all that is needful for the proper management of this noble bird when in confinement. We must however repeat, that he is *not* adapted for a cage bird, though he is numbered among them. No one can doubt the truth of this who listens to his wild song, especially at this season:—

“ See! the Spring  
Is the earth enamelling;  
And the birds on every tree  
Greet the morn with melody.  
Hark! how yonder THROSTLE chants it,  
Whilst his mate as proudly vaunts it!”

It will be said, that it is not all our readers who can enjoy these wild melodies in the country; and that they have as much right to listen to the music of a thrush as we have, although they *do* live in cities. It is true; and we have done our part towards facilitating their object. We have done it however “under protest.” The only way to enjoy the music of the thrush is—to hear his “song of freedom.” His proud soul despises a cage.

#### THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,  
When our mother Nature laughs around;  
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,  
And gladness breathes from the blossoming  
ground?

There are notes of joy from the wood-lark and  
wren,  
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;  
The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his den;  
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,  
And their shadows at play on the bright green  
vale,  
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,  
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,  
There's a titter of winds in that 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.

And look at the 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 thy gloom away!

#### ANECDOTES OF THE JACKDAW.

IN THE 27th No. of the *Naturalist*, we find the following reminiscences of two Jackdaws. They are from the pen of Mr. Thos. Fuller, Bath:—

About two years since, one of my workmen, a coach-smith, bought a nest with two young jackdaws of one of those marauding urchins of boys, who delight in the destruction of all within their reach. He brought them to the shop, and placed them upon a shelf immediately above his bench, (he was a vice-man,) where they were constantly under his observation. They thrived well, and soon began to hop about the shop. They appeared to take great delight in perching upon the edges of the water-troughs near the forges, where they watched the motions of the fireman attending to his iron in the process of heating, and when taken from the fire, and placed upon the anvil under the operation of the hammers, these two birds faced round, watching the process with apparent intense interest. Notwithstanding the sparks of fire flew close to them, they would only bob their heads and shake their feathers. There were several forges in the shop, but they seemed to prefer the one that did the heaviest work, which was in consequence that which displayed the greatest amount of fire and diffusion of sparks.

But their strongest attachment was to the vice-man who brought them to the shop, and who fed them in their nest. For some little time he took them home on Saturday nights, and brought them back again on Monday mornings, but he discontinued doing so when they grew to maturity. If a stranger came into the shop, the male bird would descend to the ground, and immediately attack the intruder by pecking at his feet. It was frequently suggested to me that much time was wasted by the workmen in playing with these creatures; but so great is my love for natural history, and so much amusement did these lively creatures contribute, that I could not summon resolution to order their expulsion. Frequently have I seen the vice-man mentioned, after fitting a nut upon a bolt, leave the bolt fixed in the vice with the nut screwed down; he would then shake his finger at the male bird, by way of admonition not to meddle with it; when the impudent fellow would immediately hop upon the vice, and begin to unscrew the nut from the bolt with his bill, which he would accomplish by half turns at a time, looking up at the man at intervals very knowingly; and when he had got it quite off, would drop it down and return to the side of his companion, who appeared to share in his satisfaction at the exploit.

There were many other instances of the sagacity of these birds, but it is unnecessary to trouble you with them; they had become so interesting to me that it was with much regret I found, upon going into the shop one Monday morning, that the female was dead. She was found floating upon the water in one of the cooling-troughs, upon the edges of which they so frequently perched. The vice-man declared it was her partner's doings, and that the villain, who was rogue enough for anything, had killed his wife. Whether it was so or not he shewed no contrition, and continued as mischievous as ever, until an occurrence took



place which closed the amusing fellow's career.—It happened that a traveller from some chemical works called at the shop, offering for sale a cheap sort of grease adapted for smiths' use; the viceman filled his grease-box with this composition; the next morning poor Jack was found lying on his back. There is no doubt that he was in the habit of feeding from the grease-pot, and some poisonous ingredient in this compound finished him.

### OUR MIRROR OF THE MONTHS.

#### JUNE.

Copious dispenser of delight, bright JUNE,  
All hail! the meadows smile with flowery pride,  
Shed from thy lavish hand.

IT IS A VERY FAVORITE axiom of ours, that half the pleasures of life consist in anticipation. What we look for to-day, without being able to realise it, we fondly hope for to-morrow. And thus is life rendered pleasant.

We predicted in our last, that the month of MAY would dawn upon us in all its beauties at once. We were still further confirmed in the hope and the belief by the advent of May-day. The fair sun rose on that auspicious morn in all his beauty, glory, and splendor. All nature rejoiced in the scenes of loveliness visible on every hand. Thousands and tens of thousands were poured out to revel in the enjoyments that awaited them, and the day closed as it had opened,—with a splendid and serene sky.

We shall never forget the happiness we enjoyed on May-day,—surrounded as we were by nightingales, blackcaps, thrushes, blackbirds, skylarks, and all the choristers of the grove. Knowing well their sequestered haunts, we sought them in fair company, and enshrined ourselves in the very heart of the country. The sky was our canopy; the earth our carpet, curiously wrought with every variety of living patterns; whilst rivulets of water were, by their melodious murmurings, completing our realisation of perfect repose.

Neither we, nor our fair companion, found cause for regret in having so passed the opening day of the month. Our fickle climate deeming it, perhaps, unwise to give us too many such treats at once, changed the scene completely on the succeeding day. Wind, rain, storms, intense cold, and all the rigors of winter, set in; and from that time until past the middle of the month, we had little to think of, save great-coats and comfortable fires. Just so was it last year.

Well, we have patiently borne all these trials; availing ourselves of every stray opportunity to get into the fields, and watch the progress of the season. We have seen enough to warrant the belief that the winter

is *now* over; and that the heavy rains have not fallen in vain.

The herbage is beautifully green, all vegetation has gathered strength, and the orchards give pleasing demonstration that their produce will be most abundant. We have had no spring; but we anticipate *such* a summer!

It would be idle in us to do more than hint to our readers what awaits them in the month of June. In-door amusements must, of course, be laid aside altogether. The mind and body now must live out of the sight of bricks and mortar. The soul expands, this month. There is nothing but poetry stirring. Pride, conceit, exclusiveness, sternness, ill-nature, bigotry, and deceit, rule largely in the month of May; but, thank God! they appear to exhaust themselves in their final efforts. If a man would be self-righteous now—everything he sees around him forbids the feeling.

We love the summer, were it only for the hallowing, sanctifying influences, it diffuses over men by nature and habit sullen and morose. "Man made the town; God made the country." Man plays the Pharisee, but God commends the simplicity of the heart. He who cannot worship and adore his Creator in rural solitude, or in a country ramble, shall be no companion of ours. At such times, we "love our neighbor as ourself;" and that feeling brings with it a joy perfectly indescribable. When nature attracts us, we fall in love with her irresistibly. Her ladyship's smiles have witchery in them. She looks at us, and we set up a ringing laugh of joy. She woos us, and we give our very soul up, a willing sacrifice to her charms. A happy "union," this!

Oh Nature! lovely Nature! thou canst give  
Delight thyself a thousand ways; and lend  
To every object charms. With *THEE*, even books  
A higher interest gain. The Poet's lay  
Grows sweeter in the shade of wavy woods,  
Or lulling lapse of crystal streams beside.

We have expressed our conviction, that it is arrogant to attempt to sing in so many words, of the delights of summer. No pen can dare to aspire so high. We may plead; we may hint. There we must stop. We cannot now go abroad, or enter any field or garden, without being filled with admiration at what we behold:—

Not a flower  
But shows some touch in freckle, streak, or stem,  
Of God's unrivall'd pencil. He inspires  
Their balmy odors, and imparts their hues,  
And bathes their eyes with nectar. He includes,  
In grains as countless as the sea-side sand,  
The forms with which he sprinkles all the earth.

The same Almighty hand fashioned every minute insect, and perfects its joy—whether on the earth, in the air, or beneath the sur-



face of the waters. To stroll and dabble among these natural curiosities, affords a peculiar delight—known to none but those who are in the secret.

The means of seeking happiness and enjoyment during the present month, are very various. Whitsuntide is the signal for holiday-making and rejoicing. On and after Whit-Monday, we meet Pleasure's votaries in most Protean shapes. That day is appointed for "the vans" to commence plying to and from Hampton Court. The inmates and supporters of these, deserve pity rather than blame. Habit has seasoned them to noise and dissipation, and they can see no fun or enjoyment in anything else. Tee-totallers are among their staunchest adherents; and those who have "taken the pledge," break it just as often as they go out pleasuring! It is grievous to observe these things, and sad to know that they cannot be altered.

The same excesses go on in the various steam-boats below bridge. Indeed, from the present moment until October, little will be thought of by the people but unrestrained indulgence in beer, spirits, and tobacco. These, as we have elsewhere shown, are their only god. It is sad to think, that the masses are not the *only* offenders! The refreshing air of Heaven is everywhere poisoned at this season by people who ought to know better. It is indeed to be regretted, that what little intellect a man has, should be so besotted! *Mais chacun a son gout.*

JUNE is just the season when Nature delights to show forth what wonders she has been secretly working during the earlier months. When she first begins to rub her eyes, and awaken to her lovely task, she puts not forth half her strength. She shows us a world of minor beauties, and makes us fall in love with them; but these merely amuse us while the great work is going on. The finishing touches of her ladyship's toilet are now just being completed, and we shall shortly see her seated on her throne of beauty—looking down on the work of her hands, and rejoicing thereat.

Already have we revelled in the magic beauties of the magnificent chestnuts in Bushy Park, and wandered far into the recesses of certain forests; noted the progress of vegetation in woods and parks; and listened early and late to the song of the blackbird, thrush, laverock, and linnet. We have followed the bee, chased the butterfly, hunted the grasshopper, and viewed the blithe companies of gnats as they hovered up and down in the warm air, like motes in a sunbeam. We have frolicked in the meads, and danced among the flowers. We have joined the lambs in their gambols, and been ravished with delight whilst gazing on the endless profusion of blossoms, ex-

tending far beyond the reach of vision. This is nice amusement in May.

What awaits us in JUNE is still better. We shall have no end of flowers in the garden, to say nothing of those lovely creations that await us in the fields;—

Ye Field Flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true;

Yet, wildings of Nature, I doat upon you;

For ye waft me to summers of old,  
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,  
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,

Like treasures of silver and gold.

Oh, with what real pleasure do we greet the advent of each pretty stranger, as we recognise its re-appearance amongst us in the lanes! Inexhaustible are their beauties, rendered doubly loveable by their innocent and modest pretensions. But we must not dwell upon this.

In a state of culture, we shall speedily rejoice in our geraniums, pinks, sweet-Williams, columbines, fritillary, lupines, Virginian stocks, mignonette, balsams, fuchsias, amaranths, pœonies, love-lies-bleeding, &c., &c. And then our roses! Of these we *must* be silent; or our printer will go raving mad. He has already circumscribed our limits most unmercifully.

Hay-making, too, will be among the outdoor amusements. This was a ceremony in which we always delighted to assist. We trace many happy hours to our reminiscences of the hay-field. Hay-making, however, is not conducted now as it was of yore. We have degenerated in this, as well as in other agricultural matters. Formerly, there was little care brooding on the brow of the mower, and as little on the nut-brown countenances of the hay-makers. Boys and girls, men and women, mistress and maid, master and servant—all used, once upon a time, to take a fork, and revel in the fragrance of the new-mown hay. Care, however, *does* now crowd upon the countenance; and it is only now and then that we can, by favor, join in our old much-loved sport.

As the month advances, our walks begin to be haunted with the richness of beauty. There are splendid evenings, clear, serene, and balmy, tempting us to continue our stroll till after sunset. We see around us fields golden with crowfoot, and cattle basking in plenty. We hear the sonorous streams chiming into the milk pail in the nooks of crofts, and on the other side of hedges. It is now that the mind, which has been continually led onward by the expansion of days, leaves, and flowers, seems to repose on the fulness of nature. Everything is clothed. The spring actually seems past. We are surrounded by all that beauty, sunshine, and



melody which mingle in our ideas of summer. The hawthorn is in full flower: the leafy hedges appear half-buried in the lofty grass. Butterflies take their wavering flight from flower to flower; and dragonflies on the banks of rivers. The mowing-grass presents a mosaic of the most gorgeous and inimitable hues, or is white with waving umbels. A passing gale awakens a scene of lively imagination. The massy foliage of trees swings heavily, the boughs of the hawthorn wave with all their loads of fragrant bloom, and snowy umbelliferous plants toss on the lea like foam on the stormy ocean.

Cottage gardens are now perfect paradises; and, after gazing on their sunny quietude, their lilacs, pœonies, wallflowers, tulips, and anemones, now becoming as common at the doors of cottages as the rosemary and rue once were—one cannot help regretting that more of our laboring classes do not enjoy the freshness of earth, and the pure breeze of Heaven, in these little rural retreats, instead of being buried in close and sombre alleys. Their lives would be lengthened thereby, and their limbs strengthened.

But we must away. If we have awakened any desire in our readers to enjoy what we have been speaking of in the merest outline, most heartily shall we rejoice. All nature now is rife with beauty; and that must indeed be a sorrowful heart which is not open to receive her impressions. She is easily won, and her joys are lasting. The Spring has its delights, and much do we love them; but Summer perfects the joys begun:—

They may boast of the Spring time when flowers  
are fairest,

And birds sing by thousands on every tree;  
They may call it the loveliest, the greenest, the  
rarest,

But Summer's the season that's dearest to me.  
For the brightness of sunshine; the depth of the  
shadows;

The crystal of waters; the fulness of green;  
And the rich flow'ry growth of the old pasture  
meadows,—

In the glory of Summer *alone* can be seen.

### THE IMAGINATION,— OR HOW IS IT DONE?

MRS. HAYDEN, the "rap-ping" *Medium*, who recently called up "to order" the ghost of Nebuchadnezzar's maiden aunt's first cousin, in a pink sarcoenet slip—to the unmitigated terror of a shrivelled-up old gentleman, in decayed Hessians and a faded figured-vest (since "shaky"), is invited to read the following. The calf's head is quite in her line, and *appropos* to her "guinea séances":—

Buckland, the distinguished geologist, one day gave a dinner after dissecting a Mississippi alligator; having asked a good many of the most distinguished of his classes to dine with him. His house and all his establishment were in good style

and taste. His guests congregated. The dinner table looked splendid, with glass, china, and plate, and the meal commenced with excellent soup. "How do you like the soup?" asked the doctor, after having finished his own plate, addressing a famous gourmand of the day. "Very good indeed," answered the other; "turtle, is it not? I only *ask* because I do not find any green fat." The doctor shook his head. "I think it has somewhat of a musky taste," said another, "not unpleasant but peculiar." "All alligators have," replied Buckland, "the cayman peculiarly so. The fellow I dissected this morning, and whom you have just been eating——." There was a general route of the whole guests. Every one turned pale. Half-a-dozen started up from the table. Two or three ran out of the room, and only those who had stout stomachs remained to the close of an excellent entertainment. "See what *imagination* is," said Buckland; "if I had told them that it was turtle, or terrapin, or birds' nest soup, salt water, amphibia, or fresh, or the gluten of a fish from the maw of a sea-bird—they would have pronounced it excellent, and their digestion been none the worse. Such is *prejudice*." "But *was it really* an alligator?" asked a lady. "As good a calf's head as ever wore a coronet," answered Buckland.

In connection with the table-moving and spirit-rapping imposture, Alexander Von Humboldt has been applied to for his opinion. He has given it at some length in the Silesian Gazette. At the close of his letter, he adverts to a long series of pseudo-scientific discoveries, which have been made and exploded in the course of his 84 years' experience; and he advises the table-movers and spirit-rappers—"to try their *chaff* upon some younger bird."

### THE HARP'S WILD NOTES.

BY ELIZA COOK.

A Zephyr breath of wind is playing,  
So softly none can trace its wings;  
And lone and fitful in its straying,  
It falls upon the silver strings.

They pour an answering strain that never  
Could be awoke by minstrel's skill;  
The rarest melody that ever  
Stirred from the chords to bless and thrill.

So rich, so full, so pure, so deep,  
The air in dreamy sweetness floats;  
But only spirit hands can sweep  
Such music from the harp's wild notes.

So many a breast where music liveth  
May yield a store of measured tone;  
Full many a burning lay it giveth,  
Its rarest breathing still unknown.

The throb of strange and holy feeling,  
The dearest joy, the saddest sigh,  
Will fill the soul with high revealing;  
But, like the harp strain, it must die.

None can record the matchless theme  
That with the mystic wind-kiss floats;  
And none can learn the Poet's dream  
That singeth in the Heart's wild notes.



## CHINESE MATCHES.

There swims no goose so grey, but soon or late  
She finds *some* honest gander for a mate.

POPE.



HAVING ELSEWHERE GIVEN CERTAIN CURIOUS particulars relative to the *personnel* of the women of China, and recorded one of the grand banquet-sets of the country,—we feel justified in completing our Sketches by the addendum of a couple of *billets-doux*, which mark the minds of the writers, and denote the national custom of conducting *les affaires du cœur*.

The subjoined is a literal transcript from the "Panama Herald." It will be seen therefrom, that the great point required in the lady lover is to have her "hair dressed;" while her ardent swain must first "wash his head clean," and then give himself a few "knocks" on the seat of knowledge. The lady is, by her father, called "despicable;" and her lover says he is "mean, and ashamed of himself!" These mutual confessions made, the young folks carry on the war much as WE do in England. The poetry of course comes first; and as usual, it gradually subsides into respectable prose. On *this* we need NOT dilate. So now for the curious document:—

"We think we might safely venture on a wager that perhaps not half-a-dozen—if any of our readers have ever seen a genuine Chinese love-letter. We have, though! Recently in Amoy a marriage was concluded between a son of the ancient family of 'Tan' and a daughter of the equally old and respectable house of 'O;' and the annexed productions, we are assured, are literal translations of the letters that passed on the occasion between the fathers of the young couple. Here we have the proposal of the father to the bridegroom:—

The ashamed young brother, surnamed Tan, named Su, with washed head makes obeisance, and writes this letter to the greatly virtuous and humble gentleman whose surname is O, old teacher, great man; and presents it at the foot of the gallery. At this season of the year, the satin curtains are enveloped in mist, reflecting the beauty of the river and hills. In the fields of the blue gem are planted rows of willows close together, arranging and diffusing the commencement of genial influences, and consequently adding to the good of the old year.

I duly reverence your lofty door. The guest of the Sue country descends from a good stock, the origin of the female of the Hui country likewise (is so too). You have received their transforming influences, resembling the great effects produced by rain. Much more you, my honorable, nearly-related uncle; *your* good qualities are of a very rare order. I, the mean one, am ashamed

of myself; just as rotten wood is in the presence of aromatic herbs. I now receive your indulgence, inasmuch as you have listened to the words of the matchmaker, and given Miss S. in marriage to the mean one's eldest son, named Kang. Your assenting to it is worth more to me than a thousand pieces of gold. The marriage business will be conducted according to the six rules of propriety, and I will reverently announce the business to my ancestors with presents of gems and silks. I will arrange the things received in your basket, so that all who tread the threshold of my door may enjoy them. From this time forward, the two surnames will be united; and I trust the union will be a felicitous one, and last for a hundred years, and realise the delight experienced by the union of the two countries Chin and Chin. I hope that your honorable benevolence and consideration will defend me unceasingly. At present, the dragon flies in Sin Hai term—the first month, lucky day. I, Mr. Su, bow respectfully. Light before.

On this decoction of the essential oil of modesty, the young Miss O's father looks with favor; so he responds in a state of still more profoundly polite humility:—

The younger brother surnamed O, named Tus, of the family to be related by marriage, washes his head clean, knocks his head and bows, and writes this marriage letter in reply to the far-famed and virtuous gentleman surnamed Tan, the venerable teacher and great man who manages this business. At this season, the heart of the plum-blossom is increasingly white; at the beginning of the first month, it opens its petals. The eyebrows of the willow shoot out their green; when shaken by the wind, it displays its glory, and grows luxuriantly into five generations. 'Tis matter for congratulation, the union of a hundred years. I reverence your lofty gate. The prognostic is good, also the divination of the lucky bird. The stars are bright, and the dragons meet together. In every succeeding dynasty, office will be held; and for many a generation official vestments will be worn. Not only those of your family surname will enjoy all the aforementioned felicity, but more especially will you, honorable gentleman, who possess abilities great and deep, your manners are dignified and pure. I, the foolish one, am ashamed of my diminutiveness. I for a long time have desired your dragon powers; now you have not looked down upon me with contempt, but have entertained the statements of the matchmaker, and agree to give Mr. Kang to be united to my despicable daughter. We all wish the girl to have her hair dressed, and the young man to put on his cap of manhood. The peach flowers just now look beautiful; the red plum also looks gay. I praise your son, who is like a fairy horse who can cross over through water, and is able to ride upon the winds and waves; but my tiny daughter is like a green window and a feeble plant, and is not worthy of becoming the subject of verse.

Now I reverently bow to your good words, and make use of them to display your good breeding. Now I hope your honorable benevolence will always remember me without end. Now the dragon flies in the Sin Hai term—first month,



lucky day. Mr. Tu makes obeisance. May the future be prosperous!

"The modesty of the old gentleman is so painful, that we are almost afraid to guess what may have been the feelings of Master Tan and Miss O; but whatever they were, they must have overcome them by this time; for the friend to whom we are indebted for these epistolary gems, danced at their wedding a couple of months back, and was nearly suffocated with drinking scalding black-tea out of cocoanut-shell cups.

"But the letters themselves—for we have received the originals, together with the translations—are at least as remarkable for external glitter as for internal value. Each of them is about the size of one of the *Citizen's* pages, and consists of a rich frame composed of something like our *papier maché*. Inside this, is artistically folded a scroll of richly-tinted crimson paper, studded with the golden letters that convey the words of love and modesty. The outer surface is likewise emblazoned with a quantity of raised work, representing robes of honor, tails of distinction, the smallest of all small shoes, peacocks' feathers, and a variety of other equally tasteful designs, which are supposed to be emblematic of the vast accession to the wealth and honor of both contracting houses that may be expected to flow from the union of the gallant Su Tan, junior, and the accomplished Miss Tu O."

We can readily imagine the "courtship" of such a pair as this,—consequent upon the betrothal. A Chinese countenance, animated by love, must be a curiosity indeed! The *eyes* may perchance be eloquent; "but the nose, the nose, my good masters!" However, the natives are "used" to it; and Use is second Nature. Their ideas, too, of "expression," may vary from ours; so let us not be hypercritical.

Success to the gallant Su Tan, junior, and the accomplished Miss Tu O, of the two countries Chin and Chin!

#### A SUDDEN SHOWER.

Black grows the southern sky, betokening rain,  
 And humming hive-bees homeward hurry by:  
 They feel the change; so let us shun the grain,  
 And take the broad road while our feet are dry.  
 Aye,—there some drops fell moistening on my  
 face,  
 And pattering on my hat—'tis coming nigh!—  
 Let's look about, and find a sheltering place;  
 The little things around us fear the sky,  
 And hasten through the grass to shun the shower.  
 Here stoops an ash-tree—hark! the wind gets  
 high,  
 But never mind; this ivy for an hour,  
 Rain as it may, will keep us drily here:  
 That little wren knows well his sheltering bower,  
 Nor leaves his covert though we come so near.

CLARE.

#### MOTHER AND CHILD,—

A SINGULAR SCENE IN CHILI.

IT APPEARS THAT, IN CHILI, a general belief prevails that all children dying very young, go to Heaven direct. Hence, the mothers rejoice instead of grieve; and show their joy by dancing! The following curious narration is from the pen of Gerstaecker, whose "Journey round the World" has been recently published:—

I witnessed, one night, a most singular custom among the native South Americans, which made a deep impression upon me. On returning home rather late, after accompanying some captains of my acquaintance to the landing where their boat was waiting for them, I passed a low-roofed house, in whose well-lighted room music and dancing were going on. I tried to get a look through the curtained window, but did not succeed, and was just going on when the door opened, and two men came out. A third one was just going to shut the door again, when he saw me, and addressing me, asked me in the most friendly way to come in and be welcome. Always ready to see what I could wherever I got a chance, I followed on this kind invitation, and found myself the next minute in a perfect flood of light, but in a very small room, crowded with people.

Taking in the whole at the first glance, the room seemed rather poorly furnished, with white-washed walls; only here and there ornamented with small and colored pictures of saints and martyrs. The tables and chairs were made of pine-wood—the latter with cane bottoms; one corner of the room, and a great part of the whole space, in fact, was taken up by a large bed covered with flowered curtains, instead of a mosquito net; but the curtains thrown back at present to afford room for those guests who would not dance themselves. Aqua-ardiente and dulces were handed round; while all, men and women, the dancers excepted, smoked their cigarillos.

But the most remarkable thing in the room seemed to me a large kind of scaffold, which occupied the other corner opposite the bed, consisting of a light frame-work, ornamented all over with artificial flowers, little pictures of saints, and a quantity of small lighted wax-candles. On the top of it was a most extraordinarily well-made wax-figure of a little child, seated on a low wooden chair, dressed in a snow-white little frock. The eyes were closed, and its pale cheeks were tinged by a soft, rosy hue; the whole figure being perfectly strewn with flowers. It was so deceptive, that, when I drew near at first, I thought it a real child; while a young woman below it, pale, and with tears in her eyes, might very well have been the mother. But that was most certainly a mistake; for, at this moment, one of the men stepped up to her, and invited her to the dance, and a few minutes afterwards she was one of the merriest in the crowd.

But it must really be a child! No sculptor could have formed that little face so exquisitely. And now one light went out, close to the little head, and the cheek lost its rosy hue. My



neighbors remarked the attention with which I looked upon the figure or child, whichever it was ; and the nearest one informed me, as far as I could understand him, that the little thing up there was really the child of the woman with the pale face, who was dancing just then so merrily ; the whole festivity taking place, in fact, only on account of that little angel. I shook my head doubtfully : and my neighbor, to convince me, took my arm, and led me to the frame, where I had to step upon the chair and nearest table, and touch the cheek and hand of the child ! It was a corpse ! And the mother, seeing I had doubted it, but was now convinced, came up to me, and smilingly told me it had been her child, and was now a little angel in heaven. The guitars and cacaes commenced wildly again, and she had to return to the dance.

I left the house as in a dream, but afterwards heard the explanation of this ceremony. If a little child, I believe up to four years of age, dies in Chili, it is thought to go straight to Heaven and become a little angel ; the mother being prouder of that—before the eyes of the world at least—than if she had reared her child to happy man or womanhood. The little corpse is exhibited then, as I had seen it ; and they often continue dancing and singing around it till it displays signs of putrefaction. But the mother, whatever the feelings of her heart may be, must laugh, and sing, and dance. She dare not give way to any selfish wishes, for is not the happiness of her child secured ? Poor mother !

This little episode has something touching about it. Were it not for the "little pictures of saints, small lighted wax candles," and other mummery, one would almost feel inclined to respect the feeling that so readily resigned the child into the hand of its maker. But natural affection must have *some* outlet ; and no doubt the mother pines in secret when no eye sees her. It must be so.

As regards the eternal happiness of little children taken away early, there cannot be two opinions on that subject. Yet must sorrow prevail for a time. It is a wise law of nature.

### THE GENTLE SEX.

WOMEN have always held sway in this lower World. It is said that one Francis was the first monarch who introduced ladies at his court. He remarked, in a style of true gallantry, "that a drawing-room without ladies, was like the year without the spring ; or rather, like spring without flowers." We must imagine however, in compliment to his taste, that the female costume of *that* period was very different from what it is at present. Women of the present age bear very little resemblance indeed to flowers—unless it be artificial flowers ; and as for their "fragrance," it is imported either from Persia, or the *depôts* of Paris. Flowers *still* remain natural. Women do *not*. But as fashions change, let us hope we shall in this matter return to the "good old times."

### THE HISTORY OF COAL.

FEW are aware of the wonderful events in the economy of our planet, and of the application of human industry and science involved in the production of the coal that supplies the metropolis of England. The most early ages to which we can carry back its origin, was among the swamps and forests of the primeval earth, where it flourished in the form of gigantic Calamites, and stately Lepidodendra, and Sigillariæ. From their native bed, these plants were torn away by the storms and inundations of a hot and humid climate, and transported into some adjacent lake, or estuary or sea. Here they floated on the water, until they sank saturated to the bottoms ; and, being buried in the detritus of adjacent lands, became transferred to a new estate among the members of the mineral kingdoms. A long interment followed, during which a course of chemical changes, and new combinations of their vegetable elements, have converted them into the mineral condition of coal. By the elevating force of subterranean fires, these beds of coal have been uplifted from beneath the waters to a new position in the hills and mountains, where they are accessible to the industry of man. From this fourth stage in its adventures, our coal has again been moved by the labors of the miner, assisted by the arts and sciences that have co-operated to produce the steam-engine and the safety-lamp.

Returned once more to the light of day and a second time committed to the waters, it has, by the aid of navigation, been conveyed to the scene of its next and most considerable change by fire : a change during which it becomes subservient to the most important wants and conveniences of man. In this seventh stage of its long eventful history, it seems to the vulgar eye to undergo annihilation. Its elements are indeed released from the mineral combinations they have maintained for ages, but their apparent destruction is only the commencement of new successions of change and of activity. Set free from their long imprisonment, they return to their native atmosphere, from which they were absorbed to take part in the primeval vegetation of the earth. To-morrow, says Buckland, they may contribute to the substance of timber, in the trees of our existing forests ; and having for awhile resumed their place in the living vegetable kingdom, may ere long be applied a second time to the use and benefit of man. And when decay or fire shall once more consign them to the earth, or to the atmosphere, the same elements will enter on some further department of their perpetual ministration in the economy of the material world.



## FINE ARTS.

## HISTORICAL PAINTINGS

BY THE BROTHERS FOGGO.

THERE ARE NOW on private view at Mr. John Amor's, 135, New Bond Street—tickets obtainable on application—three very beautiful pictures by the brothers Foggo—James and George.

The first represents the "Barons' League." The subject may be thus explained. At St. Edmund's Bury, in 1214, under pretence of the Festival of St. Edmund, Arch. Langton, a worthy descendant of the Saxons, met the Barons of England before the altar; and showing them a charter of ancient rights and liberties (supposed to be that of Henry I.) causes them to swear to obtain its confirmation by King John, whose tyranny was become intolerable. The oldest Baron, each in succession, takes the pledge kneeling, amidst a burst of national enthusiasm. In the corner, Earl Fitzwalter, in mourning for his daughter inhumanly murdered by King John, prays that the tyrant may come within reach of his sword; and mothers lament the untimely fate of their first-born, victims of the fears and ferocity of the wicked king. De-Roos, who to avoid the jealousy of John had hidden himself in a monastery, throws off the monastic garb, and appears armed for the coming contest. The trophy of Richard the Lion-hearted, the standard of Cyprus, and that of St. Edmund's Abbey—add to the solemnity.—This picture has had ample justice done it. The conception and execution are alike excellent.

The second is a beautiful painting of "Magna Charta," representing King John forced to sign the Deed of National Freedom. This being a full subject, much skill was requisite to give proper effect to the grouping. It has been very cleverly arranged, and all the characters are admirably brought out.

The third exhibits equal artistic excellence. Perhaps from the position of the characters represented, it affords better scope for the full development of the artists' powers. The subject is "Hampden and Sir John Elliot, before the Privy Council." They are appealing to Magna Charta against forced Loans.

In every one of these paintings there is much to admire. We have seen them several times, and on each occasion with increased pleasure.

## THE SIMPLICITY OF NATURE.

MAN loves the green, sunny spots of earth. A tradition seems to lurk in the memory even of the dweller amidst bricks and mortar, which inclines his soul with an undefined longing towards nature arrayed in her unadorned simplicity. There is a charm about the idea of the greenwood shade, and a couch of velvet grass, which fascinates the man in his childhood, and grows with him, as years increase, into absolute fondness; as if the capacity for the original new-made existence he enjoyed was destined by the unalterable laws of his constitution never to be eradicated. Hence the flowers we see tended with so much care in squalid districts of our large towns, and the arid

patches, with plants pining in the shade, cultivated with an assiduity which apologises for many a grave error. But of all the places which Providence, by the instrumentality of an advanced degree of civilisation, has created for the comfort of man, there is none like home; and of all homes the English one is the best. An Englishman instinctively loves the russet and green amid which his remote ancestors freely roved; but he also loves his home, and, when he can, places it on the margin of the huge town from which he draws the means of subsistence; so that he may, in his hours of relaxation, scent the thorn, and watch those pretty day-stars,—the daisies, dot the green fields, over which comes the healthful breeze that brings the bloom to his cheeks.

## SAGACITY OF THE MULE.

WE HAVE ELSEWHERE GIVEN an extract from "Gerstaecker's Journey round the World." The following is from the same source, and it is interesting on several accounts. If the danger incurred whilst crossing the Cordilleras was great, how much more remarkable was the instinct displayed by the mules!

The path, says the author, was now so narrow that it seemed to me as it wound itself round a projecting rock, absolutely to terminate. I could see nothing more than a thin light streak, as if drawn with a piece of chalk, and I could not believe that this was our path. The rock round which it went did not show the least cut or notch, where even a goat could have planted its feet; let alone our clumsy mules. The little crumbling pieces of stone which our mules' hoofs kicked over the precipice made me sensible of the danger falling straight down to a depth that made my blood freeze to think of.

But this was no place to stop at; and I observed closely the cautious manner in which my guide raised himself in his right stirrup, not doubting that we were now at the spot of which he had told me before, and where mules and riders were often thrown over. I was, therefore, careful not to irritate my mule at a place where it certainly knew far better how to go than I did—accidents have happened from travellers pulling their bridles at the wrong time. My guide went on very coolly, along a trail where mules had to keep the very edge of the precipice. Mules frequently carry a load over this track, when they are very careful not to knock against the overhanging rock, as they know the least push would send them over the precipice. Our mules, it is true, had no load, but they were accustomed to carrying one; and therefore kept the extreme edge, to my great discomposure. But I left my mule entirely to its own instinct, only lifting my left foot in the stirrup, as I saw the vaquiano do, so that, in case of an accident, I might throw myself off its back, and cling to the rock. But why, the reader may ask, did you not get off the mule at once, and pass dangerous places on foot? In the first place, because the danger is the same for many miles; and secondly, because those men who pass their lives in leading travellers over these mountains know best where to walk, and



where to ride, and I followed the example my guide set me. Nor, to tell the truth, did I at the moment think of anything but my mule, as he moved slowly, step by step, round the yawning abyss, with scarcely three inches to spare on either side.

As we proceeded, the path got still narrower, the abyss seemed deeper; and looking down once, between the mule's side and my stirrups, I saw below in the deep hollow a perfect heap of skeletons—mules, that must have tumbled down since the last flood, or their bones would have been washed away. In my horror I forgot the warning of the vaquiano, and, grasping the reins of my mule, tried to turn it away from the edge, which seemed to me as if it must crumble beneath its next step. My imprudence was near being fatal to me, for, turning the head of my mule away from the precipice, it lost its sure footing, stepped aside, and striking the saddle-bags against the rock, it stumbled forward. Yet we did not tumble. The mule planted its fore hoofs on a firm part of the crumbling ledge, and lifted itself up again, just as a small piece of stone, loosened by the effort, fell noiselessly from the path; and, springing from under us, toppled over, and struck long afterwards with a dull, hollow sound into the deep.

I need not be ashamed to say that this little incident made me tremble, and I thought the blood became stagnant in my veins.

### FRIENDSHIP, AN EVERGREEN.

BY ELIZA COOK.

To——.

SOME liken their love to the beautiful rose,  
And some to the violet sweet in the shade;  
But the Flower Queen dies when the Summer-day  
goes,  
And the blue eye shuts up when the Spring  
blossoms fade!  
So we'll choose for our emblem a sturdier thing,  
We will go to the mountain and worship its  
tree;  
Then a health to the Cedar—the Evergreen King,  
Like the Evergreen so shall our Friendship be!  
The perfume it carries is deeply concealed,  
Not a breath of rich scent will its branches  
impart;  
But how lasting and pure is the odor revealed  
In the inmost and deepest recess of its heart!  
It groweth in might and it liveth right long;  
And the longer it liveth the nobler the tree;  
Then a health to the Cedar—the true and the  
strong,  
Like the Evergreen so shall our Friendship be!  
It remaineth unseared in the deluge of light,  
When the flood of the sun-tide is pouring around;  
And as firmly and bravely it meeteth the night,  
With the storm-torrent laden, and thunder-  
cloud crowned;  
And so shall all changes that Fortune can bring,  
Find our spirits unaltered and staunch as the  
tree;  
Then a health to the Cedar—the Evergreen King,  
Like the Evergreen so shall our Friendship be!

### FLOWERS AND THEIR CHARMS.

FLOWERS ARE THE POETRY OF THE VEGETABLE WORLD. The love thereof is exclusively the attribute of man, for it is an instinct bestowed by divine benevolence only on the human race. Man has been defined to be a cooking animal; how much more intellectually might he be designated a flower-loving being—the only one in creation that has an eye to admire, a heart to feel, or a mind to expatiate on these gems of floral loveliness!

A flower will often attract the attention of an infant that has scarcely learnt to recognise a mother's smile.

When March with its winds has past o'er,  
When April has scattered her showers,  
And spring-tide from May's threshold door,  
Enlivens creation with flowers,—  
What more glads the heart of a child,  
And bids it with ecstasy glow,  
Than leave it to ramble forth wild;  
Where daisies and buttercups grow?

When these weedy wonders of our infancy  
have lost their attraction,

The violet blue, the primrose pale,  
That gems the bank, and scents the vale,

court the love of the youth, and woo the  
adoration of the maiden.

These, again, when familiarity has brushed off the dew of novelty with which rarity had bedecked them, are in their turn thrown aside for further floral favorites, which, if not intrinsically more beautiful, are generally less common. Every age, from the dawn of intelligence to the settling of intellect, is delighted with a flower. The very savage, who despises all the luxuries of civilised life, often pauses in his rapid course to pluck the wild flower that embroiders nature's vegetable carpet. Even when reason, man's faculty divine, is eclipsed,

The moping idiot, and the madman gay,  
can nurse his melancholy or feed his fancy,  
by gazing on, or toying with, some chosen  
one of Flora's favored children.

Flowers are the joy of nature in the spring. They are upon the earth what the stars are in the skies. As the stars are the flowers of heaven, so the flowers are the stars of the earth. They form the language of the heart, the eloquence of the mind. Without the metaphorical intervention of flowers, language would lose its most beautiful expressions; for affection would be deprived of its most endearing epithets, love of its most delicate-comparisons, and religion of its most touching imagery. The idiom of flowers is universal, it is applied to all subjects, by all nations. It imparts beauty without inducing weakness, and embodies passion without offending delicacy.



## GOOD-NATURE.

IN THIS DULL WORLD, we cheat ourselves and one another of innocent pleasures by the score; through very carelessness and apathy. Courted, day after day, by happy memories, we rudely brush them off with this indiscriminating besom; the stern material present. Invited to help in rendering joyful many a patient heart, we neglect the little word that might have done it, and continually defraud Creation of its share of kindness from us.

The child made merrier by your interest in its toy; the old domestic flattered by our seeing him look so well; the poor better helped by your blessing than your penny—though give the penny too; the laborer cheered on in his toil by a timely word of praise; the humble friend encouraged by your frankness; equals made to love you by the expression of your love; and superiors gratified by attention and respect, and looking out to benefit the kindly—how many pleasures here for one hand to gather; how many blessings for any heart to give!

Instead of these, what have we rife about the world? frigid compliment—for warmth is vulgar; reserve of tongue—for it is folly to be talkative; composure, never at fault—for feelings are dangerous things; gravity—for that looks wise; coolness—for other men are cool; selfishness—for every one is struggling for his own.

This is all false, all bad; the slavery chain of custom, riveted by the foolishness of fashion; because there is ever a band of men and women who have nothing to recommend them but externals. Their looks are their dresses, their ranks are their wealth; and, in order to exalt the honor of these, they agree to set a compact seal of silence on the heart, and on the mind, lest the flood of humbler men's affections, or of wiser men's intelligence, should pale their tinsel praise.

The warm and the wise too softly acquiesce in this injury done to heartiness; shamed by the effrontery of cold calm fools, and the shallow dignity of an empty presence. Turn the table on them, ye truer gentry, truer nobility, truer royalty of the heart, and of the mind. Speak freely, love warmly, laugh cheerfully, explain frankly, exhort zealously, admire liberally, advise earnestly. Be not ashamed to own you have a heart—it is no crime; and if some cold-blooded simpleton greet your social efforts with a sneer, repay (for you can well afford a richer gift than his whole treasury possesses) with a kind, good-humored smile. Then will life pass pleasantly, and the world be full of happy faces.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS consists in striving to make all who are around us—happy. How easy this! How natural! How truly amiable!

## KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

HAD PEOPLE but resolution enough to be not absolutely indifferent to, or cynically regardless of, but less solicitous about what others may think of their concerns—of what a load of trouble might they at once relieve themselves! At least one half of the toil, the anxieties, and the fatigues of life, is occasioned by the struggling to cut a figure in that great *cil de bœuf*, the eye of the world!

It may appear strange, yet is it undeniably true, that the regard we universally pay to other people's eyes, puts us to more trouble and expense than almost anything else. What sums of money are squandered away, whether they can be afforded or not; what trouble, what toil, what fuss, what vexation are submitted to, for no better reason than because our neighbors possess the power of looking at us! As if other people's eyes did not already tax us sufficiently in the way of what is called "keeping up appearances!"

Many even double, or treble that tax, in order to exaggerate appearances, and show themselves to the world in an expensive masquerade; till, perhaps, they end by becoming really poor—merely through the pains they take to avoid the imputation of being thought so; or rather through the misplaced ambition of being considered far wealthier than they really are.

The keeping up of appearances is laudable enough; but the art of doing so is not understood by every one. For instead of regulating appearances according to a scale which they can consistently and uniformly adhere to, a great many persons set out in life by making appearances far beyond what they can afford, and beyond what they can "keep up" at all—at least not without constant effort, pain, or apprehension. Society abounds with such tiptoe people—as they may well enough be described, since they assume the uneasy attitude of walking upon tiptoes, which, though it may do for travelling across a Turkey carpet or hearth-rug, is ill suited for journeying through life, on a road which, though rugless, is, nevertheless, apt to be found rugged, and requires to be trodden firmly if we would keep our footing.

## EVERY-DAY LIFE.

From morning till night, is the human mind restless as the troubled sea! No sooner do men enter the world, than they at once lose their taste for natural and simple pleasures, so remarkable in early life. Every hour do they ask themselves, what progress they have made in the pursuit of wealth and honor? And on they go, as their fathers went before them; till, weary and sick at heart, they look back with a sigh of regret to the golden time of their childhood. Nature is *not* to blame for this. WE are the offenders, and deserve to be unhappy.



## PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

## No. XLIII.—PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN.

BY F. J. GALL, M.D.

*(Continued from Page 231.)*

TO AVOID ALL CONFUSION OF IDEAS, I shall treat separately of Materialism, of Fatalism, of Moral good and evil, and of Free-will.

## OF MATERIALISM.

By the term *materialism*, men designate things entirely different. Sometimes, the materialist pretends that there is no other existence than that of matter, and that all the phenomena in the world are simply the effects of matter. The ancient church bestowed the name *materialists* on those who taught that matter existed from all eternity, and that, consequently, the Deity had not drawn the world out of nothing. This sort of materialism ordinarily leads to the denial of the existence of a Supreme Intelligence, of a God; and then it is confounded with atheism. It is not of such materialism that my doctrine is accused. If any one can become an atheist, it is not the man who occupies himself on a large scale with the study of nature; because, at every step, he meets phenomena which he cannot explain by any of the known laws of the material world. He perceives not only the incomprehensible wonders of particular organisations, but also the wise connection of the whole. Nothing in the universe is insulated. All worlds have been placed in reciprocal relations; inanimate nature is so with living nature; all living beings are so with each other. Who, then, can mistake a cause of all causes, a supreme law of all laws, an intelligence of all intelligences, an ordainer of all orders—in a word, a God?

Another species of materialism is professed by those who maintain that man is not composed of two substances essentially different; that is, of a body and a soul: that all the phenomena which are ordinarily attributed to the soul, are only the results of the combinations and of the forms of matter; or, that the soul is only a fluid of extreme tenuity, diffused through the whole body, which gives to each part its proper life. This second species of materialism includes a doctrine not less erroneous than the other, and thus destroys the belief of the immortality of the soul. Yet its partisans would fain convince us that this consequence is unfounded. "The principles of matter," say they, "are in their nature as eternal, as indestructible, as the spiritual substance; these two substances can be annihilated only by an express order of the Deity, and, consequently, there would be nothing absurd or dangerous in thinking that the immortal soul may be material. We ought, on the contrary, still more to admire the Creator, who has united so many qualities to matter, and raised it to the faculty of thought and of will. If," continue these philosophers, "we choose to regard the soul and the body as two substances totally different, we can no more explain the action of one upon the other, than we can comprehend how a material substance can possess thought; so that from the incomprehensibility of the last idea, it does not follow that one doctrine is more true

than the other. Hence," say they again, "men for a long time have regarded thought as a property of matter; and those, who teach the resurrection of the body are equally convinced of the immortality of matter. In fine," they add, "we can gain only a very defective notion of matter, and a purely negative notion of the soul, by representing to ourselves a substance deprived of all the known properties of matter, and retaining the faculties of thought and will; while reason can no more attain to the essence of matter than of mind, and, consequently, we cannot reasonably maintain, that extension and other properties are inconsistent with the essence of the soul, nor that the faculty of thinking is incompatible with the essence of the body."

My doctrine has nothing in common with this hypothesis, nor, consequently, with this species of materialism. I have always declared, that I make no research into the nature of the soul and the body, and that I do not wish to explain the essence of any of these faculties. I confine myself to phenomena. Now we see that in this world, no faculty manifests itself without a material condition; all the faculties, even those which we call mental, act only by means of matter, and their actions can only be perceived by means of material organs. If, then, I am to be called a materialist, because I say that all the dispositions are innate, and that their exercise depends on material organs, it ought to be proved that in so saying I acknowledge no other substance than that of matter, and that I reject every other faculty. The observations which follow, will prove how unjust is this inference.

I call the material condition which renders the exercise of a faculty possible, *an organ*. The muscles and the bones are the material conditions of motion, but are not the faculty which causes motion; the total organisation of the eye is the material condition of sight, but is not the faculty of seeing. I call a material condition, which renders the manifestation of a moral quality, or an intellectual faculty possible, *an organ of the soul*. I say that man in this life, thinks and wills, by means of the brain. But, if it be thence concluded that the being, willing, and thinking, is the brain, or that the brain is the being, willing, and thinking; it is as if one should say, that the muscles are the faculty of motion; that the organ of sight, and the faculty of seeing, are the same thing. In both cases the faculty is confounded with the organ, and the organ with the faculty.

This error is the more unpardonable, as it has been committed and corrected very frequently. St. Thomas answered in this manner, to those who confounded the faculty and the instrument: "Although the mind be not a corporeal faculty, the functions of the mind, such as memory, thought, imagination, cannot take place without the aid of corporeal organs. Hence, when the organs, from any derangement, cannot exert their activity, the functions of the mind are also deranged, and this is what happens in phrensy, asphyxia, &c. Hence, also, it happens, that a fortunate organisation of the human body has always, for its result, distinguished intellectual faculties."

In the fourth century, St. Gregory of Nyssus compared the body of man to an instrument of music. "It happens," says he, "to many skilful



musicians, not to be able to give proofs of their talent, because their instrument is in a bad state. It is thus that the functions of the soul can duly exercise themselves only when the organs of these functions conform to the order of nature. But these functions cease or are arrested, when the organs cannot subserve the proper motions; for *it is a peculiarity of the mind, that its faculties cannot be duly exercised except by healthy organs.*" In another passage he says, that the soul begins to exist at the same time as the body; that it is present, though it may not manifest itself; just as the form of the future man is contained in the seed; that the soul can only make itself known when the successive development of the corporeal organs permits it.

If we do not take into consideration the difference which exists between the organs and the faculties; and if, to be a materialist it is sufficient to declare that the exercise of the intellectual faculties depends on the organisation, who is the writer, ancient or modern, whom we have not the right to charge with materialism?

Either we must admit the whole body as the instrument of the moral and intellectual forces, or we must say that the brain is this instrument; or, finally, we must adopt several distinct instruments in the brain. It is to these three propositions that all opinions may be referred. Now it is evident that each of these propositions has, for its result, to make the intellectual qualities and moral faculties depend on material conditions.

In the first case, it is the body which we admit as the necessary condition of the exercise of the faculties of the soul. If this were materialism, it is the Deity himself who would be the cause of our error. Is it not God, (says Boerhaave,) who has united the soul so closely to the body, that its faculties are defective when the organisation is defective, and that they are disturbed when the body is diseased? Saturninus derives the differences in the moral and intellectual qualities of man, from the different structure of his organs. All the ancient moralists, Solomon, St. Paul, St. Cyprian, St. Augustin, St. Ambrosius, St. Chrysostome, Eusebius, &c., regard the body as the instrument of the soul, and plainly profess that the soul always governs itself by the state of the body. Philosophers, also, admit with Herder, that all the faculties, even thought, depend on the organisation and the health; and that if man is the most accomplished being of the terrestrial creation, it is because the most perfect organic faculties which we know, act in him by the most perfect instruments of organisation, in which these faculties are inherent. Lavater accuses those who, in this matter, allow nothing to the primitive organisation and formation, of insulting reason, and of defending a system belied in every living being.

In fine, from Hippocrates and Galen, physicians and physiologists have all established the same doctrine; and whatever diversity there may be in their opinions, the basis of all is the same. Some make the moral character depend on the organs of automatic life; while others seek for the principle of the passions in the numerous nervous plexuses and ganglia of the chest and abdomen. Others explain the thoughts and desires by deriving them from the liver. But, it is evident that one party, as well as the other, subjects the faculties of the

soul to material conditions; and, consequently, were this language sufficient to charge me with materialism, the same charge would apply to all physicians, all philosophers, and all the fathers of the church.

Shall we, then, reserve the charge of materialism for those, particularly, who regard the brain as the organ of the soul? This doctrine is not less diffused than that of which we have just spoken. We find it already in the sect of Pythagoras. The physiological physicians, and the philosophers, make everything depend on the brain; at least, the qualities of the mind, attention, memory, imagination, &c. Boerhaave and Van Swieten attribute to the brain, not only the ideas, their combinations, and the judgment; but also the moral character of man, and all his human essence. Some among them maintain that the impressions received, leave traces in the brain; they explain, by these traces, memory, the comparison of ideas, and judgment. Others, with Malebranche, attribute to the firmness and softness, the dryness and moisture of the cerebral fibres, the difference of the faculties and propensities. Haller, Buffon, and Bichat, regard the inequality of the two cerebral hemispheres, as the cause of mental alienation. Here, then, are so many opinions tending to materialism.

There are none, not even my adversaries, who are not forced either to admit the brain to be the organ of the soul, or to suppose a very subtle material substance, to serve as a medium of communication between the soul and the body. Such is the case with Professors Ackermann, at Heidelberg, and Walter, at Berlin, whose objections have been repeated by most of my opponents. The first does not confine himself to regarding the brain as the organ of the soul; he also admits an extremely subtle nervous medulla, soft and almost fluid, which converts itself, by degrees, in the cavities of the brain into animal vapor, and which becomes a medium between the soul and the nerves of sense. Walter says, "in the infant, the brain is like pap; in old age it is hard, and in middle life of an intermediate consistence. The brain must have a certain degree of firmness and elasticity, in order that the soul may exhibit itself in its greatest brilliancy, and the man attain his greatest mental perfection. This mode of viewing the subject does not lead to materialism: it has no other object than the reciprocal union of the soul and the body." Thus, there is no writer who does not make the moral and intellectual functions depend on material conditions; and my adversaries, if I were a materialist, would be no less so than myself.

Finally, do my opponents think to impute materialism to me, because in place of one organ of the soul I admit several? But is one more or less a materialist by admitting one or several organs? Is the organ immaterial because it is single? Whether the whole body or the whole brain be the sole organ of the soul, the body and the brain belong to matter. The admission of several organs in the brain, makes no difference in that respect. The hand is not less material than the five fingers!

It would seem that my adversaries must have felt the want of vigor in their deductions; for, in order to save, at least in appearance, the simplicity of their organ of the soul, they have been obliged



to imagine a central point, where the soul might have its seat, and where it might perceive all external and internal impressions. "The organisation," says Prof. Ackermann, "though divisible into several organs, yet offers one complete whole in which all the organs depart from one point, and in which they must all re-unite." But, unhappily, he is obliged to concede that the anatomy of the brain does not offer this principal point, where all the nerves of sense unite, which transmit sensations to the organ of the soul. On the contrary, I have proved in the anatomy of the brain, that its different parts have their origin in different points, and spread themselves in large nervous expansions in places equally different. Van Swieten and Tiedemann have already remarked that a general point of union, where impressions of all sorts should arrive at once, would produce only confusion. Yet Professor Ackermann thinks that such a union of the divergent nerves would be very possible, by means of an intermediate substance in which they should terminate; and as, according to his opinion, this might happen, he concludes peremptorily that it is so. But to what purpose this point of union? This intermediate, very subtle substance, must occupy a space at least equal to that of the divergent nerves, or it could not possibly come into contact with them; and supposing this point to be as small as an atom, would it, therefore, be any the less material?

Supposing that the plurality of organs has no existence in the manner that I shall show it to exist in my second volume, all those who have regarded the whole body, or the brain alone, as the organ of the soul, are not less liable than myself to the charge of having admitted more than one organ of the soul. It is in fact certain, and all anatomists agree, that the total of animal life, and consequently the brain, is double. This organ is composed of two hemispheres, each of which comprehends the same parts. Thus we have all a double organ of the soul; and we should all be materialists, if it were sufficient, in order to be such, to believe in the plurality of organs; and in this manner the Deity himself would have established materialism in an incontestable manner. If I am a materialist because I admit more than a single faculty of the soul, and because I recognise several primitive faculties, I ask if the ordinary division of the faculties of the soul into understanding, will, attention, memory, judgment, imagination, affections and passions, expresses only a single primitive faculty? If it be said that all these faculties are only the modifications of a sole and single faculty, who will prevent me from advancing the same assertion of the faculties which I admit? It is very evident that we remark different properties of the mind and soul in man. It must follow, then, either that the soul is composed of different faculties, or that a single and same soul produces different phenomena by means of different organs. Now, it is infinitely easier to imagine the unity of the soul in the last case than in the first; and, consequently, materialism is no longer a bugbear which ought to deter any one from my doctrine any more than from others.

Analogy, again, comes in support of this last proposition. Every one allows that several wholly different functions, which we feel obliged to attribute to the soul, take place in us by means of

different organs. The voluntary motions, for instance, are executed by means of the nervous systems of the vertebral column: the functions of sense are each attached to a different internal and external apparatus.

It is true that men are not willing to admit the comparison of the voluntary movements and the functions of the senses with the moral qualities and intellectual faculties, because these first functions are regarded as material. But, as these functions are performed with consciousness, and in part voluntarily, this would imply that organs, purely material, have consciousness and will. This doctrine would approach much nearer to materialism than mine. We should even find ourselves obliged, after the example of a great many philosophers, to include among the properties of manner, memory, intelligence, imagination, the affections, passions, propensities and inclinations. What could prevent these materialists from going one step further, and allowing to matter other faculties—as the reason and the will, which are called, by preference, faculties of the soul and mind.

The case is very different in my manner of viewing the subject, and my doctrine is not open to any of these objections. There exists, according to my view, only one single principle, which sees, feels, tastes, hears, and touches, which thinks and wills. But, in order that this principle may gain a consciousness of light and sound; that it may feel, taste, and touch; that it may manifest its different kinds of thoughts and propensities, it has need of different material instruments, without which the exercise of all these faculties would be impossible.

It results, then, from this discussion, that those who charge me with materialism, because I regard material conditions as indispensable to the exercise of the faculties of the soul, confound these faculties with the instruments by means of which they act. It also results that, the brain being double, anatomists are forced to admit the plurality of these material conditions: it finally results that the profoundest writers of all ages have subjected the exercise of the faculties of the soul and mind to material organs; and that, consequently, if this truth establishes materialism, we must make this charge against all the physicians and philosophers that ever flourished, and even against the fathers of the church and the apostles.

### PRIDE.

A proud man is a fool in fermentation; swelling and boiling like a porridge pot. He sets his feathers like an owl, to swell and seem bigger than he is. He is troubled with an inflammation of self-conceit, that renders him the man of pasteboard, and a true buckram knight. He has given himself sympathetic love powder, that works upon him to dotage, and transforms himself into his own mistress—making most passionate court to his own dear perfections, and worshipping his own image. All the upper storeys are crammed with masses of spongy substances, occupying much space; as feathers and cotton will stuff cushions better than things of more compactness and proportion.



## AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A DOG.—NO. XIII.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

(Continued from Page 235.)

THE SNOWY WEATHER we have had so very recently, Mr. Editor,—(it is now March 18th)—reminds me of the same period of the year in my own country; and induces me to write a little entomologically. You will, I am sure, excuse this, when you consider that I have not trespassed much in that way lately.

A great deal of snow used to fall in the month of January, more particularly towards the latter end of the month, and the beginning of February. The *Bise* also is very severe, and pretty frequent. The old saying runs, that the *Bise* lasts three days; but if it should continue longer, and very sharp, the old market-girls will call out—"Eh, ma foi! c'est furieusement froid. C'est une *Bise de neuf jours*."

Now at the commencement of February, in some parts, there would be from four to six feet of snow; and generally, at the lower parts, near the lake, about one or two feet. I do not, of course, speak of any exposed situation, or where the snow had drifted. There you might reckon from eight to fourteen feet. But I talk of a fair general level, and on such it would top the hedges on our highways. I need hardly say that, at such a period of the year, everything travels on sledges. A delightful and amusing way of travelling, that is; as I shall soon take occasion to show you.

My object in sending you this, is to give you a little description of one of our snowy entomological rambles. We would start as usual, at this season of the year, after a capital breakfast, and did not forget two or three tea-spoonsful of Kirschenwasser in our coffee. Myself and brother, however, preferred the coffee *without* the Kirschenwasser. Walking fast was out of the question, in consequence of the snow; but by the time we reached the Châlet of Montmeilan (already noticed in a former communication), we were as warm as we could wish to be, and right glad to rest half-an-hour. This gave us time to dispose of some bread and cheese, and a glass of old wine; and, as we always contrived to enjoy ourselves thoroughly, we used, with the greatest delight, to hear the old Bombyx call for mine hostess, and order dinner for three o'clock. This consisted of a hot sausage, some nice macaroni soup, a hot ham, or any other piquant morceaux that the larder afforded. Then would we start forwards, and upwards too, Mr. Editor; for smooth travelling, even for pedestrians, is not much known in my country. Sauvabelin used indeed to wear a very winterish garment at this time; and even we, who knew every corner of it, were sometimes singularly out in our movements.

From six to eight feet of snow generally lay underneath our shoes. This was frozen so hard that our passage made little or no impression—but singular indeed was the appearance of just the summits of the young trees projecting from about eight to twelve inches above the snow—and more particularly the "Sapins," one of which that we knew to be about eight feet in height, caused us much amusement, as it had still attached to it, at about six inches from the top, the skin of a serpent.

This we had killed the previous spring, and tied there. Serpents, and some of these not of the most innoxious description, are not uncommon in parts of this forest, and it is very imprudent to venture there without strong and high boots.

Well; after we had strolled about a short time, *Polychroros* was seen tripping from tree to tree, accompanied by his cousin *Urticæ*; and occasionally beautiful *Rhamni*, with his lovely though faded wings (just the color of the early common primrose), was seen skipping before our eyes; and this used to rejoice the heart of old Bombyx. But list! What's the matter? Jean is calling out lustily, "A beautiful moth!" "Another!" "They are very good," quoth Bombyx; "take all you can. After one o'clock you'll lose sight of them." Before that hour, however, at least a dozen *Parthenias*, for such they were, helped to fill our hunting box.

This, Mr. Editor, allow me to tell you, is about the earliest of our entomological friends that proceeds *ex pupâ*. Sometimes also during February, if the weather be open, *Puella* and *Notha*, which, although very similar to *Parthenias*, are very much rarer, and generally appear about a fortnight after,—at least so I have heard my old master say. *Instabilis* will also occasionally come forth, as well as *Lanestris*. *Stabilis* also appears. *Retusa*, *Rubricosa*, and *Libatrix*, too, rarely fail. The pretty little *Depressaria Applana* is also now to be met with. *C. album* and *Rapæ*, too, make their appearance towards the end of the month. The former, half dreaming that he is still in his winter slumber; the latter quite fresh out of his chrysalis.

At one o'clock, Bombyx and his party used to move their quarters and go to a particular corner, of the forest, best known to themselves (or, I ought rather to say, ourselves), and hunt underneath the snow for the caterpillars of *Dominula*. This spot was not more than about forty feet long by twenty broad, and has most assuredly been inhabited by the family of *Dominula* for a vast many years. This is a very singular and well ascertained fact. I have often spoken to my old master upon this point; and if I could get the old boy to tell *me* how he honestly can account for it, I would inform *you*. I'll worm it out of him one of these days, and then you shall know all about it.

This colony of *Dominula* was so bedecked by the intermingling of the branches of "Sapin," that a vast quantity of snow could not accumulate immediately under the branches. The *Rubus*, too, curled about in beautiful arches; and where the *Rubus* was not, a few inches under the snow was found the common wood-strawberry—both favorite articles of food with *Dominula*, and (I blush not to say it, Mr. Editor,) favorite food of mine also. I do not care for the cream, mind; but I am uncommonly fond of poking my nose into a patch of wood-strawberries. Let me not, however, confess all my faults, else the old Bombyx might hear of them. But let us return to *Dominula*. Going quietly to work, my old master would pick up some forty caterpillars in one day. I know this is a very difficult caterpillar to rear; and if you succeed in bringing up one-third of your number, you may consider it very fair.

Whilst Bombyx was hunting *Dominulas*, I and



my brother were hunting ferrets. We had observed, nere and there, certain funny little round holes in the snow; and on applying our noses, we became acquainted with a peculiar odor. "What is it?" said I to Carlo. "I'm blest if I know, Fino. Let us set to work, and, by scratching, find out. It smells rather savory." We worked away like niggers; but while pausing a moment, just to take breath,—“Hey ho! Carlo! look there!” said I, “what's that?” He never stopped to answer me, but was off, like a mad fool; and the little beast slipped down one of these very little holes. I saw it distinctly, and would have given Carlo a sound thrashing for frightening it, had I not learned to entertain respect for my elders. As it was, I told him my mind; when the unmannered cub, instead of listening to me, and profiting by what I said, actually had the insolence to turn round, and grip me by the ear. Our quarrels were sometimes disagreeable,—but never, Mr. Editor, did we let the sun go down upon our wrath. If mankind would only take the trouble to imitate us poor dogs (I have often said this myself, and often heard my old master say the same thing) in these matters,—aye, and in some others too,—how much more real happiness would exist among us! Let pride and conceit, treachery and falsehood, be universally discarded from among mankind, say I, as it is among dogs; and let honesty and sobriety, fidelity and truth, replace them. Then, Mr. Editor, what a different world this would be! [So it would, FINO.]

Having now loitered about till we were pretty sure nothing more was to be got, and our appetites becoming very sharp,—Bombyx said to Jean, “Well Jean, what do you make the time?” “*Voyons voir,*” replied Jean, with an expressive smile and stroke of the chin; at the same time producing his *tabatière*, and invigorating his olfactory nerves. “I think,” said he, “by the time we get to the *Chalet*, the *jambon* and sausage will be done to a nicety. I will tie up a bundle of *Rubus*, which Monsieur can keep fresh for three or four days, and then we'll go and have a warm. I take it, we shall do no more good.”

“None at all, Jean.”

We had just turned round with the intention of making the best of our way to the *Chalet*, when we heard the well-known melodious voice of the old *Grandpapa des Papillons* blithely singing:—

“Quand une jeune fille  
Voudra moudre son bled,  
Quand une jeune fille  
Voudra moudre son bled.  
Il faut qu'elle soit gentille,  
Il faut qu'elle soit à mongré.  
Ah! venez y toutes, mes belles jeunes filles  
moudre,  
A notre moulin,  
Ah! venez y toutes, mes belles jeunes filles  
moudre,  
A notre moulin.”

“Ah! bon jour, Bombyx. Bon jour, mes chers enfans”

“Bon jour, brave Vicillard. Qu'avez vous de bon?”

“Je vois toujours ce drole de Jean qui rit.”

“Monsieur is come to dine with us, I hope.”

“Parblen! Oui, Jean. Listen! I was just coming up to see how the wood looked, when mine hostess of the *Chalet* told me you were somewhere about, but she expected you at three o'clock. If I had not fallen in with you, I should have returned to the *Chalet*.”

Jean, with his characteristic kindness of heart (oh! what a man he was, Mr. Editor!—one of a million!), placed his athletic body by the side of our worthy octogenarian, to be of use in case of a helping hand being required; and merrily trudging along, we arrived at the *rendezvous*.

I know not of anything more contributing to the enjoyment of good health, than a rough day's sport in winter. It produces a freshness and elasticity both of mind and body, which are quite exhilarating. Then the return to the blazing fire at the *Chalet*, after our sport in the wood! There was the long table nicely covered with a snow-white table-cloth. Bottles of old Red wine were set before the cheerful fire, just to have the chill taken off; the exquisite soup was arranged by mine hostess; and plenty of savory little *morceaux* brought up in the clean “*Bagnolet*.” for the two handsome dogs, expressly by *Mon Mari* himself. Imagine every one, also, with an *appetit de loup*, and you will readily admit that, even in the depth of winter, an entomological party is a cheerful one,—especially where all are intent upon practically studying entomology, and not losing their time in quarrelling about the particular name or synonyme that should be given to any particular insect.

Full justice having been done to the *jambon* and *saucisse*, we would return home about dusk; and the remainder of the evening till supper-time would be spent in listening to the remarks of the old grandpapa on various insects; whilst myself and my brother would creep on each side of the kitchen fire, where cook had got some fine large potatoes roasting *dans les cendres*, a favorite repast of our aged guest. After supper, at which myself and my brother never failed to be present, Bombyx would bring up a “krug” of delicious “Kirschenwasser,” from the *Forêt Noire*, accompanied by boiling water and sugar; and old grandpapa, who was a genuine troubadour, and sung with great taste and fine feeling, would enliven us with some sweet romances of upwards of a half-century earlier. At eleven o'clock he would light his little lantern, and wrap up his aged body in a good warm mantle. Then would the ever-noble Jean poke his nose out of the kitchen:—

“Un moment, Monsieur! Je suis prêt, Monsieur me permettra de porter cette petite lanterne, et de le voir sauf et sain à la maison. Cela me fera bel et bien plaisir.”

“Bravo! bravo! excellent et digne Jean. Je voudrais bien qu'il y avait encore au monde d'autres comme vous.”

And off they went.

Shortly after, we retired to our resting quarters; which were so comfortably contrived that neither the intense cold nor the severe *Bise* had any inconvenient effect upon us. The only thing that used to annoy me was the restless temper of my brother, who would be in and out every five minutes. I am bad enough myself, Mr. Editor, but not such a fidget as he was. He really became a perfect nuisance. I should certainly have given him many



a long lecture, had I not learnt to respect my elders.

I must now say good bye, and subscribe myself,  
Your faithful and trusty  
Fino.

Tottenham,  
May 12, 1853.

### MORE "CURIOUS FACTS."

#### BREAD,—NEW AND STALE.

M. Boussingault avers that the change of condition in bread, known by the terms "new" and "stale," is usually attributed to loss of moisture; and that the presumed greater nutritive qualities of stale over new bread are due to the greater weight of nourishment contained in the former than in the latter. He also tells us plainly that the crispest and nicest crust becomes tough and leathery by mere keeping, whilst the soft part or crumb as readily loses its springy flexibility, becoming *erumbly* under the same circumstances.

Now it is this change of the crumb of bread with which we have to do; for there can be no doubt that the change in the crust, from crispness to toughness, is wholly due to the absorption of water, chiefly yielded by the soft crumb, but sometimes in part from a damp external atmosphere. M. Boussingault fairly instances the return of stale bread to the condition of new, on being again put into the oven or toasted, when stale bread itself parts with water, as good and sufficient evidence against the supposition that staleness is due to desiccation. Various experiments have been made with bread under diverse conditions; from the chief of which it appears that a loaf just drawn from the oven requires the lapse of about twenty-four hours to fall to the temperature of the surrounding air, when it became what is termed "half-stale," the loss of weight from evaporation of water being 0.008 per cent.; this loss amounting to 0.01 per cent. when the loaf was a week old and very stale.

Other experiments demonstrate a fact well known to good housekeepers,—that stale bread may be made to assume the condition of new bread by merely heating it for an almost indefinite number of times; that is, until it is has actually been dried up; and they also show that this return to the "new" condition may be effected at 120° to 150° Fahr. From a consideration of these circumstances, M. Boussingault inclines to the belief that, during the cooling of bread, a special molecular state is induced, which is developed to its full extent when the bread becomes very stale; it continuing in this special molecular condition whilst the temperature remains below a certain point. However, when re-heated above this point, it reassumes its primary molecular condition as "new" bread.

Change of molecular condition may be familiarly illustrated by the melting of crystalline sugar at a comparatively high temperature into a transparent liquid, which may be moulded at discretion; becoming a transparent solid, *barley-sugar*, on cooling. By the lapse of time a molecular change is set up, and the barley-sugar becomes opaque and gradually returns to its original state of crystalline sugar.

M. Thenard somewhat inclines to the opinion that bread is a hydrated body, softening by heat and solidifying by cold—an opinion wholly untenable, the molecular change advocated by M. Boussingault being both probable and consistent with observation.

### WEATHER WISDOM.

THE perplexity even shrewd guessers of the weather often labor under, as to whether an umbrella should be exchanged for a walking-stick, or an extra coat be taken for the journey—must render this branch of information extremely useful. By attending to a few simple rules, drawn from nature and confirmed by experience, the veriest tyro in meteorology may predict with accuracy the probable changes of the weather from day to day.

**DEW.**—If, after one fair day, the dew lies plentifully on the grass, it is a sign of another. If not, and there is no wind, rain must follow. A red sunset, without clouds, indicates a doubt of fair weather; but after a red sunset in clouds a fine day may be expected. A watery sunset, diverging rays of light—either direct from the sun, or behind a bank of clouds, is indicative of rain.

**CLOUDS.**—When the clouds increase very fast,—and accumulate huge masses of vapor, much rain, and, in the summer time, thunder will follow. When the clouds are formed like fleeces, but dense in the middle and bright towards the edge, with the sky clear, they are signs of a sharp frost, with hail, snow, or rain. When the clouds (*cirri*) are formed like feathers, and appear in thin white trains, they indicate wind. When formed into horizontal sheets, with streamers pointing upwards, rain is prognosticated,—but with depending, fringe-like fibres it is found to precede fair weather. When a general cloudiness covers the sky,—and small black fragments of clouds fly underneath, wet weather will follow; and probably of long continuance. Two currents of clouds always portend rain; and in summer, thunder.

**PLANTS.**—These are truly the barometers of Nature, and are most faithful in their indications. Chickweed forms of itself an excellent criterion. When the flower expands fully, rain will not fall for many hours; and should it continue expanded, no rain will disturb the summer's day. When it half conceals its diminutive flower, the day will be showery; but when it entirely shuts up, or veils the white flower with its green mantle, then let the traveller provide an umbrella and top-coat, for the rain will be lasting.

If the Siberian sowthistle shuts at night, the following day will be fine. If it remain open, rain will ensue. If the African marigold continues shut in the morning, long after its usual time for opening, rain is approaching; and the convolvulus, tulip, bindweeds, scarlet-pimpernel and all the different species of trefoil, contract their leaves on the approach of a storm or wet weather.

### NATURE'S LOVE-KNOT.

TRUE hearts by secret sympathy are tied,  
For loving souls in Nature are allied;  
Absence may part them for a little while,  
Yet shall they meet; and then,—how sweet their smile!



## ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS,—KEW.

AS THE SUMMER STEAM BOATS, and numerous other public conveyances, are now facilitating access to these most beautiful—most enchanting gardens, which are opened “free” to the public, daily, from 1 p.m. until 6,—we append the notes of a gentleman who paid them a recent visit. They will assist the stranger in his progress of examination.

We are now in the gardens; and taking the houses pretty much in the order in which they are generally seen by visitors, we arrive first at the house devoted to the *Proteacee*. Notwithstanding the name applied to this order is indicative of the great variety of appearance it presents, there is yet such a general resemblance throughout it that few persons could be at a loss to distinguish a proteaceous plant, even when not in bloom. The stiff and rigid foliage, and its peculiar blueish-green tint, must strike every one; and it is well known that it is the great predominance of this order in Australia and the Cape which gives so peculiar a character to the vegetation of those regions, and has occasioned them to be designated by Schouw the “zone of rigid-leaved woods.”

Considerable interest is attached to this collection just now, from the circumstance that a large proportion of the species are in bloom. Among these we observed some half-dozen species of *Grevillea*, four or five *Dryandras*, *Hakea Undulata*, *Banksia Ericifolia*, &c. Several species of *Acacia* were also in bloom in this house, and a fine plant of *Rhododendron Arboreum*. In the old Orchid houses, now devoted principally to Ferns, we noticed of the latter in fructification, *Hemitelia Horrida*, *H. Speciosa*, *H. grandiflora*, *Drynaria Irioides*, *Sitilobium*, *Adiantoides*, &c. We must not forget also to mention a remarkably fine specimen of *Cymbidium Aloifolium*, which, though one of the oldest Orchids in cultivation, is yet well worthy to be retained. The plant in question had five handsome spikes of flowers, and produced a very showy appearance. Some interesting miscellaneous plants were in bloom in these houses.

Especially worthy of notice, may be remarked the following:—*Kopsia* or *Cerbera Fruticosa*, a pretty little shrub of the Apocynaceous order, much resembling *Vinca Rosea*, a native of the Malay Islands, introduced many years ago, but by no means common. It is decidedly handsome, and blooms many times in the year; but, judging from the specimens which have come under our notice, the flowers are not produced very freely. *Siphocampylus Coccineus*, which we regard as unquestionably the most beautiful of its genus. The flowers are large, of a brilliant scarlet, and very abundant. *S. Microstoma* was blooming in the same house; but, though a handsome species, we can hardly consider it equal as an ornamental plant to the former. *Roylea Elegans* is a very pretty little plant of the Labiate order, from Nepal, with bright blue flowers, but having a somewhat weedy appearance for an in-door plant.

In a small stove, among some other Gesneraceous plants, we observed in bloom a plant of *Gloxinia Argyrostigma Splendens*, the leaves of which, beautifully variegated, spread out so as to cover the pot; the flower stalks are more slender than in most of the *Gloxinias*, and the flowers, which

are very large, are of a deep violet blue. In the Aloe house were blooming plants of the *Aloe Africana*, about twelve feet in height, *Charlwoodia Congesta*, and *Xanthorrea Hastilis*. The Orchid house presented but few plants in bloom which demand notice; we noticed, however, *Oncidium Horridum*, *Phalenopsis Amabilis*, *Acrides Virens*, *Dendrobium Fimbriatum*, *D. Sanguinolentum*, and a good specimen of *Lycaste Harrisoniæ*, a very striking species, with cream-colored petals and purple lip—perhaps the handsomest of the beautiful genus to which it belongs. In this house is also a fine healthy plant of *Nepenthes Rafflesiana*, and a small specimen of the beautiful *Eranthemum Leuconervum*, with delicate white flowers.

In the Azalea house we noticed a tolerably large plant of *Rhododendron Ciliatum* in bloom, and several small ones, not more than six inches high; the pretty little *Azalea Amcena*, and a number of hybrid varieties of the latter genus. In the large Palm house, the *Doryanthes Excelsa* has just bloomed; it is now nearly over. The flowering stem is apparently about fifteen feet in height, and it is stated to have been in flower three weeks. It is growing in a tub, about three feet square. The principal novelties deserving attention are the *Aralia Papyrifera*, or rice-paper plant of China, about which so much controversy has been raised; *Impatiens Hookeri*, from Ceylon; *Semeiandra Grandiflora*, a shrub something resembling a *Fuchsia*; and *Crossandra Flava*, a pretty *Acanthad*, introduced by Mr. Whitfield, from tropical Africa, and bloomed at the Royal Botanic Garden, Regent's Park. It is stated by Sir W. Hooker to be the only example of yellow flowers in the genus *Crossandra*, which has, moreover, been hitherto supposed to be confined to the East Indies.

Many of your readers are aware that a new Victoria house has been erected. It is a building of glass and iron, about forty-five feet square, and has an entrance porch at the east end. The tank is circular, about thirty-four feet in width, lined with concrete, over which is placed sheet lead. A plant has been placed in the centre, which had at the time of our visit eight leaves, the largest probably about twenty inches in diameter, and presenting a tolerably thriving appearance. There is a small tank in each corner of the house, containing *Nelumbiums*, *Caladiums*, and other tropical aquatics. The greenhouses mostly presented a gay appearance, *Acacias*, *Azaleas*, *Boronias*, *Heaths*, *Epacrises*, and three or four species of *Eriostemon*, making a conspicuous display.

Before these remarks are presented to the public eye, there will be many things of great interest exhibited out of doors. This is just the season to win for them the admiration they deserve.

## SOCIAL CONVERSATION.

TALK not of music to a physician, nor of medicine to a fiddler; unless the fiddler should be sick, and the physician fond of a concert. He that speaks only of such subjects as are familiar to himself, treats the company as the stork did the fox—presenting an entertainment to him in a deep pitcher, out of which no animal in creation could feed but a long-billed fowl.—JONES, *of Nayland*.



**HINTS TO AMATEUR GARDENERS.****THE CALENDAR FOR JUNE.****FRUIT.**

Cherry-trees on walls usually become infested with black fly at this season, which, if not checked, will extend to the fruit. An effectual and simple remedy is, immediately they are perceived mix some clayey soil with water in such proportions as will form a thin puddle, into which dip the infested points, leaving them to dry in the sun. After the inclosed insects have perished, the clay may readily be washed off; but it will do no harm in remaining. Roses and many other plants may be cleaned in the same manner. Vines trained against the house or walls must now be looked over weekly, and all weak and superfluous shoots removed. The earlier this is attended to the better, and more likely to forward the ripening of the fruit. A common fault committed in the management of Vines, is leaving too much wood, which not only hinders the fruit of the current year from receiving due nourishment, but prevents the fruiting wood for next season from maturing its buds, to assist which all the sun and air possible should be permitted to penetrate. This should be borne in mind when thinning out young and useless shoots: do not allow one spur to support two bunches of grapes, but remove the smallest or uppermost one, and stop the shoots at an eye above the fruit. Continue to water Strawberries, if necessary. Keep newly-grafted shoots securely tied, and the summer shoots of trained trees fastened in.

**FLOWERS.**

Small plants of Pelargoniums or Fuchsias intended for the windows in autumn will make fine specimens for that purpose, if planted out early this month; or they may be potted at once into their winter pots, and plunged out of doors, taking care that they have good drainage, and using precautions against their rooting through the bottoms or over the tops of the pots.

**ANNUALS.**—Some of the quick-flowering kinds may yet be sown, as Virginian Stock, Venus's Looking-glass, Clarkia, Collinsia, Gilia, &c. Some of those thinned out from the border may be potted for flowering in the window, or be placed in a shady place, to form a succession. They will require plenty of water. Some of the more tender kinds which were sown in pots, and raised in the cucumber-pit, may be planted in the open borders, as French and African Marigolds, Ten-week Stocks, China Asters, Zinnias, and Phlox Drummondii.

**BULBS** of Ranunculus, Hyacinths, Anemones, and Tulips, as soon as the foliage has turned yellow, must be taken up, if they are choice kinds, and stored away when dry in paper-bags until the planting season. If suffered to remain in the ground, they shoot again in the autumn, which weakens the bulbs, and spoils their blooming at the proper season; and Tulips, when left in the ground, become run in their colors. The soil should be carefully cleansed from them, but none of the skins removed. Care must be taken in

handling Ranunculuses and Anemones not to break their claws.

**CARNATIONS** should have neat sticks placed to tie their flower-stems. This should be done loosely, to admit their elongating without breaking. If aphides infest the young buds, they may be brushed off with a stiff feather, or dusted in the morning, when damp, with Scotch snuff. Pale-colored kinds will be much benefited by applications of liquid manure, once or twice a week. Liquid manure will be found of great advantage to other florists' flowers when putting forth their flower-stems—namely, Pinks, Ranunculuses, Polyanthuses, and Hyacinths.

**DAHLIAS.**—Keep them neatly and securely tied up, and water them if necessary.

**FUCHSIAS**, Verbenas, Heliotropes, and similar plants, readily strike by cuttings now.

**ROSES** may be budded towards the end of the month.

**PERENNIALS** and **BIENNIALS**, raised from seed, may be pricked out, to strengthen before their final transplantation.

**PINKS.**—Many kinds of choice Pinks, in expanding, are liable to burst their calyx, either from robust growth, or a naturally short calyx. To prevent this, a narrow strip of parchment or bladder may be passed round them, and secured with a little gum-water; or if bladder is used when moist, it will adhere of itself, and can be readily removed before exhibition. Some circular pieces of card should also be cut of the same width as the flower, to arrange the petals upon; for although the petals of a first-rate Pink do expand even and level, they are better secured by this contrivance. Slit the card to the centre on one side, and in the centre make two or three cross-cuts, to admit its being fixed upon the calyx without bruising it. As the flowers expand, the small or irregular petals must be extracted, and the others laid out horizontally, so as not to interrupt the circular lacings. Some short-calyxed Pinks burst in defiance of these precautions. To prevent this being done irregularly, it is better to slit the calyx of such kinds a short distance down at each of their segments before placing the ligature round them. Expanded flowers must be shaded from the sun, if it be wished to retain their beauty any length of time. Various means in the absence of an awning will suggest themselves for this, as caps of stout paper, painted, and supported above them with a stick, like a miniature umbrella—or square pieces of thin board, about six inches wide, fixed upon a stick. The best time for piping is when the plants are in full bloom; if delayed much longer, the shoots get hard, and do not root so readily. They should be taken off when about two inches long, and have the leaves from the two lowermost joints stripped off. Do not shorten the remaining leaves, as is frequently practised. Then in a shady part of the garden prepare some light soil, by digging it fine and level, watering it until it becomes a puddle. Whilst in this state plant the pipings, but do not water them after they are planted. To ensure success, a hand-glass should be placed over them; or they may be planted in wide-mouthed pots with a piece of flat glass over, as recommended in April; or place them at the front of the Cucumber-pit. These early pipings make handsomer



and stronger plants than later ones, and are therefore much to be preferred.

Water copiously all plants in pots, newly-planted seedlings, &c., in the evenings. Gather all decayed flowers, as it prolongs the flowering season of such plants as Calceolarias, China Roses, &c., and is, besides, a nice occupation for children. Destroy weeds. Tie up all advancing flower-stems at an early period, for if allowed to grow straggling at first, no after-management will make them look neat. Examine the buds of Roses for grubs: any plants infested with worms may be cleansed of them by watering with lime-water.

### POULTRY AND EGGS,—&c.

#### FOWLS WITH TOP-KNOTS.

UNDER THE NEW CLASSIFICATION OF POULTRY, Mr. Editor, it has become fashionable to call all fowls with crests or tufts of feathers on their heads by the name of Polish. I am at a loss to understand from what reason, since Poland certainly has nothing to do with the origin of any of our breeds of fowls. The name is a misnomer, or at least a corruption of something else. Nor am I inclined to consider all the top-knotted varieties of domestic fowls of the same origin.

The following are the varieties which I think should be acknowledged. 1.—The Padua fowl, so called from the fact of their having been cultivated in Padua, a Venetian legation of Austrian Italy, chief-town Padua. They are described as being very large fowls, the cock so tall that it can peck crumbs from a common dining-table, and often weighing as much as ten pounds; the comb moderate sized, behind which is a large tuft of feathers, which is still larger in the hens, their voice hoarse, eggs large, legs yellow, plumage various; they are supposed to be descended from the *Gallus giganteus* of Sumatra. Does not this description answer to a tufted Malay? Poles were also a large fowl. They were of Spanish extraction, but where the Spaniards first obtained them is a matter of doubt; most likely from some of their western possessions. St. Jago has been named, but which St. Jago is not specified. They were introduced by the Spaniards into the Netherlands, from whence we obtained them. The Poles were very large roundly-built fowls, rather low on the legs, which were dark-slate or lead-colored; they were destitute of combs, and had large top-knots of feathers on their heads, that fell over on all sides. They were considered good layers, and of excellent quality of flesh. There were three varieties of colors: the black with white top-knots, the white with black top-knots, and the spangled, the ground color of which was a mixture of ochre, yellow, and black, each feather having a *white* spangle at its extremity. These three varieties are now very scarce, if indeed they are not quite extinct.

The Hamburgs (by this name I allude to the tufted fowls formerly known by that name, and not to the Dutch every-day layers, which are now generally known by it,) were, and still are, imported from Hamburg. I believe them to be a mongrel of the Poles. They are smaller, their tufts are not so large, and are fronted by a small

comb. They have generally a profusion of beard and whiskers; their legs are dark, and their plumage is either golden or silver, laced or pheasant. The laced marking is where the feathers, either golden or silver, are edged or bordered with black, giving them an imbricated appearance. The pheasant marking is where the feathers, either of gold or silver ground colored, are marked or dotted with black at the extremity only, resembling the feathers of a cock-pheasant's neck; whence the name. This marking is often, improperly I think, called spangled.

Polands, Polish, etc., such as are now generally known by these names, are a mixed lot. They are crosses from the foregoing, and, perhaps, also from some others, and, consequently, vary considerably. Hence arise the disputes respecting the beards, etc. Beards, or muffles, are pre-eminently a characteristic of the old Hamburgs, but it did also occasionally occur in the Paduans and Poles, as it frequently does in all other tufted fowls.

There is a tufted cuckoo, or slate-colored fowl, known as Egyptians or blue Polands. Also a common white-tufted fowl called the lark-crested fowl. Moreover, a variety of game fowls, with small tufts, used to be very plentiful some years back, and esteemed for their courage; from which I think it is evident that all tufted fowls can hardly be considered of one common origin.—B. P. BRENT, *Bessels Green, Seven-Oaks, Kent.*

#### HOW TO KEEP EGGS FRESH.

Some of your readers may like to know how to keep eggs fresh. I send you an account of the method practised here:—Take a half-inch board of any convenient length and breadth, and pierce it as full of holes (each one and a half inch in diameter) as you can, without the risk of breaking one hole into another. I find that a board of two feet six inches in length, and one foot broad has five dozen in it, say twelve rows of five each. Then take four strips of the same board of two inches broad, and nail them together edge-wise into a rectangular frame of the same size as your board. Nail the board upon the frame, and the work is done; unless you choose, for the sake of appearance, to nail a beading of three-quarters of an inch round the board on the top. This looks better, and sometimes may prevent an egg from rolling off.

Put your eggs in this board as they come in from the poultry-house, the small end down, and they will keep good for six months if you take the following precautions:—Take care that the eggs do not get wet either in the nest or afterwards (in summer, hens are fond of laying among the nettles or long grass, and any eggs taken from such nests in wet weather should be put away for immediate use); keep them in a cool room in summer, and out of the reach of frost in winter, and then, I think, the party trying the experiment will have abundant reason to be satisfied with it. I find there are some in my larder which I am assured have been there nearer eight months than six, and which are still perfectly fresh and good. In fact, it is a practice here to accumulate a large stock of eggs in August, September, and



October, which last until after the fowls have begun to lay in the spring.

If two boards are kept, one can be filling and the other emptying at the same time. This is an exceedingly good plan for those persons who keep a few fowls for the supply of eggs to their own family; but would perhaps, not do so well for those who keep a large stock of hens, as it would take up too much room. I have endeavored to account for the admirable way in which eggs keep in this manner, by supposing that the yolk floats more equally in the white, and has less tendency to sink down to the shell than when the egg is laid on one side. Certainly, if the yolk reaches the shell, the egg does spoil immediately. Will some of our correspondents favor me with their opinion?—T. G., *Clitheroe*.

We take an early opportunity of cautioning our subscribers against the tricks practised by persons advertising the eggs of Cochin China, and other varieties of expensive fowls. If wanted for the purpose of breeding from, they are in most cases, we are told, *scalded* before being packed and forwarded. The embryo is, of course, thereby destroyed. The seductive prices at which the eggs are offered, would of itself confirm the fact to which we call attention. No persons should deal with any but well-known and respectable tradesmen, and the eggs should be in all cases "warranted,"—or the money to be returned.

#### PUBLIC EXHIBITION.

##### WOODIN'S CARPET-BAG, ETC.

MYRIOGRAPHIC HALL, PICCADILLY.

WE HAVE JUST BEEN to take a peep at Mr. WOODIN, in his new and elegant quarters—late *Salle Robin*, Piccadilly; and here indeed he is "at home!" It may seem late in the day to begin talking about what half the world has already seen, and the other half are hastening to see. Yet must we do an act of pleasing duty.

We shall not attempt to tell our friends, young and old, (for *all* must pay a visit here), WHAT they are going to witness. Oh, no! That would be impossible. It would also be unfair, even if possible. Only let the curtain rise, and that "Carpet-bag" be seen, accompanied by that "Sketch-book,"—and expectation will do the rest.

Of the performer, we may remark that he is young, of the most pleasing address, figure, and manners, and prepossessing to a degree. The moment you see him you like him, and feel assured that his delight to amuse *you* fully equals your anticipation of being pleased. He speaks, and you smile; he "illustrates" what he says, and *heigh presto!* you are introduced at once to the World and his wife—under changes innumerable. Your pleasure is augmented by finding that the "principal performer," although sometimes "unavoidably absent" is yet always in the company. He glides in quicker than a

Spirit-rapper's ghost; and converses, too, without an alphabet.

The beauty of all acting is,—repose. Mr. Woodin is quite alive to this. Hence the coolness and method, without any apparent effort, which prevail throughout his entire performance. He is "everything by turns, and nothing long." Sometimes he is before us as a Scotchman, sometimes as an English baronet, sometimes as a Frenchman, sometimes as an American. Sometimes we see a mere stripling; then again, a man old as Dr. Parr. Sometimes Mr. W. is a boy; sometimes a girl; sometimes a woman. And excellently well he looks and acts as a woman. His "make-up" is admirable. We need not be too minute, but we really *did* see the indispensable and "palpable fact" supporting his female attire. Then his voice, gait, and assumption of domestic importance! These were all true to nature, and "told" well with the audience.

Mr. Woodin possesses extraordinary power over his countenance, as well as over his voice. It is impossible, sometimes, to recognise him under his many disguises. Indeed, we heard his identity disputed more than once during the evening. This is the highest praise we can accord him.

All who love to indulge in a hearty scream, which folks rightly say is sometimes "good for the system," should go and see Mr. Woodin personate "the punster" in a picnic party. His jokes, "let off" under the brim of a most excruciatingly-droll-shaped shallow beaver, really double one up. *That* jolly punster was fairly "one too many" for us. His "Now for a regular good un!" still rings in our ears.

In our early days, we saw CHARLES MATTHEWS in his "At Homes." We have since seen many others, and been pleased with all—more or less. But not even the great Matthews himself could ever do what Mr. Woodin does. Mr. W.'s characters are more numerous and diversified; and, what is better, they are all "finished sketches." He does not depend so much upon rapid changes of dress, as upon presenting his characters well dressed, and individualised. Yet is the rapidity of his movements extraordinary; and when we take our leave of some half hundred individuals—all personated and "animated" by one man, we justly pronounce that man a wonderful man.

Mr. Woodin *is* a wonderful man, and he well deserves the fame he has earned. His "At Home" will ever remain popular; for whilst the amusement it affords is considerable, the most fastidious may take their children to witness it, without any qualms of conscience. He sings nicely, acts nicely, and is, in a word, everything one could wish.

May the contents of *that* "Carpet-bag," and *that* "Sketch-book" never be exhausted!



## THINGS IN SEASON.

## WEDDING PARTIES.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,  
 WE, who improve his golden hours,  
 By sweet experience know—  
 That marriage, rightly understood,  
 Gives to the tender and the good  
 A PARADISE BELOW.

COTTON.



ROOFS HAVE WE INNUMERABLE, that there is a time for everything. There is a time to be born, and a time to die. A time to laugh, and a time to weep. A time to dance, and a time to sing.

Sorry are we to say, there is also a time to pull a long face—a hideously long face, and to play the hypocrite. But as the month of May, "the" month set aside for this observance, is past—let us for another year at least meet our Creator with smiles of Christian charity and gratitude, and glorify him by enjoying rationally what He has provided for our universal happiness. The earth just now is full of His works. Let us away, and make merry.

Glorious month of JUNE—all hail! This is "the" month for completing certain little plans devised in the Spring. We need not speak more pointedly; but let us introduce a "Reminiscence" bearing on these plans. It exhibits a picture of every-day life which is now being realised—with a change of names and places only—from one end of the country to the other. Brides'-maids,—listen!

## THE WEDDING PARTY;

OR, PRO AND CON.

THE WEDDING-DAY had arrived. All was bright and auspicious. The morning dawned without a cloud; the flowers shone in the sunshine, as if brides themselves; the trees in their new foliage fluttered in the breeze like so many bridegrooms; and the birds sung as blithely as a band of wedding musicians. Within doors, the scene was equally as exhilarating. There were decorated rooms, well-dressed company, tables covered with delicacies—silk, smiles, and civility on all sides. The matron manager of the bridal preparations, knew well the importance of wedding-day arrangements; and, to use the expression common to shows of every kind, the whole "went off with great spirit." Precisely at the proper moment, the bride, veiled like a nun, but robed as for a ball, was supported into the room; company, carriages, and clergymen, were religiously punctual; the day was lovely; the crowd of spectators sufficient; the bridegroom made no blunder about the ring; the bride articulated the responses;

the procession returned without accident; the company sat down to breakfast;—and again, precisely at the proper moment, the bride retired to put on a travelling dress and take leave of her mother. Nothing could have been better managed.

But no one, however gay, however worldly, could go through such a series of ceremonies without emotion; and when the gauzes and satins were removed, and the heroine was arrayed to leave her father's house, which was never more to be re-entered as a home, for a few moments she forgot that she was a bride, and burst into tears.

"Now, dear Miss, don't take on so—what's done can't be undone. I dare say it is all for the best," said her attendant, the nurse of her childhood; "here you are, the prettiest creature that eyes ever saw—not that you are half so pretty to me as when I had you a baby in long coats all to myself—now a woman grown, turning out into the troublesome world; and how will you ever keep house, and manage servants?—lack-a-day—I hardly know whether to laugh or cry!"

"Nurse," said the lady-mother, recalling the affectionate creature to the more important concerns of the present moment; "how can you harass this dear child's feelings so? go and see that her dressing-case is placed properly in the carriage." The attendant left the room, and the speaker proceeded to comfort the "mourning bride" after her own fashion. "What is to become of me, if you give way to your feelings in this manner? positively, your eyes are so red, I am quite ashamed. Only think how few leave home with such happy prospects: I shall always be near, and you will have a most delightful excursion. Hark! I hear the carriage drawing up. Now, my dearest love, don't let me have to blush for you at the last; so well as you behaved through the ceremony; no trembling, no tears, no nonsense of any kind: but let me give you one piece of advice, love; when you return, don't let Tomkins lay a finger on your hair; I was quite shocked when we were in church, to see what a friz he had made it."

"Oh, mamma, don't, pray, talk so—what signify curls or anything else at a time like this?" replied the daughter, surveying the room with an air of melancholy, partly real, and partly affected. "I never expected to suffer so much at leaving home—I fear I have done a foolish thing; I am changing a certainty for an uncertainty; even the chairs and tables seem to know that I am going; and the poor looking-glass that I have dressed at so often—" The fair speaker was here overcome by her reminiscences, and had recourse to silence and her scent-box.

"Mary Anne," replied the matron, making use of the looking-glass for the practical



purpose of arranging some of her numerous bows and curls; "Mary Anne, this is neither behaving like a sensible girl, nor a good daughter; and I count it perfectly insulting to poor dear George, and exceedingly ungrateful to your father and myself—"

She was here interrupted by the entrance of the bride's-maid, with present honor and prospective pleasure. She had at first voted most warmly in favor of Cheltenham, as the scene of the wedding excursion; but the bridegroom having with equal consideration and good taste assigned her a companion in office, a charming young man, inasmuch as he was in uniform and unmarried, she was now perfectly contented that they should journey to the Lakes.

"What! not ready yet?" was her exclamation on entering the room; "and the carriage waiting, and the luggage fastened on, and George asking for you every instant. Oh, my dear, what *is* the good of making such a fuss; if you were going to die you could but be unhappy you know! Come, take my arm, and let me set you an example; there, I never saw you look so well, *never!* We shall have a charming excursion; I seem as if I had known Captain B—— ten years; now, no more tears, I beg; every one has been paying you such compliments, and George is so proud of you, and I have been talking about you to the Dickenses, till they are ready to die with spite!"

Thus re-assured, the bride suffered herself to be comforted; and she was again led into the drawing-room, the very model of graceful resignation. To have looked at her, none but the most uncharitable would have supposed that she herself had ever entertained the slightest wish to become a bride. Love, marriage, and decoration, might all have been the result of mere accident and surprise. Her mother consigned her to her husband as the "best of daughters;" and he of course received her as "an invaluable treasure." Every one came forward to say something equally appropriate and delightful, till it appeared that so suitable, so auspicious, so every way happy a union, had never occurred in the annals of matrimony. At length, the bride, with becoming slowness ascended the carriage, the bride's-maid, having less dignity to support, moved after her at a quicker pace, the gentlemen took their appointed stations, heads were bowed, and handkerchiefs displayed, the carriage drove off—and thus commenced the first act of the WEDDING EXCURSION.

But before we proceed, a word about the happy couple, and wedding excursions in general.

The present bride was devoted to dress, fashion, and gaiety. She had accepted her first offer because it was a good one, and

she became attached because she was going to be married. Love and lutestring had, for the last few months, occupied her mind in pretty equal proportions; and her thoughts had been quite as much given to the artists who were to furnish her wedding paraphernalia, as to the husband elect, on whom would depend the happiness or misery of her married life. The gentleman was a good-natured, good-looking young man; not over-burdened with talent and feeling, but one who could make himself sufficiently agreeable amongst common-place people, and talk sufficiently well on all common-place topics. Had his bride-elect jilted him, it would not, perhaps, have broken his heart; nevertheless, he believed her to be a very charming young woman, and was fully resolved to make her a good husband. The love which subsisted between these "betrothed," was of that kind on which hundreds and thousands live to their lives' end, and are what the world call "uncommonly happy." Possessing absolutely nothing of that depth and delicacy which gives to the sentiment a hallowed character, their love, aided by the occupations and pleasures of society, maintains a bustling existence; but it is ill-suited to retirement: the world is its home, and there only can it have its being.

With regard to wedding excursions, we would suggest the propriety of suiting the places visited to the parties who visit. Intellect, as well as heart,—reason, in addition to love, is requisite in those who venture upon seclusion and fine scenery. When the first pleasurable impression is worn off, the devotees of artificial life sigh for worldly haunts and congenial spirits. They grow tired of the lakes, and disgusted with Bolton Abbey itself. Two common-minded persons may converse agreeably in a crowd, and yet be reduced to bankruptcy when thrown upon nature and each other. Deprived of their usual topics, their conversation languishes into "question, the reply, and the rejoinder;" *ennui* ensues, and those who fancied they could love in a desert, discover that they could love much better in the world. And yet, paradoxical as it may seem, those very causes (idleness and seclusion), which oft-times induce a diminution of romantic feeling between a married pair, as often induce it in the minds of two who are disengaged; although they too be unintellectual, and deficient in genuine sensibility. We pretend not to argue this position; but merely to assert and illustrate its general truth.

About a fortnight had elapsed, since the auspicious day with which this paper commenced; during which period, our bridal party had visited much of the scenery of the north: with what effect, the following conversation will evidence.



It was evening, and the married pair stood together on as lovely a spot as this, or any other country can exhibit. The sun had made a "golden set," the western sky was yet flushed with his parting smile—

The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields,  
Were hung, as if with golden shields,  
Bright trophies of the sun!  
Like a fair sister of the sky,  
Unruffled did the blue lake lie,  
The mountains looking on:

whilst rock, wood, hamlet, and distant hill, were clothed in that ethereal haze, that "apparel of celestial light," which makes the rugged appear beautiful, and the beautiful divine.

"Delightful evening," said the bridegroom, at the same moment contradicting his assertion with a yawn.

"Pretty the water looks," replied the bride, in a languid tone.

"Very!" replied the gentleman, as he picked up a pebble, and made what the schoolboys call a duck-and-a-drake on its surface.

"What are we to do to-morrow, love?" inquired the lady, after a considerable interval of silence.

"Don't know, indeed, my dear. I suppose B—— and Sophia have planned an excursion somewhere:" and again the bridegroom closed his silence with a yawn.

"I think we must have seen everything, at least I feel as if we had," observed his companion; "don't you think, love, a set of colored views gives one just as good an idea of these places as coming to see them?"

"Exactly; but then there's the say-so. I wish I had brought my flute and fishing tackle with me; B—— is not half such good company as I expected—"

"And Sophia," interrupted the bride, "is most exceedingly inattentive. I wish we had gone to Cheltenham; what *are* we to do if there comes another wet day?"

"Why, you know, my dear," said her husband, "I told you what would happen. These places are only pleasant when you have a large party with you."

"Indeed, George, you are quite right; and I wish with all my heart we were at home."

"So do I, Mary Anne, for the races are the week after next, and I see my friend L—— has entered Honeymoon for the gold cup."

"And the race ball!" ejaculated the lady, in a tone of dismay; "what have we been thinking of to forget them? Do, love, let us go home; I am sure we have seen everything here."

Well, my dear," replied the gentleman with vivacity, "I'm sure you have my con-

sent, and I'll take you down to Cheltenham for a week or two, when our bustle is over at home; I should like that trip myself."

The bride was in ecstasies. "And will you, really? Oh, I am quite happy. I will write to my mother to night, and we will leave this stupid place to-morrow; dear, good, kind, indulgent creature! but you won't alter your mind, George," said she, suddenly stopping in her praises, "you really will take me to Cheltenham—and stylishly? Oh, we shall be so happy; let us go and tell our companions."

Whilst this conjugal dialogue took place without doors, the bride's-maid, and her brother in office, stationed at the inn window, which commanded a view of the same scene, held a conference in a very different strain. We shall merely give its close; informing the reader that the parts we omit related to taste, friendship, Moore's Melodies, happiness, quadrilles, and the last new novel.

"Who could ever tire of this scenery?" exclaimed the young lady, with enthusiasm.

"Not in such society," replied her companion; "I shall never have such another fortnight."

"Impossible! we can never have been out a whole fortnight; it has not appeared a week."

"Then *you* are not tired?"

"Tired! I could live here for ever. Look at that darling cottage, with its honey-suckle porch."

"Oh, that for thee some home like that may smile!"

was the gallant captain's gallant reply.

"You have not quoted the line correctly," said Miss Sophia, with delightful simplicity.

"Well, then, take the original reading," replied the captain; and he repeated, in a most subduing manner—

"O that for ME some home like that may smile!"

With a quick sense of propriety, the young lady immediately changed the conversation; and directed her companion's attention to the blueness of the sky, the shadows upon the mountains, and the little boats upon the water.

They were interrupted, to receive the information with which the reader is already acquainted. The change of plans did not, as he will readily imagine, meet with their approval; and it was with very different feelings that the bride and bride's-maid sat down to write their respective letters; the former to her mother, the latter to a most intimate friend. We subjoin extracts from both.

"Indeed, my dear mother, if I were to be married a hundred times, I would neither come to this country, nor travel with a bride's-maid. Both



Sophia and Captain B— are extremely ill-bred, and are so taken up with each other, that they pay George and myself scarcely any attention. I suspect they intend to have a wedding-excursion of their own before long. There is very little company here this season, at least what I call company; and good clothes are quite thrown away, for if you get caught in a shower whilst exploring, it is very uncertain whether you can shelter; and if you can, the cottages are poor paltry places. They are *real* cottages. By the way, how came we all to forget that the races were so much earlier this year? George is extremely vexed, as he wishes to see L.'s horse run; and as there will be no other ball before the winter assemblies commence, I think it would be a thousand pities to lose this opportunity of making my appearance. It is my own private opinion that Sophia will be a bride before winter, and of course I should not like to see myself superseded. We have therefore decided to shorten our excursion, and you may expect us home in a few days. George regrets as much as I do, that we should have come to this out-of-the-world country. Captain B— and Sophia seem to find it delightful, but I think they are very romantic, and know nothing of the world. Love and a cottage are, as you have so often remarked, perfectly ridiculous. I have no doubt that George and I shall enjoy much *rational* happiness; our opinions coincide on all important points, and he has promised to take me to Cheltenham when our visiting bustle is over. The morning I left home, I was too much agitated to observe it, but I find my travelling pelisse *disgracefully* made. George's acquaintances and mine will, when added together, make such a large circle, that I am not exceedingly anxious for new friends, unless they are particularly stylish people; for I am convinced that the happiness of young married persons chiefly depends upon the choice of company. Be sure give my best love to all the Johnsons and Dickenses, and tell them what a charming excursion we have had, and how happy I am. I believe I have now said everything of consequence. Pray remember about the ball fringe, and with my best love, in which George joins, believe me, my dear mother,

"Your affectionate child,  
"MARY ANNE —,"

"P.S. You may depend on seeing us in four days, at the farthest. I would not stay an hour longer than necessity compels me."

The following are the closing remarks contained in the bride's-maid's epistle:—

"And now, my dear friend, you will give credit to my assurance, that Mr. and Mrs. — are utterly insensible to the charms of this earthly paradise! Excursions which have enraptured Captain B— and myself, have overwhelmed them with *ennui*; and though I am sure we have behaved towards them with the greatest tact and delicacy, never intruding upon their *tête-a-têtes*, joining them in their rambles, or endeavoring in the least to divert their attention from each other, they are evidently displeased with us. How different are tastes! *They* are perpetually sighing for noisy pleasures and vulgar gaiety; whilst *we* are contented with a solitary walk or ride, during

which we are obliged to entertain each other. Is it not provoking that our happy couple should have determined to return home immediately, for the sake of those horrid races, and that abominable ball? Captain B— regrets, as much as I do, this change in our plans; for, as he justly remarks, we shall have no pleasure in conversing in a crowd. Pray do not suppose I have a *reason* for my regret; I hope you know me too well to suppose I could be guilty of the impropriety of falling in love with a person whom I have known only a fortnight. I may own without a blush, that I am attached to the *country*; and that if I were to be married a hundred times, it should be the scene of my wedding excursion. I need not remind *you* who should be my bride's-maid. But I must conclude. Captain B— interrupts me, to solicit one farewell ramble before we leave these enchanting scenes—perhaps for ever. Believe me, unalterably yours,

"SOPHIA."

The reader will anticipate the result of this farewell ramble. It was twilight,—the witching hour of romance; the breeze

Just kissed the lake; just stirred the trees.

The moon was too well-bred to withhold her influence on such an occasion—whilst here and there a modest star peeped forth, like an attendant spirit; the birds sung their vesper carols—the air was mingled balm and music—everything tended to a love-scene. The conversation we do not disclose; but when the rambles returned to the inn, the young lady retired, to erase from her letter the passage on the impropriety of falling in love in a fortnight; and to add in a post-script, that she was engaged to be married. Captain B— found the "happy couple" where he had left them, with this change in their occupations—that the bridegroom having pared his nails, was whistling a waltz; and that the bride, having finished her letter, had taken up an old newspaper.

Thus ended a wedding excursion; in the course of which, two of the same party fell out of love, and the remaining two fell *in*. What effect a return into the world produced upon their respective feelings, we leave as a problem to be solved by the sagacious reader.

#### WIT AND GENIUS.

TRUE WIT is like the brilliant stone  
Dug from Golconda's mine;  
Which boasts two various powers in one—  
To cut as well as shine.

GENIUS, like that, if polish'd right,  
With the same gifts abounds;  
Appears at once both keen and bright,  
And sparkles while it wounds.

LIFE.—The hyphen between matter and spirit.



## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

*The Emperor Moth.*—I have been much struck by the remarkable fact, recorded in your last by "Puss," in connection with this moth. It puzzles me, quite as much as it does the other entomologists spoken of by your correspondent: I must confess I never before met with a similar circumstance. It is not a very uncommon thing among the "Bombyx tribe," for two caterpillars to envelop themselves in one common covering: that is, the two caterpillars will make one large cocoon, and at the proper period, out of this one cocoon two moths will appear. But then, the *chrysalides* of the two moths are to be found. This has occurred to myself more than once. That two moths should proceed from one single chrysalis is most remarkable; and I certainly have never witnessed anything of the kind. I hope "Puss" has preserved both the chrysalis and the cocoon; as also both of the moths. They would be very pleasing mementoes of a very curious fact. I always preserve specimens of the chrysalides, the cocoons, and the eggs; and have quite an interesting collection of this kind; indeed, many cases full of them. It is very interesting either for reference or comparison. I trust that "Puss" is not going to abandon the delightful and interesting study of the insect world; and I hope that she will continue to watch closely their singular changes and transformations. There is scarcely any study which is more gratifying to a contemplative mind.—BOMBYX ATLAS.

[Had the circumstances connected with this "Emperor Moth" been communicated to us by a party unknown to us, we should have hesitated before we gave them insertion. But the veracity of "Puss" is far beyond suspicion. Her regard for truth, rules every action of her life. So pure a lover of nature is she, and so very close an observer of all that is interesting in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, that her conscience would be wounded were she to over-color or exaggerate any simple facts that might present themselves. The freaks of nature are sometimes very puzzling, and quite defy any attempt at explanation. This is evidently one of them. We feel these few observations to be called for, under the circumstances.]

*Canaries "sitting" whilst travelling by Rail, &c.*—In the Spring of 1850, I had occasion to move from Dawlish to Kingsbridge, a pair of canary birds. This was at a time when the hen was sitting on four eggs. The first part of the journey was performed by railway; the last nine miles by coach, or rather omnibus, over a rough hilly road. The cage containing my little pets rested on the lap of one or other of the party during the journey; but you may imagine I had little hope that the eggs would remain uninjured. However, the birds were tame; and being in well-known company, the little hen sat closely the whole time, and when she had been one week at Kingsbridge became the happy mother of three fine birds, all of which throve nicely. One I have now, amongst twenty others; but, strange to say, when about a year old, she lost one eye, without any apparent cause. The eye has sunk, and the lid is closed over it. The father of this bird lost an eye whilst suffering from a severe illness (this

was during the summer before the canary I speak of was hatched). Does this one misfortune in any way account for the other?—A CLERGYMAN'S WIFE.

[Severe cold, arising from an exposure to draught, no doubt caused both these misfortunes.]

*Hempseed as Food for Goldfinches.*—The presiding goddess of my home, says, Mr. Editor, that much as she relishes and enjoys your articles on song-birds,—yet must she demur to your dictum with respect to the sparing use of hempseed. She has a very favorite goldfinch, which was reared in a cage; he has lived in it six years at least, and during the whole time has been fed upon hempseed and green food alone. Nor will he eat anything else, although often tried in accordance with your recommendations. He is a first-rate songster, "toujours heureux, toujours gai," and has always enjoyed most excellent health. How do you account for this? Will this one instance at all affect your general advice, or do you consider it an exception to the general rule?—JOHN GARLAND, *Dorchester.*

[Hempseed is always objectionable when its use can be dispensed with. It assists in shortening the lives of *all* birds. Yet is it beneficial at certain times, used in homœopathic combination with canary, flax, and rape. It is moreover fatal to the fine, gaudy plumage of a goldfinch; or the rich color of a bullfinch. It makes the latter quite a dingy brown. We still adhere to our principles; and would *always* recommend the general use of the three seeds mentioned, excluding hempseed, except as a medicine. In this case, as the bird is hearty, it would be unwise to change his diet. Yet is hempseed far too heating for summer food. A little egg and sponge-cake should be occasionally given as a treat, and the bird should be allowed a bath daily.]

*The Chemistry of Nature.*—An attentive observer of nature must often be struck with surprise, when he sees the indifference with which the majority of mankind pass by her wonderful changes. To these, the most inexplicable performances of so-called magicians bear no comparison; and it may perhaps be interesting to the readers of OUR JOURNAL, to note one or two of the most remarkable in plants and animals. It will undoubtedly astonish many, to be told that the great fabric of the animal and vegetable kingdoms which meet our eye, have been built up entirely from gases and water; and these, in most cases, colorless. Even the brown and solid trunks of gigantic forest trees, which have stood the shock of ages, were composed originally of substances, as apparently immaterial. This, although strange, is true; for plants derive nourishment exclusively from gaseous and liquid products, no solid probably being ever absorbed. Animals subsist chiefly on the organised tissues of plants, or on each other. The four chief nutritive bodies required by plants, are—carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen; and these must be in a certain state of alteration or modification; as in air, carbonic acid, ammonia, &c. These gaseous bodies are mostly dissolved by the rain, in its passage downwards to the earth; and there absorbed by the fibrillæ of the roots. In the minute cells of



plants, are to be found the most remarkable chemical decompositions, which no chemist can ever produce. Here various bodies are fixed or eliminated, and nourishment supplied to the tissues. Then, as to exhalation—from the green parts of plants we find that oxygen, the chief essential of plants and animals, is given off abundantly from those parts which are colored. Carbonic acid is important to plants; containing carbon, a black body resembling charcoal, of which it is the chief constituent. A remarkable instance of the adaptation of birds to their leafy habitations, is, that in singing they give off this body largely, mixed with air. Animals are chiefly fed by plants, containing the same four elements above-mentioned, but modified in their condition. It is a well known fact that, unless we eat and drink, we die; but that while we are eating and drinking we are really dying, may appear a paradox. It nevertheless is strictly true. The destruction and reproduction of the particles of the human frame are continually going on; so that a man at forty years, though apparently the same as at twenty, has not probably a single atom in his body which has not been changed. Respiration itself is, in fact, a species of slow combustion. By this, the vital current is purified and supplied with oxygen; while a portion of the same body combined with superfluous carbon, is again given off. So that we may truly be said "to die daily," and to enter again upon a kind of new life; this continues till the vital force finally becomes extinct, when another series of changes are produced.—CHEMICUS.

*Insects, Lasiocampa, Rubi, &c.*—I am not at all surprised that "Cerura's" friend has been unsuccessful in rearing the larvæ of *Lasiocampa Rubi*. Many years ago, I myself made the same mistake in feeding them on the bramble. They all, of course, died. Experience has made me wiser; and I have many a time reared them as mentioned in the March number of OUR JOURNAL. Bear in mind that I lay down no absolute rule; I speak of that which I individually have found to be best. Wet food I have always considered objectionable; for there is generally sufficient moisture in the leaves for the proper nourishment of the larvæ. But by all means let "Cerura" follow his own fancy in this matter. "*Chacun a sa façon.*" I shall have pleasure, at the proper season, in sending him through you some eggs of *Potatoria*. I did not positively assert that his larva of *Ligustri* was stuck by an ichneumon; I merely suggested (*ante* page 125), the probability of such a thing. "Cerura" says he is able readily to decide when a caterpillar is unfortunately so stuck. I confess that I have often been deceived by appearances; and knowing how very liable the larva of *Ligustri* is to be destroyed by its enemy the ichneumon, I really did conclude his had fallen a victim to this abominably destructive insect. After all, I have still some slight misgivings as to this matter, more especially as "Cerura" simply affirms his own disbelief, without stating his own opinion of the fact. Is "Cerura" fond of coleopterous insects? If not, let me recommend him to study them as an additional most instructive recreation (if simply recreation); but I would much rather see it made a thorough study.—BOMBYX ATLAS.

*Effect of Electricity on Flowers.*—M. Bertholon, of Montpellier, announces that he has proved by experiment that flowers on being electrified emit a much stronger odor than usual; which explains the fact that the atmosphere is generally loaded with fragrance during the prevalence of thunderstorms.—P. T.

*A Beautiful "Dove-like" Flower.*—The *Panama Star* mentions a beautiful lily, with a bulb root, long oval leaves, and a stock four feet in length, found only on one particular part of the Isthmus, near Panama. It is named *Espiritu Santo*, and is thus described:—"The plant possesses little beauty beyond what is contained in the flower itself, which is of a most elegant and peculiar formation. The outward part, which is smaller than a pigeon's egg, resembles a curiously shaped vase; on opening the lid of which, the most perfect and beautiful *fac simile* of the dove is found within. The head is turned over its back, appearing as if it were about to take its farewell of earth, and soar to some brighter region. No person can see this extraordinary flower for the first time without a deep feeling of wonder and admiration at the perfection and beauty displayed in its formation; and every succeeding time it is met with, the observer gazes upon it with increased admiration and curiosity."—HELEN W.

[The flower is elsewhere styled the "Paradise Flower;" and if we remember rightly, there is a sonnet to it in a collection of poems, by the Rev. J. W. Burgon, of Oriel College, Oxford.]

*Thoughts on a Faded Rose:—*

Sweet flow'r! how fleeting is thy bloom,  
How soon thy beauties fade;  
Though lately cull'd from Flora's bow'rs,  
In brightest tints array'd.

How great the change a few short hours  
Have wrought upon thy lot;  
Those leaves on which the sunbeams smil'd,  
Lie wither'd and forgot!

Still beautiful thou art! tho' death  
Has mark'd thee for his own;  
E'en when upon thy blushing cheek  
The glitt'ring dew-drop shone.

Fair blossom! while I sadly gaze  
Upon thy fragile form,  
Methinks thou dost a lesson teach  
That mortals should not scorn.

Emblem thou art of all the bliss  
This passing world imparts;  
Where love, and friendship's silken chain,  
Would fain enthrall our hearts.

Then may we learn from thy frail life,  
To place our hopes above;  
For God reigns there, and He alone  
Is worthy of our love.

R. C.

*To Keep away the Moth.*—Before folding up and putting away your winter blankets, furs, and other articles, sprinkle them, or smear them over with a few drops of oil of turpentine; either alone



or mixed with an equal bulk of spirits of wine. No stain will be left; and if spirits of wine be used, the odor is by no means disagreeable.—  
ARABELLA E.

*Death of "the Nottinghamshire Entomologist."*—Mr. John Trueman, of Edmonston, well known in Mansfield and its neighborhood as "the Nottinghamshire Entomologist," was killed accidentally on the 4th ult., at Ollerton races, by coming in contact with a fly which was driving at a rapid rate. His collection of English insects was one of the completest ever formed by a private individual, and the British Museum is indebted to it for many specimens.—E. W.

*How to turn a White Dahlia blue.*—I have been told, but never have tried the experiment, by a celebrated cultivator of dahlias in Belgium, that he hopes to be able, in the course of a year or two, to produce a blue one, by keeping constantly watered the root of a white one with a solution of sulphate of iron. The sulphate of iron turns hydrangeas blue, and why not, he says, other white flowers as well? Of course, the solution must be very weak when used.—G. C.

*Epitaph on a favorite Mouse.*—A few days since, my old master was looking over some manuscripts written very nearly half a century ago; when all of a sudden I saw a peculiar smile on his face. As he was calmly watching my movements, I asked—what amused him so much? He then showed me the book, and extracted from it the following epitaph on the "Death of a favorite Mouse," written thirty-five years ago. It will prove to my little cousin, "Bo-peep," that formerly our race was as much petted as they are now. I admire the verses so much for their simple, natural, and unaffected feeling, that I thought you would not object to giving them a corner in OUR JOURNAL.—DOWNY.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE MOUSE.

Beneath this beech, we quiet lay  
The ashes of a fav'rite mouse,  
Which Death untimely snatched away  
And laid within its narrow house.

In vain thy coat of velvet sleek,  
Thy fair long tail and sparkling eye,  
To ward the fatal blow would seek;  
Since mice, as well as men, must die.

But yet thy mem'ry long shall live,  
And in our hearts for ever dwell;  
And sorrowing friendship still shall give  
A tear for one she loved so well!

Gutcombe Park, April, 15, 1818. X. Y.

*Cats, beyond all question, "Vermin."*—Let me confess to you, my dear Sir, that there has always been one point, and one only, in which I considered there was some little discrepancy between your "preaching and practice;" but, having now discovered my error, and no longer thinking so, I cannot do otherwise than write you "a plain unvarnished tale" by way of making the *amende honorable*. I could never for a moment imagine until now, how you, being as well as myself such

a lover of all dumb created things, could write so strongly against that silky, artful creature, "the Cat;" until "woful experience" has opened my eyes to such being quite consistent with your other opinions on Natural History. The fact is this. My "second-self" has for some years past kept a few, say ten or a dozen, little Bantam fowls—great pets of ours as you may guess, living as we do in the midst of bricks and mortar in a town. From time to time, however, during several years, divers of these pets have most unaccountably disappeared—I say unaccountably, for from their house being a brick-built and slated one, with railings at the sides, and no rat-holes discoverable therein, it became impossible, unless I could believe in what I considered your "theory," that cats could be the aggressors. This year likewise, three chickens and one hen have been destroyed in the same mysterious manner; and on Friday night last our greatest pet, a splendid little fellow and a present to our only child, was killed. It was found on the following morning, much mutilated; the head being off, and the body mangled. A piece or two of fur were adhering to the spurs of the bird, evidently from his struggles with the enemy. Doubt seemed now at an end; accordingly the next night a rat gin was placed close to the fowl-house door, and baited with the head of the unfortunate cock. The next morning, a brown monster in the form of a cat was discovered, caught by the leg. I need not tell you that his life was speedily put an end to with the kitchen poker. We now hope to have a little peace for our feathered pets. I really feel bound, Sir, to absolve you from the charge of cruelty to animals; and to admit that you are fully justified in using the strong language you occasionally do against those plagues the domestic cats, which are allowed to range at large in such numbers during the night.—JOHN GARLAND, *Dorchester*.

*Insects, Potatoria, &c.*—Let me thank C. MILLER for his obliging communication (*ante* page 253). I have bred some thousands of *Potatorias*, but certainly never adopted the plan he speaks of. I hope this year to try the experiment. I fear C. Miller's olfactory nerves are not very sensitive; as he has not yet been able to perceive the offensive smell emitted by the caterpillar and chrysalis of the Goat-Moth. Only three days since, I had occasion to examine a box which contained one of these chrysalides; and I can assure him the perfume was as pungent as ever, although placed there *nine years ago*.—BOMBYX ATLAS, *May 5*.

*The Country; and the Benefits derivable from Early Rising.*—You are really very tantalising, Mr. Editor, for writing so graphically and so vividly about the joys of the country, and the sympathetic feeling that unites all rambles in the fields. I want to do as you do, but cannot. I drink deeply into the spirit of every word you write, and long to share with you all the delectabilities you speak of. I am confident we should sympathise. But where I live—some two hundred miles from you—people do not regard pure feeling; they ridicule everything like sentiment. My heart, like yours, is formed for friendship; but I live in an atmosphere where friendship, properly so called, cannot flourish. Eating, drinking, and



sleeping, are the gods we worship; and I have no inducement to early rising. Oh, if you lived nearer; if you would but knock at my casement at sun-rise, and let me join you—how gladly would I become your pupil, and emerge into a new and blissful life! I should like to see an article on Early Rising from your pen.—FANNY, *Liverpool*.

[We have curtailed your letter, Fanny, but we are well pleased to let the sentiment remain. You feel, just as we wish all our readers to feel—that the life we are compelled to live is an artificial one. We sacrifice nature altogether, and pay dearly for the sacrifice—at this lovely season in particular. We have in our former volumes gone largely into the subject of Early Rising. Consult the index to each volume. Hear what Daniel Webster says about enjoying the Beauties of the Morning:—

“Everybody knows the morning in its metaphorical sense, applied to so many occasions. The health, strength, and beauty of early years, lead us to call that period ‘the morning of life.’ Of a lovely young woman, we say she is ‘bright as the morning;’ and no one doubts why Lucifer is called ‘son of the morning.’ But the morning itself, few people, inhabitants of cities, know anything about. Among all the good people, not one in a thousand sees the sun rise once a-year. They know nothing of the morning. Their idea of it is, that it is that part of the day which comes after a cup of coffee, or a piece of toast. With them, morning is not a new issuing of light, a new bursting forth of the sun, a new waking up of all that has life from a sort of temporary death, to behold again the works of God, the Heaven and the earth—it is only a part of the domestic day, belonging to reading the newspapers, answering notes, sending the children to school, giving orders for dinner, &c. The first streak of light, the earliest purpling of the east, which the lark springs forth to greet; and the deeper and deeper coloring into orange and red, till at length the glorious sun is seen, regent of the day—this they never enjoy, for they never see it. I never could think that Adam had much the advantage of us, from having seen the world while it was “new.” The manifestations of the power of God, like his mercies, are, ‘new every morning,’ and fresh every moment. We see as fine risings of the sun as ever Adam saw; and its risings are as much a miracle now as they were in his day, and I think a good deal more; because it is now a part of the miracle, that for thousands and thousands of years he has come to his appointed time, *without the variation of a millionth part of a second*. I know the morning; I am acquainted with it, and I love it. I love it, fresh and sweet as it is—a daily new creation, breaking forth, and calling all that have life, and breath, and being, to new adoration and enjoyments, and new gratitude.”—Let these remarks, Fanny, rouse you to an effort in our absence. We thank you for your good-will, and shall be happy to hear you have become an early riser. Having no precise address, we could not write you privately.]

*The “Spirit Rappers.”*—You deserve public thanks, Mr. Editor, for having so completely exposed these wretched impostors. From what I hear, and from what I have seen, I imagine their reign is nearly over. It is to be lamented that

such a man as Dr. Ashburner should have been duped by so shallow an artifice, and given sanction too to the imposture by the publication of his name! As for Robert Owen, the octogenarian, it is no wonder if at his age he should exhibit signs of decay; and we can afford to smile at the poor old man’s egotistical credulity.\* It seems that *women* always officiate in these matters. *Dux femina facti!* Is it then a matter to marvel at, if petticoat influence should warp the judgment? I am very greatly mistaken if I did not one day observe Mrs. Hayden, the rapping “Medium,” walking arm-in-arm through the public streets with one of our professed modern philosophers, a man ranking high in the medical profession. Hence his perversion from the cause of truth! Mr. Robert Spicer is another singularly demented individual, the avowed champion of Rapping Spirits. He has been inditing a very silly letter to the *Critic*, which, to show his ignorance I imagine, they have cruelly printed at length! When he talks about *Spirits* conversing by alphabets under the table, he quite upsets one’s gravity. Besides, the Spirits give incorrect replies in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred; the single correct reply is by a lucky guess. The humbug has been got up in a slovenly manner. In the haste to get money, the rehearsals have been neglected. The cloven foot is ill concealed. The impostors may “pay” well to be written up; but it will not do. We can deal with science, and believe everything that is connected therewith. But let this world be the limit; and let us not presume publicly to recognise any new editions of the “Witch of Endor.” The trick is stale; the imposition is detected; the public are wide awake.—LYNX.

[You have only anticipated what we would

\* Poor Robert Owen was sadly hoaxed. His seduction by the fair “Medium” was comparatively easy. The following is his confession.—“While conversing with Mrs. Hayden, and while we were both standing before the fire, and talking of our mutual friends, suddenly raps were heard on a table at some distance from us, no one being near to it. I was surprised; and as the raps continued and appeared to indicate a strong desire to attract attention, I asked what was the meaning of the sounds. Mrs. Hayden said, they were made by *Spirits* anxious to communicate with some one, *and she would inquire who they were*. They replied to her, by the alphabet, that they were friends of mine who were desirous to communicate with me. Mrs. Hayden then gave me the alphabet and pencil, and I found that the spirits were those of *my mother and father*.(!) I tested their truth by various questions, and their answers, all correct, surprised me exceedingly. I have since had twelve sances, some of long continuance, and during which I have asked a considerable number of questions; to all of which, with one exception, I have had prompt and true answers, so far as to the past and present, and very rational replies as to the future.”—After this, Mrs. Hayden raised the ghosts of Benjamin Franklin and others; among them, the ghost of Mrs. Owen, and her younger daughter! All this garbage is printed and published—and how much more!—Ed. K. J.



ourself have said on this subject. The cheat was too transparent to last for any length of time. The question of rap-ping up Spirits has no connection whatever either with philosophy or science. Neither is it a delusion wrought on the minds of the practitioners. It is simply one of the newest modes of studied extortion. John Bull may be superstitious; but *this* is too large even for his swallow. We have heard of Judas Iscariot being recently seen reflected in the globules of a crystal. He was clad in scarlet hosen, and he wore an alarmingly large cocked-hat. The boy who held the crystal, declared he saw him thus habited. In his hand was a snuff box; and he sat cross-legged; in his mouth was a small pipe. The boy remarked,—he was “blazing away.” He was mesmerised when he saw this. Here we have “the explanation.” But the boy heard no rappings; and used no printed alphabet. He was wandering in his sleep; and his disordered brain saw a vision—a droll one we confess. The sooner these tom-fooleries cease the better.]

*Death of the mutilated Jackdaw at Southampton.*—The poor animal about whose cruel treatment you have so interested yourself, is *dead*. His sufferings have terminated. I observe the following remarks in the *Hampshire Advertiser* of May 7.—“*The Mutilated Jackdaw.*—The poor pet at Blechynden-terrace, whose story has twice appeared in our columns, and afterwards been found worthy of a niche in KIDD'S JOURNAL, died about a month ago; as we learned upon recent inquiry. His mistresses were unceasing in their attentions to him, but he gradually dwindled away after our previous visit; and they imagine it was owing to the want of out-of-door's food, which the mutilation of his lower mandible prevented him from obtaining.”—With all my endeavors, Mr. Editor, I have been unable to obtain the *name* of the fiend who committed this barbarous act of inhumanity. He is screened by everybody—as if he had done a meritorious action! What an unaccountable world this is!—H.BARTSEASE, *Hants*.

[It is indeed, “Heartsease!” This fellow is even a greater miscreant than KING, who did *finish* roasting his victim and her unborn family. We lament, as much as you do, that we cannot immortalise his name; we still hope to be able to do so.]

*England,—or the Tropics?*—Our countrymen are getting dissatisfied, Mr. Editor, with our “happy land,” and are flying all over the world. Let me recommend them to take a trip to a tropical climate, and *then* see if England has not *some* claims upon their love. To mention only one “treat” peculiar to tropical climates—the visitation of insects. Of these Sydney Smith says:—“The *bête rouge* lays the foundation of a tremendous ulcer. In a moment you are covered with ticks. Chigoes bury themselves in your flesh, and hatch a large colony of young chigoes in a few hours. They will not live together, but every chigoe sets up a separate ulcer, and hath his own private portion of pus. Flies get into your mouth, into your eyes, into your nose; you eat flies, drink flies, and breathe flies. Lizards, cockroaches, and snakes, get into your beds; ants eat up the books; scorpions sting you on the foot. Everything bites,

or stings, or bruises. Every second of your existence you are wounded by some piece of animal life that nobody has ever seen before, except Swammerdam and Meriam. An insect with eleven legs is swimming in your tea-cup; a nondescript, with nine wings, is struggling in the small-beer; or a caterpillar, with several dozen eyes in his stomach, is hastening over the bread and butter. All nature is alive, and seems to be gathering all her entomological host to eat you up, as you are standing, out of coat, waistcoat, and overalls. Such are the tropics! All this reconciles us to our dews, fogs, vapors and drizzle; to our apothecaries rushing about with tincture and gargles; to our old British constitutional coughs, sore throats, and swelled faces.”—Aye, most truly reconciles us, say I. We never know half our comforts, till we are deprived of them.—JULIANA.

[Well spoken, “Juliana.” “Old England for ever!” say we. If we cannot live *here*, we can live nowhere. There is very little *poetical feeling* abroad, we imagine.]

*The Rose Maggot.*—Two years ago, on minutely inspecting the buds of my Rose-trees about the end of March, I observed some very small powdery matter about them, and on examining with a glass, I found a very small maggot in the bud; it occurred to me that as there are side buds which come into growth when the main bud is accidentally destroyed, I should possibly get rid of one set of caterpillars by removing all the main buds; I did so on a large branch, leaving the rest of the bush to take its chance. On the back of many of the buds I found the little creatures busy at work. I noticed the denuded branch during the summer, and found my conjecture confirmed. New buds came, and the branch was covered with flowers uninjured, whilst the rest of the tree was very much infested—the only drawback was, that the roses on the experimental branch came somewhat later. I repeated the experiment last year with the same result, and I make this communication in the hope that others may be induced to try the same mode of getting rid of one of our worst pests, as the plan has the advantage of extirpating, as far as it is practised, the propagation of the progeny. A quick hand, after the bushes are pruned, would soon clear a number of trees much quicker and very much better than could possibly be effected by hand-picking, when the mischief, in nine cases out of ten, is already irretrievably done. If any of your correspondents should try this mode, perhaps they will communicate their results.—T. H., *Stoke Newington*.

*Destructive Birds.*—Some remarks have lately appeared in your columns relative to destructive birds. If your correspondents could destroy the birds of which they speak, they would soon wish them all back again. A King of Prussia procured the destruction of sparrows throughout his dominions, but soon retraced his steps. One pair of sparrows in the spring and early summer destroy 6000 caterpillars a week. In the French game laws of 1840, or thereabouts, it is expressly enacted that it shall be lawful for the prefects of departments to forbid the destruction of all small birds. It is fit to add that bird-catching is practised on



the continent to a most extraordinary extent, and this provision is intended to check it, the act reciting—that in consequence of such destruction it had been found that vegetation greatly suffered. Almost all the thick-billed birds which eat corn and seeds will also prey upon caterpillars, insects, and larvæ. In fact it is difficult to name a single bird which does not do as much good as harm. The bullfinch is perhaps a plague. Walk out quietly among your plum-trees, and you will see every now and then two or three of these birds quietly crushing the blossoming buds all over the tree; but these birds are not over numerous. Wood-pigeons have increased of late years, so as to become a nuisance; they will shear off entire rows of peas as clean as a rabbit. The two latter-named birds do not, as far as I am aware, compensate for the mischief they do. The preservation of game, causing the extirpation of nearly all the birds and animals of prey, have immensely increased the numbers of the feathered tribes, and at the same time in a great measure stopped the predatory incursions of the bird-nester in our fields and woods. Thus the equilibrium of check and counter-check, which in such things constitutes the economy of nature, is somewhat interfered with.—I.

*Our Native Flowers.*—Perhaps no one of your readers would dissent from the proposition that beauty, not rarity, is the first quality to be desired in the tenants of our parterres; and, for ourselves, we have no hesitation in saying, that that gardener should not have the direction of our flower-borders who rejected the beautiful, because it was common, to make room for the more insignificant, merely because it was scarce. No; we prefer, before all other considerations, beauty of color, beauty of form, and excellence of fragrance. Moreover, we are not of those who admire most that which costs most; but, on the contrary, we should be best delighted to save every guinea we could from being expended upon the tenants of our out-door departments, in order that we might have that guinea to spare upon our stove and greenhouse, the denizens in which must, beyond escape, be excellent, in proportion to their costliness. We make these observations, because we happen to know that effects the most beautiful may be obtained by the aid of our native plants. We have seen rustic seats looking gay, yet refreshing, from their profuse clothing of our *Vinca minor* and *major*; and we will venture to wager a Persian melon against a pompion, that half the amateur gardeners of England would not recognise these flowers in their cultivated dwelling-place. Again, if any one wishes to have the soil beneath his shrubberies gladsome in early spring, let him introduce that pretty page-like flower, the wood anemone, to wave and flourish over the primroses and violets. Let him have there, also, and in his borders too, the blue and the white forget-me-not, *Myosotis palustris* and *M. Alba*. We will venture the same wager, that not a tithe of your readers ever saw that last-named gay little native. Mr. Paxton's observation applies to them both, when he says, as a border-flower it has a very high characteristic—it only requires planting in a moist soil, slightly sheltered and shaded, to become a truly brilliant object; it is equally good for forcing, very valu-

able for bouquets, and alike fit for windows, green-houses, borders, and beds. Under favorable cultivation, its blossoms increase in size nearly one-half. The plants only required to be divided annually, and to have the flower-spikes cut off as the lower-florets decay. By thus preventing their seeding, a very protracted display of bloom is obtained. These are not a hundredth part of the native flowers which might be introduced with the happiest effect into our gardens.—GEORGE GLENNY.

*Australia; two sides to every Question.*—The climate of Australia has been much lauded in our JOURNAL, and no doubt, the climate, at certain seasons, is lovely. But is it always so? Listen! Mr. W. Howitt, writing from the Ovens Diggings, says:—"The season has been frightfully unhealthy, and the journey to the gold-fields has been fatal to many. Thousands have been struck down by sickness; hundreds have already returned, cursing the parties who sent them such one-sided statements of the gold-fields and the climate. Hundreds were still lying ill from the insidious influence of this 'fine, salubrious climate.' In a letter just received from Melbourne, I hear that scarcely a soul there but has been ill, and all up the country it is the same. Gentlemen who have been in India, China, and over the whole continents of Europe and America, say that this is the worst climate they know. Without any apparent cause people are everywhere attacked with dysentery, rheumatism, cramp, and influenza. All this ought to be fully and fairly stated. One-sided statements are a dishonest procedure—'a delusion, a mockery, and a snare.' The little black fly of Australia is a perfect devil. The grass-seeds in summer, which pierce your legs like needles, will actually run through the sheep-skins into the flesh of the sheep, and into their lungs, and kill them; but this is more particularly the case with the seed-spikes of a wild geranium, which act like corkscrews. The dust winds, and the violent variations of the atmosphere—often of no less than 100 degrees in a day—these are nuisances which ought to be well-known. A deal is said about sending out young women to marry men in the bush. God help such young women as marry the greater portion of such fellows as the common class here. Their very language is perfectly mealed with obscenity and the vilest oaths and the basest phraseology, and they drink all they can get. In short, this is a country to come to, as people go to India, to make money; as to spending it here, that, under present circumstances, would require different tastes to those of most cultivated men and women. The greatest thing that can be said of this country is, that the better classes are so exceedingly kind and hospitable, and, considering their isolated lives, not deficient in general information. I am sure we shall always have occasion to remember the kindness of the inhabitants of the bush. Every house, if we had desired it, would have opened itself to us as a home, and, but for bush kindness, I should, perhaps, not have been writing this."—Do, Mr. Editor, print this little extract. It may do some real good. It can do no harm.—REBECCA J.

[The accounts now arriving from Australia are terrific—really no other word is suitable to express one's sentiments. If thousands are going out,



as many thousands are pining to come back. Most of our young clerks are breaking stones upon the highways—a mode of practising “vulgar fractions” they little dreamt of, when quitting salaries of £180 to £250 a year, in England, to search for gold, abroad. Well! good comes out of evil very often. When these young sparks return, let us hope they will have become “seasoned” by adversity, and better able to judge when they are “well off.”]

*The Dormouse.*—It may assist the interesting inquiry instituted in your last, about the tail of the Dormouse, if I send you some extracts I have copied from a recent number of “Household Words.” At the same time, a good idea may be obtained of the animal’s habits. The French call him “Croquenoix” or “crack walnut,” but schoolboys like him best under the English name. The great point of the Croquenoix or Dormouse, in the estimation of schoolboy fanciers, is its tail, on the length and beauty of which depends its value. Every other feature is sure to be pretty, but the tail itself is exceedingly fragile and precarious. If you lay hold of him by the tail while he is wide awake and in a state of alarm, he will make his escape most unexpectedly, by leaving the member (or its skin with the fur) in your hand. And a dormouse is not like a lizard; he cannot reproduce the loss. The disfigurement is never afterwards repaired. Therefore, the importance attached to the tail. The boys are the authority that there is a marked difference between the tails of the French and English dormouse. Therefore, they are probably, if not two distinct species, at least two decided and permanent varieties. Let us suppose so. The dormouse makes a round little nest of dried leaves, moss, and dead grass, and places it on the ground, or on the branch of a low bush. Here he sleeps all winter in solitary repose;—every individual having a nest to himself—waking now and then on mild days, to munch a morsel of his nutty store. In confinement, dormice live happily enough in company, but the accustomed materials of their native habitation must be supplied to them for bedding; hair, wool, and what we might think warm and comfortable proving injurious to their health. It is odd that, although their home is amongst the trees, upon the branches, and in a chalk-bottomed forest where there is not a single permanent pond or brook, they are nevertheless very thirsty creatures, and are exceedingly fond of washing their face and hands. Except during rainy weather, the dew on the leaves must be the only available water they can find. The staple of their diet is nuts; almonds are particularly delighted in; but they now and then enjoy a green hazel-leaf, or a slice of ripe fruit. Wild cherries abound in the forest; and the stones of these, which you find on the ground, often bear evidence of having had their kernels emptied by dormice. The little beast is not so foolish as to crack his nuts; that would give him unnecessary trouble. He makes just one little hole in the shell, about as big as a pin’s head, and through that he extracts, or laps out, the kernel with his tongue. By the way, he laps his drink like a dog or cat; and if he is very tame, or very thirsty (I would not say which), when you handle him, he will gently lick the moisture of perspiration from off your hand. Of

course, he knows a good nut from a bad one, as soon as he touches it, without further ado. They readily breed in captivity, producing from five to eight at a birth. They come into the world blind and naked, and must not be disturbed too early in the nest, or the mother will prove infanticide. Otherwise, her affection for them is extreme; to secure a nest of young ones insures the securing of their parent. She will run squeaking down the branch of a tree into your very hand, with the delicate bristles of her tail erect, her eyes flashing tiny sparks of fire; in short, the miniature of a raging lioness. And her bite, though it won’t do much more than draw blood, like a pin-prick, is sharp enough to make you cry out “oh!” and laugh at the same time. When the little ones make their appearance out of doors at last, and play about with their dam at night—for their general habits are completely nocturnal—and whisk their delicate feather-like tails, and twinkle their round black bead-like eyes, they are very taking little animals. And, as in other members of their tribe, those brilliant eyes are so convex and short-sighted, that you may watch them close at hand without their being aware of it; if you will only keep yourself quiet and silent. They must be kept in strict confinement, or they will hop off for a ramble, and forget to return. Still, they are used to a settled home, and like to have an apartment which they can call their own. We have shut our young friends out of their bed-chamber, and they have opened the door with their own little hands, to force their way back again in spite of us. I say “hands,” because “fore-paws” would not convey the use that is made of them. One poor fellow, being tired of a truant excursion in my bed-room, crept under the carpet for a quiet day’s rest, and was unfortunately crushed there. A woodman, to whom we had given a general order, brought us in a large party of dormice. Next morning, three of them had escaped from their cage. One bold fellow was perched on the rod which supports the window-curtains; the other two were cuddled together in the folds of the muslin, fast asleep, and rolled into a ball. In winter their sleep is so sound that respiration is suspended, and they are cold and death-like. Many a poor little innocent has been thrown out of the window by his capturer, under the impression that the vital spark had departed, while he was only slumbering a little more profoundly than usual, and enjoying a complete escape from the troubles of the world.—I trust this very graphic description may be the means of spreading far and wide the fame of this pretty little animal. His fine sparkling eye, and his most delectable tail, have oftentimes filled me with admiration of his beauty. To see him curled up, when asleep, would make anybody love him—at least I think so.—HEARTSEASE, *Hants*.

*Abstinence in the Spider.*—The following is copied from the *Banffshire Journal*.—“Mr. T. Edwards sends us the following curious particulars: Having mounted and arranged a number of birds, I put them in a case. The case had lain aside for a short time previous to the front, which is of glass, being put on; and during this time a spider, doubtless on the look-out for a canny nook, managed to take up his quarters among the birds,



and was not observed until after the front had been attached, and the whole finished. It was a little vexing to see the unwelcome intruder parading about in the box, as regardless of its contents as if they had been as many old rotten sticks. He walked over one bird, then over another, now in the bottom of the case, then again on the back, sides, &c., until he at last became stationary in one of the corners. Being an eyesore in such a place, he would have been summarily dealt with, but for the case being a close one, and all but hermetically sealed. The re-opening of it would have cost some trouble, and not a little risk. The consequence was, the little creature was permitted to remain, in the hope that want would terminate his existence. In this, however, I have been mistaken; and from being looked upon as a grievance, he ultimately became an object of some interest. Indeed he has in consequence already more than fully repaid the space which he occupies. Towards noon of the second day of his incarceration, he commenced operations in the corner already alluded to; and by breakfast time of the day following, the web was completed. The little artisan was then observed to walk slowly and very sedately, all over the newly-formed fabric; seemingly with the view of ascertaining if all was secure. This done, the aperture was next examined, and with more apparent care than was bestowed upon the rest of the structure. This wonderful mechanical contrivance—which serves at once the four-fold purpose of store-house, banqueting-hall, watch-tower, or of an asylum in times of danger, being found all right, the artificer then took up his station within it; no doubt to await the success of the net which he had spread, and whence, had fortune proved kind, he would boldly have rushed to secure the struggling prey. It happened, however, that no other insect had the misfortune to be imprisoned along with himself, and, as already hinted, none can get in. There, on his watch-tower, he still remains as motionless as a statue. And there has the patient little animal continued for the space of twelve months, having taken up his position on the 3rd of October, 1851, and kept watch and ward without ever having moved, night or day, as far as could be observed, except on three occasions. These, however, were so trifling, that they are not worth mentioning. But this is not all, as will be anticipated. The animal being still alive, it follows, as a natural consequence, that life has been sustained during all this time without the least particle of nourishment having been obtained! The little creature is still as life-like as on the first day of his imprisonment. This circumstance is not a little curious; and to the naturalist the fact must be of some value. Mr. E. adds, that the longest period during which, so far as he can learn, spiders have been ascertained to have lived without food, is ten months.—I have sent you this, my dear Sir, deeming it to be particularly interesting, and worthy of record.—HELEN W.

*The Blackbird Imitative.*—You are right in saying the nestling blackbird will copy anything. A friend of mine kept his blackbird, during the cold weather, in his sitting-room, where, being musical, he often amused himself in whistling the "Schottische." The first part of this, "Blacky"

soon learnt to perfection. When the weather became warmer, his cage was hung out in the yard: and there he frequently warbled forth a new solo. I fancy the merry tailor (whose shop is contiguous to the yard) taught him this. He also very soon learned to whistle up the dog and the pigeons to feed. He has not yet been heard to sing the note peculiar to the bird in its natural state. He was caged very young, and this is his third year. He sings very sweetly. I assure you my friend has not designedly taught him; but has been *astonished* at his powers. As I have myself heard the bird's performance, I can vouch for the truth of this statement. One guinea has been offered for him, but refused.—J. C.

[We observe in the *Leeds Intelligencer* of May 14, the following, which supports your argument:—"One of a pair of blackbirds frequenting the garden of a Mr. Drummond, Muthild, and who keeps a number of bantams, "crows" night and morning. Indeed he imitates the bantam cock so well, that no person can distinguish one from the other.]

*A Stroll in Epping Forest.*—When old Sol arose on the morning of the 2nd of May, he found myself, my youngest son, and old "Fino," enjoying a substantial breakfast; discussing the probable pleasures of a day which we had devoted, in our mind's eye, to a merry ramble. It was agreed that my companion should look after water-beetles; and that whilst he was so engaged, I should secure any other stray beetle or butterfly, &c. &c., that might cross my path—"Fino" keeping order among the rabbits. Well; our various *instruments de chasse* being ready, off we started, about five o'clock, A.M. Our route lay direct to the "Seven Sisters;" and thence to the Tottenham Station, which we crossed; and on to the Ferry House. It certainly was a glorious morning, although there was a cool easterly wind stirring; and we did not regret not having put in practice an idea (which we at one moment entertained) of going *sans veste*. Passing forwards, we reached Walthamstow; and here the beams of the sun began to be felt. This refreshed us; and thus accompanied, a most lovely walk we had. Onward still further, and we came to the Woodford Road, which runs through part of the forest. Here it was decidedly warm. Turning to our left, we followed up the road, meeting, now and then, a brood of pretty little goslings, which seemed much to interest "Fino;" but the old fellow was desperately alarmed when the fond mother flew at him, with outstretched neck and wings; hissing close to his very nose. He took all this, however, as he generally does everything else, very good-temperedly, and, after a time, made tolerable friends with Mrs. Goose and her happy family. He was not so successful, however, with an old hen, further on. *She* would listen to no accommodation; and, to avoid a row, "Fino" made a bolt of it. In good time we reached the turnpike, and, in a few minutes more, the "Bald Face Stag" (an old acquaintance of ours). We can indeed recollect the said "Bald Face," for some *few* years! Here we were ushered into a room we knew full well; and, looking at our watch, found it half past seven o'clock. We rested near a good fire, just half an hour—*pour rafraichir la memoire*—and having requested dinner to be



ready at half-past two, we started again, neither knowing nor caring which way we went, so long as we kept within scent of the "Bald-Face Stag." We now struck off to the left, and "Fino" soon spied some rabbits. Literally mad with delight, nothing could stop him,—off he went like a greyhound. But it was all of no use; the little rabbits only laughed at him, and this made him still more mad. We rambled for some time, just where fancy or "Fino" led—now in a swamp, or a bog; now fishing in little ponds; searching under stones, or the bark of trees, &c. &c.; till our hearts were gladdened by the sound of "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" the first time we had heard it this year. It was just eleven o'clock. Suddenly, a peculiar bark was heard from old "Fino;" and looking round, we saw his tail wagging at an unusually brisk rate. On nearing the spot, we found him contemplating a snake, some four feet long. At our approach, it slipped into its hole; and then, good bye! After this we broke into a singular field or rather opening in the forest, where an aged bird-catcher was plying his vocation. "Good morning, old gentleman!"—"Good morning, Sirs!"—and we soon entered into a familiar chat with our ornithological acquaintance. More than three-score years and ten had evidently passed over his grey head; whilst his manners and language betokened him to be a man who had seen better days. Not that he was to be pitied! By no means! Yet did he seem a man of gentler birth than bird-catchers generally are. We learned from him that his early life had been spent near Liverpool, and that he had always loved birds, and knew full well their different songs;—[Here "Fino" jumped up to me, and whispered, "He is just the man for our Editor.']\*—but that he now took them, more by way of amusement and recreation than from necessity. Also, that both himself and his wife had got a tolerable independence. I asked him if he had heard the nightingale this season, and he told me, "Yes, on the 21st April, for the first time." We now parted from our friend, as he said he was going to repose for about two hours before his dinner, as he was *getting* old, and felt rather tired. On looking around, we perceived a stone on which was marked "Loughton Parish." We struck again through the forest, retracing our steps. Hereabouts, old "Fino" made an awkward leap of it. He was after the rabbits and springing over a hedge, without having sufficiently calculated his leap, or looking before he leaped. He leaped, and fell, nose foremost, into a soft bog. He was very wroth, but a pond being near at hand, he soon washed his proboscis, and forgot all about it. At length we

\* Hark 'e, "Fino!" you read OUR JOURNAL to very little purpose, if you imagine we could like a man who traps birds, be he young or be he old. The practice of robbing birds of their liberty, under any circumstances, whether for profit or amusement, is brutal,—perfectly indefensible. The accounts that have reached us this very month of the barbarous atrocities perpetrated by these vilest of vagabonds, in all parts of the country, are heart-rending. The angelic voice of the nightingale has pleaded for him in vain. He has sung his own death-song; whilst parents out of number have been robbed of their feathered offspring without mercy. So, "Fino," shut up!—ED. K. J.

found ourselves *au point de depart*; and being half-an-hour earlier than the time appointed, we turned down a sweetly pretty lane to the right. Here on a sunny bank, "Fino" found another kind of sport, in the shape of some little fawn-colored mice, which, however, I could not allow him to hunt or annoy. We again turned back, and reached the "Bald-Face Stag," precisely at the hour appointed,—very hot, rather tired, very thirsty; and with an *appetit de loup*. We were shown into a snug little room; and "Fino" soon curled himself round in a corner, dreaming of his glorious sport with the rabbits. Whilst dinner was getting ready, we recollected that we had seen "Atalanta," "Rhamni," "Persicariæ," "Tiliæ," "Verbasci," "Menthastri," "Urticæ," "Polychloros," "Bucephala;" that we had taken "Rhizolitha," and obtained some interesting larvæ, and our beetle bottle contained "Cicendella Campestris," "Scarabæus Eremita," "Aphodius Gagatis," and many others, as well as a quantity of water-beetles. After a while, dinner was announced. Just fancy, Mr. Editor, a beautiful knuckle of veal, done to a nicety; some delicious spring pork, tender brocoli, Guinness's best, and Charrington's super-extra, just to relish a capital cheese. Then, an adjournment to a neat little alcove in the garden, where we enjoyed a fine Havannah, and some brilliant sherry; old "Fino," in the meanwhile, snoring at our feet, having first disposed of the residue of the veal and pork. Jolly were we all,—and merry. At a quarter past four o'clock we started on our return home, arriving at a quarter past seven. An early supper and a sound sleep, saw us next morning in tip-top spirits.—BOMBYX ATLAS, Tottenham, May 13th, 1853.

*Cruelty to Animals, and its "Consequences."*—The recent death of Mr. Robert Owen, the eminent East India Warehouseman, of New Bond Street—which took place on the 9th ult., was brought on, it seems, by a severe shock, occasioned by cruelty to animals. The following paragraph appeared in the *Morning Post* of May 11:—"The conviction, some short time since, of one of the deceased's *employées*, a young man named KING, for his CRUELTY to a CAT, is said to have so worked upon Mr. Owen's naturally sensitive disposition, as to have induced the illness which has unhappily terminated in his death, leaving a widow and small family."—Do, Mr. Editor, print this in OUR JOURNAL. If that unfeeling wretch, KING, has the smallest portion of a conscience left, he may perhaps even yet be brought to see that "roasting cats alive" is *not* such a very "harmless amusement." What has he not to answer for, in the death of his late excellent master!—SARAH P., Tiverton.

[We would not add to the sting of torment that *must*, we imagine, haunt the conscience even of this very wicked man. He has *indeed* a fearfully-heavy load of guilt to answer for!]

*Cure for the Sting of a Bee.*—In most cases, the person stung can instantaneously obtain relief by pressing on the point stung with the tube of a key. This will extract the sting and relieve the pain; and the application of *aqua ammonia* (common spirits of hartshorn) will immediately remove it. The poison being of



an acid nature, is at once neutralised by the application of this penetrating and volatile alkali. A small quantity introduced into the wound on the point of a needle, or fine-nibbed pen, and applied as soon as possible, will scarcely ever fail.—R. B.

*Feigning Death to Save Life.*—Self-preservation seems to be an inherent principle in animals—a dread of pain and suffering, and a consciousness of death; which consciousness must be of the highest order in some animals, since they feign that death as the last remaining struggle for self-preservation, when all other hopes have failed. An implanted knowledge of the termination of life must exist, or its effects would not be feigned, nor the anxiety for safety be so paramount an object. It cannot be example that sets the fox to simulate death so perfectly that he permits himself to be handled, to be conveyed to a distant spot, and then to be flung on a dunghill. The ultimate hope of escape prompts the measure, which unaided instinct could not have contrived. What we, humanly speaking, call knowledge of the world, (which is the mainspring of half our acts and plans,) is the result of deep observation of character, and of the leading principles which influence society; and this would apply very well with fox in relation to fox. But the analogy must cease here; and we can only say that this artifice of the fox is an extraordinary display of high cunning, great self-confidence, and strong resolution. There are many insects, particularly the genus *Elater*, the spider, and the dorr-beetle, which feign death when seized by the hand.—THOMPSON.

*Nunneries, Convents, and Monasteries.*—These nurseries of crime and wickedness, Mr. Editor, are at last—thank God!—about to be placed under some *surveillance*. Both yourself and readers will, I am sure, be glad to know that Mr. CHAMBERS' motion for leave to bring in a Bill connected with the subject, has, after much opposition, just been carried. People brought up against their will in these hot-beds of vice and pollution will now be able, by legal means, to obtain their discharge. It was high time to interfere; but, as you will admit, "better late than never."—A (NOW HAPPY) PROTESTANT PARENT, May 11.

[We rejoice at this, Sir, quite as much as you can do. We are but too well aware of the horrors which rule in these foul dungeons of uncleanness and hideous depravity.]

*The Heliotrope.*—My plan of propagating this is as follows:—At the end of July, I select tops of young shoots, from three to four inches in length; cut them square (*i.e.* horizontally) at the bottom, close under a leaf, taking a few of the lower leaves away. I then insert them in a mixture of loam, rotten leaf-mould, and a little sand. I do not top them. I generally put from 40 to 50 cuttings in a broad shallow pot, and place them in a cold frame, sprinkling them now and then, to keep them moderately moist, and shading them from the sun. In this way, rarely one in 40 fails to grow. When rooted, I pot them off, from four to six in a pot, according to the size of the latter; preferring a certain number in one pot to a multitude of small pots. They are then stopped, and

may remain until the following March, when they must be potted off singly, for the decoration of the parterre.—W. BROWN, *Merevale*.

*The Skylark, the Robin, Chaffinch, Cuckoo, &c.*—Your noble appeal to man's better nature in the matter of imprisoning our little "free songsters," does you honor. I observe that your article on the subject has been copied far and near. May it have the effect you intended it to have! Brutal indeed must be the heart that could, at such a season as this, take pleasure in acts of spoliation and robbery! [You are right, Heartsease. Brutal indeed must it be—brutal indeed is it. Already do we behold remnants of nests torn out of the hedges; and see thousands of little beautifully-spotted eggs exposed for sale in the highways. Callow nestlings, too, meet our eye at every turn—many of them at their last gasp! The stolid faces of the robbers show that they have no heart beneath their vest. Hence, to argue with them would be folly. The sight is sickening; and the mind revolts at the barbarity. We would think well of human nature if we could—but is it possible?] The sky-larks now revel in enjoyment. I watch them and listen to them early and late. What music! what ecstatic delight as they enter Heaven's precincts! I can tell where they have been, by the celestial strains that accompany them in their descent. Our chaffinches are now all either building their nests or attending on their young. The cuckoo is right merry, singing away from morning to night. The swallows too, and our other summer visitors, have made our garden their home. Ours is a paradise of harmless delights. One of our pet robins has built its nest and hatched its young family, in a small watering pot. Being rusty and worn out, it was thrown carelessly into a hedge; and whilst suspended there, the odd idea of using it as a nursery suggested itself to the happy pair, who, having furnished it with oak leaves, now live in it rent-free. I only hope they may escape the fangs of those horrible cats! To see such very tame darlings torn to pieces would be heart-rending. As for the garden and its attractions, the flowers, the bees, the blossoms, &c., fain would I say "Come and see them!" OUR EDITOR will always be welcome, I am sure, wherever he may go.—HEARTSEASE, *Hants*.

[Thanks many, gentle Heartsease. We will, D.V., come and see what you so prettily and attractively record. Our "Engagement Book" is, we observe, filling fast. May the summer continue for a twelvemonth at least! Talking of those cats, reminds us that we have a tale to tell about *that* nest of seven robins, whose exodus from the green-house took place some weeks since. Of the whole family *one* only lives—the other six were torn limb from limb by two savage cats. Vain was it to attempt to drive them away. They haunted those poor little helpless nestlings from morning till night, till, one by one, they fell—either from fright or weakness, into their enemy's jaws. Retribution has done its work. *Those* cats, and some half-dozen others, preying upon our grounds, sleep in the dust. We have sworn an eternal war against the race, and our oath shall be held sacred. If people *will* keep cats, and daily divide a half-



pennyworth of meat among two cats and perhaps as many dogs, we say let them—if they can. But they shall not sponge upon us, to make up for an empty stomach on our grounds. Oh no!]

*Singular Case of Poisoning at Stettin.*—Not long since, a gentleman, who had a number of stuffed birds in his study, covered them with arsenic to secure their preservation. Soon afterwards he became seriously indisposed, without being able to assign any cause for illness; until it was discovered by a physician whom he consulted at Berlin, that he had, from constant residence in the study, absorbed the deadly poison, with which his system became gradually impregnated.—W. T.

[This should act as a caution to persons using stearine, and other candles; in the manufacture of which arsenic is employed.]

*The Hydrograph.*—Will any one of your readers be so kind as to give me some information respecting this instrument? It is a Scotch invention, and I was first told of it about twelve months since. I have been vainly looking to see or hear more of it. I particularly wish to know where, and at what cost, one can be procured? also, if the instrument is adapted for enlarging as well as reducing drawings? Another point is,—are the drawings so taken necessarily reversed?—Puss.

*The "Roller" Bird.*—On Wednesday last, says the Editor of the *Liverpool Mercury* (May 17), a very fine specimen of that rare bird, the Roller (*Coracias garrula*), was shot near Knotty Ash. The bird is now in the possession of Mr. James Mather, naturalist, Williamson Square, who has purchased it to add to his collection. It is one of the most beautiful European birds; its head, neck, and breast, presenting various shades of verditer blue, changing to pale green; the shoulders are azure blue. The Roller has a wide range of country. By some naturalists it is regarded as among the birds of Africa. It is very rarely seen in Britain; but it has been captured occasionally in a few counties of England, and also in Scotland.—F. BIRCH.

*How can I remove Heat Marks from the Surface of a French-Polished Table?*—I have had the misfortune, Mr. Editor, to disfigure the top of a handsome table, French-polished, by placing on it some hot plates. Vainly have I tried to remove the marks. They remain, apparently indelible. Can any of your readers kindly assist me, by pointing out a remedy for the removal of these foul blots?—FRANK FREELY.

[We imagine, by what you state, that the marks must be deeply indented. In such a case, the top of the table must, we fear, be scraped afresh, and polished anew. This, if the table be a large one, would be a heavy expense to incur. However, wait one little month, and see if any better mode can be proposed.]

*Smiles.*—Nobody who reads OUR JOURNAL can doubt Our Editor's thoughts about smiles,—those illuminations of the heart reflected glowingly on the face. A smile costs no effort; yet how eloquent its meaning,—how delightful the impression it conveys! Sam Slick joins in the feeling; and,

whilst putting his paw upon the deceitful and cold smile, he pleads powerfully for the honest smiles of friendship, encouragement, and love. The subjoined is from his "Wise Saws:—" "Oh! what a sight there is in that word—smile; for it changes color like a chameleon. There's a vacant smile, a cold smile, a satiric smile, a smile of hate, an affected smile, a smile of approbation, a friendly smile, but above all a 'smile of love.' A woman has two smiles that an angel might envy,—the smile that accepts the lover before words are uttered; and the smile that lights on the first-born baby, and assures him of a mother's love."—Is not this prettily expressed, Mr. Editor? And how correctly characterised are the world's smiles! But what have they to do with us?—GOSSAMER, *Henley*.

[Yes, gentle fairy, the thought is prettily expressed; and the sentiment is worthy of the writer. Albeit Sam Slick is a droll fellow, his heart is in the right place. We quite agree with you in your remarks; and shall cultivate such smiles *only* as become the human face, and reflect honor on the human heart. This is "the" season for perpetual smiles of love and friendship. Let us enjoy it!]

*The Advantages of—(what silly people call)—"Vermin."*—I have a plantation of larch, which has been entirely underset with oaks by magpies and jays; these oaks will come into use, and be of some size when the larches are cut down; and be much hardier than any planted by hand among the larch.—*Ornithophilos*.

*A Costly Nest.*—A pair of missel-thrushes, we are told by the *Leicester Journal*, recently built their nest in a cedar tree, located in the pleasure-grounds of Earl Manvers, Thoresby Park. It appears that the household linen was being bleached in the sun, and that the variety offered was too tempting to be resisted. Accordingly a lady's cap was selected to begin with. Then followed a collar, a habit-shirt, and some lace. These, combined with twigs and moss, enabled the happy pair to build a tidy habitation. But not being able to interweave the habit-shirt with the other materials, an end sticking out betrayed the whereabouts of the thieves. The nest was found. In it were two eggs. I regret to tell you that it was torn out of its resting place, and sent to London as a curiosity! No doubt the poor thrushes have forsaken these grounds. I hope so. What with robbers, guns, traps, and poison, our poor little vernal choristers are brutally treated, whilst attempting to share our hospitality!—VIOLET, *Worcester*.

*The Natural History of Australia*—I hear, Mr. Editor, that Dr. Harvey, of Trinity College, Dublin, is about to visit Australia, under the joint auspices of the University and of the Royal Dublin Society, for the purpose of exploring the natural history, and especially the seaweeds of the southern coasts of that continent. The Australian shores are well known to be rich in varied and curious forms, but as yet they have been very imperfectly explored; naturalists and collectors who have hitherto visited Australia having chiefly attended to other departments. Dr. Harvey will therefore, let us hope, reap an abundant harvest of new and beautiful species, particularly among the more



delicate and perishable kinds. The specimens, I am told, will be carefully preserved, with as much attention to neatness in displaying them as circumstances will admit. The filiform kinds will be displayed on white paper. Dr. Harvey's first collections will be made in Western Australia, at various points along the coast, from Swan River to King George's Sound. Three or four months will be devoted to this locality. He will then proceed to Sydney and Van Diemen's Land; and it is his present intention to visit the coast of Chili.—**NANNETTE.**

*Can Fishes See?*—I heard an argument the other day, Mr. Editor, touching the vision of fish. One party strongly insisted upon it that fishes were more accessible to *sound* than to light; whilst the other maintained the direct contrary. Which was right?—**WILLIAM C., Eton.**

[Fishes are no doubt moderately possessed of the power of hearing; but their *sight* is wonderfully acute, and it far surpasses any other instinctive gift. The eyes of fishes are much more perfectly formed than their other organs of sense, and we are much better acquainted with their action. They even observe a very minute object when the water is dark and the surface ruffled. But, on a clear day, river-fishes can see a shadow passing along the water, and are alarmed by it. Their eyes are admirably formed, both for protection and for readiness in the use. The surface is in general flat, and the common integument passes over the eye, without any duplicature or eyelid, except in a very few peculiar species; and thus the most violent agitation of the water produces much less effect upon the eye of fish than a gentle breeze does upon the human eye. Such an eye could not, indeed, exist exposed to the air, or to any drying element; and hence in all eyes that are to be used in the air, there are either moveable eyelids, as in the mammalia; or nictitating membranes, as in birds; by the application of which, the coat of the eye is kept moist and transparent. But the eye of a fish from the nature of its element, and the adaptation of the structure to that element, is always ready; and in all states of the water, in which the muscular action of the fish can keep its place, the eye can see the smallest substance. Turbid water, or even rolling pebbles, can do little injury to an eye so flat. But in proportion as the external surface of the eye is flat, the crystalline lens is convex. It is, indeed, nearly a perfect sphere; and thus the eye has great magnifying power; although it appears to have considerable range of focal length. The eye of a fish is one of the most curious varieties of that most interesting of organs.]

*How can I Cure the Toothache?*—If you can help a sufferer, do; pray do!—**C., Long Acre.**

[A mixture of two parts of the liquid ammonia of commerce with one of some simple tincture, is recommended as a remedy for toothache, so often uncontrollable. A piece of lint is dipped into this mixture, and then introduced into the carious tooth, when the nerve is immediately cauterised, and pain stopped. It is stated to be eminently successful, and in some cases is supposed to act by neutralising an acid product in the decaying tooth.]

## THE SONG OF JUNE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Oh, come with me, whoever ye be,  
Come from the palace, and come from the cot;  
The strong and the hale—the poor and the pale—  
Ah, sad is the spirit that follows me not!

Old December lighted his pyre,  
And beckoned ye in to the altar blaze;  
He hung up his misseltoe over the fire,  
And pressed soft lips upon Christmas days.

Ye welcomed him with his eyes so dim,  
But I know ye have more love for me,  
When I wander about, and whistle you out,  
With my blackbird pipers in every tree.

Oh, come from the town, and let us go down  
To the rivulet's mossy and osiered brink;  
'Tis pleasant to note the lily queen float,  
The gadfly skim, and the dappled kine drink.

Oh, let us away where the ring-doves play,  
By the skirts of the wood in the peaceful shade;  
And there we can count the squirrels that mount,  
And the flocks that browse on the distant glade.

And if we should stay till the farewell of day,  
Its parting shall be with such lingering smile,  
That the western light, as it greeteth the night,  
Will be caught by the eastern ray peeping the while.

Little ones come, with your chattering hum,  
And the bee and the bird will be jealous full soon;  
For no music is heard like the murmuring word  
Of a child, as it treads 'mid the flowers of June.

Ye who are born to be weary and worn  
With labor or sorrow, with passion or pain,—  
Come out for an hour, there's balm in my bower,  
To lighten and burnish your tear-rusted chain.

Oh, come with me, wherever you be,  
And beauty and love on your spirits shall fall;  
The rich and the hale, the poor and the pale,  
FOR LADY JUNE SCATTERS HER JOYS FOR ALL!

## LOVE OF CHILDREN.

It is a false and mistaken notion altogether, that men of great mind and intense thought are easily wearied or annoyed by the presence of children. The man who is wearied with children, must always be childish himself in mind; but alas! not young in heart. He must be light, superficial, though perhaps inquiring, and intelligent; but neither gentle in spirit, nor fresh in feeling. Such men must always soon become wearied with children; for very great similarity of thought and of mind—the paradox is but seeming—is naturally wearisome in another: while, on the contrary, similarity of feeling and of heart is that bond which binds our affections together. Where both similarities are combined, we may be most happy in the society of our counterpart; but where the link between the hearts is wanting, there will always be great tediousness in great similarity.



BEAUTIES OF JULY,—  
WILD FLOWERS.

Dearly I love the field-flowers! yes,  
Because they are a blessing given  
E'en to the poorest little one  
Who wanders 'neath the vault of Heaven.  
The garden-flowers are rear'd for few,  
And to that few belong alone;  
But flowers that spring by vale or stream,  
Each one may claim them for HIS OWN.

ANN PRATT.



ANY PEOPLE IMAGINE that it is absolutely necessary for them to become regular botanists, before they can feel a love for flowers or venture to talk of them with enthusiasm! This is perfectly absurd. Why, the sight of a flower growing under a hedge in July, with its little innocent head modestly peeping forth to woo the passing stranger, has charms paramount to all so-called philosophy. Let botanists call these summer *debutantes* what they will, and bestow on them the hardest and ugliest of Latin names—we will love them still the same, whilst we worship them in our own vernacular. Oh, Nature! blessed mother! thou art the loveliest of the lovely, the kindest of the kind. Would that we could live in thy service for ever! But this cannot be. Die we must; yet even on our death-bed may we be found warbling thy praises!

Such weather as we are now enjoying, and such sights as are now unfolded and still daily unfolding to our wondering eyes, have surely charms sufficient to make us *all* "good." We will not believe that any heart, only commonly instructed in the knowledge of good and evil, can associate with birds, flowers, trees, plants, buds, blossoms, insects, and all the happy summer tribes who are now in the very zenith of their glory, without being wrought upon, *naturally*, to "love one another," and to rejoice in the feeling of universal benevolence. Oh, that we could cross the path of every one of those who at this season are "halting between two opinions." We would entreat them to ramble abroad with us for a day or two, and never leave them till we had made converts of them all. Some may smile at the idea in which we so fondly indulge; yet have we ere now been very successful this way, and enjoyed many a triumph. The victory is worth striving for. It is not, we admit, easily won. Still, "kindness" is such a weapon!

But we were going to speak of wild-flowers, which just now are in all their beauty. Let us seek them in company; for there must now be only "one" heart amongst the children of one great and good Father. His sweet voice reaches our ear in every tree; and his bountiful hand scatters blessings upon us wherever we tread.

The heat of June has brought everything so forward, that we now behold flowers of every hue, and of every shape, in the most abundant variety. At every step we take, the blue flowers of different shades of the common speedwell (the plant *does* look as if uttering a blessing upon us) meets the eye. There are nineteen different species of the speedwell indigenous to this country; some very rare, but others as plentiful as can be desired. Some grow in pools and running brooks, while others love the shade of woods or the dry sand of hills. One species has never done flowering through both the summer and the winter, and often may its little blossom be seen hermetically sealed in ice. In the centre of the flower bud, there exists a white ring, and from the brightness of the colors together, may have been suggested to the poet the lines upon this plant:—

"Or caught from Eve's dejected eye  
The first repentant tear."

Here, in this field from which the rye has just been carried, is a pansy or heart's-ease. Who, to look at this small plant, with its blue, yellow, and white flower, would suppose it the origin of the beautiful ornaments of our garden, which bear the same name; yet such is the fact: if the seeds are sown in a light loamy soil, a hundred different colored and larger flowers will be obtained next year. The pansy is equally variable as to its duration; it may live only one year, as is usual with what are strictly annual flowers, or it may extend over a series of years, perhaps the effect of accident. In this field you may also see the remains of that pest to agriculturists, the common mustard or charlock. Its yellow flowers cast even the corn of that next field into the shade. Gay as it looks, it is a vile weed. Beside it, is the handsomest of all our wild flowers, the corn-cockle, with its beautiful pink blossoms striped with a darker shade, and the segments of its calyx or cup, which supports the flower high above the blossoms. The plant is very graceful, and, though not loved by the agriculturist, is too beautiful for us to say a word against it. In this stagnant pool of water is the water-plantain, with its rose-colored flowers, on a long stem, and looking so graceful and cool! The not-very-inviting-looking yellow flower is the iris, or fleur-de-lis; it possesses a large root, always lying horizontal, and a piece of it held between the teeth is said to cure the tooth-ache. It is very acrid, is used for making ink, and we suspect its chief virtue consists in its acrid quality, which, causing the saliva to flow, may cool the mouth.

In this adjoining thicket, it is very likely we shall find another species, with smaller and purple flowers. It has a very English name, the "roast-beef" plant, from a fancied resemblance to the smell of our national dish,



which is emitted from the bruised leaves. He must have been a very hungry man who discovered it! Growing by the side of the pool is the myosotis, or forget-me-not, the emblem of friendship and something more, throughout Europe. There are six other species common to this country, which go by the more homely sobriquet of "mouse-ear," a contrast to the extra sentiment of "forget-me-not." The plant, properly so called, is always found near pools of this kind, although every myosotis found by the roadside gets the name. Its flowers are larger, the leaves fresh-looking and shining; not hairy, as in most of the other species. We have only alluded to it for the benefit of those inclined to sentiment, that they may not make a mistake in bestowing such a favor on their friends; as the "forget-me-not" is too famous in verse for us to bestow upon it more glory.

Along this hedgerow we shall find some of the trailing and climbing plants; and let us point out the difference between climbing and trailing. This light green-looking plant is the black brier; the flowers are about the same color as the leaves, and are succeeded by a red berry. Near to each leaf, you will see a thread-like appendage, called a tendril, and it has taken hold of a branch of the thorn-hedge; thus supporting the plant, and enabling it to push the branch still higher up the hedge. Near to it is the nightshade, with its dark purple flowers and yellow streamers. This is a trailing plant, as it has no tendrils, and no hold of the hedge, except the support it derives from the closeness of the latter. The nightshade belongs to the same genus of plants as the potato, the flowers of both being very much alike. The berry of the nightshade is now green, but will soon assume the more gay and attractive color of red. It is a deadly poison, and mothers cannot be too careful with whom they trust their children in their walks during the autumn. We have often warned servants of the danger, on seeing their little charges plucking the dangerous and beautiful berry. Its effect is to cause most excruciating pains, and ultimate death, if an antidote is not speedily applied.

This cup-shaped large white flower is called the convolvulus, or bindweed, and sometimes "heave-bine." Though not furnished with tendrils, it twines itself round any stem that it can reach, and is altogether a most elegant plant. From the roots spreading very rapidly, it is not much of a favorite with gardeners, as it is apt to climb upon and choke, as the phrase is, more precious plants. The honeysuckle you will see also in this hedge. Its fragrant blossoms are now in perfection, although they have long flowered in gardens and on walls:—

"And honeysuckle loves to crawl  
Up the lone way and ruined wall,"

says the poet; and we may say it is always a welcome sight in an English hedge-row.

What a field for botanical research the rows we have passed would afford! Here are nineteen distinct species, indigenous to Great Britain, besides innumerable varieties. It would require a whole number of OUR JOURNAL to give even the leading characteristics of each. Near the end of that long branch of the common dog-rose is a curious monstrosity, in the shape of a tuft of moss—instead of a new shoot. It is one of those freaks of nature in which she delights occasionally to indulge. The whole rose tribe of plants are so liable to vary with soil and climate, that their study is one of great difficulty.

At this season of the year our fields, pastures, and chalk-pits, are ornamented with a most beautiful and interesting tribe of plants, the orchidaceous. The variety of form and color which they exhibit, are so singular as to have rendered them general favorites; the tropical orchids being the mania of the day. The orchis plants are common in Kent, Suffolk, Surrey, and Middlesex, and, indeed, spread over the entire country. In most instances, they take their specific names from a resemblance, more or less close, to animals. Thus we have the monkey-orchis, the bee-orchis, the lizard-orchis, the butterfly-orchis, the man-orchis, and many others. The forms in many are almost ludicrously like, and they will amply repay the trouble of finding and examining.

To pursue our ramble further, would occupy more space than we can afford; nor is it necessary. One peep at the flower itself, is better than a whole written chapter setting forth its excellences and beauties. Let us add that we are indebted for several "hints" in this article to an unknown pen. The fair writer has inoculated us with her summer feelings, and we have endeavored to improve upon the text which she has brought under our eye.

Let us all drink deeply into the spirit of this loving season; and whilst we wander abroad happily and lovingly, accompanied by our friends, let us endeavor to make others think as we think, feel as we feel, and see the same indescribable beauties in all animate nature.

#### THE VITAL POINT.

At a recent sitting of the French Academy of Sciences it was demonstrated by a learned academician, from various careful experiments on the brain of animals, that the motive power of the respiratory mechanism, the vital point of the nervous system, is not bigger in size than a pin's head. Upon this tiny speck depends the life of the nerves, which is the life of the animal.



**THE WORLD, A BEAUTIFUL WORLD.**

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

'Tis a Beautiful World! With gypsy glee,  
I roam over mountain and moor;  
The white-foaming waves bring joy to me,  
As they merrily dance on the shore.

My heart is light and my thoughts are gay,  
I welcome the sunshine, and shower;  
I rise with the lark at break of day,  
And rove with the evening hour.

Nature, too, smiles; and she welcomes me,  
As a mother the child she loves best;  
My heart from care and distress is free,  
As I peacefully sleep on her breast.

When the soft wind sighs o'er the seaman's grave,  
And night has succeeded the day—  
I watch the gay moonbeams that dance on the  
wave,  
And gambol the midnight away.

'Tis a beautiful world! the stars talk to me  
Of those who are far, far above;  
The soft gentle twilight steals o'er the lea,  
With thoughts of the friends that I love.

I roam hand-in-hand with the bright days of  
Spring,  
Through valley, glen, forest, and brake;  
And Summer's light breezes new joys seem to  
bring,  
As they waft my light bark on the lake.

There's a ray of hope in the darkest day,  
A joy that the heart loves to borrow;  
And bright happy thoughts, as the clouds pass  
away,  
Awaken to welcome the morrow.

Every tree, every leaf, prove a power supreme,  
And when their bright buds are uncurled,—  
When clusters of fruit in the clear sunlight  
gleam,  
OH, THIS IS A BEAUTIFUL WORLD!

**GEMS AT HOME.**

HOME is the spot of earth supremely blest—  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

HOME is a casket of the rarest gems that can glitter in the noon-day sun. Whether we instance the palace of royalty, or the equally sacred roof of the cottager, matters but little. Every room, every nook, every corner, abounds with gems of the richest value to the properly constituted mind. It requires no particularly retentive memory to call to mind the varied treasures of a given home. It needs no vivid imagination to pourtray the many cherished objects that are held dear by brothers, sisters, fathers, and mothers,—not so much for their intrinsic worth, as for the ties of love, affection, and duty that they recall.

See yonder room, and mark how the better feelings of our nature embalms a memento which the thoughtless would jeer at. It is a sick chamber. Albeit the blinds are down, the brilliant light of a May morning pierces the apartment, as if nature herself was greeting the convalescence of a little

sufferer. The pillow is pressed by the pallid cheek of a child over whom five summers seem scarcely to have passed. The anxious watcher, so silently moving across the room, is the sleeper's mother. The fever spot hath passed, and the little girl is slowly recovering; but the doating parent hardly ventures to breathe with confidence. The approach of death has been so near that the fearful consummation still seems inevitable.

The invalid has sunk into what promises to be a sound refreshing slumber; and, after a fervent prayer for its welfare, the young mother seats herself by the bedside, and ponders over the hearts she has loved, and thinks of those that still beat to return the affection.

Presently she reaches a casket containing the little heir-looms, forget-me-nots, and keepsakes, that she has treasured up from girlhood. She takes therefrom three morocco cases. They enclose miniatures. They are daguerreotype portraits of the departed, the absent, and the sleeping girl present. Reader! canst thou not sympathise with that devoted creature's emotions?

She is tracing the lineaments of a dear mother's face; that mother who has been laid in the cold grave now some nine moons wasted. What memories, what thoughts, what affections, rush through her mind, as she gazes on the features so vividly stamped on the daguerreotype! Every dimple and every line are retained, with a fidelity that fairly staggers the beholder,—and makes her scarcely credit that the life-like form and life-like smile so exquisitely pourtrayed on the silver tablet are for ever gone!

Perhaps, when the picture was taken, it was lightly esteemed,—the receiver little dreaming how soon death would desolate her hearth. If so, a deep atonement has been made by the priceless worth since set upon the trifle. It is now one of the most valued gems the owner possesses. Nothing could replace it; neither could the ingenuity of man or the wealth of worlds, produce so complete a monument to the memory of the dead.

Sadly closing the eloquent record of a mother's being,—our friend opens the second case. Oh! the tell-tale eye, how it brightens! How the color comes and goes, as the young wife views the manly form of her early love,—the father of her child! He is thousands of miles away, under the scorching sun of India, little conscious of his daughter's danger or its mother's grief. Perhaps *he*, too, is suffering,—but no; do not fill the cup of misery to the brim. His return is expected; perchance he is hastening on his way home,—with the same bright eye, the same well-knit form, and the same frank expression so faithfully caught by the magic pencil of the photographer. Either way it is a consolation of no small extent to realise his form so palpably before the eye.

The third case is opened, and another phase of human love is stirred to its depths. What now greets the eyes of the loving woman? It is the cherub-like face of the little invalid there,—taken when the rosy hue of health bedecked its cheek, and before it had reached its third summer. Tears gush into the fond parent's eyes, as she once more beholds her darling,—whose very movement seems to have been caught in the picture. The little creature is laughing, and looks its mother full in the face, whilst she gazes on the portrait. The



tiny hands of the infant are extended as if inviting the embrace of the beholder,—and altogether the miniature bears the soul and life about it that could only be secured by an almost instantaneous work of nature. Such indeed it was.

The mother's reverie is at length disturbed by the waking of the invalid—

"Ma! ma!" said the child, "have you not been crying?"

"Crying, dear? what should make me cry, now that my darling is getting well?" and she imprinted a fervent kiss on the brow of her offspring.

"You were crying," resumed the child. "I've been awake and saw you kiss papa's picture."

The accusation was too much for the full heart of the fond mother. She buried her face in her hands, and gave vent to her feelings in a flood of tears. . . . .

Reader! there is more truth in this little scene than may at first sight be imagined. Nay it is true to the letter. The picture is drawn from life!

T. H. C.

#### POPULAR SCIENCE.

#### VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.

##### No. I.—THE CHEMISTRY OF PLANTS.

IN THESE DAYS, everybody is desirous of knowing a little about everything; not so much from the desire of becoming rivals to that class of "dabblers" who continually bore you with cramp names in common conversation, and tell you everything they know—and a great deal which they don't—but for the laudable purpose of understanding what is every day spoken about, and every day seen. To aid such as desire a little information regarding that fairest half of creation, the vegetable kingdom, in some knowledge of the mysteries of non-animated life, I will endeavor, in the course of five easy lessons, to convey a little useful knowledge as free as possible from those dread scholastic barriers, scientific technicalities.

It is unnecessary to tell the reader that plants are objects endowed with life, but not animated; that they differ from animals in wanting volition and sensation; that while they live by food and have a regular circulation, they possess neither stomach nor heart. These facts are self-evident, and need not be dwelt upon. More important, however, is the different sphere of action of each of the two kingdoms, as regards the grand economy of nature. This subject will be treated of hereafter.

What are plants composed of? What are animals composed of? Here are two most interesting questions; and few we think would credit if roundly told that the majestic oak, the humble lichen, even Man, the noblest of God's works—consist of nothing more than air and water, with a

little dust. Thin, subtle, invisible air, clear colorless, tasteless water, and fine dust! Such, however, is the case; as may be proved beyond dispute, by burning a leaf, a piece of wood or flesh, until both air and water are dispersed, and we have nothing left save a morsel of ash. This ash or dust, though it plays an important part in vegetable life, may conveniently be left out of consideration for the present, merely premising of it, that it seldom amounts to more than from two to five per cent. of the entire weight of the plant.

Having then for a time got rid of that which is solid and tangible, we have now only to do with the air and water, or the bodies which the plant procures from them. These are four in number, are gaseous in form, and universal in diffusion, forming according to the character of their union with each other, either gases, liquids, or solids. The names applied to these elements by chemists, are Carbon, Hydrogen, Oxygen and Nitrogen; and in scientific writings, they are represented by their initial letters C. H. O. N., a practice which I propose to adopt in these papers. Carbon [C.] is not found as a gas, except in combination with something else, and is seldom to be met with at all in a pure state. Indeed, it is said that the diamond is the only instance in which it is found pure. Charcoal is a more familiar example, though there it is mixed up with the dust or ash of the plant, and not unfrequently with other gases. Hydrogen [H.] is the lightest of all gases; and, unlike the former, is inflammable, burning with a sepulchral yellow flame, and an intense heat. In combination with C. it constitutes the gas which is burned in our houses; and with Oxygen, forms water. It is never found pure in nature, but is readily prepared in chemistry. Oxygen [O.] is the great life-sustaining gas; without it, life would instantly become extinct. So slender is the thread of our existence! It supports combustion. With C. it forms that most deleterious gas, carbonic acid, with H. water; and with the next in order, makes up the great bulk of the atmosphere. Nitrogen [N.] exists less plentifully in plants than in animals, and to its presence, is chiefly attributable the unwholesome smell emitted by decaying matter.

The ash of plants, or as it is generally termed the *inorganic part*, consists of a much greater number of elements than that which we have been considering, or the *organic*. They do occur, however, in small quantities. The potato contains about eleven parts of ash in a thousand of the tuber; the turnip, ten; beetroot, ten; parsley, twenty-seven; and French beans, only six. The quantity found in fruit is still lower. The strawberry



does not even contain half of one part in a hundred; and the apple little more than quarter, being respectively represented as 0.41, and 0.27. Our grain contains a much larger quantity. A thousand parts of wheat yield twenty-three parts; and the same quantity of oats yields no fewer than forty. Hay again, which of course has lost a considerable amount in weight by the process of drying, exhibits a figure of ninety parts in the thousand.

The constituents of this ash are very varied. Dr. Johnson gives no fewer than fourteen elementary bodies; and these by combination with the O. H. C. or N. form an infinity of compounds. Potash and soda are among the most plentiful and commonly met with of all the components of this ash. Sea plants, and those growing in the vicinity of the sea, abound in soda; whereas inland species possess a larger quantity of potash. It is a curious and interesting fact in the economy of the plant, that a species which inhabits the sea shore, will, on being cultivated at a distance from it, lose its appetite for soda, and put up with the matter at hand most nearly resembling it, which is potash. Nay, it has been noticed, and proved beyond the shadow of a doubt by Professor Dickie, that the sea-thrift, sea-plantain and scurvy-grass (which grow both on the sea shore and on elevated mountain districts), contain in the former situation much soda, and in the latter much potash; the one being increased as the other is diminished.

Flint in a highly reduced state, occurs very abundantly in many plants, especially in what are called horse-tails and Dutch rushes; also in the stems of grasses of different kinds. Oat and wheat-straw furnish respectively, forty-five and twenty-eight parts in the thousand; whereas the grains exhibit only nineteen, and four. Lime, which is next in quantity, and paramount in importance, is found in all plants. Sometimes, in union with oxalic acid (as in the rhubarb) it acts as an antidote to the poisonous qualities which are the necessary concomitants of the acidity; at other times, it unites with C. and forms a body identical with chalk and marble, with which it encases the growing plant. This occurs in some water plants. Still more valuable is it, however, when, in conjunction with phosphorus, it is prepared to supply the waste in our bony structure. In this form, it is chiefly found in the cereal grains which minister to our daily wants. Iron, magnesia, copper, iodine, and a multitude of others are occasionally found though in very small quantities; and, as some of these will be noticed under the head of products, we may conveniently pass on without them.

All bodies found in plants, are derived either as liquids through the soil, by the roots, or as gases from the air by the leaves. From the soil, the plant takes dead inert matter; which perhaps never existed as the heat or life, and yet may have been the earthly prison of mind itself; and from this death it makes new life. From the air, the plant absorbs that poisonous gas, carbonic acid (C. and O.) which rises like choking smoke from the furnace within man's laboring bosom, and from this death, this enemy of life, it extracts the sting and sends back the pure vivifying Oxygen, again to cheer the exhausted flame of life,—again to combine with the rebel Carbon, again to return pure and blameless; and so through this giddy whirl of revolutions, till the great day shall come when life will depend on something more infinite than a thin subtle gas.

Plants and animals are the antithesis of each other. The plant is the great gatherer. It takes from the dead and motionless, whether in earth or air; and it builds a living structure in itself. This is preyed upon by the animal; and another living fabric is the result. It dies, and then all this accumulation of organism,—all this fair body, rifled from the grave, returns to it again. Even we who write and read this page, when the passing bell has told that our spirits have walked out in fresher raiment, and the green turf has been spread over our weary heads,—must restore to earth all of her that we possess—to be again stolen from her bosom by the green herbage, to be cropped by the sheep, aye, or even the ass; again and again to perform that harmonious round of unceasing and untiring usefulness.

D.

#### SONG OF THE BEES.

AWAY! for the heath-flowers' pendent bells  
 Are heavy with honied dew;  
 And the cowslip buds in their sunny dells  
 Are bright with a golden hue.  
 We spread to the breeze our gossamer wings,  
 And a busy task is ours—  
 To hover around in airy rings,  
 And sip from the sweetest flowers.  
 When weary, we lie on the fragrant breast  
 Of the rose, ere its charms decay;  
 And, cradled in beauty, one moment rest,  
 Then spread our light wings and away!  
 We climb up the clover-bud's slender stem,  
 And o'er its sweet blossoms linger;  
 For the honey-dew lies like a precious gem  
 On a fair girl's taper finger.  
 Drowsily humming our cheerful song,  
 Till the air echoes back the measure,  
 O'er meadow and mountain we speed along  
 To gather the golden treasure.  
 Were man's life as useful and gay as ours,  
 Oh! he would be bless'd indeed;  
 But whilst we are sipping the sweetest flowers,  
 He rests on a noisome weed!



### THE DELIGHTS OF A GARDEN.

HE WHO HAS NO TASTE for a garden is to be pitied. We question, indeed, if such a person can be amiable. Flowers have a charm about them that *must* win upon a gentle heart.

We rarely pass by a cottager's garden without being struck by the neatness of its arrangement, and the beauty of its flowers; and we as rarely fail to find the gude wife a type of what is exhibited out of doors. *A-propos* to this subject, is an article which appears in a late number of the *Florist*. It is entitled "The Poor Man and his Garden." From it we make an extract or two, as being well worthy attention:—

It is a remarkable fact, and one to which I scarcely know an exception, that the state of the cottage-garden is a tolerably correct index to the internal condition of the tenement and its inhabitants. Whenever I find outside the door a neat and well-cropped garden, and more especially if I observe one cherished spot radiant with the brightest of flowers (can any one tell me why cottage flowers are always so very, very bright?) I am certain to find cleanliness, order, and comfort within.

The cottager who takes a delight in his garden is essentially a domestic man. It is there, at home, surrounded by his family, he finds relaxation and amusement after the fatigues of the day. And when he seeks his humble couch (sweet and invigorating be his slumber!) will any one dare to affirm that the bosom of this wearied son of the soil does not glow with a feeling of honest pride, a sense of the dignity of the *man* within him, that the mightiest noble of the land might envy? I regret that so many of our cottages are without gardens; I fear that there exists a prejudice in the minds of large occupiers of land, which fixes too narrow a limit to the cottage garden; and although this evil has been somewhat remedied of late years, there is still considerable room for improvement in this respect. I am at a loss to account for this prejudice, as it would be no difficult matter to prove that the good gardener is almost invariably a first-rate laborer; how indeed should it be otherwise?

The establishment of horticultural societies in various parts of the country, with liberal prizes to cottagers, has been productive of the greatest good; but these societies are like angels' visits—few and far between. I would multiply them. I would have one in every parish of considerable extent. Smaller parishes might unite in twos and threes for the purpose. I would give prizes for every description of vegetable useful to the cottager; and one main feature of my society should be as many premiums, graduated in amount, for the best managed cottage-garden, as the funds would allow. Would I exclude flowers? By no means. I would invite their production, by bidding highly for the best nosegay; but the word *bouquet* should not appear in my schedule; it seems sadly out of place in a cottager's prize-list, though I have often seen it there for the purpose, I presume, of astonishing the natives. But

there is the pet Fuchsia or Geranium, which the good wife so assiduously cultivates as an ornament for her window. We *must* have that; so, Mr. Secretary, put down "The best blooming plant in a pot, 2s. 6d."

I would have one exhibition in each year, and no more; but that should be a general holiday; and I would take especial care that the children should have their annual treat on that day, which should be in every respect worthy to be marked with a white stone in our calendar.

We hardly need add, how cordially we agree with all that this sensible writer has advanced. May it be as he says!

### MY RUSSET GOWN.

My Russet Gown is dear to me,  
 Though years have passed away  
 Since my young heart beat joyously  
 Beneath its folds of grey.  
 No jewels hung around my neck,  
 Or glittered in my hair,  
 With lightsome step I tript along,  
 My spirit knew no care;  
 The roses near my windows crept,  
 And shed their sweets around,  
 Hard was the bed on which I slept  
 But yet my sleep was sound.

My Russet Gown I laid aside,  
 For one of rich brocade;  
 I thought in my simplicity  
 Its charm could never fade.  
 I left the cot where I had passed  
 My happy childhood years,  
 I left my aged father sad,  
 My mother was in tears;  
 I left them for a wealthy home,  
 To be a rich man's bride,  
 And thought that splendor would atone  
 For loss of all beside.

My Russet Gown, when next I gazed  
 Upon its sombre hue,  
 Brought such a lesson to my heart  
 Ah, sad as it was true.  
 Its simple neatness seemed to mock  
 My silks and jewels gay,  
 And bore my wandering thoughts to those  
 Dear friends so far away.  
 I felt how fleeting were the joys  
 That wealth alone can buy,  
 And for that humble cottage home  
 My bosom heav'd a sigh.

My Russet Gown I still have kept,  
 To check my growing pride;  
 A true though silent monitor,  
 My folly to deride.  
 And when I meet with faithless friends  
 Among the giddy throng,  
 Whom vice and pleasure, in their train,  
 Drag heedlessly along,—  
 I feel how gladly I would give  
 My coach and bed of down,  
 Once more in sweet content to live,  
 AND WEAR MY RUSSET GOWN.

M. C.



AN AFTERNOON RAMBLE,—  
A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

A CIRCUMSTANCE, unimportant in itself, obliged me some considerable time since, to stop for the night in a small village remote from any of the great roads. After refreshing myself in mine inn, after the usual manner of travellers, I began to reconnoitre the locality in which fate had cast my lot for the next twelve hours. It was an ancient hostelry, called "The Leather Bottle;" beneath its faded sign an inscription denoted that the house was kept by Millicent Gillyflower, a widow. A great, obtrusive-looking bow-window, gave the place an air of consequence above that of the surrounding tenements; and there was a little enclosed green on one side, intended for playing at bowls. In one corner of this green stood several benches and a rustic arbour; and in another reposed the body of an old yellow post-chaise of the most ancient fashion.

The wheels had long trundled themselves away, and had been replaced by four low posts, upon which stood this veteran of the roads, like some Greenwich pensioner resting upon his wooden legs. The interior had been converted by the ingenuity of Mistress Gillyflower into a resting-place for her feathered subjects; the upper part being fitted up with perches, whilst from below two fierce-looking hens stretched out their necks, and threatened to peck at the eyes of all those who were rash enough to look under the seat. Beyond this enclosure was the little garden, the especial pride and care of the hostess. The entrance to it was guarded by two tall yew-trees, cut into the shape of pepper-casters, which stood like sentries on each side of the gate.

The garden was kept with the utmost neatness, and was gay with summer flowers. It did my heart good to look at them, for there I recognised many old friends which are now banished from modern gardens: there were goodly plots of camomile, and rosemary, and rue, and pennyroyal, interspersed with the livelier hues of "love lies bleeding," "Venus' looking-glass," and "the devil in the bush." There the "Star of Bethlehem" reared its spiral bloom, and there flourished the stately sunflower. Commend me to a well-grown sunflower, with his jolly round face, that one can see out of the parlor window! Having selected a fine clove pink for the ornamenting of my waistcoat, I sauntered forth into the village to pass away the evening till bed-time. My arrival seemed to have caused a considerable sensation, for the whole population of the place, including, I believe, every cat and dog, turned out to look at me. The village was like most of its kind, a straggling

collection of hovels, some old, some new, some thatched, and some tiled; most of them were crowded with ragged and noisy children, whilst some few were remarkable for their neatness, and seemed the abode of peace and happiness.

"Here, at least," thought I, "dwell content and prosperity. Man seems in the country to be of a different species from the pale, care-worn beings of a crowded city; he has leisure to pause from toil, to look around him, and to feel conscious that he exists for a noble purpose. What a relief it is to turn one's back upon the great Babylon, to lose sight of the pale-faced clerks and eternal blue-bags, that haunt one in the smoky purlieus of Lincoln's Inn." Many were the smiling faces that peeped from beneath their snowy cap-borders to take a look at the strange gentleman. A troop of bare-legged urchins were wading through a brook, engaged in the humane employment of spearing minnows with a two-pronged fork; these also, abandoning their piscatory sport, joined the retinue which had already followed me from the door of the "Leather Bottle." Thus escorted, I sauntered along in my favorite attitude, my hands clasped behind me under the tails of my coat, my chin slightly elevated, my step deliberate and measured as that of a village dominie. After many stoppages, to muse upon whatever attracted my attention, I entered a narrow lane, the approach to which was guarded by a turnstile. A few yards further stood a cottage which I wished to examine; for I was attracted towards it by a kind of old-world appearance about the place. It was built of wood, and plastered between the beams with yellow clay, being constructed after the fashion in which our ancestors delighted; the gables stood towards the front, with their little diamond-paned windows of coarse glass almost obscured by the capacious eaves.

According to the taste of former times, the whole skeleton of the house was visible. There were beams and uprights, and corner pieces, and cross-trees, all formed of solid oak, and intersecting the plaster in a lozenge-like pattern. In front of the cottage was a small enclosure, for it could scarcely be called a garden; here grew the stumps from which some cabbages had been cut, and a few stunted specimens of that vegetable; the whole of the floricultural department was comprised in one large rose tree, which, though old and cankered, was covered with bloom; beyond this, there was no attempt at a garden. Another object, however, very soon engaged my attention, and this was a wicker cage, containing a young blackbird, which hung upon a nail near the window. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and the



whole force of a summer sun poured down upon its devoted head, without even the shelter of a leaf or a bough to protect it.\* The poor creature lay at the bottom of its cage, gasping for breath, and was unfurnished with either food or water. So strongly did I feel moved to pity by its unfortunate condition, that I determined to intercede in its behalf. I knocked repeatedly with my knuckles on the door; but receiving no answer, I gently raised the latch, and found myself in a small low apartment, which appeared to answer the double purpose of a kitchen and a living room.

The scene which now presented itself was worthy the pencil of a Wilkie or a Hunt. There was but one human being present; but from her I could not take my eyes. . . . Nay now, gentle reader, repress that smile, which is curling your lip so disdainfully, and cease your bantering remarks; for methinks I hear you say, "Now for a love adventure; the author has mounted his highflyer, and is going to rave about dimpled cheeks, pearly teeth, and dove-like eyes, in a strain more befitting a midshipman in her Majesty's navy, than a sober, middle-aged gentleman, who wears short gaiters, and carries two seals to his watch." No, my dear friend, there were neither dimples, teeth, nor even eyes to be seen; for these last were closed in sleep: and as for the two first, they had long taken a final leave of the person before me. In sober parlance she was an old woman—a very old woman—and one who bore no traces of ever having been remarkable for personal attractions. What then, you will say, could I see so interesting about her? I scarcely know myself; perhaps it was the whole scene together that pleased me; there was, besides, an air of neatness and comfort in the interior of the cottage, which the outside did not lead one to expect.

Seeing that my entrance into this dwelling did not awake its inmate, who still continued to slumber in her high-backed chair, I hesitated what to do; but being, like the good dame before me, rather overcome with the heat of the weather, I took possession of a vacant seat, and began to look about me. The old-fashioned, one-handed clock, ticked solemnly in its tall and well-polished case; and the walnut-wood dresser was garnished with its holiday plates; but the large open chimney pleased me the most;—it was capacious enough to form a little room of itself. The massive fire-dogs, of cast iron, seemed as if they had once belonged to the

hall of some baronial mansion, and accorded well with the stout iron plate which defended the chimney-back from the fire.

Across the mantel-piece was stretched a small valance of printed cotton, over which was suspended, in a neat black frame, a picture of the Nativity, upon which the artist had not been sparing of his colors. On either side of this, hung a china medalion; upon that on the right was inscribed, "Prepare to meet thy God," and on its companion, "Lay hold on eternal life." Near the fire-place stood a quaint-looking arm-chair, the seat of which was covered with a well-worn calf-skin.—But to return to the old woman: there she sat near the ample chimney, and by the side of a small round table, whose three legs each terminated in a claw holding a ball. Before her lay a few of those miscellaneous articles which are supposed to be necessary to the art of stitchery. In the midst of these things sat a pretty tortoiseshell kitten, diving its little busy paw into the recesses of the work-basket, and making a glorious confusion amongst the cotton and bobbins: luckily for her, all this mighty mischief was unperceived by her mistress, who still continued her nap.

The work upon which the good woman had been engaged, was the knitting of a stocking; and though the grasp of her fingers was unloosed from the pins, they were frequently moved by the convulsive twitchings of an uneasy sleep. The ball of worsted had rolled into the middle of the room, assisted perhaps by the same mischievous agency that was at work amongst the cottons.

The slumbers of the person before me were by no means tranquil; ever and anon she sighed bitterly; and once I thought that I saw a tear stealing from under her eye-lashes. "Poor soul!" thought I, "you, too, have tasted of the bitterness of life!" It seemed to me also, as if she had known better days; for her dress, though made of coarse materials, and in a bygone fashion, had something about it above that of a common cottager. Her silvery hair was neatly parted below her plaited cap-frill, and her neckerchief was of snowy whiteness. She was a little woman, of a spare habit; and though there was nothing approaching to a lady about her, yet she did not look exactly like a village goody.

At length, with a heavy sigh, she awoke; and, contrary to my expectation, manifested but little surprise at seeing me before her. It is true I have not much the appearance of either a housebreaker or a pedlar. She did not even ask my business, but mechanically resuming her knitting, she quietly informed me that her nephew would be home from his work in a few minutes, as the clock

\* Similar acts of brutal cruelty may at this season be witnessed daily, both in town and country. Innocent birds, as we have repeatedly said, are a doomed race.—ED. K. J.



had gone five, and that Susan had stepped out to Mrs. Simmons's with some clothes to mangle.

"You seem to have been enjoying a comfortable sleep, ma'am," said I; for, with my usual absence of mind, I had quite forgotten the original cause of my entering the cottage.

"Indeed I have, sir," she replied; "but bless me, here have I dropped one, two, three stitches, while I have been dozing. Well-a-day, sleep's a refreshing thing, come when it will. It makes one forget all one's troubles, though new ones do seem to rise up ever a-while in one's dreams. Do you believe in dreams, sir?"

"Why, partly, madam," said I, willing to fall in with her humor; "I must say I think there is sometimes more in them than most people will allow."

"Do you think so, sir?" she replied, rather eagerly; "I have oftentimes strange dreams myself; one in particular, which returns to me again and again."

"I should like to hear it," said I.

"Ah! sir, it would tire the like of you to be listening to an old woman's dreams. There's my nevey, whenever I say any thing about them, he tells me I am growing childish; and Susan, too, begins to talk to me about the march of intellect, and all manner of things, that I never heard of when I was young."

"Young people will presume a little upon their education now-a-days, ma'am."

"But they are very kind to me too, sir. Five years, next Martinmas, I have lived with them. Once I had children and a husband, but now all are gone, and it appears to me like a dream that I was once a wedded wife. Oh! the long weary years that have passed over my head since those happy days! It seems almost as if death had forgotten me. Around me I see falling the young and healthy; fathers and mothers, the young wife and the only child; whilst I, who have none to care for me, still live on. Sometimes, in my dreams, I seem to die, and pass into another world, so bright, so beautiful, and peopled with familiar forms; when I wake up to the dull cold reality of this life, I feel almost angry at being recalled to sufferings and infirmities which seemed to have left me for ever. Even while you have been sitting here sir, one of these dreams which I mentioned to you has been busy with my mind, and which, as you wish it, I will relate to you. I must have fallen asleep with my eyes open, for I recollect perfectly that at first I saw everything in the room as distinctly as I now see it. I heard the clock tick, and watched the flickering shade of the rose tree upon the casement, but I had not the power to move

or speak. I felt exceedingly faint, and gradually a kind of mistiness seemed to come between me and the objects in the room; they appeared to get further off, yet larger. A chilly feeling crept over me; it came first in my hands and feet, and seemed gradually to invade my whole frame, till my heart itself was frozen and lost the power of beating. The shade deepened, till all was dark, and a feeling of icy coldness seemed to wrap me round on every side; this, in its turn, faded away into total insensibility. Gradually came returning consciousness, accompanied by a feeling of being poised in the air. I could as yet see nothing, but all around was a rushing, rustling sound, as of angels' wings.

\* \* \* The vision returned to me, and the air seemed alive, with beautiful forms, which came thronging round in countless myriads; thousands of sweet voices were singing the praises of the most high, and other spirits seemed to be journeying the same road with myself. \* \* \* After a long flight, gradually rocks, mountains, trees, and rivers became visible, and I found myself in a garden more beautiful than it can enter into the imagination of man to conceive; cool fountains, mossy dells, and the sweetest flowers were on every side; the spirits of those I loved on earth came thronging round to welcome me. Though they had neither shape nor form, I knew them for friends; and my heart yearned towards them. They appeared but as the small pale light of a glow-worm, shining from its leafy bower. Here again I seemed to rejoin the husband of my youth, long lost, and ever mourned; and a still small voice gently whispered, in accents once familiar—"Mother!"

Here the poor old woman paused, to wipe from her eyes the tears which were slowly stealing down her furrowed cheeks.

Poor weary soul! Who knows, thought I, whether this dream of thine be not a foreshadowing of the future? Why should we strive to make Death a King of Terrors? Rather let us think of him as a herald of bliss. Weep not for the dead!

H. HARKNESS.

#### CHILDHOOD.

Hark! the whoop of merry voices—  
Hark! to childhood's roundelay;  
How the human heart rejoices  
In its wild and boundless play!  
In its never-ceasing gladness,  
In its innocence and mirth—  
Who could yield to grief or sadness  
While such music glads the earth?  
Happy, merry, sunny childhood,  
Wheresoe'er thy bright smiles be—  
In the household or the wild wood  
Thou'rt a thing of joy to me!



### THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

Ye guardian angels bright, that shield old England's  
strand,  
And pour down richest blessings upon her happy  
land,  
Now shed your choicest favors, from Plenty's  
golden urn,  
To welcome with rejoicing the "Wanderer's  
Return."

Lo! Spring has shed her mantle o'er mountain  
and o'er plain,  
And wild flowers by the road-side are smiling  
bright again;  
He is travel-stained and weary, from where  
scorching sunbeams burn,  
Then smile, oh! gentlest Spring-time, on the  
"Wanderer's Return."

From sweetest bowers summon the scented  
zephyr's wing,  
And bid it o'er his pathway a song of England  
sing,  
Of green fields and of valleys, and dells of waving  
fern,  
That spread their leaves rejoicing in the "Wan-  
derer's Return."

Bid the waves with softest cadence, that dash  
along the strand,  
Murmuring, sing their welcome to his own, his  
native land,  
And the white old cliffs of England, so stately  
and time-worn,  
Rear their aged heads in sunshine on the "Wan-  
derer's Return."

And ye, guardian angels, watch him; hover round  
with viewless wing;  
And o'er his pathway sunshine and early blossoms  
fling;  
Speed him on his journey, to his home where fond  
hearts yearn,  
With anxious longing always, for the "Wanderer's  
Return."

From that home for many a year, at morning and  
at even,  
Earnest prayers for the beloved one have sought  
the gate of Heaven,  
That blessings might be showered from Mercy's  
flowing urn,  
And our waiting hearts be gladdened by the  
"Wanderer's Return."

Lo! now our prayers are answered; and the God  
of Peace and Love  
Has sent into our dwelling bright joy from Heaven  
above;  
Then smile, oh! gentle flowers; murmur softly,  
gentle burn;  
FOR TO US ALL SINGS A WELCOME FOR THE  
"WANDERER'S RETURN!"

ALICE.

May, 1852.

### MODERN RELIGION.

THE art of appearing what you are not; and the  
practice of hating bitterly the creed of every one  
who differs from yourself.

### SNOW & STEAM,—A REMARKABLE SIGHT.

CLIMBING over a layer of congealed snow,  
hardened, I imagine, by the falling steam of the hot  
spring, I saw right before me three jets of steaming  
water—the largest one several inches in diameter  
—shooting from the high, steep bank of the little  
stream, through the massive unyielding rock, and  
sending the steam high up into the clear atmo-  
sphere. The sight was most beautiful. The steep  
bank, and the boiling hot water, which shot hissing  
out, while flakes of snow lodged close around the  
edge of it, was a strange spectacle in such a region  
of frost. High over the edge of the bank hung an  
immense quantity of snow, like a monstrous feather-  
bed just ready to slip down by its own weight. The  
steam kept licking the lower parts of the heap;  
while the sharp south-wester, which blew through  
the dale, hardened the crust, and retained the snow  
in its precarious position. The steam itself con-  
gealed and was transformed into icicles, and thus  
served to prop the snow like so many columns.  
Out of this self-formed winter palace rose the steam  
vapor; and the warm sun, shining upon it, changed  
it into myriads of glowing pearls, tinged with the  
most radiant and beautiful colors of the rainbow.  
—GERSTAECKER'S *Journey Round the World*.

### DEFECTS IN MODERN EDUCATION.

OUR ASYLUMS are now affording proofs  
innumerable, of the error that exists in the  
early education of children. Their brain  
is unfitted for the task assigned it, and in  
later years the result is insanity. This is  
just what might be anticipated.

There are two classes of individuals to  
whom the truth, that the mind influences the  
body, and through the body itself, ought  
to be a subject of serious consideration—pub-  
lic men and parents. It is the vice of the  
age to substitute learning for wisdom, to  
educate the head, and to forget that there  
is a more important education necessary  
for the heart. The reason is cultivated at  
an age when nature does not furnish the  
elements necessary to a successful culti-  
vation of it; and the child is solicited  
to reflection when he is only capable of sen-  
sation and emotion. In infancy, the atten-  
tion and the memory are only excited strongly  
by things which impress the senses and  
move the heart; and a father shall instil  
more solid and available instruction in one  
hour spent in the fields, where wisdom and  
goodness are exemplified, seen, and felt,  
than in a month spent in the study, where  
they are expounded in stereotyped apho-  
risms.

No physician doubts that precocious  
children, in fifty cases for one, are much  
the worse for the discipline they have under-  
gone. The mind seems to have been strained,  
and the foundations of insanity are laid.  
When the studies of maturer years are  
stuffed into the head of a child, people do



not reflect on the anatomical fact, that the brain of an infant is not the brain of a man; that the one is confirmed, and can bear exertion, the other is growing, and requires repose; that to force the attention to abstract facts, to load the memory with chronological and historical or scientific detail; in short, to expect a child's brain to bear with impunity the exertions of a man's—is just as rational as it would be to hazard the same sort of experiment on its muscles.

The first eight or ten years of life should be devoted to the education of the heart, to the formation of principles, rather than to the acquirement of what is usually termed knowledge. Nature herself points out such a course; for the emotions are then the liveliest, and most easily moulded, being as yet unalloyed by passion. It is from this source that the mass of men are hereafter to draw their sum of happiness or misery; the actions of the immense majority are, under all circumstances, determined much more by feeling than by reflection; in truth, life presents an infinity of occasions where it is essential to happiness that we should feel rightly—very few where it is at all necessary that we should think profoundly.

### THE HORRORS OF PRIDE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

THOUGH Pride may show some nobleness  
When honor's its ally,  
Yet there is such a thing on earth  
As holding heads *too* high!  
The sweetest bird builds near the ground,  
The loveliest flower springs low;  
And we must stoop for happiness,  
If we its worth would know.

Like water that encrusts the rose,  
Still hard'ning to its core,  
So Pride encases human hearts  
Until they feel no more.  
Shut up within themselves they live,  
And selfishly they end  
A life, that never kindness did  
To kindred, or to friend!

Whilst Virtue, like the dew of Heaven  
Upon the heart descends,  
And draws its hidden sweetness out,  
The more—as *more it bends!*  
For there's a strength in lowliness  
Which nerves us to endure;—  
A heroism in distress  
Which renders victory sure!

The humblest being born, is great,  
If true to his degree;  
His virtue illustrates his fate,  
Whatever that may be!—  
Thus, let us daily learn to love  
Simplicity and worth;—  
For *not* the eagle, but the DOVE,  
Brought peace unto the earth!

### THE YEW TREE.

THIS BEAUTIFUL TREE is supposed, in former ages, to have prevailed in Ireland, as an aboriginal, by the number discovered in a fossil state; though at present, there are said to be none but planted yews in that country. Those trees, situated in the accessible parts of the mountains, are generally cut down and brought to market for chairs and steps of ladders; for which use their durability renders them valuable, while others unassailable by man, for a number of years, bid defiance to

The raging tempests and the mountains' roar,  
Which bind them to their native hills the more.

Strutt, in his "Sylva Britannica," gives some admirable representations of these interesting trees: as the very ancient ones at Fountain Abbey, Yorkshire, supposed to have existed anterior to the foundation of the monastery, or at least coeval with that date (1128). Of six remaining, one measures 26 feet in girth at 3 feet from the ground; and the Fortingal Yew, in the churchyard, amid the Grampian mountains, though now disjoined by the lapse of many centuries, when entire, according to Pennant, was 56 feet in circumference. At Marthy, Worcestershire, grows one twelve yards round; and an extraordinary tree of the same kind may yet be seen in the palace garden at Richmond, planted three days before the birth of Queen Elizabeth. But still more interesting is the justly celebrated yew, at Ankerwyke, near Staines (fifty feet high, and in girth, three feet above the ground, twenty-seven feet), to which, and the current tradition connected therewith, as standing in the vicinity of Runnymede, Fitzgerald thus alludes:

Here patriot barons might have musing stood,  
And planned the charter for their country's good.

But for an unrivalled poetical description of extraordinary yew trees, we are indebted to the muse of Wordsworth:—

There is a yew tree, pride of Lorton Vale,  
Which to this day stands single in the midst  
Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore,  
Nor loth to furnish weapons in the hands  
Of Umphraville or Percy, ere they marched  
To Scotland's heaths, or those that cross'd the  
sea,

And drew their sounding bows at Azincour;  
Perhaps of early Cressy—or Poitiers.  
Of vast circumference, and gloom profound,  
This solitary tree! a living thing,  
Produced too slowly ever to decay;  
Of form and aspect too magnificent  
To be destroyed—but worthier still of note  
Are those fraternal four of Borrow Dale,  
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove;  
Huge trunks! and each particular trunk a growth  
Of intertwined fibres serpentine,  
Upcoiling, and inoerately convolved,  
Nor uninformed with phantasy, and looks



That threaten the profane ; a pillared shade,  
 Upon whose glassy floor of red-brown hue,  
 By sheddings from the pining umbrage tinged,  
 Perennially, beneath whose sable roof  
 Of boughs, as if for festal purpose decked  
 With unrejoicing berries, ghostly shapes  
 May meet at noon-tide—Fear and trembling  
 hope,  
 Silence and foresight—death the skeleton,  
 And time the shadow, there to celebrate,  
 As in a natural temple, scatter'd o'er  
 With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,  
 United worship, or in mute repose  
 To lie, and listen to the mountain flood,  
 Murmuring from Glennamara's inmost cave.

The cause of the general introduction of the yew tree into cemeteries has been differently surmised. The following explanation seems sufficiently probable. The sacred funeral yew, well calculated to give solemnity to the village churchyard, and from its unchanging foliage and enduring nature, fit emblem of immortality, has ever been associated with religious observances. When anciently it was the custom, as it still is in Catholic countries, to carry palms on Palm Sunday, the yew was substituted on such occasion for the palm. Two or three trees, the usual number growing in church-yards, were enough for such purposes. Of these, one, at least, was more especially consecrated, and was then estimated at twenty times the value of less hallowed trees of its own kind, and double that of the finest oak, as appears from ancient record. An extract from Caxton's Directions for keeping Feasts all the Year, printed in 1483, may be considered decisive on this subject. In the lecture for Palm Sunday, the writer, after giving the Scripture account of our Saviour's triumphant entry into Jerusalem, proceeds thus: "Wherefore holy chirche this day makyth solemne processyon in mind of the processyon that Cryst made this day. But for eucheson that we have nou olyve that berith green leaf, algate therefore we take ewe instead of palm and olyve, and berin about in processyon, and so is thys day called Palm Sunday."

In confirmation, we may add, that the yews in the church-yards of East Kent are, at this day, called *palms*. Small branches were likewise wont to be borne at funeral solemnities, and cast into the grave. It is remarkable that bodies interred beneath the shade of trees, return to their pristine dust in a very few years, perhaps one third less time than when deposited in the open ground. This rapid decay may be in some degree occasioned by the perpetual percolation of concentrated moisture, and the comparative absence of sun and air. That our mortal remains *should be laid to rest beneath such natural canopy, seems almost an inherent propensity in human nature.* PUSS.

### "DON'T YOU REMEMBER?"

BY ELIZA COOK.

OH! these are the words that eternally utter  
 The spell that is seldom cast o'er us in vain ;  
 With the wings and the wand of a fairy they flutter,  
 And draw a charmed circle about us again.  
 We return to the spot where our Infancy  
 gambolled ;  
 We linger once more in the haunts of our Youth ;  
 We re-tread where young Passion first stealthily  
 rambled,  
 And whispers are heard full of Nature and Truth,  
 Saying, "Don't you remember?"

We treasure the picture where Color seems  
 breathing  
 In lineaments mocking a long-worshipped face ;  
 We are proud of some trees in a chain of close  
 wreathing,  
 And gold-links of Ophir are poor in its place.  
 Oh! what is the secret that giveth them power  
 To fling out a star on our darkest of ways ?  
 'Tis the tone of Affection—Life's holiest power—  
 That murmurs about them, and blissfully says,  
 "Don't you remember?"

The voice of Old Age, while it tells some old story,  
 Exults o'er the tale with fresh warmth in the  
 breast ;  
 As the haze of the twilight e'er deepens the glory  
 Of beams that are fast going down in the west.  
 When the friends of our boyhood are gathered  
 around us,  
 The spirit retraces its wild-flower track ;  
 The heart is still held by the strings that first  
 bound us,  
 And feeling keeps singing, while wandering  
 back,—  
 "Don't you remember?"

When those whom we prized have departed for  
 ever,  
 Yet perfume is shed o'er the cypress we twine ;  
 Yes, fond Recollection refuses to sever,  
 And turns to the past, like a saint to the  
 shrine.  
 Praise carved on the marble is often deceiving,  
 The gaze of the stranger is all it may claim ;  
 But the strongest of love and the purest of grieving  
 Are heard when lips dwell on the missing one's  
 name,  
 SAYING,— "DON'T YOU REMEMBER?"

### MOUNT ETNA IN WINTER.

I SAW Mount Etna in its *winter character* at the beginning of March, 1830. Three-fourths of the mountain, namely, the whole of the naked, and almost the whole of the wooded zones, lay beneath an unbroken covering of snow ; while, at the base, all the fields were clothed in the brightest green of spring. Peas, beans, and flax, were already in full blossom ; the flowers of the almond had fallen, and given place to the leaves ; and the fig-leaves were beginning to unfold. The meadows were decorated with hyacinths, narcissus, crocuses, anemones, and countless other flowers. Etna stood there as an enormous cone of snow, with its base encircled by a gigantic wreath of flowers.—SCHOUW'S *Earth, Plants, and Man.*



"MY DOG KNEW IT!"

WE HAVE, MORE THAN ONCE, at all events *half*, wished that we could conscientiously adopt the creed of the "poor Indian," who

—"Thinks, admitted to an equal sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him company ;

but, alas! he is of "the brutes that perish;" and the wish is an idle, it may be a murmuring one. But that a dog has nothing more than mere instinct—that a dog doesn't *think*, we defy the most learned Theban that ever wrote or lectured to convince us. We do not mean to say that he is a philosopher, or a moralist, or a poet; but he feels and he reasons, for all that—and he shames or ought to shame, not a few of his very rational lords and masters.

When we threw down our newspaper this morning, after breakfast, and sauntered to the parlor window for the mere purpose, as an ordinary observer would have conjectured, of standing there with our hands in our pockets—our children didn't know it—the wife of our bosom didn't know it—we scarcely even knew it ourselves—but Rover, our dog, knew it; and he came frisking and bounding from his prescriptive corner of the hearth-rug, and looking up in our face, and bow-wow-ing (for which we first thrashed him bodily, and then ourselves mentally, though, in truth, the cuff we gave him would hardly have sufficed to disturb the most superannuated flea of the tribe which made in him their dwelling), and running to the door, and scampering back again, and then jumping bolt upright as high as he could jump, and looking as if he would give his ears to say bow-wow once more—only he durst not—and so, as it was there ready at his tongue's end, easing it off gently through his teeth in the shape of a sort of pleasurable growl; and then lying down, and yet peering up ever into our face with a kind of half supplicating, half reproachful expression, which said, as plainly as looks *can* say, "Well, I'm almost afraid it's of no use, but I won't give it up for all that," and then—"Bless my soul! are we to be kept a whole month learning what this dog of yours *did* know?"

Now, thank your stars, good readers, that we are of a placid and gentle disposition—for, by that intemperate interruption of yours, you have cut short one of the most faithful touches of description that we have penned for this many a day. Had we been sudden and quick in quarrel, it might have cost you more than the loss of the picture you have so unceremoniously marred. But, alas! you feel it not—we say to you as Sir Isaac said to his spaniel, "Ah! Diamond! Diamond! thou little knowest what mischief thou hast done!" Had we been in the knight's place on that most trying occasion, and had our

footman or our housemaid, or any man or maid on the face of the earth, destroyed at one fell swoop the labor of years, we verily believe the readers of next morning's *Times* would have been horrified by three entire columns of "awful murder and felo-de-se." But had it been *thou*, oh, Rover, our little harmless, playful doggie, thou who didst never provoke one frown of anger upon our brow, but one wag of thy tail dispelled it in a moment—had it been *thou*, we say, who hadst done the wrong, we should, with all the meekness of the immortal philosopher, have—

"Zounds, sir! what *did* your dog know all this while?"

"Why, sir,—he knew we were going out for a walk!"  
Dot.

GULLS AND THEIR VICTIMS.

THE MATRIMONIAL FLAT-CATCHER.

*(Continued from Page 11.)*

WE ENTERED INTO A FULL EXPOSURE, in our January number, of certain ignorant and unprincipled quacks, who deluged the town with their deceptive advertisements; luring thousands into their deep-laid snares, and practising seriously upon the wits as well as the purses of their numerous dupes. We have reason to believe that our exposure was attended with some beneficial results.

Another of these advertising sharks is in the field; and we are requested by a correspondent, to register her among the other speckled birds. Her avowed name is Madame Maxwell; and her mission, she tells us, is to bring about unions between people of opposite sentiments, rendering the matter "delightfully pleasant to both;" and being *in all cases* "highly successful." This from the mouth of a woman!

We should have let this pretender pass down the stream of time forgotten, had we not observed how energetically she is advertising, and spreading her nets to catch the unwary. She is a first-rate *artiste* in humbug; consequently, her victims are numerous. Her presumption is only exceeded by her gross indelicacy, or rather profligacy.

Her mode of procedure is this. All persons who want to "win a lover," as she terms it, are to enclose her thirteen stamps, and she will then furnish them full instructions.\* These instructions are received in

\* We may very appositely introduce here, in a note, the report of a curious "action" recently brought to recover fifteen shillings. Mr. Gay, it appears, wanted a wife, and did not know how to "set about" getting one. What an odd idea



the form of a small printed book ; consisting of some seven pages. It is entitled "Matrimony made Easy." There is also another abomination, called the "Etiquette of Love."

In these books, the strictest secrecy is promised to be observed. Of course ! Now the iniquity of this, must be self-evident ; for so artfully are the advertisements worded, that victims innumerable *must* fall into this creature's clutches. It appears that

it is, for people to want "assistance" in so pleasant an occupation as wooing ! We confess we cannot understand it at all. To oblige Mr. Gay, a friend, Mr. Paine, feigned illness ; and by these means, Mr. Gay got a "nice" introduction to a delightful family. He slipped in as a doctor ! Oh, fie Mr. Gay ! But here is the Report :— "Mr. Gay was a surgeon, of Old Brompton, and the defendant, Mr. Paine, is an unmarried gentleman, of Wellington-square, Chelsea. Mr. Gay said he had supplied the defendant with a mixture and a box of pills, and had attended him six times ; for which visits he charged half-a-crown each. He had not charged for the mixture. Mr. Delamere, the defendant's solicitor, said that his client resided with a gentleman at Brompton, who had a family of beautiful daughters. Mr. Gay, who was a single man, was anxious to obtain an introduction to the young ladies, with the view to choose a wife. With this object he sought the services of Mr. Paine, who very foolishly pretended to be ill ; and, accordingly, the professional services of Mr. Gay were sought to alleviate the sufferings of the patient. Mr. Paine, on being called, stated that Mr. Gay informed him of his wish to pay his attentions to a nice young lady, as he was sick of being single—(laughter)—and he intreated witness to introduce him to one—(laughter). He mentioned and recommended the young ladies at their house ; but how to get an introduction was, for some time, a poser to them—(laughter). It could only be carried out by stratagem ; and it was devised by plaintiff and himself that he (defendant) should fall ill—(roars of laughter)—and write a letter to Mr. Gay to visit him—(prolonged merriment). He felt unwell—(laughter)—and wrote the note proposed by Mr. Gay :—"Dear Sir,—I want to see you immediately. I am alarmingly ill. Yours, &c. Postscript. Only myself and the Misses—at home, my boy—(shouts of merriment)." Mr. Gay came immediately. There was nothing whatever the matter with him—(laughter)—and he never took the stuff that was sent, but threw it to the dogs—(renewed laughter). As to the six visits the plaintiff had charged him for, it was a downright "do." At any rate, five out of the six visits were paid to the young ladies, and Mr. Gay had the modesty and impudence to charge him half-a-crown for each of the wooing visits—(shouts of laughter). Besides that, he was invited to dinner each time. He had never had any rash, saving the rashness of introducing the plaintiff to his friends.—The judge (Adolphus) : I think, if it be a joke, it ought to be followed out—(laughter). Fifteen shillings is, perhaps, too much to pay for it. My judgment will be for ten shillings, and that is not too much for a rich joke like this."—[Dirt cheap !] Ed. K.J.

she keeps "a stock on hand" of lads and lasses, men and women—all ready and eager for partnership—only waiting the waving of her wand. We shall not waste time nor space upon this most infamous book ; but we notice it, for the sake of seeing whether such a system cannot be put a stop to. It genders an amount of moral evil which it is perfectly terrible to contemplate.

We hardly need say, that when a woman is bad, she knows no bounds. Whether Madame Maxwell is bad, let our readers judge. Her book ends thus :—

I feel increased confidence in publishing *my* system of "introduction ;" and shall with much pleasure advise any person, male or female, by letter or otherwise, on any difficult point, draw up and insert their advertisement in the most eligible medium, arrange for a private address ; and then forward their letters. Indeed, I will conduct the matter to a *successful* issue. The strictest secrecy will be observed ; and, be it remembered, there is such novelty and fascination about the system of courtship, that *none can resist its captivating influence*. There is also another way by which the above object can be realised. I am daily in communication with hundreds, of the highest respectability, of both sexes, as to ages, classes, and conditions (having at the present moment the names of thirty-five *titled persons in my list*), who are anxious to form matrimonial alliances. It therefore necessarily follows, that I can *generally* introduce any person to a partner in every way suited to their fancy, possessing all the qualities essential to happiness ; and render the married state, what indeed it ought to be, an earthly paradise of bliss.

Thus it will appear, that although I have recommended advertising, such a course is *rarely* necessary ; that is, where my correspondents will avail themselves of *my experience* ; for (as I before intimated) being in communication with hundreds, both male and female, of the first respectability and standing in society, *I can always introduce the exact style of person that is required*, and will pledge myself not to introduce any who I am not fully satisfied are in every way eligible. All those who may feel diffident, may rest assured that, with my mediation, an introduction can be arranged with the *nicest delicacy and secrecy*—while all may be married if they will only avail themselves of my recommendations. Marriages promising the happiest results are almost daily occurring through my assistance, and I hope that all my readers will have more good sense than to allow their prospects of future happiness to be in any way impeded *by the silly forms of etiquette* ! I shall be happy to arrange the whole matter for any person, on condition of receiving *part* of any amount agreed upon at the *commencement* of my services, with an understanding that I receive *the remainder when marriage is effected* ; and if favored by letter or otherwise with full particulars as to *age, appearance, circumstances, prospects, &c., &c.*, with the style of partner preferred—all this can be settled to the satisfaction of both parties previous to the first interview, which may take place at my residence—*it being excellently*



*adapted for the purpose*, or elsewhere, as agreed upon.

Now, we ask—is not this diabolical? Marriage, which ought to be *the* most sacred of all engagements, is here used as a mere peg for an advertisement. The word "marriage," we conceive, is but a colorable evasion of something far too shocking to contemplate. People thus "introduced" would very rarely, we imagine, take refuge in matrimony. We should rather expect to see them falling from the top of the monument, or to hear of a shocking catastrophe having taken place on Waterloo Bridge!

Oh, what an age of wickedness is this!

### THOUGHTS ON THE SKY.

IT IS A strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky! It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man—more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him, and teaching him, than in any other of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her.

The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few. It is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them. He injures them by his presence—he ceases to feel them if he be always with them. But the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not "too bright nor good for human nature's daily food." It is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for the soothing it and purifying it from dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful: never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity. Its appeal to what is immortal in us, is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential. And yet we never attend to it—we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations!

We look upon all by which the sky speaks to us, more clearly than to brutes—upon all which bears witness to the invention of the Supreme—that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew that we share with the weed and the worm. There exists *nothing*, of meaningless and monotonous accident; too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration.—If in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet; another it has been windy; and another it has been warm.

Who among the whole clattering crowd

can tell us, of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that gilded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds, when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? All has passed unregretted or unseen; or, if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is extraordinary.

And yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestation of the elemental energies—not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind—that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not always so eloquent in the earthquake, nor in the fire, as in "the still, small voice."

They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature, says John Ruskin, which can only be addressed through lamp-black and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty, the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual—that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood—things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally, which are never wanting and never repeated, which are to be found always, yet each found but once. It is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given.

### An Editorial Secret.

A secret in the Public's mouth,  
Is like a wild-bird put into a cage—  
Whose door no sooner opens, but 'tis out.  
BEN JONSON.

VERY CURIOUS IS OUR POSITION JUST NOW, and very curious are some of the letters and communications that find their way into our "Editor's letter-box."

We are daily puzzled, perplexed—confounded, by some of the questions put to us. Our correspondents, masculine and feminine, multiply exceedingly. Gladly would *we* remain neuter, as regards certain questions; but finding no rest given us until we have answered them, we reluctantly comply with the wishes of the writers. We are expected to know everything, and to furnish advice gratis!

Under such circumstances, no wonder is it that we are obliged to preserve the strictest *incognito*; and to shroud ourself closer than ever in the "mysterious cloak," so often referred to. This said cloak has stood us in good stead—rendering us perfectly invisible. Hundreds have tried to waylay us, but we have readily slipped through their fingers; and hundreds have "called" to see



us, and slunk away disappointed. Our name is secret, our person impalpable to the touch, our *ensemble* invisible to the sharpest eye. We flit into our sanctum noiselessly, and dissolve into thin air when we make our exit to the busy world. We see and hear everything, yet are we seen and heard by none. We repeat this, to satisfy all who are so annoyingly "curious." They never have seen us—never will see us. Why, therefore, do they sacrifice so much valuable time? If we reply to all questions asked—what would they more?

There is only one way of getting access to our royal person; and that is, by the chord of sympathy and cordiality which genially binds us and our choicest readers so closely together. That is the key which unlocks our heart. We will visit all over the world, most gladly; only let the masonic signal of brotherly and sisterly love reach us. The "open sesame" that we require, is simple; but it is eloquent. We seek no honor, want no homage—but wherever we go, we *must* feel "at home." These remarks will be extensively understood. They are called for, or would not have been offered. OUR JOURNAL is a printed record of what we are. What we therein profess, that do we practise. Singular are we—very!

We may introduce here, very consistently, the result of a note addressed to us by one of our kind readers. The object of his communication was, to set us right upon the subject of a remark we made at page 258—about "Character-reading." We ridiculed the idea of any one being able to define character simply by the handwriting, and called all such professors "jugglers."

Our unknown friend says:—

Do send thirteen stamps to the address enclosed, and fill up the required particulars. You will assuredly get an answer; and when it reaches you, print it. It is a *public question*; and those who know you, can say whether you have received a false character or not.

We smiled, or rather laughed heartily, at the suggestions made by our correspondent; nevertheless we *did* write, under a fictitious name, to the party indicated; and took special care to throw them off the scent as to our identity, &c. We sealed and despatched our missive. The reply arrived in due course. It is printed without any comment of ours:—

To "Ignotus,"—Sir, The most brilliant acquirements and rhetorical powers are not always a sure indication of success in life. A certain knowledge of the world is required to direct one's prurient energies, or all efforts will prove abortive. "Ignotus" possesses the faculties capable of achieving more than the usual amount of honor and respect. This is demonstrated in a manner which will not admit of its truth being questioned; and whilst the talents so liberally bestowed upon him

are wielded with an impetus commanding attention wherever exhibited, his natural feeling of humility asserts her prerogative; allowing no appearance of pride to divide the laurels, or share the honorable position it is his destiny to fill.

But as no one is correct at all hours (*Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*), so no character can be "perfect." Imperfections must and will make inroads, to act as antagonistics. These may be wisely designed to show, by contrast, the spotless beauty of virtue and the hideous deformity of vice. Ambition, therefore, the graphiologist would deem to be "the" failing; but the poisoned barb is mollified by Benevolence.

Wealth may be desired and sought after; but no mercenary motive will be instrumental in its accumulation.

The desire for domestic happiness and comfort, in "Ignotus" reigns paramount; nor would he allow any invasion upon his recreation—suffering rather a personal pecuniary deprivation; for, like Æsop's bow, when

"Once relax'd,  
'Twill bear a tighter string."

Such is a literal transcript of "Our Editor's" character.\* He gives it as he received it. The power of divination in the graphiologist, is left for the decision of the public.

\* It is not a little amusing to note the very odd ideas that some people form of our identity and qualifications. On reaching home, we frequently find on our table letters addressed to us as a "reverend," a "doctor," a "professor," &c., &c. Our worthy postman is bewildered—fairly puzzled, by our "famous titles," each day adding to the variety. A question was recently raised in a public carriage, travelling through Hammersmith to London—as to who we really were. A strange gentleman (very strange!) took upon himself to answer the question. He said he knew us well—very well; and that we were—a Quaker! He described us as of "a stern presence, but of uncompromising principles; austere in manner, but of a kind heart, hard features, a rotund person, and a peculiarly-plain cut." We never! Perhaps, however, it is well to be thus "figured." It will protect our royal person. "Our Editor" of a stern presence and hard features! rotund, austere—and a *Quaker* too! Let us remark that, if not provokingly handsome, he is *not* so alarmingly ugly. He is "sensitive" on this point!—ED. K. J.

#### A LOVE-LETTER.

WHY dost thou wound and break my heart,  
As if we should for ever part?  
Hast thou not heard an oath from me,  
After a day, or two, or three,  
I would come back and live with thee?  
Take, if thou do'st distrust that vow,  
This second protestation now;  
Upon thy cheek that spangl'd teare,  
Which sits as dew of roses there;  
That teare shall scarce be dri'd before  
I'll kisse the threshold of thy dore;  
Then weepe not, sweet; but thus much know,—  
I am *halfe return'd before I go.*

HERRICK.



## THE HUMAN STOMACH.

NATURE's with "little" pleased. "Enough's" a feast;  
A sober life but a small charge desires.  
But man, the author of his own unrest,  
The more he eats, the more he still requires.



OUR "CODES OF HEALTH," AND OUR "RULES FOR LIVING," have, we find, immortalised us all over the civilised world. Even those who at first differed from us have gradually veered round, and now confess we are right. This is well. We love to see people enjoy themselves; nay, more—we like to join in their enjoyment, "provided always" Moderation takes the head of the table, and Discretion sits as Vice-President. Then can we be jolly as anybody. Our animal spirits are positively boundless. This by the way.

The human Stomach is a curiosity. Born with certain powers, it exercises them always for the benefit of its owner; but when over-tasked, it turns restiff, and very properly throws off its load. A good thing is it that it *can* throw it off! Our aldermen must think so sometimes, for their motto is,—

Oh! that my stomach were a cable long, and every inch a palate!

We have just received a very useful and a very clever little work, called "Memoirs of a Stomach;" and the preceding remarks have been made by way of introducing its author, who is just the sort of person to write such a book—being "A Minister of the Interior." We have a great regard for this said minister, and most cordially recommend the cultivation of his acquaintance by all who are in the habit of eating and drinking. He peeps into the stomach of a babe, deluged with pap; and tells us, in vivid language, all the narrow escapes from destruction we every one of us have experienced, from the pap-boat upwards. This is done sagaciously and pleasantly; indeed we never met with a more waggish "Minister of the Home-department." Soft as pap is, he hits us hard with it!

But as everybody will read this book, we shall merely offer a few random extracts. What *is* a Stomach? Listen to its own voice:—

My personal appearance, I must acknowledge, is not prepossessing, as I resemble a Scotch bag-pipe in form, the pipe part being the œsophagus or gullet, and the bag myself. I often wish there were more "stops," especially when I am played upon by gluttony; and perhaps there would have been, could I give vent to noises similar to those of the Caledonian instrument, whose strains are so terrible that the brave Highlanders are said to rush into battle to escape them.

If every Stomach could speak, would it not be loud in abuse of its owner! We think so.

An infant, everybody knows, is flooded in milk whenever it begins to pipe. This universal remedy, we find, the infant stomach considers unwise. But the noisy teat-ling cannot always be supplied by its own mother; and, in such a case, it is handed over to a "wet nurse," who largely increases its internal torments by the peculiar flavor of the supplies:—

The sweet almondy taste of the delicious food my poor mother gave me,—says the Stomach,—was changed to a sort of London milk, slightly impregnated with Geneva. The tricks this woman played were frightful. The doctors told her to drink porter; and so she did, and every other sort of liquor into the bargain, to be obtained at the public-house. The worst of it was, I had no redress, but I took care to let everybody participate in my disgust, by inciting my neighboring arms and legs to kicks and contortions; and to the small voice which dwelt upstairs, I suggested such shrill cries as made every person in the house detest the little body of which I was the centre.

This accounts for so many ugly babies,—said to be "choked with wind!" But now for a step further. We are peeping into a cup of bread-sop—a most curious-looking, unlikely article, for keeping a child's stomach in order:—

I believe my innocent attendants imagined they were giving me ground corn. Corn, indeed! Why, when I came to test it by the aid of my powerful machine of analysis—a machine so strong I could dissolve a marble, and tell you its component parts—when, I say, I came to test it by a strong acid, I found that there was not more than twenty per cent. of flour in the whole composition, the remainder being made of a common sort of starch, alum, ground bones, potato flour, and often plaster of Paris. In a penny bun lately analysed, were found three grains of alum and ten of chalk, and in others plaster of Paris.

We cannot, nor is it needful for us to follow the Stomach in all its accurate delineations of what is going on hourly in the whole human race. We can only wonder that the "Bills of Mortality" are so comparatively light, considering the pains taken to produce sudden death, or lingering illness, by every one who has a stomach. The "Minister of the Interior" is justly hard upon tobacco, and the fumes of smoke; which no doubt do send tens of thousands yearly to their long home. We have written against the use of it, till we are weary,—also, against its twin brother, ardent spirit. The Stomach says, that tobacco is—

A most deadly weed; a spirit of evil ushered in by fire, and exorcised by sickness! Nature made it nauseating—*poisonous*: but man, combating with the penalty she placed upon his use of it, puffs away through a whole existence; and this first specimen I received was the puff preliminary. Repetition overcame my dislike to the taste, and at length with the true philosophy of my race, I



endured that which could not be cured; and though ultimately cigars and pipes subscribed their share with other evils in injuring the system and drying up the juices of the body, still I shared the ill with my adjacent brotherhood; and personally I received the injury and insult with the dignity of a Stomach conscious of his own rectitude.

At this season, of course, we all venture abroad for a little sweet air,—either on board a river steam-boat or in some place of public resort. We cannot find it! The air is everywhere fouled by city clerks and beardless shopboys: nor can we escape the fumes of dried cabbage leaves, turn which way we will.

One half, at least, of the animals whose ugly mouths are distorted by the projection of those (facetiously called) "cigars," show symptoms of sickness. Their pale visages tell us, as plainly as possible, that their punishment is extreme. They puff and puff away, till their gooseberry eyes lose what little expression was in them when they first came out, and we find them fast asleep. The Stomach tells us a nice tale about these and all other smokers. Faugh! What a set of filthy wretches men are, when they go out for a summer holiday! Well may they hate birds, trees, flowers, and the infinite variety of nature's beautiful productions; when gorging, smoking, and drinking, are by them considered the grand end of life!

Speaking of the digestion of men and animals, the "Minister of the Interior" remarks,—

A cow's stomach digests, in its own peculiar way, admirably for the necessities of a cow. A gizzard does the duty of mastication for the bird tribe. A boa constrictor's slow working apparatus is excellently well adapted for that gentle animal; and the inside of many insects is as complicated as their life is varied, and is nicely calculated to serve them on earth, air, or water. Now, the stomach of a human being is equally congenial to man's nature, *and the higher his intellectual faculties, the more sensitive and delicate is his inside.* In organic structure, it is, of course, the same in all men; and a Hottentot's digestive organs, and those of Sir Isaac Newton, would present identical conformations—but the sympathy of the nervous energies marks the subtle difference. Thence I again affirm that the moral acts upon the physical, and *vice versa*, by the most delicate sympathy and wonderful laws.

We wish all our readers to "digest" well these very sensible and important observations. We do all of us offend so much against our best friend, that we require continual admonition.

The Stomach tells us many other curious things; and among others, cautions lovers in particular to take care how they offend. His advice is good, and it is worth recording. Harken, young people; aye, and old people too!—

My advice to every lover is—take care of your stomach; for his influence is greater than you imagine. I feel perfectly persuaded, that more love-matches have been broken off owing to this very respectable organ than to any other cause. It is all very well to term the reasons for remaining single—prudence; and the necessity of providing means to keep your carriage and servants, and all that sort of thing. But the truth is, a derangement of the digestive powers makes both men and women petulant, over sensitive, sceptical, and fastidious; and it engenders a host of other ill qualities, erroneously thought to emanate from the brain or liver. The ancients were wrong, when they attributed to this last organ the seat of the affections; and the moderns are equally so in debiting love to the account of the heart. *The stomach is the real source of that sublime passion*, and I swell with pride and inward satisfaction when I make the avowal.

The Stomach is very candid. He avows that he himself fell in love; and adds:—

I beg that I may not be laughed at for this confession; but let me tell you a stomach *has* a heart, and a very tender one too. The worst part of the affair was that, like the great potentates of the earth, I was obliged to promise my affections to an object I had never seen. It is true Mr. Brain gave me an inkling of her likeness; but the reader will see at once, from the nature of my position, that I was not capable of visional contemplation. Upon this point, indeed, I was so much interested, that I longed to knock away the plaster between the ribs, and get a glance at the lady; but as such a proceeding would have been unjust to others, I sat like Pyramis behind a wall, without even a chink through which to look at Thisbe. I soon discovered that the damsel who was the cause of this internal commotion (for there was not a portion of the whole body but which was influenced in some way or other) was nothing better than a hosier's daughter, living near the university.

But we have now given a very fair insight into the nature and object of this work, which every stomach ought to purchase for its own individual benefit. We did purpose extracting the Minister's permission as to what, and how much, might be partaken of at dinner-time. But this would occupy more space than we can afford.

We offer no excuse for having made this introduction between the public and our Minister of the Interior. At a season when every one is bent upon enjoying themselves, we do not venture upon any "heavy" subject; and therefore have confined ourself to that which is useful, profitable, and undeniably interesting.

Woe be to him who despises our friendly warning!

#### LOVE'S LOVELINESS.

"WHAT thing is Love, which nought can counter-vail?"

Nought save "itself,"—ev'n such a thing is Love!  
All worldly wealth in "worth" as far doth fail  
As lowest earth doth yield to Heav'n above.



## MARVELS OF THE CREATION.

THE MARINER who first crossed the central Atlantic in search of a new world, was astonished when, on the 19th of September, 1492, he found himself in the midst of that great bank of sea-weed—the sea-weed meadow of Oviedo—the Sargasso Sea which, with a varying breadth of 100 to 300 miles, stretches over twenty-five degrees of latitude, covering 260,000 square miles of surface, like a huge floating garden, in which countless myriads of minute animals find food and shelter. Now, it is the eddy of the numerous sea rivers which collect in one spot, and the cold water of the Northern Atlantic mixing with the warm streams of the western and southern currents, which produce the temperature most fitted to promote this amazing development of vegetable and animal life. What becomes of the dead remains of this vast marine growth? Do they decompose as fast as they are produced? or do they accumulate into deposits of peculiar coal, destined to reward the researches of future geologists and engineers when the Atlantic of our day has become the habitable land of an after-time?

In the chart of the Pacific Ocean, we are presented with another remarkable instance of the influence of sea rivers on vegetation. From the shores of South Victoria, on the Antarctic continent, a stream of cold water, 60 degrees in width (our readers will recollect that in high latitudes the degrees of longitude are very narrow), drifts slowly along in a north-east and easterly direction across the Southern Pacific, till it impinges upon the South American coast to the south of Valparaiso. There it divides into two arms; one of which stretches south and east, doubles Cape Horn, and penetrates into the south-western Atlantic; the other flows first north-east, and then north-west, along the shores of Chili and Peru, carrying colder waters into the warm sea, and producing a colder air along the low plains which stretch from the shores of the Pacific to the base of the Andes. This current, discovered by Humboldt and called after his name, lowers the temperature of the air about twelve degrees; while that of the water itself is sometimes as much as twenty-four degrees colder than that of the still waters of the ocean through which it runs.

The cold air seriously affects the vegetation along the whole of this coast; at the same time that the cold stream raises fogs and mists, which not only conceal the shores and perplex the navigator, but extend inland also, and materially modify the climate. The beautiful and beneficent character of this modifying influence becomes not only apparent, but most impressive, when we consider, as the rain

map of the world shows us, that on the coast of Peru no rain ever falls; and that, like the desert Sahara, it ought therefore to be condemned to perpetual barrenness. But in consequence of the cold stream thus running along its borders, "the atmosphere loses its transparency, and the sun is obscured for months together.

"The vapors at Lima are often so thick, that the sun seen through them with the naked eye assumes the appearance of the moon's disc. They commence in the morning, and extend over the plains in the form of refreshing fogs, which disappear soon after mid-day; and are followed by heavy dews, which are precipitated during the night." The morning mists and the evening dews thus supply the place of the absent rains; and the verdure which covers the plains is the offspring of a sea river. What a charming myth would the ancient poets have made out of this striking compensation!

## 'TIS SWEET,—'TIS SAD!

'Tis sweet to mark the violet blow,  
A spot of Heaven on winter's snow;  
To feel the balmy South, in airs  
That tremble sweet on icy stairs;  
And warmth to buried flowerets bring,  
While birds their first blithe carol sing.

'Tis joy to mark the tiny face  
Ripen with traits of blooming grace;  
To see the light, thro' dawning sense,  
Of meaning and intelligence,—  
While lisping murmurs, careless wiles,  
Deepen to words, and tears, and smiles.

'Tis joy to mark the love we store,  
From little grow to more and more;  
Nurtur'd by gentle looks and deeds,  
To those fair buds, the little seeds,  
That swell with strength and beauty now  
To bloom on love's eternal bough.

'Tis sad to mark the leafy fringe  
Of woodlands take a deeper tinge;  
Amid the fall of ripen'd fruit  
The forests don their russet suit;  
To note, while breezes moan and sigh,  
The glorious works of nature die.

And sad to gather round the bed  
That shrouds in gloom the silent dead;  
To hear the stifled sob, the prayer,  
From lov'd ones breath'd oppress the air—  
To take one last deep look, and then  
To mingle in the strife of men!

But sadder yet to feel the love  
We fondly priz'd all earth above,  
Grow cold and careless day by day,  
Till all like dreams hath passed away,—  
And joys so bright in days of yore  
HAVE FLED, TO BEAM ON EARTH NO MORE!

PERCIE.



EATING AND DRINKING,—  
A WORD TO THE WISE.

JULY is a tempting month to all who love to indulge in the good things of this life. But—be it borne in mind, the stomach, as we have elsewhere shown, cannot be offended with impunity. If over-loaded, it will kick; if cruelly treated, it will have its revenge. A word just now to the summer traveller may not be out of place.

The chief cause of most of the diseases to which the human body is subject, is a superabundant acid in the stomach; and that superabundance of acid is occasioned by overloading the stomach with food or drink. For the stomach can digest only a certain portion of food in a given time, namely, that which is in contact with its sides. All the rest must wait its turn; consequently, if the stomach be over-loaded, the superabundant food will ferment and generate an acid; and the portion of food thus fermented and converted into acid, when it comes, in its turn, to be spread over the sides of the stomach, for the purpose of being converted into chyle—frets and irritates the stomach by the acrid and corrosive qualities. This very often produces inflammation more or less violent, which is indicated either by heartburn, eructation, stomach-ache, or some other distressing sensation.

Nor is this the whole of the injury. If the effect of the acid be not arrested, all the organs which sympathise with the stomach partake of the distress, in proportion to their previous constitutional strength or debility. Numerous instances occur in medical annals, of death having been occasioned by inordinate eating. Sir Everard Home mentions an instance of a child losing its life from eating too large a quantity of apple-pudding. Morgagni relates an account of a like fate happening to a woman from eating too large a quantity of onions preserved in salt and vinegar. And Bonnetus, in his *Sepulchrum*, states the case of a boy who died in three hours from eating immoderately of grapes. In each case, the stomach, when opened, was quite tense, and, consequently, its powers of action perfectly paralysed.

Let us here put in a good word for STRAWBERRIES. Of all fruits, they are *the* most innocent. Indeed, they deserve all the good things that can be said of them. They are beautiful to look at, delicious to eat, have a fine odor; and are so wholesome, that they are said to agree with the weakest digestions. It is recorded of Fontenelle, that he attributed his longevity to them, in consequence of their having regularly cooled a fever which he had every spring; and that he used to say, "If I can but reach the season of strawberries!" Boerhaave looked upon their continued use as one of the principal remedies in cases of obstruction and viscosity; and in putrid disorders. Hoffmann furnished instances of obstinate disorders cured by them, even consumptions; and Linnaeus says that by eating plentifully of them, he kept himself free from the gout. They are good even for the teeth.

As regards summer diet generally, the lighter the food the better. Avoid all condiments; study simplicity; let pure spring water be your "nectar," and live in the open air.

"SEASONABLE CURIOSITIES"

IN THE ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE WORLDS.

WE have now arrived at the precise time of year, when it becomes fashionable for papers to record not only what does happen, but, more particularly, what does *not* happen. The consequence is, a hearty laugh got up at the expense of truth. But we really must fire a shot at the offenders.

With regard to animals and their instincts, birds, insects, &c., the marvels now publishing are indeed "remarkable." The principal "observers" of these matters are the Scotch papers, and other of our northern neighbors. Already we have seen particulars of a Sturgeon weighing 753½lbs. Also, of some astonishingly-large pike (one weighing 103lbs.), &c. Our old friend, "the cauliflower," has again been chronicled. His size, this year, is even more colossal than usual. He measures now, ten feet around the waist, and has grown to the height of eight feet, six-inches. We are looking anxiously for our other friends, the gigantic gooseberries; and those extraordinary birds and animals which choose such extraordinary situations for their nests and summer residences. These, however, are appearing one by one. Several "plants" have been made upon us, to give insertion to these imaginary wonders,—but we are proof against every kind offer of the sort.

The three papers most distinguished for these before unheard-of marvels of nature, are—the *Dumfries Courier*, the *North British Daily Mail*, and our own *Morning Herald*. There are many others; but these "do" the 'heavy' work. As the last-named paper comes daily before the London public, it will speak for itself. Meantime, let us prove our case as regards the other two. We do so at random—having left lots of other curiosities imbedded in their printed columns.

We must, of course, give the *Dumfries Courier* precedence; and two specimens shall suffice. The first extract tells of the doings of a pair of starlings, "on matrimonial thoughts intent:"—

Our readers, says the wag, are familiar with the tall signal posts at railway stations, on which large balls are run by pulleys and cords, to intimate, by their being lowered or elevated, when the way is, or is not, clear for a coming train. One of these balls at the signal post on the Ardrossan line, near Kilwinning, lately attracted the notice of a couple of starlings on matrimonial thoughts intent. With much labor they forced their way into the centre, and proceeded, despite all interruptions, to construct a nest. The ball has to be lowered and elevated 14 times a day; but this did not interfere with the proceedings of the happy pair, and in due time four eggs were deposited in the moveable nest. Our last despatch informs us that the female is still sitting closely, quite undisturbed by the



frequent process of being let down within a very few feet of the ground, and raised again. There is every probability of her hatching her young; *and if so, we believe the circumstances will be quite unprecedented.*

The italics will show how much of the foregoing we believe to be "remarkable,"—ever excepting the waggish pen-man. We happen to know something about the starling; and have therefore a right to take an interest in his peculiarities.

The next observation taken by our intelligent Scotch luminary, has reference to a rabbit. He very appropriately calls it a "knowing rabbit :"—

A gentleman, he says, residing in a small town in this country (we should like to be informed of the names of the small town and the gentleman), has a favorite rabbit at present engaged in rearing a numerous progeny. They are not able to use their *rodents* (!) very well as yet, and therefore require a good deal of nourishment from their mother.

It appears in evidence, that the servant neglected to bring the milk from the cow at a certain hour of the day, as usual. "Map," the rabbit, resented this as follows :—

As the forgetful girl stooped down to smooth "Map's" fur, the animal scratched her hand in a very angry manner; and then hopping off, lifted the milk dish in her teeth, and set it down before the careless provider. At the same time she said very distinctly, though not in words (this was puzzling !),—Don't attempt to humbug me with your caresses, but go and bring me my milk.

It would be "wicked" in us, to italicise any of the above. It reads best as it is !

We come now to immortalise the *North British Daily Mail*, and let his "robin" speak first :—

**THE ROBIN.**—A curious instance of the familiarity and sagacity of this little bird is to be seen at a house near Roseneath, where a young gentleman occupies one of the upper rooms as his bed-chamber. In one corner stands his clothes'-bag, and in the mouth of it the owner found one day a robin's nest built, and filled with eggs. The little pair had taken advantage of the window being left open, to occupy such a singular locality for their breeding place. The eggs are by this time hatched, so that the parent birds have to be early astir to find food for their little ones; indeed, much earlier than the other occupant of the room. The young robins can't wait for their early breakfast until their fellow lodger gets up, and the old birds are driven to the necessity of awakening him, which they do at an early hour every morning, *by flapping their little wings in his face*—when he gets up, and kindly opens the window for their free egress and ingress.

They say that Crassus laughed once—and only once in his life. If he yet lived, and could read the above, he would at least laugh once more !

But now for our second extract, which

will, we fear, somewhat injure our eminent oculists :—

A little girl had her left eye so completely covered with a white speck, that it was rendered sightless. A few days since, while amusing herself out of doors, a dove descended from a neighboring dwelling-house; and, *as if in search of food*, removed the speck with its bill, without causing the slightest injury—so that ever since, *the vision of the girl has been perfect.*

We think we have now "proved our case."

We pass over other records in the above two papers—showing how *two* knowing chickens jumped out of *one* Shanghae pullet's egg; how a tom-tit built its nest and reared its young in a poisonous gas-tube, &c., &c. Suffice to say, the jokes are rich.

Our only object in this article is, to teach our readers how to divine "fact from fiction;" and to tell them "why" OUR JOURNAL does not record the many interesting occurrences that appear in so many parts of the country, in the summer season.

#### OUR MIRROR OF THE MONTHS.

##### JULY.

First, April. She with mellow showers  
Opens the way for early flowers,  
Then, after her, comes smiling May,  
In a more rich and sweet array.  
Next enters June, and brings us more  
Gems than those two that went before,  
Then, lastly, JULY comes; and she  
More wealth brings in than all those three.

THE MONTHS OF APRIL, MAY, AND JUNE, have paid us their annual visits; and having fulfilled their mission, they have gradually melted away. We could not, during their sojourn amongst us, exactly tell what their mission was; for each of the months, this year, was unusually eccentric, and played us tricks innumerable. We thrice put away our over-coats, and had to bring them out again. We shelved our umbrellas too; and found more use for them than ever !

JUNE, however, was the least fickle of the three fair maidens; and seems to have intended us much good. Her golden days, and genial nights, have produced golden results. The valleys have shouted, and the birds have sung. Flowers have raised their heads in every direction; and all the fruits of the earth give promise of a most abundant supply.

We have not parted from June, without bearing in lively remembrance the "little kindnesses" she has done us. She invited us forth far and near; she has shown us sights that no Emperor could command; introduced us to scenes of loveliness that no tongue could describe, no pen give even an



idea of; and she has fully prepared us for what is now to follow. We have rambled hither and thither, and been fairly fascinated with what we have seen. All nature has appeared gay and animated; all creation happy.

Not the least part of our enjoyment, has been the society of our vernal and summer songsters; whose voices have filled the air with rejoicing. As early as 2, a.m., have we risen to greet them, and bid them good-morrow. From our open casement, we have listened to their "matins" with rapture; and heard them rehearse their ceaseless songs of praise till we have caught the very spirit of their music. Oh! what calm delights are those, which hold the mind spell-bound whilst contemplating the world and its Maker! To see and hear how these little creatures worship; and to reflect how we, "reasonable creatures," worship—opens the door to reflections which are certainly not unprofitable. *Their* worship is adoration; ours, for the most part, dry, formal "duty." *They* never neglect their worship. Let us hope *we* are as particular:—

The feather'd tribe can chant their lay,  
And hymn their great Creator's praise;  
But man, for whom on every thorn  
The daylight falls, till close of even,  
Ungrateful views each sun-bright morn,  
Nor whispers forth a prayer to Heaven.

Nor must we forget that the feathered tribe never retire to rest at this season without attending "vespers." They literally sing themselves to sleep. Thus are they consistent worshippers, and surely patterns for us to follow.

But we must leave the past ("chewing the cud" of what has given us so much pleasure), and come to the present. We are in JULY.

The year has now attained its manhood. The sun has intense power. Everything yields to its influence, and marvels are worked every hour. We advised our readers, long since, to make much of the refreshing *green* whilst it lasted. We did. Our eye was never removed from it long together; so highly did we estimate its loveliness. It is now gone; and will return no more. Summer is now perfect. The month is fairly poised between the seasons of growth and decline. It stands forth in all its pride—at once strong, full-grown, glowing, and beautiful.

The trees, which hitherto boasted of light-green tender leaves, are now in full foliage. Their vesture has darkened into a rich sobriety. Their youthful days are over. Flowers of every kind abound in the garden. Many too, of the richest brilliancy, are scattered over mead and mountain, over heath and glen. All is bright and hot. Thunder makes us sensible of this, every now

and then. So do the numerous tribes of insects, that hum around us in the lazy listlessness of their joy. This is the beginning of our benignant mother, Nature's triumph. She looks upon the work of her hands, and behold it is good—very good. So lavish is she of her favors, so determined that we shall all be happy, that she provides an abundance of everything. The poor are not forgotten. The fruits of the earth are in excess; there is more than sufficient for man and beast. It is Nature's own holiday. "Let the world rejoice and all that is in it. Let the sea make a noise, and all that therein is!"

'Tis now that God, and Nature, poetry and benevolence, call us forth. We must not be selfish. We must not overtask ourselves. We must not forget that

"To-day we live,—to-morrow die."

We owe a duty to ourselves and to each other. Anxiety must be laid aside for a time, and we must band together in brotherly and sisterly love. So, up with you, all ye who are morbidly inactive:—

Awake! awake! the flowers unfold,  
And tremble bright in the sun;  
And the river shines, a lake of gold,—  
For the young day has begun.  
The air is blithe, and the sky is blue,  
And the lark, on lightsome wing,  
From bushes that sparkle rich with dew  
To Heaven his matin sings.  
Then awake! awake! while music's note  
Now bids thee sleep to shun;  
Light zephyrs of fragrance round thee float,  
For the young day has begun.

We are now about to change one pleasure for another. We have had the song of the birds, early and late. We have enjoyed it to perfection. It is now gradually growing faint, and it will soon cease altogether. The nightingale is hushed. The cuckoo is with us; but very shy, and very silent. The blackbird sometimes favors us with a happy chant from the top of a high tree; and the thrush, too, occasionally throws in a few of his joyous notes; but they are only occasional. The rose fades on the way-side bough. Dust and heat strive for mastery over the leaves; and the corn begins to grow pale in anticipation of its impending fate. The grass has already fallen.

Do you not smell the aroma from yonder hay-field? And hark! there is a ringing of the scythes on every hand. There is the laughter too, of the hay-makers, the sound of the sheep bell, the bleating of sheep, and the lowing of oxen. Sit beneath a shady tree and watch the movements of these hard-working people; then see if memory will not call to mind the scenes of early youth, and make you happy. Quitting the hay-



field and its nut-brown occupants, away at once for a stroll; and contemplate amongst the multitude of leaves the delightful stillness, the peace which nature gives. Listen! How soft and how sweet are the sounds of that

Ringdove's plaint,—

Moan'd from the twilight centre of the grove,  
While every other woodland lay is mute,  
Save when the wren flits from her down-coved nest,  
And from the root-sprigs trills her ditty clear,—  
The grasshopper's oft-pausing chirp—the buzz,  
Angrily shrill of moss-entangled bee,  
That soon as loos'd, booms with full twang away!

These are a few of the delights of Summer. We might multiply them *ad infinitum*; but it would be a work of supererogation. One word more. Let all who are now in London, from choice, remain there. But let all such as hate the city and its "lying vanities," flee from it at once. We mean, of course, all who can do so. Make up a party to Chobham, and view the military encampment, speed away to Epping Forest, Richmond, Windsor; anywhere, so that you can breathe, and unbend your mind. The secret of health, is to give free play to the lungs. Next month, we will try our hand at the elements of "a Pic-nic Party," and see whether our pen will not work a spell upon the skin-dried Londoner; we will draw him out, if we can—and make him enjoy himself, *volens volens*.

Only think of a man or woman hugging themselves up in a smoky city, in July, when, from the intensity of the heat, birds are sitting open-mouthed upon the bushes! Why, fishes are now being fried in shallow ponds; sheep and cattle congregate in the shade, and forget to eat. Pedestrians along dusty roads quarrel with their coats and waistcoats, and cut sticks to enable them to carry them across their shoulders. Cottagers' wives, too, go about their work gown-less; and so would their fair daughters had they not bodily fear of the Vicar before their eyes.

Oh! good folks! be warned in time. Leave the cities, and seek refuge in the country. Come and see the snow-white swans float above their own image on the water; and seat yourselves beneath the weeping willows, as they dip their green and taper fingers in the clear, cool lake beneath.

We have said, Come. We will be answerable for your not wishing to return very soon—that is, if you have a heart:—

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 feeling, or a mind  
Cultur'd, and capable of sober thought?

Those who live in cities must be encum-

bered with much rust. Nothing will—nothing can rub this off, but pure air and the society of a cheerful friend.

### FARE THEE WELL!

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

FARE THEE WELL, my dearest mother,  
Fate decrees that we must part;  
Vainly dost thou strive to smother  
Sighs that rend thy gentle heart.  
By the light that shines above thee,  
By affection's magic spell,  
I will never cease to love thee—  
Dearest mother, fare thee well!

Let us hope a brighter morrow  
Will life's fairer joys disclose;  
Oh! I would not cause thee sorrow,  
For the wealth the world bestows!  
On my lips thy name shall ever  
With affection's fondness dwell;  
It is hard indeed to sever—  
Dearest mother, fare thee well!

Do not weep, for God will bless thee,  
Now with tears thine eyes are dim;  
When the cares of life oppress thee,  
Bear thy sorrows unto Him.  
Tell Him too the doubts that grieve thee;  
He will every fear dispel,—  
To His faithful care I leave thee,  
Dearest mother, fare thee well!

Fond remembrance o'er me stealing  
Speaks of many a happy day,  
When in joyous childhood kneeling  
At thy feet I learned to pray.  
Scenes of home, and joys that cheer it,  
Shall life's anxious fears repel;  
Let thy smile again endear it—  
Dearest mother, fare thee well!

Cheerful thoughts in retrospection  
Ne'er from memory shall depart,  
And thy look of fond affection  
Still shall bless and cheer my heart.  
See! the flowing sails above thee  
With light breezes proudly swell;  
Heaven is witness that I love thee—  
Dearest mother, fare thee well!

Ere the day dawns on the morrow,  
I shall brave the boundless sea;  
Heaven shield thy path from sorrow,  
God will bless and comfort thee.  
If in thought or word I grieve thee,  
Let these tears my anguish tell;  
Hark! the signal! I must leave thee—  
DEAREST MOTHER, FARE THEE WELL!

### TRUE RELIGION.

HE fears GOD most, and lives the best life, who is unwearied in well-doing. Long faces and sanctified looks, are marks of hypocrisy. An "honest" heart invariably produces a cheerful countenance. When we "love one another," we are fulfilling the Divine Command. "God is Love." We do glory in the religion of our fore-fathers,—albeit it is so nearly extinct!



### THE NUTHATCH AND THE STARLING.

NOTES DURING A VISIT TO HAMPSHIRE.

IN OUR FIRST VOLUME (p. 169), a much-valued correspondent, "P.," drew our attention to the nuthatch—a pair of which birds, remarkably tame, she informed us had wintered in her garden. They came regularly to the window to be fed, both in winter and summer. Our correspondent asked us to insert some particulars of these sweet birds. We did so, and they will be found recorded as above.

Little did we imagine at that time (March 15, 1852), that we should be on June 1, 1853, peeping in at the young family of those same nuthatches, closely and happily nestled in the hollow of an old tree, growing in a sequestered village in Hampshire! Yet such is the fact. A particularly kind invitation was given us, which we most readily accepted; and we have seen the birds whose praises we sang, busily engaged in feeding their young. A pretty sight indeed it was!

The extreme tameness of the parent birds pleased us not a little. They freely permitted us to ask,—“Is there any one within?”—and they seemed delighted to hear the inquiry responded to by certain tiny voices in the inner cradle. We could both hear them and see them; for the nest was by no means high. When we withdrew a few paces, the mamma immediately came creeping down the branches; and entered the hole leading to her habitation with the most unsuspecting confidence. Her mouth was well filled with delicacies. These were soon distributed; and she came out to make room for papa, who was also the bearer of other tid-bits. A nicer couple were surely never mated. They were so perfectly happy! Let us add, they ought to be so; for a kinder mistress and a fonder master could not be found. Every living thing on the estate proved it.

Our readers would have stared to see us “cosset”-ing a fine cat! We really did do this. Aye, and how the time flew!

Whilst in the lovely garden, we discovered quite a variety of nests,—some with eggs, some with little families; others in progress of completion. It was delightful to know how sacred they all were here! It was still more delightful to observe how well the birds seemed aware of their security; for they took little care to conceal their dwellings. Oh! the joys of a country life!

Our kind host and hostess resided some few miles from Basingstoke. It would be superfluous to say that we were most hospitably received by them, or that we were “happy” in so very delightful a spot. The fact is, we were *more* than happy; and so let us describe our actual feelings. It is pretty

generally known, how dearly we love animals,—birds, dogs, &c. Here, we found them in choice variety. It was singular to notice how soon the dogs, in particular, cultivated our acquaintance. Well did they know we were a friend to their tribe!

Whilst sojourning in Hampshire, we paid several visits to Oakley Park—the residence of Colonel Beech, who, observing the great interest we evinced in the numerous starlings domesticated here, very kindly pointed out to us one of their nests, built at the extremity of a long iron tubular chimney. It was very amusing to see all the little heads raised up, when we whistled at the orifice of the chimney.

The number of starlings living in Oakley Park is considerable. The sun, which shone brightly on their plumage the first day of our visit, set their colors off to great advantage. We followed them far and near, and were highly diverted by the rapidity of their movements, and their untiring spirit of fun. Mirth and jollity, amity and good-will, seem characteristic of their tribe. We try to attract these birds to our grounds. They often visit us; but our tender-hearted neighbors as often disperse them with their murderous guns.

We left at least one half of our heart in Hampshire. We saw so much, and so many of the charms of a rural life, that we positively sighed when compelled to turn our back upon them,—again to revisit this city of bricks and mortar! We could not help soliloquising as the train sped furiously homewards—

“Beatus ille qui procul negotiis;”

and we vowed that, if ever Fortune should give us the humblest independence (without our being compelled to toil so desperately hard for it), we would accept it joyfully; and bid adieu for ever to London and its artificialities.

Non est vivere sed valere vita:

Existence is *not* Life, properly so called. Nobody can “live” in London, and be “happy.” It is a matter of impossibility—unless indeed the mind never soars above terrestrial objects.

### HOME,—SWEET HOME!

'Tis Home where the heart is, wherever that be,—

In city, in desert, on mountain, in dell;

Not the grandeur, the number, the objects we see,

BUT THAT WHICH WE LOVE is the magical spell.

Like “the dove” on the waters, no rest can we find,

Whilst backwards and forwards we listlessly roam.

“Home” is the word that brings peace to the mind,

WHEREVER THE HEART IS—be sure that's its HOME!



### MORE ABOUT THE HONEY BEE.

HAVING UNFORTUNATELY, MR. EDITOR, a good deal of leisure time just now, I will, if you will allow me space in your JOURNAL, endeavor to call to mind a few observations made last summer, and put them together for the amusement and edification of your readers.

In so far as I can recollect, the spring of 1852 was the worst, and the swarms the latest, I ever knew. My first swarm did not come off till the 4th of July. About Easter, the old stocks had collected a considerable quantity of honey, but afterwards it became very much reduced. In ordinary seasons, I never expect the stock of honey to increase after July; but last year was an exception; and although up to about the middle of the month scarcely any had been collected since Easter, I think I had more, on the whole, from the same quantity of bees, than I ever remember to have had before. It was remarkable that, while this accumulation was going on, there were but very few flowers in the neighborhood; and frequently have I walked through the garden and pastures without seeing a single bee on the flowers. From repeated observations I found that nearly the whole of their store was collected from the leaves of the large trees, of which there is no lack in this neighborhood.

At this time, there was an unusually large quantity of honeydew, produced, as I suppose, by the check which the trees had experienced from the unkindly weather at the time of their early growth. I have on a former occasion stated that bees will often hang out and refuse to work in the glasses, although there may be abundance of food near them; and will at once commence work if the glasses are removed, and a hive placed in their stead. To test this again, I took part of the glasses off a hive, and covered the remainder with a box hive similar to the under one. The bees set to work, and so arranged their combs as to build the glasses in. I was aware that I should have some difficulty in taking them off, but having counted the cost I let them proceed.

The time having arrived when I wished to see how matters stood, I proceeded to separate the two hives. True enough, it was a difficult operation; but I succeeded in doing it, and managed to get rid of all the bees except about as many as would fill a common hen's egg-shell. These clung together; and so determined were they not to quit, that I had to separate them by force, when I found a queen in the middle; and I have no doubt that they were separate colonies working through the same entrance, as the bottom stock never appeared to miss the queen, nor could I prevail on her majesty to enter it.

On the 8th of July I was informed that some stray bees had just then taken possession of a hollow tree: the hole where they entered was about thirty feet from the ground. I was anxious to possess them, and having a glass hive which I use for amusement, I determined to dislodge them. This was a difficult task, and took me the whole of the day till nearly dark; and then it was quite uncertain if I possessed the queen, for I did not see her during the whole of the time I was employed. Having so far succeeded, when they had become reconciled I took them home, and placed

them in the window of an upstairs room, where I could easily observe their movements. In a few days I had the satisfaction to see her majesty there, surveying the works and laying eggs for the production of a young family.

I will just observe here, that the progress of the inmates of this hive are usually noted down one or more times daily, for future reference; but unfortunately, I cannot now tell where to lay my hand on the book—a circumstance I much regret, as what I am about to state will lose much of its interest for want of the dates. Breeding and storing went on well for a considerable time, but, for some now forgotten reason, I omitted to visit them for two or three days; when, a friend wishing to see her majesty, I opened the door of the room to gratify his curiosity, and was much surprised at the discordant sounds which proceeded from the hive, instead of that delightful harmony always observable in a thriving stock of bees.

In vain did we look for her majesty—all was confusion and uproar—she had either abdicated her throne, or death had made her his prey. The once loyal subjects, formerly acting in concert with each other, and regular in all their movements, now gave way to despair, and seemed to vie with each other in the destruction of that work which they had so cordially united to construct. Devastation seemed now to be the order of the day. Without a ruler or a guide—no one "greater than the rest"—all appeared to go the wrong way, nothing but want and ruin staring them in the face; for they had commenced unsealing their stores, as if resolved to live well and easy while it lasted—none thinking it worth his while to add to the stock.

This went on for two, or perhaps three days after I discovered it, when, on a sudden, order was restored; as if some cunning old bee, not willing to give up all for lost till he was obliged, had been examining every cell, till at length he had found one containing larva apparently capable of being worked up into some nobler form than that of a common laborer—something worthy of more honor than the general mass of the working classes—and having communicated it to the rest, they desisted from their work of spoilation to try what might be done to save their partly ruined home.

From the time I first missed the queen, I was often watching them to see what would be the result; and when I perceived order was restored, I earnestly hoped to have the opportunity of seeing that which I had only heard of before, viz., the transmutation of a working to a queen bee. My hive is only wide enough for one row of comb, so that I can easily perceive all that is going on. In constructing a royal cell, it is commonly done on the edge of the comb; but here, being only one comb, it could not, or, if it could, it would have been useless, as there was no queen to deposit the egg. In order, therefore, to give it the appearance of royalty, and make it commodious for what was going on inside, it was necessary to construct it on the flat surface, about the middle of the comb, over a cell from which was to issue the young princess. This was difficult, as there was barely room between the comb and the glass.

Two cells were operated on at the same time,



but when it was ascertained that one was going on well, the other was abandoned. In due time the young princess appeared. The temporary erections necessary to convert a common cell into a royal one were demolished; the works were repaired; and everything went on as usual, except that the working bees appeared not to pay so much respect to the new as to the old queen. I imagine that from the circumstances under which she was created queen, she was incapacitated to become a mother, and that the workers, being aware of the fact, paid her less attention. There appears to be some departure from the common rule in destroying the royal cell after the birthday, as in ordinary cases several are to be found in the hive. It appears to have been quite out of place here.

Before I conclude, allow me to ask two questions of those who are more experienced in such matters than myself. Perhaps some will say, here is plenty to convince any one that it is possible for the working bees to change the larva of the worker into a queen. I am not, however, quite so sure of this. I wish to ask if there may not be eggs at all times in the breeding season which would become queens; and should they be destroyed if there is no need of them? I also ask, what would have been the fate of these bees the ensuing summer, in consequence of the new queen being barren, and there being no drones in the hive?

I should have liked to continue these experiments, but circumstances, over which I had no control, obliged me to desist.

F. J.

#### THE EFFECTS OF "STUDY" ON THE PERSON.

In general, the consciousness of internal power leads rather to a disregard of, than a studied attention to, external appearance. The wear and tear of the mind does not improve the sleekness of the skin, or the elasticity of the muscles. The burthen of thought weighs down the body like a porter's burthen. A man cannot stand so upright, or move so briskly under it, as if he had nothing to carry in his head or on his shoulders. The rose on the cheek and the canker at the heart do not flourish at the same time; and he who has much to think of, must take many things to heart—for thought and feeling are one. He has a world of cares on his hands, which nobody thinks anything of but himself. This is not one of the least miseries of a studious life. The common herd do not by any means give him full credit for his gratuitous sympathy with their concerns, but are struck with his lack-lustre eye and wasted appearance. They cannot translate the expression of his countenance out of the vulgate. They mistake the knitting of his brows for the frown of displeasure; the paleness of study for the languor of sickness; the furrows of thought for the regular approaches of old age. They read his looks—but not his books; have no clue to penetrate the last recesses of the mind, and attribute the height of abstraction to more than an ordinary degree of stupidity. The majority go by personal appearances, not by proofs of intellectual power. Hence is their judgment erroneous; for they see through a distorting glass.

#### TO THE SOUTH WIND.

O SWEET South Wind!  
 Long hast thou lingered 'midst those islands fair,  
 Which lie, enchanted, on the Indian deep,  
 Like sea-maids all asleep—  
 Charmed by the cloudless sun and azure air!  
 O sweetest Southern Wind!  
 Pause here awhile, and gently now unbind  
 Thy dark rose-crowned hair!

Wilt thou not unloose now,  
 In this, the bluest of all hours,  
 Thy passion-colored flowers?—  
 Rest; and let fall the fragrance from thy brow,  
 On Beauty's parted lips and closed eyes.  
 And on her cheeks, which crimson like the skies;  
 And slumber on her bosom, white as snow,  
 Whilst starry midnight flies!  
 We, whom the Northern blast  
 Blows on, from night till morn, from morn to eve,  
 Hearing thee, sometimes grieve  
 That our poor summer's day not long may 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!

BARRY CORNWALL.

#### OUR TAME ROBIN.

Truth is strange; stranger than fiction.

SIR ROBIN REDBREAST presents his affectionate regards to his staunch friend and advocate, the Editor of OUR JOURNAL. Sir Robin hopes the Editor will insert the following paper, written by one of "the many" to whom he is well known, and by whom he is well beloved.

Sir Robin would not have intruded his History in the pages of OUR JOURNAL, had he not been given to understand that more than one person had maligned him; and imputed his familiarity and affection to selfishness—contending that COLD and WANT have alone been the causes of his constant visits. Sir Robin scorns such a base charge both for himself and family.

"It is now about two years since Sir Robin Redbreast made his appearance at the window of our general sitting room. He bowed and scraped most politely, and in language too plain to be misunderstood he intimated his wish and intention to join our family circle. He also conveyed his desire to be treated with great familiarity. In the same language he intimated his intention to sink his title, and be known as plain Bob. Now, however much we might have felt gratified by such a visit, there was an insurmountable difficulty in permitting Bob to enter our house. We had several cats! so a compromise was proposed; a small table well furnished with dainties was placed by the window; and Bob was tolerably well satisfied. He would (whenever we were occupied near the open window) hop in, take a minute survey of all that was going on, bow his



approval of being so indulged, and then bow himself out again.

At this time the sun was warm and bright; the trees were in full foliage; food was plentiful, and Bob took care to let us know that his wife was the most happy mother of five little robins. Time passed on; the winter of course did not make him less tame, and we dared not encourage him beyond his own domains, lest he should fall a prey to the cats.

When the spring arrived, *we could not* so firmly resist our little favorite's advances; and we so far indulged him as to permit him to come into the room for his breakfast. Regularly every morning there was little Bob, ready to hop in the moment the window was opened. One morning, great was our consternation to miss our accustomed visitor. Nobody had seen him that day, nor had his cheerful song been heard. Six weeks passed on; and deeply did we deplore our pet, and reproach ourselves for having let him come so much in the way of the cats. At the end of that time he returned. On opening the window, in he flew; and gave such unmistakable signs of delight to be again with us, that we were overjoyed. As a faithful historian of his doings, I must say he never satisfactorily accounted for that absence of his.

Sir Robin, however, returned fully bent on making the *amende honorable*; for, although not free of the house, he devoted himself to us on every occasion when he could find us in the house. He would perch on the chairs, hop about the table, take tid-bits from the hand, place himself on the nearest spray, and sing as if resolved to charm us more and more. It is needless to trace his many endearing ways too minutely; my object being to present dear Bob as he is, rather than as he was. One treacherous act, early in the spring, caused the immediate expulsion of all the cats—a fact well known to you, Mr. Editor; and I have great satisfaction in reporting that each feline favorite is now well and happy in their several homes.

What a day was that for Bob! The doors of our house were at once thrown open; he was as freely admitted there as he had been to our hearts. He took instant possession. Up stairs, or down; it was all one to Bob. He could find us out, and make himself perfectly understood. First he looked for a constant supply of food, and then, after a short time, enough for his wife as well as himself; then a small family was to be provided for. He next hinted, with divers and sundry bows and knowing looks, that a small glass of water would be an agreeable addition. This was conceded; and to indulge him still more, a bath was snugly placed. This was a most satisfactory arrangement; and indeed Bob's happiness was *complete* as soon as we could sit out all day, and *he* make one of the party.

And now, behold Bob, as I write (May 27th), seated under the shade of a large tree, has placed himself upon my desk—only a few inches from my hand: one little foot snugly hidden amongst his feathers, and his throat indicating that we may shortly expect him to pour forth "the full tide of song."

Bob is what would be called extremely tame for a poor unhappy trapped bird; he will come

freely, and perch on the finger, feed from our mouth; and as for his song, we never have to wait for that. His life is an endless song of gratitude and love.

All this has been accomplished by kindness—*unaided* by bergamot, clipped wings, starvation, or any other cruelty. *Where* his intimacy will end, I am at a loss to guess even; for he has introduced five young grey robins that can just peck. They, too, come to the window for food already; and another party may probably be added shortly.

I hope I have now quite exonerated Sir Robin from the imputations against him; and I trust many will be inclined to have tame birds without depriving them of that liberty which they know but too well how to value.

Puss.

## SUMMER AND ITS CONSEQUENCES,—No. I.

### WOMEN AND THEIR PARASOLS.

WHEN THE HEAT OF SUMMER visits us, and clouds of dust present themselves on every hand, the signal seems to have gone forth for men, women, and children, to become unnatural, and to disfigure themselves as much as in them lieth. Such "adornments" of the person as now meet the eye daily, are disgusting exceedingly; and will infallibly cause us to "speak out" NEXT month. Animals we are, truly; and we approximate very closely to the genus monkey; but we are striving to go several degrees even below this! Nobody will contradict what we say, for a walk through any public street will confirm it. *Mais revenons à nos moutons.*

A correspondent, who says he "writes with a green shade over his eyes," entreats us to enter a public remonstrance with the army of fair wanderers who, at this season, go forth in all directions brandishing parasols with projecting ivory points.

Our correspondent says, and very justly, that the risk we all daily run of losing one, if not both our eyes, by the flourishing about of these silk toys—is fearfully great. It is so. We confess to going about from day to day in bodily fear; and we incur no little ill-will, with sometimes unkind words in addition, for covering our face with our hand while either entering or quitting a public conveyance—be it omnibus, or steam-boat. The mad propensity to "flourish," is alike in each!

How is it—we ask submissively—that women have so universal, so innate a *penchant* for poking one in the eye, or for scratching one's nose (the latter, let us whisper, often involves an unpleasant inference, or inquiry, as to *who* did the mischief!) with their parasols? With all our gallantry (the extent of which never yet was ascertained), and with all our patient endurance (well known to be expansive as the ocean), we cannot remain silent under this parasol infliction. However, "more in sorrow than in anger," we have spoken our mind; and there ends the matter.

Let us hope that our OCULISTS will not quarrel with us for having, perhaps, been the means of depriving them of many a patient. We should be sorry that OUR JOURNAL should prove an eyesore to anybody.



### A FIELD-FLOWER FOR "MY LOVE!"

LET me choose a wilding blossom,  
Ere we quit the sunny fields ;  
Fittest for my true Love's bosom,  
Hill, or brake, or meadow yields.

Flag or Poppy we'll not gather,  
Briony or Pimpernel ;  
Scented Thyme or sprouting Heather—  
Though we like them both so well.

Purpling Vetches, crimson Clover,  
Pea-bloom winglets, pied and faint,  
Bluebell, Windflower—pass them over ;  
Sober Mallow, Orchis quaint.

Striped Convolvulus in hedges,  
Columbine, and Mountain Pink ;  
Lily-nymphs among the sedges,  
Violets nestling by the brink.

Creamy Elder, blue Germander,  
Betony that seeks the shade ;  
Nor where Honeysuckles wander,  
May that luscious balm persuade.

Sad Forget-me-not's a token  
Full of partings and mishaps ;  
Leave the Foxglove spire unbroken,  
Lest the fairies want for caps.

Crimson Loose-strife, Crowfoot, Pansy,  
Golden Gowan, golden Broom ;  
Eyebright cannot fix *my* fancy,  
Nor the Meadow-sweet's perfume.

Azure, scarlet, pink, or pearly,  
Rustic friends in field or grove,—  
Each although I prize full dearly,  
None of you is for "my Love."

Wild Rose! delicately flushing  
All the border of the dale,  
Art thou like a pale cheek blushing,  
Or a red cheek turning pale ?

Do not shed a leaflet slender,  
Keep awhile thy fragrant zest ;  
Fair and sweet, bring thoughts as tender  
To a balmier, fairer breast!

*From "Household Words."*

### GENIUS.

GENIUS is lord of the world. Men labor at the foundation of society ; while the lonely lark, unseen and little prized, sits, hard by, in his nest on the earth, gathering strength to bear his song up to the sun. Slowly rise basement and monumental aisle, column and architrave, dome and lofty tower ; and when the cloud-piercing spire is burnished with gold, and the fabric stands perfect and wondrous, up springs the forgotten lark, with airy wheel, to the pinnacle—and standing poised and unwondering on his giddy perch, he pours out his celestial music till his bright footing trembles with harmony. And when the song is done, and mounting thence, he soars away to fill his exhausted heart at the fountains of the sun, the dwellers in the towers below look up to the gilded spire and shout—not to the burnished shaft, but to the lark—lost from it in the sky.

### AN ENCHANTED VALLEY.

IN A FORMER NUMBER, we gave some very interesting extracts from Mrs. Meredith's "Home in Tasmania." We had marked others to follow ; but want of space prevented us, at that time, giving them insertion. We must not, however, any longer delay to make room for the following graphic description of certain scenes and certain discoveries in Van Diemen's Land.

Mrs Meredith commences thus :—

"We rode on horseback for two miles of forest, and then arriving at a 'scrub' so thick and close that our horses could go no further, we left them with the servant, and proceeded on foot. We soon struck into a cattle path, which was a beaten, though very narrow track underfoot, and so far a passage above, that the shrubs gave way on being pushed, but instantly closed again. Long pendulous streamers of tangled grey lichen, hung like enormous beards from the trees ; and on horizontal branches formed perfect curtains of some feet in depth. Funguses of all kinds protruded from the dead, damp, mossy logs and gigantic fallen trees that lay in our path ; and the deep soft beds of accumulated decaying leaves and bark that one's feet sank into, were damp and spongy and chill, even on a warm summer day.

"The nettles of this colony are the most formidable I have ever encountered, both in size and venom ; and in this primeval scrub they flourished in undisturbed luxuriance, often rising far above our heads, and forming quite a tree-like growth, armed with a fierce array of poisoned spears, with which they ruthlessly attacked my arms and ankles ; a thin print dress being a poor defence against their sharp and most painful stings, from which I suffered severely for some days after this scramble. A friend of ours once rode after some cattle into a mass of these nettles, which spread over a large space of ground. His horse became so infuriated by the pain of the nettle-stings, that he threw himself down amongst them to roll, which of course increased the poor animal's torture, and his master could neither lead nor drive him out. The creature was rendered mad and furious by pain, and in a short time died in convulsions.

"Our cattle-track at length brought us into the enchanted valley Mr. Meredith had discovered ; and not in my most fantastic imaginings had I ever pictured to myself anything so exquisitely beautiful ! We were in a world of fern trees, some palm-like and of gigantic size, others quite juvenile ; some tall and erect as the columns of a temple, others bending into an arch, or springing up in diverging groups,



leaning in all directions; their wide-spreading feathery crowns forming half-transparent green canopies, that folded and waved together in many places so closely that only a span of blue sky could peep down between them, to glitter on the bright sparkling rivulet that tumbled and foamed along over mossy rocks, and under fantastic natural log bridges, and down into dark mysterious channels that no eye could trace out, under those masses of fern trunks, and broad green feathers overarching it.

"All around, far above the tallest Ferns, huge forest trees soared up aloft; throwing their great arms about in a gale that was blowing up there, whilst scarcely a breath lifted the lightest feather of the Ferns below. All was calm and silent beside us, save the pleasant music of the rivulet, and the tiny chirping of some bright little birds, flitting about amongst the underwood. I had brought my sketch-book, and although despairing of success, sat down under a Fern canopy to attempt an outline of some of the whimsical groups before me; whilst Mr. Meredith and Dick went to look for a kangaroo; the former giving me the needless caution not to wander about, lest I should be lost—a catastrophe for which I seem to possess a natural aptitude in the 'Bush.'

"I soon relinquished my pencil, and shut my book, half in disgust at my own presumption in attempting for an instant a subject so far beyond my poor abilities; and, fastening my handkerchief to the trunk of my canopy fern tree, I ventured to make short excursions from it on all sides, taking care not to go out of sight of the handkerchief. Sometimes I could go as much as ten yards; but this was in the clearest place; generally the view closed in about five or six. The stems of the fern trees here varied from 6 to 20 or 30 feet high, and from 8 inches diameter to 2 or 3 feet; their external substance being a dark-colored, thick, soft, fibrous, mat-like bark, frequently netted over with the most delicate little ferns, growing on it parasitically. One species of these creeping Ferns had long winding stems, so tough and strong that I could rarely break them; and waving polished leaves, not unlike harts'-tongue, but narrower. These wreathed round and round the mossy columns of the fern trees like living garlands; and the wondrously elegant stately crown-canopy of feathers (from 12 to 18 feet long) springing from the summit, bent over in a graceful curve all around, as evenly and regularly as the ribs of a parasol.

Whilst making one of my cautious six-yard tours, a fine brush kangaroo came by me, and was instantly out of sight again; and then I heard a whistle, which I an-

swered by a 'coo-ee,' and Dick soon bounded to me, followed by his master. We then shared our sandwiches with the little birds and the ants, and drank of the bright cool rivulet; and again went on exploring. In one place we found a perfect living model of an ancient vaulted crypt, such as I have seen in old churches or castles, or beneath St. Mary's Hall, in Coventry. We stood in a large level space, devoid of grass or any kind of undergrowth, but strewn with fern leaflets like a thick, soft, even mat. Hundreds—perhaps thousands—of fern trees grew here, of nearly uniform size, and at equal distances, all straight and erect as chiselled pillars; and, springing from their living capitals, the long, arching, thick-ribbed fern leaves spread forth and mingled densely overhead in a groined roof of the daintiest beauty, through which a ray of light gleamed down—the solemn twilight of the place strangely suiting with its almost sacred character. Openings between the outer columns seemed like arched doors and windows seen through the "long-drawn aisle," and stray gleams of sunshine falling across them were faintly reflected on the fretted vault above us. Danby might paint the scene; or perhaps one of Cattermole's wondrous water-color pictures done on the spot might convey some tolerable idea of its form and coloring; but a mere slight sketch were wholly useless.

"After reluctantly leaving our temple in the wilderness, we wandered some time longer amidst the grand and beautiful scenes around, and I made a collection of small ferns and other plants new to me. We noticed one very ornamental shrub, usually known as the 'Tallow tree' (from the viscous greasy pulp of the berries), growing here very abundantly, and in great luxuriance; but every one we found was growing out of a fern tree; the foster parent, in most cases, appearing exhausted and withering, whilst the nursling thrived most vigorously. It seemed, generally, as if seed had lodged in the soft fibrous rind of the fern tree, and had sprung up into a tall, strong, erect stem, at the same time sending out downward shoots, that eventually struck into the earth; but we could not find one plant growing in and out of the earth, although I am aware that the tree is not always a parasite. Many of the stems were a foot through, and their great, coiling, snaky-rooted shoots clasped about the poor old hoary fern trees.

"These tyrant parasites are very handsome; with rich, dark green, glossy leaves, and red blossoms, succeeded by most brilliant orange-colored berries, which, when ripe, split open, and the case flying back, partially displays the bright red cluster of



seeds within, like a little pomegranate with an orange-peel husk. The beautiful Tasmanian Sassafras tree is also a dweller in some parts of our fern-tree valley, but not in those we explored on the present occasion. The flowers are white and fragrant, the leaves large and bright green, and the bark has a most aromatic scent, besides being, in a decoction, an excellent tonic medicine. The wood is hard and white, with scarcely any visible grain, but is marked or shaded with light brown in irregular occasional streaks. Thinking that it must partake of the pleasant fragrance of its bark, I procured some to make boxes of, but found it quite devoid of scent after the bark was removed. A block of it furnished Mr. Meredith with an excellent material for a beautiful toy sailing-boat, which he carved out of it for George; and the fine, close, velvety texture of the wood, seems admirably adapted for carving of any kind. The sawyers and other bushmen familiar with the tree, call it indiscriminately 'saucifax' 'sarserfrax,' and 'satisfaction.'

#### A CAMEL JOURNEY ACROSS THE DESERT.

MR. BELDAM, in his "Recollections of the East," gives this interesting account of his journey:—

"I have already spoken of the *savoir faire* of Khalifa (an Egyptian servant, who acted as cook to the party). The entertainments commonly furnished us were worthy of the Palais Royal. Here is his usual bill of fare:—Breakfast—tea, coffee, hot rolls, and English butter, cold fowls or other meat, eggs, and milk. Lunch, *en route*—cold meat, bread, English cheese, and fruit. Dinner—*soup a la Julienne*, roast or boiled mutton, fowls, vegetables, rice, maccaroni, pancakes of the most delicious kind, a variety of condiments, and a dessert. Tea and coffee at bed-time; liqueur and stout for those who liked them; abundance of Nile water, preserved in glass bottles, of which we partook plentifully at meals; and Latakia of the finest quality.

"Throughout the journey we suffered little from thirst, and seldom drank during the day—a circumstance which I attribute mainly to abstinence from all fermented liquors. I certainly began to think, for the first time in my life, that I should become a *gourmand*. As a counterpart to this European diet, it may be worth while to know something of the cookery so jocosely recommended by the noble author whom I have already quoted (Lord Nugent). My companion and I walked out this evening, and witnessed the following scene:—An old Arab sat on the ground, and a lad stood beside him, preparing their supper. The old Arab had a large earthen pan, into which he emptied

a quantity of coarse meal. The boy, with a pitcher of water, fetched no doubt from the neighboring pool, was ready to pour it on the meal as the old man wanted it.

"Filthy enough were the old man, the lad, the platter, and the meal; but the climax was yet to come. There was a smouldering fire burning in a sand hole, just by, the fuel of which was principally made up of camels' dung. When the dough was sufficiently kneaded, the old man spread it out with his begrimed hands, into a large flat cake; then opening the fire, he laid the cake upon it, covered it with the hot reeking ashes, and in a little time the savory food was baked to the owner's satisfaction. This was the ordinary diet of the Arabs of the caravan. On festive occasions, such as I shall hereafter describe, a sheep or a goat is cooked in an equally primitive way, and washed down by a due proportion of puddle-water. It will be easily imagined, that among people who fare in this way, a handful of tobacco or a pot of coffee is enough to make their hearts leap for joy."

#### A SWEET REPOSE.

SHE sleeps amongst the pillows soft,  
(A dove, now wearied by her flight),  
And all around, and all aloft,  
Hang flutes and folds of virgin white.  
Her hair out-darkens the dark night,  
Her glance out-shines the starry sky;  
But now her locks are hidden quite,  
And closed is her fringed eye!

She sleepeth: wherefore does she start?  
She sigheth: doth she feel no pain?  
None, none! the Dream is near her heart!  
The spirit of sleep is in her brain.  
He cometh down like golden rain,  
Without a wish, without a sound;  
He cheers the sleeper (ne'er in vain)  
Like May, when earth is winter-bound.

All day within some cave he lies,  
Dethroned from his nightly sway,—  
Far fading when the dawning skies  
Our souls with wakening thoughts array.  
Two Spirits of might doth man obey;  
By each he's taught, from each he learns:  
The one is Lord of life by day;  
Th' other when starry Night returns.

#### ENERGY AND VICTORY!

The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men,—between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is *energy—invincible determination*. A purpose once fixed; and then,—death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it.—SIR T. FOWELL BUXTON.



### THE VOICE OF NATURE.

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 AQUATIC VIVARIUM, REGENT'S PARK.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY appear to be ever on the *qui vive* for novelty. Animals, with alarmingly-ugly names, have been introduced from time to time with great success. They have, however, had their day ; and now there requires "something new." The last novelty is called a "Vivarium," and it is indeed a curiosity in its way.

It is a light airy building, sixty by twenty feet in area, containing around its transparent walls fourteen six-foot tanks of plate glass. Eight tanks will, in the first instance, be devoted to living marine animals, and of these six are ready for exhibition. They enclose masses of rock, sand, gravel, corallines, sea-weed, and sea-water ; and are abundantly stocked with crustacea, star-fish, sea-eggs, actinias, ascidians, shelled and shell-less molluscs, and fish of the genera *gasterosteus*, *labrus*, *crenilabrus*, *blennius*, *gibius*, and *cottus*. Thus have we the contents of a whole river under a glass shade.

What a lady does with gold fish in her drawing-room, the Society have been doing with the entire inhabitants of a pond. You see a tiny lake poured—fish, stones, pebbles, moss, and all—into a glass box no bigger than a child's cradle. You look into the box—in shape not unlike an orange box, only somewhat higher—and there you see the fishes swimming about, dancing the most intricate quadrilles in the water, as easily as by looking into a glass bee-hive you see the bees hard at work making honey. More than this—the Society have dredged part of the ocean, they have dived to the bottom of the sea, and brought up the most curious collection of sea-weeds and sea-plants—most of them alive and kicking. In a short time, the deep will no longer have any secrets hidden from us. The Atlantic, we expect, will soon be made visible to the naked eye of man. We shall be able to see all its treasures—to take the census even, if necessary, of its marine population—to record their births, deaths, and marriages—to be the historians of their daily habits, movements, changes, jealousies, and pitched battles !

Of course everybody will pay a visit here, if

only to see flourishing, in their native element, specimens of a great number of the fish they have eaten, and a greater number besides they would never think of eating. There's the fifteen-spined stickle-back. What would they think of a dish of these for dinner ? There's the spider-crab also—which would hardly tempt, we think, the greatest lover of shell-fish to take him for supper just before retiring to bed. There's the "craw-fish," likewise, who does not look so tempting as when he appears at table in his bright military costume ; but is of a dirty drab color, hardly distinguishable from the mud and stones in the midst of which he is lying. It is curious to watch him scratching his shelly head, and cleaning himself with his long claws with an action of rubbing them over his face somewhat similar to a cat's.

The animals seem quite puzzled how to meet the gaze of so many curious eyes. Fish, usually bold and daring, are here timid and retiring. The great delight of a large fish seems to be to creep under a big piece of rock, as if the sun was too much for him, and he wanted to lie in the shade and quietly philosophise all by himself. There he will remain, absorbed in reflection for hours. The only fish that appears in the least anxious to enter into communication with his fellow-creatures, is the ugly-looking pike, with his long beak of a mouth that comes to a point, not unlike a pair of grape-scissors, and opens and shuts exactly like one. But the other fishes, judging from the rapidity with which they get out of the way, do not seem to relish the spirit of his communications. The young fish are the most restless. They dart about with a kind of kittenish playfulness, as if they enjoyed the sport, and never would be tired of swimming.

Of the wonderful forms of the different animals—some so fairy-like, some so twisted and deformed—it is impossible to give a notion. Their colors, and blending of colors, in endless variety, would puzzle the skill of an artist to describe. Some glitter in a complete suit of armor, every scale of which is of gold. Others are of a light blueish transparency, reminding you of the reflection of an amethyst with the sun playing upon it. Some look like little mother-of-pearl fishes, such as are used for counters at a round game ; whilst others remind us of those peculiar purses that ladies sometimes carry, and which are made up of different streaks of color—not two of them being alike. Fancy all these flashing and glittering together, as if they were being continually shaken up in the cage before you. They are not, however, all beautiful. For instance, there is one little green, spotty, apoplectic monster, with goggle eyes, and a stomach that bulges out worse than any officer's breast. This overgrown fellow hobbles along as if he were too fat to get on without the aid of a stick. Nor are the crabs pretty, with their spiky claws, that keep opening and shutting as if they wanted to shear off some poor little fish's head. Still they are amusing.

Perhaps the most curious part of the exhibition are the zoophytes and the sea-plants. They have been compared in harmony of color to the arrangement of a skilfully-dressed flower-garden. Some have gone so far even, as to declare that in the beauty of their many hues, they equal



the effect of a splendid tulip-bed. This is carrying the "poetical feeling" to its extremest limit.

In one of the tanks—there are eight of them, and filled (the marine portion only) with seven tons of sea-water, which is supplied expressly from Brighton—are a private party of water tortoises, with whom is allowed to associate a young alligator, black and motionless as if he were made of India-rubber.

The number of visitors who flock in to inspect the "Vivarium," is extraordinary. Nor are we surprised at it. Old people may gain from it much useful information, and to children it will prove a source of endless attraction.

All honor be to Mr. Mitchell, the Society's Secretary, for the admirable manner in which he has "got up" this new summer attraction!

### ZOOLOGICAL FOLK LORE.—No. II.

BY J. M'INTOSH, MEM. ENT. SOC., ETC.

(Continued from Page 223.)

No. 10. BEES.—If stolen, bees will not thrive, they pine away and die! They must not be bought, it is better to *give* a sack of wheat for a hive! If there are bees kept at the house where a marriage feast is celebrated, care is taken to dress up their hives in *red* or *scarlet* cloth. The foolish people actually believe that the bees would forsake their dwellings if they are not made to participate in the rejoicings of the owners. When a death occurs in the family, they cover the hive with a black cloth! If they swarm on rotten wood, a death *must* take place in the family! They are also said not to thrive in a quarrelsome household! The common *humble bee* also comes in for its share; for if one happens to enter a house, it is a sure sign of *death*!

If they swarm in May,  
They're worth a pound next day;  
If they swarm in July,  
They're not worth a fly.

Again, in some counties, we have it thus:—

A flight in May is worth a load of hay,  
A flight in June is worth a silver spoon,  
A flight in July is not worth a fly.

No. 11. WASPS.—The first one seen in the season should always be killed. By so doing, you free yourself for the year from all your enemies!

No. 12. A CERTAIN CURE FOR SCARLET FEVER.—In certain parts of Ireland, when a person is attacked with this malady, you are drily requested to cut some of the sick man's hair off, and put it down the throat of an ass! Donkeys indeed must such people be!

No. 13. WEASELS.—It is considered unlucky for a weasel to cross one's path. Ill-success is sure to follow. It is also very ill-luck for a hare to cross one on the highway.

Nor did we meet with nimble feet,  
One little fearful Lepus,—  
That certain sign, as some divine,  
Of fortune bad, to keep us.

No. 14. BIRDS.—It is said that, if a bird should fly into a room and out again, by an open window, it surely indicates the decease of some of the inmates!

No. 15. SNAKES.—It is a common belief in many parts of England, particularly Somerset, Dorset, Cornwall, and Devon, that it is impossible to kill a snake till sun-down (*i.e.* the setting of the sun), when it immediately dies!

No. 16. SAILORS.—Sailors sometimes make a considerable pecuniary sacrifice for the acquisition of a child's caul (fœtus envelope of the head), the retaining of which, is to infallibly preserve them from drowning.

No. 17. A LAMB IN THE SPRING.—It is considered very lucky to see one of these with its head towards you; and still more so, if it happen to be a black one!

No. 18. MOLES.—In Devonshire, it is believed that moles begin to work with the flow of, and leave off with the ebb of, the tide. The same is related of the *beaver*!

No. 19. SPIDERS.—We are informed that, in the south of Ireland, spiders are enveloped in treacle, or preserved alive, in order to be swallowed as a certain cure for *ague*!

No. 20. CROWS.—To see a crow flying alone, is a sure sign of bad luck, and an odd one perched in the path of the observer is a sign of death!

No. 21. THE OWL.—This innocent, and most useful bird in the destruction of rats, mice, &c., is still heard with alarm, and remains with us as in Chaucer's days:—

The oule, eke that of deth the bode bringeth.

If it should happen to change the darkness of its ivy-bush for the rays of the sun at noon-day, its presence is a sure sign of ill-luck to the unfortunate beholder! The discordant screech of the owl has probably been the cause of such superstitious dread as foreboding evil, &c., and from the circumstance of its being heard only in the dark or twilight:—

The obscure bird,  
Clamor'd the livelong night.

*Macbeth.*

So well known and established was the character of the owl, as a bird of omen, that Shakspeare uses the term metaphorically, applying it to inauspicious persons:—

Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,  
Our nation's terror,—and their bloody scourge!

*Henry VI.—Part 1.*

We would advise all who are ignorant enough still to hold these birds in abhorrence, to read the humane defence against their destruction by that celebrated naturalist, Charles Water-ton, Esq., who threatened to strangle his keeper if ever he molested them.

*Taunton, June 15.*

(To be Continued.)



## THE PROGRESS OF INVENTION.

## GUTTA PERCHA.

Th' invention all admir'd; and each, how HE  
To be th' Inventor miss'd! So easy it seem'd  
Once found, which, yet unfound, most would have thought  
Impossible. MILTON.



PEOPLE ARE NOW BECOMING  
ASHAMED OF THE IGNORANCE  
which has so long veiled their  
minds; and it is a subject for  
rejoicing that they will listen  
to what is brought before them  
for their improvement. This  
is a good sign, which nobody

can hail more heartily than WE do.

Gutta Percha is one of the wonders of the age we live in. Most people are aware of what it is—inasmuch as they see it in daily use. Whether in articles of use or ornament, it meets our eye wherever we go. But, as everybody may not be aware of the particulars relative to its application, and mode of preparation, we propose to enlighten them by taking them over the Company's works, which are situate in Wharf Road, on the banks of the Regent's Canal, City Road. The subjoined details are carefully abridged from an article in "Hogg's Instructor,"—a publication we have before had occasion to speak of in high terms of praise:—

The works of the 'Company' cannot be mistaken. The tall chimney towering almost as high as the Monument, would be conspicuous anywhere. Should the visit be at any time more than imaginative, the utility of thick gutta percha 'soles' will be made manifest. The locality cannot well be invaded nor left without its seal, in the material of mud, being attached to the visitor's habiliments. Inside the yards are stacks of gutta percha, in the state in which it leaves its native country; light, honeycomb masses, containing about half a cubic foot, and of the shape of a corpulent 'lapstone'—an appurtenance of the 'stall' which seems in a likely way of being superseded.

'Percha' (*ch* sounded as in the English word perch) is the general name of the trees that produce the 'gutta,' or gum that exudes from them. Both are Malayan words. Like the caoutchouc, the gutta percha belongs to the natural order *Sapotaceæ*, or plants that give a milky juice. It is, however, not indigenous to so great an area as the India-rubber plant. While the latter flourishes in every part of the torrid zone, the former is confined to a large space indeed, but only a portion of the East Indies, and generally amongst the islands. Fears were once entertained that limited bounds would limit the supply. Premature fears; for with vastly increased and increasing demands, they have been almost forgotten. Singapore is the depot of the trade, but new districts are constantly being added to those from which supplies have come. Each year, instead of an augury of the last consignment, gives proof of more exhaustless abundance. Sir James

Brook says, 'The tree is called *niato* by the Sarawak people, but they are not acquainted with the properties of its sap. It attains a considerable size, even six feet diameter, and, most probably, it is plentiful all over Borneo.'

A more natural apprehension of its failure, arose from a wanton 'kill the goose to get the egg' devastation of trees by the natives. The sap circulates in little, black, capillary vessels between the bark and the body of the tree. To collect it, the native would fell a magnificent specimen of a century's growth, the produce of which would be of little more than four shillings' value. There is no property in the forest trees of Malacca and parts in the vicinity, so that any other method than 'felling' would not be so immediately productive. European skill will prevent the extermination system continuing long, and multiply the growth of trees by regular culture; and also acclimatise them in countries where they are not indigenous.

The Gutta Percha Company has endeavored to promote the method of *tapping* the trees. This is done by making regular incisions in the trunk, from which the juice flows in the same manner as the maple sugar of America, or the gum of our own plum-tree. The sap flows freely. Although a great supply is not so readily gained by this means, yet the development of the tree is scarcely hindered, and it is ready to be tapped again in three or four years. Before the fluid solidifies, which it does very quickly, women work it up into the masses to which our attention was drawn. The Portuguese, Dutch, and English nations have, the one or the other, been in the neighborhood of the gutta percha tree for nearly 350 years, and yet it never became known to them. Its vast utility has been attested by the extreme rapidity of the growth of the trade. In 1843, was imported, 20,600 lbs.; five years afterwards, the amount was more than 3,000,000 lbs.; and each succeeding year has increased the amount in a degree proportionate.

Chemically, the substance is a carburet of hydrogen. Its analysis is almost identical with that of caoutchouc by Dr. Faraday, and it presents the anomalous phenomenon of contracting in boiling water, directly opposed to all the laws of heat.

Dr. Montgomery has the merit of first pointing out its valuable properties, and received the gold medal of the Society of Arts for this very valuable acquisition to modern discoveries. He very modestly says, 'I may not arrogate to myself the actual discovery of gutta percha.' As far back as 1822, he knew of the existence of the tree. While making inquiries at Singapore about caoutchouc, several fine specimens were brought to him; one, in particular, named 'gutta girek,' of a softer nature than gutta percha, or gutta tuban, as it is more properly called. The doctor was recalled to the Bengal presidency, and had no opportunity of prosecuting his inquiries for twenty years. In 1843, he drew public attention to it. Previous to its introduction *then*, it was quite unknown to Europeans, but it was known to a very few of the inhabitants of certain Malayan forests. From the trifling uses to which it was applied, it was likely enough to have remained unknown, being used only occasionally for handles



to *parangs* (wood-choppers) instead of wood or horn.

We shall find, at the works in the City Road, that the workmen consider it advantageous for somewhat similar duties. Their knives, barrows, and baskets, have the handles encased in gutta percha. It possesses a slight but sensible elasticity, which makes it more pleasing to the touch than wood or any other material.

There is no substance which ever became applied to so many useful purposes in so short a time as gutta percha. Novel appliances multiply every day. Most of these are the design of the workmen here. Amongst the 200 engaged, are a good many 'clever fellows.' So says the gentleman who acts as our cicerone; and visitors will not doubt it who see their dexterous manipulations. Uses increase with such rapidity, that the question promises to be, not, 'To what can it be applied?' but, 'To what purposes can it *not* be applied?'

The works of the Gutta Percha Company comprise an extensive series of workrooms, varied in their operations as in their appearance. We shall enter amongst the steam-boilers and engines. If not quite distracted with the noise, with the novelty and the multifariousness of the operations, our attention will first be claimed by what is called the *cutting machine*. A modern chaff-cutter with a circular wheel bears some resemblance to it; only this is vastly more massive, and the trough is made to incline. Blades corresponding to those in the chaff-cutter are fixed into the heavy disc or wheel, and made to extend a little towards the trough. Into the trough are put the 'blocks;' and, as the wheel revolves at the rate of 200 turns a minute, they are sliced up, thick or thin, according as the cutting instruments are disposed. Injury to the machine and annoyance to the workmen not unfrequently occur, owing to tricks of dishonesty which the Malays have very quickly learnt. Purchases are made by weight, and, to increase this, earthy matter is continually mixed with the gutta percha, and sometimes even a large stone is put in the centre of a block. Unless the stone be very large, it is not possible to detect it at the time of purchase. Injury to the apparatus cannot easily be guarded against.

Purification is indispensable, and fortunately, the impurities are removed without great difficulty. Each slice presents a face full of sinuous markings, which gives it a pretty and variegated aspect, but one it does not keep. Hurling into a tank of boiling water, the whole forms into a soft mass, and a good many of the impurities sink to the bottom. Two steam-engines of 50 horse power propel the cutting machine, besides setting in motion most of the other machinery.

Those who have had the advantage of inspecting a paper-mill, will recognise several processes which gutta percha undergoes. When softened, it is submitted to the action of a machine like the engine for rending the linen rags, and technically called the *teazer*. It consists of a large cylinder enclosed in a box. The cylinder is set with jagged spikes, which work against corresponding teeth in the box. Going at the rate of 600 or 800 revolutions a-minute, the mass is torn into shreds, and all extraneous matter is released. The process of cleansing is simplified very much, from the

fact that the gutta percha does not blend with these foreign matters so as to produce a compound substance, but only mixes mechanically with them. Though softened, it does not become adhesive; and sometimes it is cleansed by the simple operation of rolling it out to a thin sheet, and then picking and brushing the surface. The shreds fall into a tank of cold water, upon which they float, and from which they are removed to be subjected to a second boiling. When again softened, it is ready for kneading, a process similar in principle to that of the same name of a more domestic character. Machinery is brought into requisition here, and strong machinery too. A great roller, with a surface like the grinding cylinder of a coffee-mill, only infinitely larger, moves horizontally upon its axis in a metal compartment in the floor. A man throws in a bushel at a time, of what, at little risk, might be pronounced warm chocolate-paste. While we gaze, it gradually disappears. The apparatus—or *masticator*, as it is called—monster-like, seems to have an inordinate *penchant* for the delicacy, and disposes of an unlimited amount down its capacious throat. A thorough 'mastication' ensues inside. Every hard particle is broken up, and a homogeneous mass is formed by the rolling, and squeezing, and grinding it receives. It is now quite pure, and in a condition for any of the subsequent manipulations in which it may be called upon to take a part. In this stage of its manufacture it is best fitted to mix with other substances. Already very many compounds of gutta percha have been formed. If greater elasticity be required, it gains it by the mixture of caoutchouc; if hardness, combination with sulphur, or the metallic sulphurets, will give it. *Metallo-thianised* by this latter (a patent) process, it becomes hard as ebony, and can be applied to most purposes for which wood and ivory are generally used.

The bulk of the gutta percha is formed into 'sheeting,' which is accomplished by placing it, while soft, upon bands of felt, and passing it between two steel rollers—a process, in fact, much like to that of rolling lead. The felt bands afterwards take the sheet a long journey, over and under, up and down, for the purpose of cooling it. To aid in doing so, when the material is thick or the weather warm, the surface is fanned and blown upon in its course. The thickness of the sheet is regulated by the distance the rollers are set apart; and to such nicety can this be done that an integument is manufactured to supersede oiled silk for bathing and hydropathic prescriptions. At the end of the journey, it is wound off, cold and hard, upon a drum, to a length unlimited.

But the form of sheeting is only one of its useful phases. Nearly the earliest use to which gutta percha was put, was that of 'driving bands.' The French use it for little else yet. Its suitability for the duty has been much controverted. Any visitor to the company's works would think it fully established. There they are to be seen in every part of the building, applied in a variety of ways, and, amongst others, that of driving the machine which serves to cut them out. Making bands is a simple operation. Let us pass on the sheet, just now rolled upon the drum, and it will reach a framework, in the top bar of which are fixed and suspended a number of knives cutting



vertically. Their distance from each other varies according to the breadth of the bands required. As the sheet passes under them, it is divided into strips of an indefinite length, which, in *their* turn, are wound off upon drums. What outcry has arisen against their use, has been owing to their *misuse*. Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, the eminent brewers, testify to a saving of £30 a-year in driving bands, by their employment. Skill is required in nicely joining them, but the skill is readily gained by those who follow the simple directions of the company. If *these* are too troublesome, why, the old leather strap, with its paraphernalia of buckles and hooks and eyes, had better be resumed. Where it is necessary that bands cross, friction should be avoided, as causing heat—an enemy to gutta percha which cannot be resisted, and just as great a friend.

From the sheet and bands, innumerable useful things are formed. Industrial and domestic economy tax them both. In a room removed a little from the din and hissing of the steam-engine, is to be seen a machine for cutting the bands into squares, and another for fashioning these squares into 'soles.' Both are done by pressure. In the first case, a sharp-edged instrument, and, in the second, a sharp-edged mould, similar to what is used for cutting out envelopes, only of the shape required for a shoe, descends with irresistible pressure, and cuts through half a dozen pieces at once. A die imprints the sign-manual (if such it may beylept) upon each sole, and they are ready for sale. Space will not permit a dissertation upon the merits of this novel improvement of our 'understanding.' Thirty words will suffice to refer to one or two of its advantages. It is absolutely repellent of water, and a bad conductor of heat. If gutta percha soles were worn, colds from wet feet would be scarcer, and chilblains unknown. We may put in a word for the shoemaker also, who would be saved all the ills from contracted chest, if folks could be persuaded that 'nothing like leather' is invalid. Accumulated attestations—from the clergy, the army, and the police force—relative to the durability and other excellences of these soles, are possessed by the company and published in their prospectuses.

At a corner of an adjacent bench, a young man may be seen moulding, to all appearance, a brown earthenware pitcher. His only tools are, fingers, boiling water, and the mould. His hands glide over the plastic material, detecting a 'wale' in a moment, and filling up every interstice. Even while we look, he turns out of hand a neatly finished kitchen utensil. Close to his elbow is a shopmate manufacturing a bucket, which has no staves, and wants no hoops. Observing him, we learn the method of fastening the various parts of an article. He puts on a rim, by first rubbing over the surface a solution of coal naphtha; then evaporating the naphtha, and warming the surface by means of a gas jet. The naphtha cleanses the surface, as well as disposes it to 'take' the piece to be joined on. His fingers dexterously manage the rest. A softened piece is rolled out to an appropriate length, and gently pressed round into its position. If disposed to obstinacy, an application of the jet makes it instantly tractable. The gas-pipe is of gutta percha; and each

man in this department requires a jet at his side. The flexibility and length of the tube make it as serviceable as portable gas. A little farther on, we may observe some youths trimming noiseless curtain rings. Their sharp knives remove all the little imperfections of moulding, and finish off one after another as fast as possible.

All the uses to which gutta percha is put, it would be impracticable to enumerate. An auctioneer's catalogue would be filled with the bare mention of the things made by the Gutta Percha Company. Besides the multifold appliances to what is utilitarian, the decorative is equally cared for. One room is adorned with mouldings, panels, festoons, and flowers, as exquisite, though not so fragile, as the highest artistic carving, or the most delicate art-casting. Peculiarly beautiful is a geranium in gutta percha. Only by the assurance that it is imitated, can we be convinced of the fact. The flexibility of the plant and its lightness are perfect. In no other substance could an effort of art like it be made. Prognostications are naturally enough risked of the day when our winter garden shall blossom with the rose, and blandish every floral charm. Easily softened without becoming adhesive, gutta percha receives the impression of the most attenuated tracery, which it retains when cold; the extreme of delicacy in a substance, the extreme of indestructibility. Specimens of the loveliest mouldings abound, a *chef d'œuvre* being the 'Hunted Stag.' Chessmen, elaborately-finished workboxes, picture-frames, inkstands made to imitate woods, marbles, or *papier-maché*; in some instances so profusely and exquisitely decorated, that a Chinese carver would be baffled to imitate it; in other cases, with colored delineations upon them of surpassing beauty.

Imitations of metal have been produced in a felicitous manner. It takes bronze and gilding to perfection. There is no doubt that its plastic property will make it the substitute for expensive embellishments, and furnish the poor man with tasteful objects to adorn his humble home. Costly *papier-mache* will find an irresistible rival in a material that has the same excellences, is greatly cheaper, and is free from the defects of fragility, however slender and thin it may be made. With one or two glances more at household utilities, we will enter another department. Every vessel not intended for hot liquids, may be made of gutta percha; all the appurtenances of the bedchamber, as well as kitchen utensils. On the one hand we may observe a bread trencher, with emblematical ears of corn round the rim; on the other, ewers, and basons, and bowls, and articles of that kind. Public institutions, prisons, workhouses, schools, will all derive a benefit from wares that are almost indestructible, and whose peculiar elastic nature precludes them ever being used as weapons of offence.

Most of these articles are made by simple pressure. The moulding of a bowl will give the idea. The mould is a massive bowl of lead, in the interior of which is cut, in the manner of die-sinking, the design intended for the outside of the vessel. Fitting into this is another mass of lead, whose convex surface is to form the interior of the article required. While one man is preparing the mould, his mate is engaged in rolling out on a



warm marble slab a quantity of gutta percha, and then cutting it into strips. By a skilful combination of light-colored and dark-colored materials, a substance is produced which, from its likeness to 'elecampane,' or 'lemon-rock,' would be tempting to any youthful palate. These variegated strips are placed at intervals, like the ribs of a ship, within the first-named bowl. The 're-entering' part of the mould is then inserted, and the whole is slung, by means of hook and pulley and the men's guidance, beneath an hydraulic press. The exertions of a child's force with this powerful apparatus inflicts upon the strips a pressure of a hundred tons, causing them to spread out, and, by their edges joining, to form a perfect bowl. Great beauty is the result of this process. Expanding from various central lines, it has the exact semblance of the veins and markings of most beautiful veneer.

A visitor to the works of the Gutta Percha Company will be struck as much by the noiselessness of some of the departments, as by the din in the vicinity of the steam-engines. In one part may be detected, if the eye be bright, a heavy cog wheel working into another. The ear would not detect it, for it works in silence. The pioneer will explain that it is gutta percha working into metal; that it has been working more than two years without any deterioration; proof satisfactory of strength and durability.

A very pleasing feature will also be discerned with respect to the operatives. The relation between employer and employed seems as modern as the material of manufacture. Every face gleams with intelligence; and, as our conductor exchanges a kindly remark with the men or the youths, a sympathy shows itself, as if every one felt that the credit of the establishment depended upon individual effort. We believe that nowhere will a body of men be found more cleanly, more smiling, more proud of their employment, more emulative of giving the best finish to their work. The development of this new branch of industry is their great aim. Most of its applications have emanated from them. They have contributed, in an eminent degree, to show the extent to which the new substance may be made available for the benefit of man, and also how to make it so.

Perhaps the most notable service that gutta percha is destined to render, arises from its suitability for tubing. In a sanitary point of view, its value is above estimation. The vicious practice of using lead tubing cannot too soon be superseded. All of us remember the consternation at Claremont, in the family circle of Louis Philippe, when a dozen members of the household were attacked with the symptoms of poison, clearly traceable to the *lead* which the water held in solution. Water acts upon lead in a very short time. The Duke of Bedford's surveyor attests that, where lead has been eaten through in two years, the gutta percha pipe has remained quite unaffected. At Woburn Abbey it is now employed very extensively. A little unpleasantness was imparted to the water at first, but a day removed that; and since, it has flowed perfectly pure.

Tube making is very ingeniously managed. The apparatus has a cylindrical aperture, through the whole length of which runs a rod of metal,

leaving just so much space between it, and the interior surface of the aperture, as is desirable for the thickness. Soft gutta percha is forced through this aperture, and comes out from the other end in the form of tubing. It would of itself collapse immediately, but this is provided against by skilfully contriving that cold water should fill it as it is produced. It traverses a trough 30 or 40 feet long, by which time it is sufficiently cold and solid to be wound off. Evidently, the only limit to the production of pipe is the limit put to the 'feeding.' From 400 to 500 feet in one length, as perfectly distended in every part as when it first leaves the mould, have been made in this way; longer by far than has ever been produced in any other material.

Acoustics as well as hydraulics claim the aid of this tubing. Large and small apparatus are made; from the little cornets, almost invisible when fixed to the ears, to the large trumpet or receiver that needs a table for its support. Curious indeed some of these invention are, and well calculated to astonish anybody who tries one for the first time. Bells are quite done away with at the company's works. Sound is conveyed to any distance, and with great distinctness, by the 'message-tubes.' We shall not be able to accomplish our tour of inspection without hearing occasionally a low whistle close to our ears. It is an intimation to the individual in charge of the room in which we may happen to be, that some one in a remote department, a fellow-officer maybe, who 'canna be fashed' to come, wishes to communicate with him. He has, therefore, blown at his end of the tube, a distance of fifty, sixty, or a hundred yards; and produced the musical phenomenon we chance to hear. He to whom the intimation is given, removes a little whistle from *his* end, and replies with a like gentle puff; then listens. The effect is amusing; not unlike the sounds produced by a good ventriloquist, when imitating a distant speaker—perfectly audible and clear, yet seeming as though they had travelled far.

Now let our readers imagine, that such a message-tube had a mouthpiece where the knob of the 'Night-bell' usually is on the door-post of a surgeon's house, and that it communicated with the bedside of the surgeon. If, perchance, a reader be such functionary, he will, or ought, to hail a contrivance that substitutes a passing of 'symptoms' and 'directions' between the door and the bed, for rising on a frosty night and exposure to the bleak air.

Speaking-tubes are also suggested as a communication between the man on the 'look-out' and the helmsman, or the captain in his cabin. Gutta Percha is as antagonistic to salt water as to fresh. It will, without doubt, become a *sine qua non* with every shipmaster for buckets, &c., and by every seaman for 'sou'-westers.' Already it is made into life-buoys, more buoyant than cork, speaking-trumpets, sheathing, cord which does not sink in the water, and other things—a host.

Ornamental sound-receivers have been fixed to the pulpits of some churches, with tubes passing to the pews of the deaf members of the congregation. By this means, many a one to whom the sound of a sermon had long been strange, has had cause of thankfulness for the introduction of gutta percha.



Another application of the same principle has given us a conversation-tube for a railway carriage. With it two individuals may hold an animated debate, without edifying their neighbors with one word. This little instrument, about a yard long, is one of the *greatest* curiosities in the show-rooms. By placing one end to the ear, and whispering in the lowest tone possible at the other, the voice may actually be heard louder than it issued from the lips. Most useful would it be to one whose voice failed, as voices do sometimes; or to one in the habit of conversing with himself, as people sometimes are. If the end be placed against the watch-pocket, the ticking becomes so preternatural that we are ready to believe, if the watch had stopped, yet so excellent a sound-tube would convey at least a faint tick.

Gutta percha tubing, truly, is invaluable. In chemistry it is used for conveying oils, and acids, and alkalis. Only strong nitric or sulphuric acids seem to touch it. This inertness with the acids, makes it useful in manifold ways beside tubing. With dilute nitric it is used by the refiners as a coating to their various vessels. Glass 'carboys' to contain muriatic acid have almost become things that were. *Pipes* of this acid, secure in gutta percha, are now constantly travelling in every direction upon the railways; the directors of which, a few years ago, would not suffer it to be conveyed on any consideration whatever.

We must not leave the premises without a look at the most recent application of gutta percha. Of course, that is as a covering for the telegraph wire. It is hardly possible that this wonderful triumph of human intellect, by which a thought breathed in Britain is imprinted on a foreign strand, even while in its birth-throes, would yet have awaited man, without the aid of gutta percha. Amongst the multifarious operations, there is not one that requires so much care as in the covering of this wire. It is made by thousands of miles! In the room appropriated to this work, we may see coils of wire representing distances that would have startled our grand-sires. We have heard of such lengths of wire being sunk in the neighboring canal—a most convenient store-room—that we would not dare mention, for fear our authenticity should be questioned in that and other matters.

The machinery employed in the preparation of the covered telegraph wire, is thus described:—'Two pairs of heated, polished, iron flattening rollers, one vertically above the other, are fed with soft gutta percha cylinders, which they deliver on the other side as flattened sheets. These are made to travel onward, and in the interval between them there also travels a row of copper wires. These—*i. e.*, the parallel sheets of gutta percha, and the intervening wires—all meet between a pair of grooved cutting rollers, not quite close together. The grooves are, of course, the size of the required casing, and each wire precisely hits the centre of a groove. The whole, therefore, appears on the other side as a band of covered wires, which may either be left together, as in the telegraph for railway tunnels, or pulled apart into single pieces. The wires thus encased are soaked for a considerable time in water, which is sure to find out any flaw, though invisible to the eye, which

would prevent complete insulation.' In this way the sub-marine telegraph was manufactured. The single wires receive two or three coats of the soft substance, and in the end are wound off upon a wheel at a distance. In part, the process resembles wire-drawing, looked at through strong spectacles; except, indeed, that the wire is not lengthened nor lessened in bulk (very modest exceptions truly). Before winding on the wheel, it glides through the hands of a youth, who by practice becomes expert enough to detect the minutest flaw. Several tests are applied to prove the perfect insulation of the wire. The last of all, is that of sending an electric charge through a large coil. If they stand the trial, they are pronounced fit for use.

Space will not permit us to indicate half the useful and ornamental things placed before us at the gutta percha works. We must introduce irregularly a few more exemplifications of its wondrous utility, and conclude. 'Embossing' is a work that promises to extend itself. Raised maps and globes, for general purposes of teaching; and raised reading lessons for the blind, are made with comparative facility. Already it is greatly used in surgery. A solution in naphtha, which latter evaporates, and leaves the gutta percha uninjured, is used to procure sheets of exceeding tenacity. As a balsam for wounds, this solution will quite supersede the objectionable 'gold-beater's skin,' or patch of 'court plaister.' *Splints* moulded to the shape of the fractured limb, have been used with great success. In one case recorded, that of 'broken jaw' from the kick of a horse, the patient was enabled to eat after three days, a fact unparalleled. The vastly greater comfort of these splints can only be avouched by an unfortunate patient. Stereotype plates have been made. The clearness and sharpness of edge, and purity of form, when moulded, make it well suited for this purpose. As many as 20,000 impressions have been taken from an experimental plate at the works, and the woodcuts and text seem as fresh as at first.

It was brought into notice in the form of a horsewhip. We may not spare a sentence to speak of the number of whips now manufactured. Nor can we refer in detail to the gutta percha boats which were found of such eminent use in the search after Sir John Franklin. Nor of the thanks due to gutta percha, from the beautiful science of photography, for 'pans,' and other aids which it affords better than any other material. Nor, going from great things to small, of cricket-balls, and clothes'-lines, of policemen's staves, and utilities for the 'diggings.'

We will offer no apology for having gone so fully into this subject. It possesses an interest of no common kind; and the details will be perused with considerable pleasure by all who, residing at a distance, cannot avail themselves of a personal visit. The public now-a-days, are on the *qui-vive* to know everything; and it is delightful to be able to assist in the dissemination of sound, useful knowledge.

These particulars will be read with more



than usual interest ; for, since the article was in type, the Manufactory of the Gutta Percha Company has been seriously damaged by fire. We are happy to hear that the Works will be in full operation again ere long.

#### AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A DOG—No. XIV.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

(Continued from Page 300.)

PUNCTUAL to MY PROMISE, here I am, my best of Editors, ready to chat to you about sledging. I will also tell you of our trip to Versoix and home again. The details will amuse you, I know, and cause a laugh at our expense. At the same time it will convey to you an idea of the very rapid changes of temperature to which my country is often subject, and the consequences of which occasioned so much discomfort to my old master, as it also continually does to many others. I must confess, however, that *I* was the least annoyed of the party forming the expedition.

It was in the month of January ; and towards the latter end of the month a vast deal of snow fell. The cold, too, had for some time been intense (the thermometer ranging generally from 18 to 20 degrees below zero during the night and early morning).

At this time Bombyx made up his mind to visit some of his relatives residing at Versoix and Geneva—having first ascertained that they would not be out upon a similar excursion. One fine morning, about nine o'clock, two pretty sledges arrived at our old residence on the road to Chailly. A first-rate breakfast having been disposed of, and a glass or two of Kirschenwasser, just to keep out the cold (my own breakfast, I may tell you, was unusually warm and savory, and the postilions pronounced the *Eau de Cerise* veritable)—the two sledges were soon occupied, and I squeezed myself in a snug corner, close to my master's feet. Assuredly no cold could reach me there. All being now right, and the German servant, who was in the last sledge, having quickly disposed of a parting bumper of Kirschenwasser (*I* saw him, although Bombyx did not), off we started.

It was a glorious morning. The scene was brilliant as in June ; but the cutting, cold wind, caused to lodge on our noses and chins the minute particles of frozen snow which it blew off the hedges and trees, and soon undeceived us on this point. So I thought it most prudent to curl myself up as well as I could do, and keep my tender nose from coming in contact with cold, rude "Boreas." Would not you have done the same, dear Mr. Editor? [Indeed we should, *Fino*.]

Well, on we went through Lausanne—whips cracking, bells tinkling, postilions hallooing; down Montbenon like mad, passed St. Sulpice, where I heard my old master call out, "Stop a minute at Morges ; we'll have a glass of old red wine and light a cigar." "Bel et bien, Monsieur," cries Bébi (such was the name of our postilion).

"Monsieur a bien raison," rejoined Louis, who conducted the other sledge.

In a few minutes more, we were before the door

of our well-known hotel, the "Trois Couronnes a Morges." "Bring up some chateaux neuf," says Bombyx. "Have you any of the old sort?"

"Oh que oui, j'en ai toujours pour Monsieur."

The red wine was accompanied by some dried fruit ; after which, the postilions and Bombyx, the German servant, and the young masters, being supplied with some capital "Bahias," and myself with a basin of good warm soup, in a quarter of an hour we were off again.

"We shall dine at 'Rolle,' Bébi," says Bombyx, "at our old friend's—the 'Tête Noire.'"

"Oui, Monsieur ; you'll get some capital Gibier there. I was there at the beginning of the week, and it was beautiful."

Crack again went the whip, and off we flew. Our hearts were warmed by the good old wine, and gaily we tripped by St. Près ; and after a while reached Rolle, driving straight up to the "Tête Noire." This is a very curious-looking place outside, Mr. Editor ; and what would Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe say, if ever she should pass through this quaint old town, and see a large nigger's head swinging over the sole front entrance of the "Tête Noire?" Whatever you may think of the exterior, you will find yourselves "quite at home" in the interior ; and a more luxurious dinner no epicure need covet. As for cleanliness, it is a perfect pattern. You may imagine how we all closed around the blazing fire. Presently a voice that was quite familiar to me said, "Eh bien, *Fino*, que fais tu ici?" It was the son of the proprietor of the "Faucon," at Berne, whom I knew very well.

"Well, old friend," said he, "I'll prepare you a splendid soup." He soon twigged Bombyx ; and in a quarter of an hour a dinner, fit for Prince Albert or the Emperor of all the Russias, garnished the table. Some excellent pale ale, of rather a bitter flavor, made its appearance ; and after dinner some old "Hermitage Rouge," which was perfectly *unique*. My Friend François (such was the name of my Bernese acquaintance) had requested Bombyx to allow me to dine with him ; and I soon found out that he was on a visit to his uncle, the proprietor of the "Tête Noire." He treated me like a prince. In short, I had everything that could make a dog's heart happy.

Again our sledges were ready ; and more "Bahias" being provided, off we went, and after a long run reached "Prangins," and soon after "Nyon." Here we just moistened the horses' mouths, and our own—spun along to "Coppet ;" and leaving the celebrated "Chateau of Madame de Staël," on our right, passed on to "Versoix," which we reached very jolly but very cold. There sat Bombyx's fat relation (nearly as fat as himself, Mr. Editor), waiting under the sheltering portico of the "Croix d'Or," and puffing his cigar ; whilst ever and anon he protruded his rubicund visage from behind the pillar, to see if he could catch a glimpse of our sledges ; a few minutes more, and we were under his hospitable roof.

Here a famous supper was duly announced at the homely hour of nine ; and even now, Mr. Editor, my old master never has his supper later than that hour. Still, you know, there *are* exceptions to every rule ; and we did not think of betaking our weary persons to our beds till near midnight.



At last, a move was resolved upon, and my worthy host accompanied Bombyx and myself to our dormitory. The two eldest boys ensconced themselves in a large bed, in one corner of this goodly chamber. As for myself, whenever my master is travelling, I always sleep at the foot of his bed! thinking it wise so to do, for in case of accidents two heads are better than one. *Entre nous*, I make a point of sleeping with one eye fixed on my old master and the other on the door, so that if any intruder should appear I know how to deal with him. I see instantly, by the cut of his face, whether he is welcome or not. If not, I just open my jaw, and warn him he had better make a bolt of it. Well, my worthy host at last said, "good night;" after warning us not to approach too near the "fourneau," as it was red-hot and would keep so till morning. "Enfin, bon soir, my good fellows; gardez vous du Fourneau."

Bombyx was soon in bed, and I had as quickly rolled myself up in the carpet by his bedside; for I confess I found the room uncommonly cold—notwithstanding the red-hot "fourneau."

Presently the little night-lamp (which was placed upon the "fourneau") went out; and as Bombyx was not asleep, he struck a light to see what was the matter, and intended to light it again, not being much inclined to slumber. The cold and the exciting fare of our trip, I must tell you, had produced anything but a sleepy mood.

Well, only fancy; upon only reaching the red-hot "fourneau," he found the oil in the glass in which the "lumignon" was placed, quite frozen; so intense was the cold! There being, therefore, no means of using the "lumignon," he arranged something else; and seeing his two boys were snoring, he after a while did the same thing. I quickly followed their example. The next morning he had a famous laugh with his relative about the red-hot "fourneau." After breakfast we walked to "Genthod," and from thence we went per omnibus to Geneva—returning to "Versoix" for dinner. In my country, we generally dine at one or two o'clock, a plan which my old master adopts at the present time; and I must say I think he is right.

Suddenly, after dinner, there arose a strong southerly wind, accompanied by a very warm rain; so warm indeed, that it was quite unpleasant. "What a singular change!" said Bombyx; "what can this mean? I must be home tomorrow, as I expect some friends from Vevay on the following day. How are we to go? The drops of rain are just like hot water, and will soon melt the surface of the snow, and make most miserable roads."

Just then, looking out of window, we saw the Geneva diligence pass by, on *wheels*; and shortly after, Bébi made his appearance, and said there was no possibility of returning by sledges, as the warm rain had been so extraordinary that the snow had melted, and the roads were in a thorough squash, nearly as far as Morges; but he thought his master had a large roomy return-carriage at Geneva,—and it would be better for him to go and secure that before any one else got it, and while he was away, Louis would fix the sledges to the fly-wagon; and thus we should get home all right by to-morrow, as we intended.

After a little talking, this plan was agreed upon; and Bébi went to Geneva to secure our conveyance, whilst Louis attached the sledges to the next fly-wagon for Lausanne. The next morning, our four horses, with their tinkling little bells, were attached to our large carriage; and we started off on our return. We did not, however, move at so rapid a pace as when we had our sledges. Having at length reached Nyon, we of course secured a supply of "ecrelet," and arrived at the "Tête Noire," at Morges, in time for dinner, which our Bernese friend had got all ready for us—being aware of the day and the hour of our probable return. He joked me famously about our sledging; but as he had provided me a beautiful soup, I took it all in good part.

After nearly three hours' rest, we started again. In the meanwhile, the wind had again changed to a desperate cold *Bise*, enough to cut one in two; and when we reached Morges the snow had again frozen. So slippery was it, that the poor horses had some trouble to keep their ground, and it was a considerable time before we reached the Pont de la Maladiere. This spot is just at the foot of the hill, on the Geneva road, leading up to Lausanne; and from this point the road to Lausanne is a steep rise for about a quarter of an hour's walk.

The little building which now serves as a stable for the horses of Renfort, was formerly a chapel, where certain religious ceremonies were observed towards malefactors, who, by their crimes, had forfeited their lives to the offended laws of their country. Close to this very spot, too, they were decapitated. This is not the only one instance of a chapel being converted into a stable. Close adjoining is a small public-house, where postilions, carmen, &c., regale themselves whilst waiting the arrival of any party to whom they are to give a help up to Montbenon. Most fortunately, just as we arrived there, a man signalled us, and presently Bébi dismounted. His master had sent a strong horse de Renfort, to help us up this rising road; and a very seasonable help it was too—for notwithstanding our rest at Rolle, it had been a very fatiguing day. Once, however, on Montbenon, it was all even ground (that is to say, all even ground for my country, not what *you* would call so).

We arrived much later than we expected, and fortunately all safe and sound; although we did knock down an old gate-post at the entrance of our home. Our carriage and horses occupied too much space in this narrow lane; and the slippery state of the road, just at the turning, prevented us taking a sufficient sweep.

I was rather alarmed, but there was no great harm done; and I was not sorry to wag my tail again in our own kitchen. Here a blazing fire and a good hot soup awaited us. Both were uncommonly welcome. Supper was soon ready for Bombyx; and, of course, I poked my nose in for an extra allowance. A good sleep followed; this soon made us forget all our jolting and shaking; and the next morning we were all fresh as larks.

I only wish *you* had been one of us. I am sure you would have enjoyed it famously. Adieu, my dear friend. *Au revoir*.

FINO.

Tottenham, June 15.



## PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

## No. XLIV.—PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN.

BY F. J. GALL, M.D.

*(Continued from Page 297.)*

HAVING SATISFACTORILY, I HOPE, cleared up all matters of doubt with respect to the soundness of my doctrines thus far, I will now proceed to state my views of—

## FATALISM.

We have seen that, under the name of materialism, very different things have been included; it is the same with fatalism.

If it be affirmed that everything in the world, and even the world itself, is *necessary*; that whatever is and happens, is the effect of chance or of a blind necessity, and that no Supreme intelligence ever has, or at present does concern itself with existing objects, this doctrine is a species of fatalism, which differs very little from atheism. But this fatalism has nothing in common with the doctrine which asserts the innateness of the faculties of the soul and mind, and their dependence on organisation. I cannot, therefore, in this sense be accused of fatalism.

Another species of fatalism is, that by which it is taught that, in truth, there exists a Supreme Being, the Creator of the Universe, as well as of all the laws and all the properties which exist in it; but that he has fixed these laws in an immutable manner, so that what happens, cannot happen otherwise. In this system, man is necessarily drawn along by the causes which lead him to act, without his will having any influence. His actions are always a necessary result, without voluntary choice, and without moral liberty; they are neither punishable nor meritorious, and the hope of future recompense vanishes, as well as the fear of future punishment.

This is the fatalism of which superstitious ignorance accuses the physiology of the brain; that is to say, the doctrine of the functions of the noblest organ on earth. I have incontrovertibly proved, that all our moral and intellectual dispositions are innate; that none of our propensities, none of our talents, not even understanding and will, can manifest themselves independently of this organisation. Add to this, that man has no part in endowing himself with the faculties proper to his species, nor, consequently, with such and such propensities and faculties. Now, must we infer that man is not master of his *actions*? that there exists no free choice, and consequently, can be no merit or demerit in any action?

Before refuting this conclusion, let us examine, with all the frankness worthy of true philosophy, to what degree man is subjected to the immutable laws of creation; to what extent we must acknowledge a necessity, an inevitable destiny or fatalism? To disentangle these confused notions, is the best means of placing the truth in a clear light.

Man is obliged to acknowledge the most powerful and most determinate influence of a multitude of things on his happiness or misery, and even on his whole conduct, without being able, of his own will, to add to or diminish this influence.

No one can call himself into life: no one can choose the period, the climate, the nation where he shall see the light of day: no one can fix the manners, the customs, the laws, the form of the government, the religion, the prejudices, the superstitions, with which he shall be surrounded from the moment of his birth: no one can say, I will be servant or master, elder or younger; I will have robust or feeble health, I will be a man or woman; I will have such a temperament, such inclinations or talents; I will be foolish, idiotic, simple, intelligent, a man of genius, violent or calm, of a sweet or peevish temper, modest or proud, heedless or circumspect, cowardly or inclined to debauchery, submissive or independent; no one can determine the prudence, or the folly of his instructors; the hurtful or useful examples he shall meet, the results of his connections, fortuitous events, the influence which external things shall have on him, the condition of himself or his parents, or the sources of the irritation which his passions and his desires shall experience. So far as the relations of the five senses to external objects, so far as the number and the functions of the viscera and the limbs have been fixed in an immutable manner—so far is nature the source of our inclinations, our sentiments, our faculties. Their reciprocal influence, their relations with external objects, have been irrevocably determined by the laws of our organisation.

As it does not depend on us to hear and see, when objects strike our eyes and our ears, so are our judgments the necessary results of the laws of thought. "Judgment," says M. de Tracy, with reason, "is independent of the will, in this sense—that when we perceive a real relation between two of our perceptions, it is not free for us to feel it otherwise than as it is; that is, as it must appear to us by virtue of our organisation, and such as it would appear to all beings organised like ourselves, if placed precisely in the same position. It is this necessity which is essential to the certainty and reality of all our knowledge. For, if it depended on our fancy to be affected by a large thing as if it were small, by a good thing as if it were bad, by a true thing as if it were false, there would no longer exist any reality in the world, at least for us. There would be neither largeness nor smallness, good nor evil, falsehood nor truth—our fancy alone would be everything. Such an order of things cannot be conceived, and it implies inconsistency."

Since the primitive organisation, the sex, age, temperament, education, climate, form of government, religion, prejudices, superstitions, &c., exercise the most decided influence on our sensations, ideas, and judgments, and the determinations of our will; on the nature and force of our propensities and talents, and consequently on the primary motives of our actions, we must confess that man, in many of the most important moments of his life, is subjected to the power of destiny, which sometimes fixes him to a rock, like the inert shell-fish, and sometimes raises him in the whirlwind, like the dust.

It is not then surprising, that the sages of Greece, the Indies, China, and Japan, that the Christians of the east and west, and the Mahometans, should have mingled with their several



doctrines this species of fatalism. From periods the most remote, men have derived from the Deity our moral and intellectual faculties; in all ages it has been taught that all the gifts of men come from heaven; that God from all eternity has chosen the elect; that man, of himself, is incapable of any good thought; that all the difference which exists between men, with respect to their qualities, comes from God; that it is only those, to whom it has been given by superior power, who are capable of certain actions; that each one acts according to his innate character—just as the fig-tree does not bear grapes, nor the vine figs, and as sweet water cannot flow from a bitter fountain; in fine, that all cannot find out the mysteries of nature, nor the secrets of God.

It is this same fatalism, this same inevitable influence of superior powers, which has been taught us by the fathers of the Church. St. Augustine would have this same doctrine preached, in order to exhibit clearly the belief of the infallibility of Providence, and our entire dependence on God. "As," says he, "no one can give himself life, so no one can give himself understanding." If some persons do not understand the truth, it is, according to him, because they have not received the necessary capacity to comprehend it. He refutes the objections, which would be hence drawn, against the justice of God; and remarks, that the grace of God has no more distributed temporal goods equally to all, such as address, strength, health, beauty, genius, and tastes for the arts and sciences, riches, honors, &c. St. Cyprian had already said, that we ought not be proud of our qualities, for we have nothing of ourselves.

If men had not always been convinced of the influence of external and internal conditions on the determinations of our will or our actions, why, at all times, and among all nations, should they have made laws, civil and religious, to subdue and direct the desires of men? There is no religion which has not ordained abstinence from certain meats and drinks, fasting, and the mortification of the body. From Solomon down to our own days, I know no observer of nature, who has not acknowledged that man, both physically and morally, is wholly dependent on the laws of creation.

#### MORAL GOOD AND EVIL.

The same laws to which I have alluded, prove that the conviction has always existed, that mankind are inclined to evil. But, does it not seem contradictory that evil should have been created by an infinitely good Being?

Some, to escape this contradiction, have set up, and admitted two principles—a good Being, and a wicked Being, almost equally powerful, and existing in a state of perpetual warfare.

Others have maintained, that all the original qualities of man have been given him for a good end; that none leads necessarily to evil, and that even the best things in the world may be prostituted to a bad purpose. Eusebius says, with Philo, that matter in itself is not wicked, and cannot be the cause of evil, which consists only in action, and in the bad use of original faculties.

Others add, that in order to decide that anything is an evil, we must know—what man cannot know, the immense and universal end of creation.

Others, in fine, not being able to deny the existence of moral evil, explain its origin by free-will. But as soon as we admit free-will, we presuppose moral good and evil; for, what would free-will be, if there were not two distinct things, good and evil, between which the free man can choose? May it not even be objected, that this same boasted free-will, since it occasions so much evil, is itself an evil? The instant we recognise free-will, does not man find himself on the slippery edge of the precipice? It is said, and I also say, that man abuses his liberty; but what motive has man to abuse it, unless something stirs within to excite him to illegal actions?

I am bitterly reproached for admitting in man, innate evil inclinations, and propensities to injurious acts; and my antagonists especially, never fail to remark, that among these evil inclinations are found the propensity to theft, and the propensity to murder.

Let these admirers of the excellence of the human species answer me why, in all ages and in all countries, men have robbed and murdered, and why no education, no legislation, no religion—neither prison, hard labor, nor the wheel, have yet been able to extirpate these crimes? Could these men have robbed and murdered for the sole pleasure of exposing themselves to these dangers without any temptations? Will you throw the fault on their ancestors, as if their example had given rise to these unholy inclinations? Then explain to me—how the first examples could have occurred, and how children, and grand-children, who had dispositions essentially good, should have become so powerfully disposed to robbery and murder, contrary to their nature?

Besides allowing it to be education, and not nature, which gives us vicious propensities, the difficulty always remains the same, because education is not in the power of him who receives it; and education never could develop either good or evil inclinations, did not their germs positively belong to human nature. In vain will you endeavor, by any education, to change the pigeon into an eagle, and the eagle into a pigeon.

Unhappily, it is not robbery and murder only which prove the evil dispositions of men. The just man always has had, and always will have reason to complain, with Moses, of the bad actions and dispositions of men. The Lord said that the malice of men, who lived on the earth, was extreme, and that all the thoughts and purposes of their hearts were altogether wickedness.—Gen. vi. 5. Men always have been, and always will be, inclined to all sorts of perverse actions; they have always been besieged by temptations within and without; they always have been, and always will be, tormented by carnal desires, covetousness, ambition, pride, &c. The world never has ceased, and never will cease, to be the theatre of all vices; such as lying, calumny, jealousy, envy, avarice, usury, immodesty, vengeance, adultery, perjury, rape, incest, idolatry, drunkenness, discord, enmity, injustice, &c.

The good man draws good things from the good treasure of his heart, and the wicked man draws evil things from the evil treasure of his



heart.—St. Luke vi. 45. For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies.—Matt. xv. 19. They are full of all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, disputes, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, deceitful, proud boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents; without understanding, covenant breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful.—Epistle to Rom. i. 29—31. Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness: idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like.—Galatians v. 19—21. In this world we are born with our temptations, and the flesh sometimes leads us to do good works, and sometimes excites us to do bad ones. [S. Gregory, Hom. ii.] As it is written, there is none righteous, no not one.—Rom. iii. 10. For the good that I would, I do not: but the evil that I would not, that I do. Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. I find then, a law, that when I would do good evil is present with me. Rom. vii. 19—21. But every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed. *Nulla mens est, nulla anima, quæ non recipiat etiam malarum motus agrestes cogitationum.*—S. Ambros. lib. de Noe. &c. No man can say that he perceives in his thoughts, in his propensities, nothing but what is innocent and virtuous. Let him who, with his hand on his heart, will contradict this, take the first stone and cast it at me.

Thus it is in vain for you to be humbled for your weakness and your imperfection, you must acknowledge the moral as well as the physical evil, and submit yourself for both to the incomprehensible decrees of the Creator. Both exist, not as some say, because the Creator permits it; for such a state of things would suppose on the one hand a mere accident, and on the other, the impotence of the Creator; but they exist because they enter into the plan of eternal Providence. As temporal advantages are distributed unequally and without any respect of persons, so physical evils frequently happen without the fault of him who is the subject of them. Is there not a continual opposition in all nature? Do not the air, the earth, and the water, offer a perpetual scene of destruction and production, of suffering and pleasure? What have animals done, that man, to whom they render the most useful services, should feed them ill, and maltreat them in every way? If parents beget children in the excesses of debauch, why must the children themselves expiate the fault? When the storm carries away the house of the idle rich man, does it spare the poor and industrious vine-dresser? "There is a just man that perisheth in his righteousness, and there is a wicked man that prolongeth his life in his wickedness."—Eccles. vii. 16 "All things come alike to all: there is one event to the righteous and to the wicked; to the good, and to the clean, and to the unclean; to him that sacrificeth, and to him that sacrificeth not; as is the good, so is the sinner; and he that

swaureth, as he that feareth an oath. This is an evil among all things that are done under the sun, that there is one event to all; yea, also, the heart of the sons of men is full of evil, and madness is in their heart while they live, and after that they go to the dead."—Ibid, ix. 2, 3. "I returned, and saw under the sun that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all. For man also knoweth not his time; as the fishes that are taken in an evil net, and as the birds that are caught in a snare, so are the sons of men snared in an evil time, when it falleth suddenly upon them."—Ib. ix. 11, 12.

I have said that evil dispositions and perverse inclinations, enter into the plan of eternal Providence. In fact, what would those say, who affect to act as the apologists for the happiness and the virtue that is to come, if it was proved to them that, without propensity to evil, there would be neither virtue, nor reward, nor punishment? For, as we have already said, what can be called liberty, if we do not mean by this expression the power of choosing between good and evil? If men had no propensity except for good, where would be the possibility of doing evil? And without this possibility, on what could we found the idea of vice and virtue, the merit and demerit of actions? He who does not do evil, because nothing tempts him to do so, is certainly to be envied; but he cannot pretend to virtue, nor to the merit of actions. What would be the merit, the chastity, of those of whom JESUS says that they came eunuchs from their mothers' womb? Why boast so much the denial of one's self, if it supposes no injurious propensities which one has succeeded in subduing? All philosophers, ancient and modern—Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Seneca, Pascal, Kant, as well as the fathers of the Church, have founded the notion of virtue on the victory which we obtain over our vicious propensities. Can the old man who has passed his youth in dissoluteness be called continent, and moderate, because his desires have abandoned him? It is precisely those evil propensities, which many persons consider incompatible with the glory of God, with the dignity of man, and the welfare of society, which give to man the possibility of being virtuous and vicious: it is only by means of these, that actions can have merit or demerit; and whoever should extinguish in man the belief in perverse inclinations, would also extinguish in him the fear of punishment, and the hope of future reward.

#### A SIGN OF WISDOM.

It is a sign of wisdom never to be cast down by silly trifles. If a spider should break his thread twenty times, just twenty times will he not mend it again? Make up your mind to do a thing in compass, and you will assuredly accomplish it. Fear not, if trouble come upon you. Keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark one. Uniformity of temperament is a great blessing:—

"Troubles never stop for ever,  
The darkest day will pass away."



### THE WAX-INSECT TREE.

IN THE LAST FLOWER-SHOW but one, of the Royal Botanic Society, there was exhibited in one of the tents, by Messrs. Rollisson, a by no means conspicuous-looking shrub, labelled—the “Wax-Insect Tree of China.” By many, doubtless, the shrub in question was passed unnoticed; lost in the blaze of floral splendor by which it was surrounded. But all those who are in any measure acquainted with the controversies to which it has given rise, and its great value in an economical point of view, will like to know more about it.

The inhabitants of the Celestial Empire have, it seems, great use for candles. Their gods cannot be worshipped acceptably without them, and no one ventures abroad after dark without a candle and lantern. Hence the consumption of these articles is very great. As among ourselves, both tallow and wax candles are used; the latter being the more costly. Prior to the thirteenth century, wax candles were made in China exclusively from bees' wax; but at that time a discovery was made of a new kind of wax, the product of another and very different insect from the bee. This, from its superiority, gradually, and in the end entirely, superseded the former material, and came to be exclusively used—being known under the name of *Pe-la*, or insect wax.

The excellence and peculiar qualities of this substance have long attracted the notice of Europeans, and accounts have at different times been published, both of the insect itself, and the tree or plant it feeds upon. But such discrepancies have appeared in these accounts, that we have hitherto been in the greatest uncertainty upon the subject. Very recently, however, investigations have been made, which have thrown great light upon it. The chief of these have been made the subject of a long and interesting article in “The Pharmaceutical Journal,” by Mr. Daniel Hanbury, from which much of our information on the subject has been derived.

And first as to the insect itself. The Abbe Grossier considers it a species of *Coccus*; Sir George Staunton, on the contrary, regards it as belonging to the *Cicada* family; and, as nobody can decide where doctors disagree, the matter has remained undecided. By the persevering exertions, however, of Mr. William Lockhart, of Shanghai, the question may now be considered definitively settled. That gentleman has transmitted to England, within the last three months, specimens of the crude wax, with some of the insects embedded in it. These were exhibited on the 7th of February, by Mr. Hanbury, before the Entomological Society. Mr. Westwood, on examining them, pronounced them to be an undescribed species of *Coccus*, to which he has applied the name of *Coccus sinensis*.

In the absence of the male insect, and from the imperfect condition of the specimens, a complete scientific description is impossible. The existing remains consist of a dry, hollow, nearly-spherical mass—frequently somewhat shrivelled, externally shining, and of a deep reddish brown color. This mass or shell, which is the full-grown body of the female insect, varies in diameter from three-tenths to four-tenths of an inch. It has a linear opening on one side, indicating the part at which it was

attached to the branch, and is besides frequently perforated with one or more small holes. Besides these large females, the wax contains, imbedded in its under-surface, an abundance of minute insects in a younger state, which are probably the real producers of the wax. In form, they are not unlike little oval woodlice.

Now as to the plant on which the insect is found. This has been most generally supposed to be the *Ligustrum Lucidum*. M. Julien, in the *Comptes Rendus*, endeavored to show, some years since, that the insect was found on four different plants,—viz., *Ligustrum Lucidum*, or *glabrum*; *Rhus succedanea*, *Hibiscus Syriacus*, and a plant called in China *Tchala*, the botanical name of which is unknown. Mr. Fortune considers, however, that these conclusions are erroneous. He states that he has seen the *Ligustrum Lucidum* growing abundantly about Ningpo and Shanghai, but never observed the wax insect upon it, and is absolutely certain that it is not in those districts cultivated for that purpose. Mr. F. goes on to state, that he received from the French Consul at Shanghai two trees, brought by the Catholic missionaries, from the province of Sychuen, where the culture and manufacture of the wax are principally carried on. These he feels convinced are really those on which the insect feeds; they are totally distinct from the *Ligustrum*, or any of the other plants mentioned by M. Julien, being deciduous and greatly resembling the Ash. In support of this, it should not be omitted, that a single leaflet found imbedded in the wax sent home by Mr. Lockhart, and exhibited before the Entomological Society by Mr. Hanbury, bears such a resemblance to Mr. Fortune's plant, as to leave no doubt that it belongs to the same species; fully proving that the ash-like plant from Sychuen is at least *one* producer of the wax insect. We say *one*, because it is still undetermined whether or not it is confined to a single species. This was the plant which was exhibited at the Park by Messrs. Rollisson. Both Messrs. R. and Mr. Fortune state their belief that it will prove hardy.

A few particulars respecting the culture of this insect wax, and its nature and uses, will form an appropriate conclusion to our present notice. They are taken from the article in the *Pharmaceutical Journal* above referred to:—

“In the spring, the cocoons containing the eggs of the insect are folded up, by the cultivators, in leaves—sometimes of the ginger plant—and suspended at various distances, on the branches of the tree which is to be stocked. After having been thus exposed for from one to four weeks, the eggs are hatched—and the insects, which are white, and of the size of millet seeds—emerge and attach themselves to the branches of the tree, or conceal themselves beneath its leaves. Some authors state, that the insects have at this period a tendency to descend the tree; and to obviate this difficulty the Chinese keep the gravel perfectly bare, so that they are induced to ascend. Fixing themselves on the branches, the young insects speedily commence the formation of a white waxy secretion, which, becoming harder, suggests the idea of the tree becoming covered with hoar-frost. The insect becomes, as the Chinese author says, *changed into* (gradually imbedded in?) *wax*. The branches of the tree are now scraped, the collected



matter forming the crude wax. Dr. Macgowan estimates the annual produce of Chinese wax at not far short of 400,000lbs. The only considerable importations into England that I am aware of, were in the years 1846 and 1847, when nearly three tons were imported into London. Some of this wax, sold in April 1847, fetched 1s. 3d. a pound, a price too low, I believe, to be remunerative, and no further importation, that I know of, has since taken place. In China, candles are made of the insect wax *per se*, but more commonly of a mixture of it with some softer fatty substance. To give to these softer candles a hard coating, they are dipped into melted insect wax—often colored red with alkanet root, or green with verdigris. As a medicine, the insect wax is used by the Chinese both externally and internally for a great variety of ailments. Grosier—besides mentioning its employment as an application to wounds—states that it is sometimes swallowed to the extent of an ounce at a time, as a stimulant, by those about to speak in public.”

### THE EARWIG.

THE EARWIG, which is one of our most common insects, is, to the generality of people, an object of unconquerable dislike. Shakspeare asks, “What’s in a name?” In the case of this little insect, we have an instance that the corruption of a name, by the omission of even a single letter, is of considerable importance. Had the name of this insect continued as it originally was—namely, *Earwing* (from the resemblance which the wing of this creature is supposed to bear to the ear)—we should not, in all probability, have been burdened with the grossly erroneous and terrifying idea, that this little animal is in the habit of insinuating itself into the human ear. It naturally creeps into crevices and holes, and it may occasionally attempt to enter the ear; but the auditory member is too well protected by its own secretion and membrane to allow of any such intrusion.

The most remarkable facts connected with the history of the earwig are, that the eggs are hatched by incubation of the old earwig; and that the young earwigs, for a considerable time, are dependent upon the protection of the old one, who broods over them, and fosters them with all the tenderness of parental affection. If the young ones are disturbed, or scattered—or if the parent is taken away from them, she will, on the first opportunity, collect them together again, and brood over them as carefully as before—allowing them to push her about, and cautiously moving one foot after another, for fear of hurting them.

These interesting circumstances have been repeatedly witnessed. De Geer, a celebrated French naturalist, took a female earwig, which he found sitting on a heap of eggs, and

placed her, for observation, in a box half-filled with earth. The eggs he scattered in various places. She however soon removed them, one after another, carrying them between her jaws; and in two or three days he saw that she had collected them all into one place, where she remained without quitting them for a moment. In due time the young ones were hatched—in figure precisely resembling the parent, except in being without wings; they also differed in color, being perfectly white. He fed them, from time to time, with bits of apples, and saw them change their skin several times. The mother died; and her offspring, like true cannibals, devoured nearly the whole of her body.

In the larvæ state, earwigs are very lively little animals; running about with great agility, even from the instant they leave the egg. On their metamorphosis to the perfect insect, part of the skin bursts, and gives full play to the wings.

Gardeners, and especially the cultivators of flowers, are loud and deep in their complaints against those interesting little creatures; and certainly it must be acknowledged that they claim, *sans ceremonie*, the right of pasturage in almost every cultivated spot—the only law which they seem to acknowledge being the universal one of self-preservation. Whether they have an original and indefeasible right to the food which they thus appropriate, or whether we, as lords of the soil, have a right to exterminate them, are questions we will leave in the hands of the casuists.

The only certain method of destroying earwigs is, as Kollar observes, to catch them; which is best effected by hollow tubes laid here and there in orchards and flower-beds. The common reed is fit for this purpose; but the hollow stem of the sunflower is even more so, as the insects are eager in the pursuit of the remains of the sweet pith. They are also easily caught between the folds of paper, or in pieces of cloth or linen laid on the ground. They creep into these traps in the morning, after their nocturnal rambles; and may be easily shaken out and killed at any time of the day. Some amateurs of pinks and carnations place the feet of their flower-stands in vessels of water. This certainly prevents the earwigs from *creeping*—but not from *flying* upon the plants.

### THE RESPONSIBILITY OF MAN.

It is starting on a false principle, to suppose that a man can escape from his own deed—be it good or bad. As soon as he has committed it, he has given it an existence, an individuality, which he can never destroy. It becomes independent of him; and goes into the world, to deal its influence in widening circles far beyond his view.



## HONESTY AND DECEPTION.

"NEW SEEDS," "NEW FLOWERS," "NEW FRUITS."

THERE is so much deception used amongst gardeners, seeds-men, and florists generally, that it is only right to give a passing hint to the public to "take care of their pockets."

No one, perhaps, can speak more to the purpose than *we* can; for, in early days, believing that what certain advertisements stated was really true, we purchased a vast number of "new and remarkable" strawberry plants, raspberry canes, &c., on their recommendation; and found they were even *inferior* to what were then growing in our garden! The fact is, all "novelties" must be viewed with suspicion. The dealers know John Bull's weak point, and they live by his ignorance.

Then, as to the seeds purchased to make your garden look gay and animated,—three-fourths of them are *old* and useless. You complain; and are told *the soil was too dry, or too heavy, &c., &c.* All those packets of seeds, so carefully done up in brown paper, and exposed for sale, with the *names* of the flowers on them, are refuse seed. They never come up, and we hardly need say they are perfectly valueless. Yet are they sold in hundreds. The public buy, and the dealer laughs at them.

This subject has lately been taken up by the *Gardeners' Journal*, whose Editor has very honestly exposed the tricks of the trade. "We would not for a moment," he says, "discourage the introduction of valuable novelties, either of plants or seeds. On the contrary, we are always pleased to give our meed of praise where praise is due, and to do all in our power to recommend novelty *when we are convinced that it possesses qualities worthy of such recommendation.* But our position demands that we should be firm in our opinions, and discriminating in our judgments, when such matters are subjected to us; and, no doubt, we sometimes offend by condemning where we were expected to praise. And every day increases our responsibility in this respect, and renders it necessary that we should be more watchful. For our own part, we believe that matters have been already carried too far.

"There are too many kinds of peas, of brocoli, of cabbages, and so on, of all other culinary plants, with few exceptions. And in florists' flowers a like evil is apparent. In fuchsias, in geraniums, in pansies, in hollyhocks, in verbenas, in chrysanthemums, we have lists of worthless or but duplicate kinds thrust upon our notice as novelties worthy of cultivation. We would have those lists submitted to a severe jury, who should thin overcrowded ranks without pity, and consign them in hundreds to the tomb

of all the Capulets. The difficulty is to know where to begin.

"We are assured that all the influential and respectable members of both the nursery and seed trade, are desirous of a curtailment being made in the numberless kinds of the flower and vegetable seeds required to be kept in stock; entailing, as it does, an enormous expense, without any proportionate return to themselves, or to their purchasers. There can be no possible good in retaining so many kinds. Why do we require peas and cabbages by the hundred sorts? Surely the most fertile imagination cannot conceive circumstances that should require a tenth of the number to meet every demand.

"The fault is evidently with private purchasers. While they exhibit a morbid demand—and it is a morbid demand—for novelties, there will always be found those who are ready to meet it, no matter how, or by what means. Look at the advertising columns of all our agricultural and horticultural periodicals, and it is at once evident that the raising, or at least *announcing*, novelties, is a 'winning game;' or the poor superlatives of our mother tongue would not be so tortured and heaped one upon the other as they are, to palm off some unknown upstart of a kidney bean or a dwarf cabbage on the public.

"We have heard that a distinction may exist without a difference. We believe it, and undertake to demonstrate it to the satisfaction of everybody. Take up any one of the seed lists now lying upon our table, and you shall find ten distinctions in name *with no difference in the quality* of the things represented. Now we must confess to a decided objection to this kind of trickery. The poet has said—

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet;' and so a quart of ordinary peas, or an ounce of common brocoli seeds, would doubtless be the same thing if called by any other name. To this change, if it were necessary and advisable, we should have no objection; but when under this new name *we are called upon to pay four times the amount for either*, that we should if it had only its own proper appellation attached to it, we become indignant.

"We can sit under Houdin, or Anderson, or Robin, or any other 'Wizard' of like celebrity in the Cabalistic art, and be 'fooled to the top of our bent,' and even feel a degree of pleasure in the process. We go to be cheated; and we should be disappointed if we were allowed to depart otherwise. But, when we are sold some cucumber seeds, for instance, at a shilling each, the plant from which we are assured will produce 'splendid and magnificent' fruit; or a dozen strawberry plants for a guinea, which we are in.



formed will far outstrip in reality every superlative, Latin or otherwise—it is probable the name ends in *issima*—and that, after proving them, we find they are old familiar friends in a new dress, with the addition of a little gilding by the way—we certainly cannot subscribe to the sentiment conveyed in the Hudibrastic couplet, that

“——— the pleasure is as great  
In being cheated as to cheat.”

“But, joking apart, reformation is needed; and the sooner it is commenced the better. If the practice of seizing upon every little variation in the appearance of a flower or a vegetable, as of sufficient importance to force it into public notice, and to demand a high price for it, is to be followed up, when and where is it to terminate? The practice ought, and must be condemned sooner or later; but, while it is allowed to be a lucrative speculation, there is no chance of its dying out.”

#### INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

WE RECENTLY FELL IN WITH a very sensible travelling companion, in the form of a New York Magazine. There was one short paper in this magazine which pleased us so much, that we were determined to let the readers of OUR JOURNAL share our pleasure. The writer says, when speaking of the part we are all called upon to play in the world:—

It is the duty of every one, to take some active part as actor on the stage of life. Some seem to think that they can vegetate, as it were, without being anything in particular. Man was not made to rust out his life. It is expected he should “act well his part.” He must be something. He has a work to perform, which it is his duty to attend to. We are not placed here to grow up, pass through the various stages of life, and then die without having done anything for the benefit of the human race.

It is a principle in the creed of the Mahometans, that every one should have a trade. No Christian doctrine could be better than that. Is a man to be brought up in idleness? Is he to live upon the wealth which his ancestors have acquired by frugal industry? Is he placed here to pass through life like an automaton? Has he nothing to perform as a citizen of the world? A man who does nothing, is useless to his country as an inhabitant. A man who does nothing is a mere cipher. He does not fulfil the obligations for which he was sent into the world; and when he dies, he has not finished the work that was given him to do. He is a mere blank in creation. Some are born with riches and honors upon their heads. But does it follow that they have nothing to do in their career through life? There are certain duties for every one to perform. *Be something.* Don't live like a hermit, and die unregretted.

See that young man. No matter what are his

circumstances; if he has no particular business to pursue, he will not accomplish much. Perhaps he has a father abundantly able to support him. Perhaps that father has labored hard to obtain a competence that is sufficient for his sons to live in idleness. Can they go abroad with any degree of self-complacency, squandering away the money which their fathers have earned by hard labor? No one who has the proper feelings of a citizen, who wishes to be ranked among the useful members of society, would live such a life.

*Be something.* Don't be a drone. You may rely upon your present possessions, or on your future prospects. But these riches may fly away, or hopes may be blighted; and if you have no place of your own, in such case, ten to one you will find your path beset with thorns. Want may come upon you before you are aware of it; and, having no profession, you will find yourself in anything but an enviable condition. It is, therefore, important that you should *be something.* Don't depend upon Fortune; she is a fickle support, which often fails when you lean upon her with the greatest confidence. Trust to your own exertions.

*Be Something.* Pursue that vocation for which you are fitted by nature. Pursue it faithfully and diligently. You have a part to act, and the honor in performing that part depends upon yourself. It is sickening to see a parcel of idle boys hanging around a father; spending the money which he has earned by his industry, without attempting to do anything for themselves. “Be something,” should be their motto.

Every one is capable of learning some “art, trade, or mystery,” and can earn a competence for himself. He should *be something*, and not bring down the grey hairs of his father to the grave. He should learn to depend upon himself. Idle boys, living upon a parent, without any profession or employment, are ill qualified for good members of society. And we regret to say, it is too often the case that it is the parents' fault that they are thus brought up. They should be taught to *be something*, to know how to provide for themselves in case of necessity; and if they act well their part—they will reap the honor which therein lies.

#### CORRECT TASTE IN ART.

#### FLOWER - PATTERNS.

BY DR. W. H. HARVEY.

TO ARRIVE AT ANY DEGREE OF EXCELLENCE in the arrangement of flower-patterns, it is important to possess a knowledge of Botany: this, whether as regards muslin, damask, or wall papers.

It is quite certain that true taste will prefer the pattern which most nearly represents the natural flowers, with all their peculiarities of form, and in their true colors. The stems, in nature, may be stiff and angular: if they be so, it is vain to attempt, in the pattern, to give them graceful bends, and to hope, by so doing, to please the eye. To represent branches of hawthorn flowers on the twining



stems of a convolvulus, would be monstrously absurd. And yet faults as glaring are frequently committed by ignorant draftsmen, when they attempt the *composition* of floral patterns.

Of course, I am not now speaking of the combinations of "fancy flowers"—blossoms that exist wholly in the brain of the calico-printer or the paper-stainer—these may be as fantastic as you please. But I speak of the unnatural distortion of real flowers, resulting from the ignorance of the proper proportion and number of their parts. Why is it that floral patterns on wall papers are out of fashion, or are driven up to the bedrooms on the third landing, or to the back-parlor of the country inn? It is not, surely, that *flowers* are out of fashion; or that the taste for them is less general than it was formerly. But it is, that the *taste* of the public is not properly ministered to: it has outrun that of the manufacturer.

In a rude state of education, bright colors and gracefully-bended branches on the walls will please the eye that does not stop to question their propriety. But as refinement increases, truth in form will be preferred to brilliancy in color; and the twining of branches that is not natural, will be no longer thought graceful. It will be no longer regarded as a *twining* but a *twisting*—perverting nature for a false effect. This is the true reason why floral patterns in wall papers are now so much out of favor; and why, when selecting the paper for a room, one is forced (I speak from experience), after turning over books of patterns till you are weary, to take refuge in some arabesque design—some combination of graceful curves of no meaning—as an escape from the frightful compositions that are called flower-patterns.

It is surely high time that our manufacturers should seek to correct this evil. These are not days in which any one can afford to be left a step behind the rest of the world. He that once loses his place in the foremost rank, is pushed aside and lost; in the crowd that is eagerly pressing forward, and almost treading on his heels. Already French wall papers are in extensive use. They have brought down the prices of the home manufacture considerably, and they will undoubtedly drive home-made papers out of the market altogether, if the manufacturers do not exert themselves to produce more artistic patterns than they commonly originate at present. The French have been before us in the establishment of Schools of Design. At their schools artistic botany, or correct flower drawing, is regularly taught; hence the great superiority of their flower-patterns, whether on china, on silk, on muslins, or on wall papers. It is not that French *taste* is superior to Irish or English taste; but it is that, in France, the principles of correct taste

are more diffused among the class engaged in executing ornamental designs.

Our workmen have as much inventive talent, but it requires to be educated. At present, it wastes itself for want of proper direction and instruction.

### SENSIBILITY.

SENSIBILITY is that susceptibility of feeling which lies at the foundation of all rational enjoyment. It however requires to be kept under proper regulation. Sensibility is the most exquisite feeling of which the human soul is susceptible. When it prevades us we feel happy; and, could it last unmixed, we might form some conjecture of the bliss of those Paradaisaical days when the obedient passions were under the dominion of reason, and the impulses of the heart did not need correction. It is this quickness, this delicacy of feeling, which enables us to relish the sublime touches of the poet and the painter. It is this which expands the soul, and gives an enthusiastic greatness, mixed with tenderness, when we view the magnificent objects of nature, or hear of a good action.

The same effect we experience in the Spring, when we hail the returning sun, and the consequent renovation of nature—when the flowers unfold themselves, and exhale their sweets, and the voice of music is heard in the land. Softened by tenderness, the soul is disposed to be virtuous. Is any sensual gratification to be compared to that of feeling the eyes moistened, after having comforted the unfortunate? Sensibility is, indeed, the very foundation of all our earthly happiness. But these raptures are unknown to the depraved sensualist, who is only moved by what strikes his gross thoughts and harmonises with his vicious propensities. As the embellishments of nature escape his neglected notice, so likewise do all the gentle and interesting affections. Sensibility can only be felt; it escapes discussion.

### THE ELOQUENCE OF FLOWERS.

AMONGST all the pleasant things of life—and the all-bountiful hand of Providence has scattered the path of our days with innumerable pleasant things, if man would but enjoy them—amongst all the pleasant things of life, there are few more pleasant than a walk in the flower-garden before breakfast on a sun-shiny morning.

To see those mute and still, though not motionless creatures—we mean the blossoms, opening their painted bosoms to the beneficent rays which give them their color and their loveliness, welcoming the calm blessing of the light, as if with gratitude, and seeking, in their tranquil state of being, for nothing but the good gifts of God—might well afford a monitory lesson. Everything in nature has its homily, to the eager hunters after fictitious enjoyment. How calm do the blossoms stand in their loveliness; how placid in their limited fruition of the elements that nourish them! How, in their splendid raiment, do they sparkle in the sun; how do they drink up the cup of dew, and gratefully give back honey and perfume in return! Avoid that man, or that woman, who can see nothing beautiful in buds, blossoms, flowers, and children.



**HINTS TO AMATEUR GARDENERS.****THE CALENDAR FOR JULY.**

WE are now beginning to reap some of the advantages of our toil, and to be in a great measure reconciled to our early disappointments in the fruit and flower garden. We have lost many of our pets, we grant; but they are replaced by others. It is true philosophy to take things as we find them, and to be thankful that matters are no worse. Ours is a singular climate!

**FRUIT.**

If it is intended to make new plantations of Strawberries, select now some of the strongest runners for that purpose; by planting out during showery weather at this season, they become well established before winter, and usually produce a few fine fruit the following season, which can hardly be the case when delayed until spring. Cherries, Peaches, or Plums, may now be bedded. Examine grafts, and remove any shoots or suckers that may withdraw nourishment from the scion, and keep it secure from injury by winds. Trained Pears, Plums, Apples, or Cherries, should have all the summer growths, except those intended to be trained in, shortened back to two or three eyes to encourage the formation of fruit-buds. Vines must be regularly looked over, and have all weak, useless shoots removed, as last month: if the smallest berries are thinned out regularly and carefully with a pair of scissors, the remaining berries will swell much larger, and in favorable seasons be scarcely distinguishable from hot-house fruit. Currants and Gooseberries should have any of their summer wood that may shade the fruit, cut out.

**FLOWERS.**

ANNUALS, during showery weather, may be thinned out, and the thinnings planted.

BULBS.—Continue to take up as their foliage decays, and supply their places with annuals or other plants.

CARNATIONS.—Towards the middle or end of the month is the most proper time to layer these, for which choose dry weather; the shoots are then much less liable to snap off, when bending them after the incision is made. The operation is performed as follows: First remove the leaves from the part of the stem to be buried in the soil, and about an inch of the extreme points of the terminal leaves; then, with a sharp knife make an incision a short distance below the most eligible joint, to be found within about two or three of the top; the cut should pass half through the stem, and then upwards, nearly to the joint above, and cut the small portion of stem remaining on the tongue immediately below the joint; then bend the shoot down to the soil, which has been loosened for its reception, and secure it there with a small hooked stick—covering it with some finely-broken soil, an inch deep, made tolerably firm about it; after this, a watering renders the operation complete. All common layering is managed on the same principle, a layer being “a cutting not separated from the parent plant until it has emitted roots for its own support.” In layering many kinds of brittle plants, it will be found a good plan to make the cut upon the upper side, instead

of the lower one, for this reason: when the layer is bent down, after the incision is made at top, the strain is upon the stem, which will stretch a little without breaking; but when made at the under side, the strain is on the flat-sided wound, which readily snaps. Where the carnation stems are very numerous, it may be worth while to put some in as pipings, in the same manner as recommended for pinks, about the first of the month; these are much less certain than layers, but are said to make healthier and stouter plants when they do strike; a gentle bottom-heat would be of advantage to them. The opening flowers must be protected from sun and rain, the calyx tied or secured, and the petals arranged as has been recommended for pinks. If seedlings were raised last year, they will now be in flower; select those worth keeping.

DAHLIAS.—Thin out weak branches, and keep the plants neatly and securely tied; cuttings may now be struck, for preserving in pots during winter.

HEARTSEASE.—Plant out seedlings, and propagate choice kinds by cuttings, in a shaded situation.

HYDRANGEAS may be increased at this season by cuttings, or by layers, making the tongue at the origin of this season's young wood, and shortening the top.

PELARGONIUMS which have flowered may be cut down, and cuttings of the best kinds put in; they will readily root now.

PINKS.—Pipings may be still put in, and the decayed flowers removed.

ROSES may be budded if the bark rises freely. The stems which have flowered should be cut down to a good eye. A succession of flowers will be thus encouraged; examine the earliest buds, that the ties are not pinching.

STOCKS.—In leaving single-flowered plants to produce seed, choose those containing the greatest number of petals.

When double-flowering herbaceous plants are going out of flower, they will be usually found in the fittest state for increase. Clip Box-edgings—also, deciduous hedges. Keep creepers neatly trained up, and allow no weeds to be seen.

**TAKE CARE OF YOUR EYES.**

LET all who value their eye-sight, be careful how they trifle with it. The eye is easily damaged; and a hint or two to the thoughtless may be in season. Looking into the fire is very injurious to the eyes, particularly if a coal fire. The stimulus of light and heat united, soon destroys the eyes. Looking at molten iron will soon destroy the sight. Reading in the twilight is injurious to the eyes, as they are obliged to make great exertion. Reading or sewing with a side light, injures the eyes; as both eyes should be exposed to an equal degree of light. The reason is—the sympathy between the eyes is so great, that if the pupil of one is dilated by being kept partially in the shade, the one that is most exposed cannot contract itself sufficiently for protection, and will ultimately be injured. Those who wish to preserve their sight, should preserve their general health—by correct habits, and give their eyes just work enough, with a due degree of light.



MODERN IMPOSTORS,—  
WOMEN, AND THE "SPIRITS."

Try the Spirits.—BOOK OF WISDOM.

All the shelves,  
The faithless winds, blind rocks, and sinking sands,  
Are WOMEN all—the wreck of wretched men.

LEE.



ENDEAVORS ARE NOW BEING SO INDUSTRIOUSLY PUT FORTH, by those who ought to know better, to mislead the Public and to fright the town from its propriety—that we feel called upon to step in, and enter a formal caveat against the reigning imposture of the day. The world, we have said, is mad, ever has been mad; but it is going even beyond this! We will not be wearisome; but as ours is avowedly a JOURNAL OF NATURE, we must vindicate what is natural, and put down what is not.

The Public need not now be told of what is daily going on at the west end of the town, in the way of humbug,—patronised, too, by the *haut ton*. We allude to the sleight-of-hand performances of a notorious female juggler. We would have left this wide-awake, vulgar woman, to fleece her visitors at her pleasure,—had she not secured to herself the sanction of so great an "authority" for her imposture as Dr. Ashburner. We regret, with the rest of his friends, that this worthy and very clever man should have been made the dupe of such a shallow artifice; for his was a fine mind. We judge him,—not from hearsay, but from his own printed Letter to G. J. Holyoake, Esq. Let us join in the general remark,—“Alas, how are the mighty fallen!”

Festus said of St. Paul, the Apostle,—“Much learning hath made thee mad.” The remark was not true in that instance, however applicable it might be now. Nobody loves philosophy more than we do. Nobody takes greater pleasure in tracing every natural occurrence to its very source; but we deem it a mark of true wisdom to let our inquiries have reference to the present world only. All beyond this, we consider it unlawful to pry into; and when we mark the “consequences” of doing so, we feel quite satisfied of the correctness of our views. “Thus far shalt thou come,—but no farther.”

We shall not attempt to analyse Dr. Ashburner's Letter. Everybody should read it. But we will offer one or two observations upon it. We pass over his experiments in omnibuses—inducing certain passengers, “by the power of his will, to fall asleep, and put their hands into his; besides doing other ridiculous things.” He says “he has often done it.” That may be. We certainly should not like any of our woman-kind to journey by the same conveyance as the worthy Doctor. We may be singular,—but we speak our feeling on the point.

Dr. Ashburner then goes on to say, that he lost his father fifty-five years ago; and he tells us gravely how, by entering into a coalition with Mrs. Hayden, the latter brought up the parental ghost,—also, what the ghost said, *totidem verbis*. We think we behold the vision now. “Oh, my prophetic soul,—my Father!”

The Doctor has, we fear, fallen into bad hands. He is older than we are, and ought to know more than we do of Woman's power. When good, she is an angel of mercy. When bad, she is the —; let the Doctor fill up the chasm; for he must be well aware of the “Media” by this time!

Women first draw us in with flattering looks  
Of summer calms, and a soft gale of sighs.  
Sometimes, like Syrens, charm us with their songs,  
Dance on the waves, and show their golden locks;  
But when the tempest comes, then, then they leave us,  
Or rather help the new calamity.

We throw this out as a kind hint,—for the game cannot last very long.

We have said, we love Philosophy. But can any one bring a philosophical countenance to bear upon such a ludicrous picture as we have brought upon the *tapis*? We think not. That the Doctor is sincere in his confession of faith, we readily believe. This makes us feel his lost position in society the more. His Letter is a great mistake. It will be used against him, and against the good cause he has until recently been so anxious to promote—both far and near.

To show the state of Dr. Ashburner's mind, we will conclude with some few of his observations at Page 8. He says, after recording his imaginary conversations with certain ghosts,—“These are only a small part of the numerous proofs I have had of the identity of persons with whom I had been acquainted years ago. I have, in subsequent séances, had many opportunities of holding intercourse with a score of other persons now in the upper magnetic regions of space surrounding the earth,—intelligences, some of whom were friends here, and some of whom were individuals of whom I had been desired to learn facts that turned out to be marvellously true.”

It will be seen that the Doctor numbers his interviews with ghosts “by the score,”—like herings. A few more, or a few less, are of little consequence. He whistles to them, and, singing sweetly—

They come to his call,—

like the birds in the song of “Home, sweet Home.” But we drop the curtain here; lamenting deeply the publication of *such* a document.

Litera scripta manet.

No argument, now, can do away with what is indelibly impressed upon paper.

Impiety like this; and so supreme a contempt for the Maker of Heaven and Earth, whose love for his children, and their everlasting happiness, is more boundless than the ocean,—needs only to be brought into view to be received as it ought to be,—with undisguised horror.

Before quitting this sad subject—for it is sad to see such a prostitution of time and intellect—may we ask, how so very many respectable mothers of families can persist in encouraging the imposture? If *their own* self-respect be of no consequence, let them,—pray let them consider their innocent children, and not initiate *them* in vice.

When we lay aside this mortal coil, no fear shall we have of being subject to exorcism by strolling vagabonds, who can make spectres of us at will. Oh—no! The God we worship does not deal after *this* fashion. So let us now leave the whole crew to their meditations.



## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

*Birds and Bird-Catchers.*—I need not tell you, my best of friends, how delighted I am to read all you say about those villanous bird-catchers. I hate them as bitterly as you do. My old master, BOMBYX ATLAS, too, is equally their enemy. Now and then (for he is ever on the look-out) he catches some boys and men climbing the trees; and waits till they get pretty high up towards the nests. Knowing what game is "up," I hide myself till my master's whistle summons me to my pleasing duty. The rascals are then loudly called to, and desired to "come down instantly." I hasten their descent by a bark and a growl, both perfectly comprehensible I assure you! When "Bombyx" has done with them,—and a pretty dressing they get from him!—I lend them a hand, by scizing them *à tergo*. My teeth generally meet,—not in their flesh, but right through their habiliments; and when I have frightened them till they are nearly half dead, then I allow them to escape. I have created quite a reign of terror in our neighborhood among the bird-catchers; and I still watch them narrowly. But now, my dear friend, I have "a bone to pick" with you. How could you fall so cruelly foul of ME,—the Public's "own dog"—in your last number; and so cruelly misunderstand the parenthetical remark I made about "Our Editor?" Do read again what passed in that "Stroll through Epping Forest." Neither I nor my master, while speaking of that old bird-catcher, commended his "calling." Surely not! We spoke of him as a weary traveller. My remark that he was "just the man for you," had reference to his knowledge of the habits of birds; with all which, he said, he was so intimately acquainted. Pray set me right with the world on this matter—for I am now a public character, and must not have any slur cast upon me that I do not deserve. Indeed you were very snappish with your old friend. You snubbed me cruelly; nor did I get any sleep, after reading your severe remarks, for several days and nights. I know your disposition too well, to imagine that you will refuse to do me justice; and therefore at once appeal to your generosity to see me righted. You told me to "shut up." Do you remember this? Oh! cruel remark! What *did* you mean by it? Adieu! Thine own faithful, loving friend,—FIXO, *Tottenham, June 10.*

[Thou very best of all good and loving dogs! That we have injured thee is too true,—in word though, rather than in thought. The fact is, FIXO, at the time your excellent master's account of your "Stroll through Epping" reached us, we were half crazy at the complaints made to us from all parts of the country, about the doings of "bird-catchers." The very allusion, therefore, to one of their tribe, no doubt irritated us; and our ire fell upon your devoted head. Forgive us, dear FIXO. Hand us thy faithful paw, and let us shake it with all the sincerity of true friendship. From our very heart we love thee, and thy dear master too. So wipe thy eyes, and let us all be better—(no, *that* cannot be) as good, we mean—friends as ever.—*P.S.* What delightful weather this is, for you to tear away after those rabbits! We hope to join you soon in a forest ramble.]

*New and Curious Method of Causing Plants to Blossom at Will.*—I observe, Mr. Editor, a very curious account given of some experiments, recently made at Onslow House, Brompton, illustrative of a process, the invention of M. Herbert, for promoting, in a space of time so short as to be not improperly termed "instantaneous," the flowering of plants. Some geraniums, and also a rose tree, it appears, were placed under a species of glass receiver; the earth in which they were set having already been impregnated with certain chemical compounds, which, submitted to the action of a prepared fluid poured upon it by the operator, generated a strong vapor, and with it a peculiar condition of heat, the effect of which was to expand the buds of the geraniums, and throw them into full bloom. The rose tree remained impracticable; but M. Herbert accounted for the failure in this instance by saying, that he had not had the plant in his possession sufficiently long to prepare it for the process. The experiment was curious, and the promised "blossoming" was no doubt accomplished; but to what extent the process may be made available, with what degree of ease, what the safety as regards the plant itself, and what the period of the bud at the moment of making the experiment—are points yet to be satisfactorily elucidated. The geranium flowers which were produced by M. Herbert, on this occasion, were distributed among the ladies who were present. This experiment is rather curious than useful, for nobody could take pleasure in systematically setting aside the operations of nature.—HELEN W.

*Oak-Apples.*—What are these, Mr. Editor, and how are they produced? I was asked the question, one day last week, and was obliged to confess my ignorance.—ROSALIE.

[They are the produce of a fly, scientifically called *Cynips*. This little creature is furnished with an *ovipositor*, or egg-layer. With this instrument, the bark or leaves of a tree are perforated. An egg is then deposited therein, and around this arises an excrescence, termed a "gall," or oak-apple.]

*Roses and Rosebuds.*—At a season when we are positively revelling in the enjoyment of flowers,—whose praises, my dear sir, you do so rejoice to sing, let me "assist" in directing particular attention to the fairest of all our flowers,—the Rose. It is now shedding its sweetest fragrance on all around. The Rose may be said to be the oldest of celebrated flowers; and, in the impassioned strain of the ancients, we find it associated with the Lily of the Valley, as expressive of all that is pleasing to the senses and renovating to the mind. In the mythologic ages, it was sacred as the flower of young affection and endearment, and of mature love,—the favorite of Cupid and of Venus; and stripping this of the mythological phraseology, which in all cases was a fictitious mantle thrown around something previously felt, no similitude of any flower could be more appropriate. The Rosebud, the sweetest subject that appears in the garden, is typical of all beginnings from the issue of which enjoyment and pleasure are expected. The early dawn,—the lamb playing its first gambols around its mother,—the young bird trying its half-fledged



wing,—young schemes and projects,—young life,—young love (though the last is especially subject to a “worm i’ the bud”),—and a hundred other young associations, all of delightful kind, are linked with the Rosebud. An ample bed of Roses in full bloom has no parallel among the productions of the earth. The habits and colors of the several varieties, are varied almost without end; and yet there is great beauty in each of them. Then the perfume with which they embalm the zephyr as it plays over them, is quite unique; nothing among other flowers can be compared to it. Most of the fragrant flowers have something of a sickly nature in their perfume, which, while it gratifies the sense for a little, soon brings a heaviness over the mind. This is especially the case with bulbous-rooted flowers—such as hyacinths and lilies, which contain a small portion of prussic acid, and a much larger portion of diluted carbonic, which soon brings the perfume to the ground. The odor of the Rose, on the other hand, is all-exhilarating, floats light and buoyant on the breeze; and, besides being the most delightful to the sense, it gives tone and elasticity to the mind. In most instances the odor of a flower dies along with it, and the decaying petals are offensive to the nostril; but not so the Rose. We find it yielding a variety of fragrant liquors, which do not require the corrosive ingredients which are in many of the compound essences of the shops; and Attar of Roses, especially when prepared in the valley of the Ganges, where square miles are devoted to the growth of this flower, is now almost the only substance which, weight for weight, is more valuable than gold.—HEARTS-EASE, *Hants*.

*The Voice of the Skylark.*—I cannot wonder at this bird of Heaven being such a favorite with Our Editor. He is indeed a lovely fellow; as all must acknowledge who see and hear him in his upward flight. Hogg calls this bird “the emblem of happiness,” and he certainly does diffuse happiness on all around him. His is “the” voice that sings at the portals of the golden sky its grateful hymn of contentment, and pours out its heart full of adoration to the Supreme Being. He is the lowliest dweller on the green-sward,—the loftiest soarer skywards. There is a sweet cheerful lesson to be learnt from that voice in the air—one of contentment, light-heartedness, and gratitude. And what bird has so good a right to sing “at Heaven’s gate” in the summer sky, as this gentlest and truest of birds? He never wanders from his nest, and his native land, but dwells ever among us, making the very clouds musical during the spring, summer, and autumn; and gathering together, in the silence and gloom of winter, in friendly flocks, when his song ceases. He is then too often destroyed to supply the table of the luxurious! Nor, whilst speaking of this charming songster, may we forget his kindred bird, the woodlark; for his song also is very sweet, when he warbles in the choruses of spring. Less brilliant than that of the lark, it has great softness and tenderness; and after sunset, when his sun-worshipping cousin has sunk in gentle silence on his grass-sheltered nest, the woodlark, perched on the largest branch of some neighboring tree, and looking down on *his* nest, which is placed beneath the shelter of a May-thorn hedge, or hidden by rank grass and gigantic dock-

leaves, trills a placid and soothing lullaby. I quite agree with you, my dear sir, in believing that we may learn many a practical lesson from these sweet creatures. I never fail to carry out, to the best of my ability, the many hints kindly thrown out by you for my individual benefit. I know many others, too, whose sentiments are in unison with my own.—HELEN W.

[We are proud, fair Helen,—pleasingly proud, to have such a coadjutor as yourself. You are perfectly correct in the feelings you cultivate, and are to be commended for spreading them far and near. Rely upon it, ours is the true philosophy.]

*The Poultry Fountain.*—I observed in your last, an announcement of a Poultry Fountain, which was said to be useful to amateurs. Do you know anything about it, or have you seen any of them in use?—JOHN F., *Marlow*.

[The fountain you allude to (we have two of them in use) is the registered invention of Messrs. BAKER, King’s Road, Chelsea. It is a cheap and very clever contrivance for supplying pure water to the poultry-yard,—its contamination by dirt, being rendered impracticable: The great secret of success in keeping fowls healthy, lies in the practice of giving them a constant supply of pure water. We must, and do ever insist upon this. Half the complaints we receive about sickness in the poultry-yard, arise from the impurity of the water that is given to the inmates. Messrs. Baker’s fountains are well calculated to remedy this evil. By placing them in a horizontal position, they are readily filled,—there being only one opening, which is below, immediately over the trough; when full, they are placed upright, and immediately become self-supplying. It must be remarked, that no more water flows from the reservoir than is actually required, and it will continue to flow so long as there is any left. The fountains are so prepared that they cannot corrode, and therefore may be used without fear.]

*Chloroform administered to a Horse.*—A few days ago, says the Editor of the *Bristol Times*, chloroform was administered, under the direction of Mr. J. G. Lansdown, to a horse belonging to Messrs. Matthews and Leonard, of this city, and called “Sambo.” The object of giving it to him was, that they might be able to shoe the animal with less difficulty than they usually experienced; his violence on such occasions being so great, that it took seven men six hours to perform the work, and then only at a risk of having their legs broken. The experiment was successful; for after gradual doses had been administered for half-an-hour, the animal commenced a sort of dance on all fours, which he increased rapidly, and finished by raising himself up and falling backwards in a corner of the shoeing shop. He was then dragged out, and remained perfectly motionless until one fore and one hind foot were shod, the chloroform being continued in small doses all the time. The two shoes were put on in twenty minutes; he was turned over, and in eighteen minutes the other two were completed. While the operation was going on, the animal got into a sweat, and continued so until towards the end, when he became rather cold: he was then well rubbed all over, and was got on



his legs, when he appeared weak, and staggered at first, but, being supported by the men, soon after recovered himself.—By this, it would appear, Mr. Editor, that a certain and harmless remedy is at hand, in cases where severity and force are useless. Let us hope it will more frequently be resorted to.—WILLIAM C., *Gloucester*.

*The Growth of Salmon.*—In the year 1850 a number of salmon smolts, says the *Berwick War-der*, were taken from the river Tweed to stock a pond near Melrose. A few days ago, three or four of these fish were captured with the rod, and although by this time nearly three years old, their average weight was found to be only half a pound. They have all the appearance, however, of full-grown salmon, their stunted growth being no doubt attributable to their being kept in a fresh water pond without ever having an opportunity of reaching the sea.—JAMES L., *Newcastle*.

*Spiritual Manifestations.*—That the world is turned upside down, Mr. Editor, appears plain; for we see that, in addition to the fashionables at the West, many of the clergy are supporters of this crafty deceit. I congratulate you on your remaining true to your principles. I see the conductors of *Chambers's Journal* are veering round, and giving in *their* adhesion to the Spirits. It is to be regretted; but not to be wondered at. Yet is it sad to think that the established Christian Religion should be publicly avowed a farce. The idea seems monstrous to a reflective mind, that the Creator should permit any intercourse (at the will of a juggler) to take place between the departed and the living. John Bull will believe anything! But this last American humbug is "too" bad. It proves, as you say, that we are going a-head over fast. Well may we read of so many people going mad after witnessing such exhibitions! We are getting "wise above what is written," and we must take the consequences.—E., *Bath*.

[We are weary of commenting on this subject. Infidelity is not to our taste. We have repeatedly said the world is mad; and are they not proving it daily? If the people *will* give themselves up to such silly bewitchery, let them do so by all means; but we are sorry to see leaders of the people willing to listen to it; and still more sorry to observe them treat the imposture with gravity and composure—aye, and even argue upon its truth. We are clear of *this*.]

*More of the Spirit Ghosts, Spirit Goblins, and Hobgoblins.*—Let me compliment you highly, my dear sir, for having so early and so loudly raised your voice against those ghostly impostors, the "Spirit Rappers." I hardly need tell you, that *my* mind was thoroughly made up, long since, about the absurdity of these catch-penny exhibitions; but not wishing to have it said that I was prejudging the "Spirits" without going to see them "called up," I have just martyr'd myself and family for the public good! Mrs. Hayden has had from me, and mine, five golden pieces; in exchange for which, we enjoyed a succession of hearty laughs that you might have (almost) heard at Hammersmith. As you have so ably exposed the details of the humbug, in former numbers, I

will briefly tell you that a more ridiculous piece of imposture—a more gigantic humbug—never was, never could be, palmed off upon a credulous public. I told Mrs. Hayden this, and I promised that she should hear of it through the *PUBLIC'S OWN JOURNAL*. Placing her tongue in the hollow of her cheek, she made a peculiar noise, like a stifled whistle, and said, "What do *I* care? Do your worst." A rich specimen of American vulgarity is Mrs. Hayden; but this, I imagine, is *only* when she finds she is detected. (Let me tell you, we all went on purpose to detect the imposition; and we said so, boldly, on entering the room.) I asked, first, "What *is* a Spirit?" The answer was,—“A Soul!” “What *is* a Soul?” “Don't know,” said the Medium, carelessly. “Thought so;” said I, “and so it seems, Madame, I have come upon a fool's errand.” A ringing, roguish laugh (we all could not help joining in it), was the answer. I was “done!” No “Spirits” could be seen or heard. We were told to “*try and imagine*” that there were Spirits in the room. We said, “We could not.” “Then,” said Madame, “*they won't appear*.” (!!) The “tappings” under the table were made as usual; and there *only*. It was *not* difficult, at all, to see *who* made them. The best of the joke remains to be told. I imagined one of the party, to whom I had handed the wherewithal, had paid “the fees” on entrance. It seems otherwise. On preparing to leave, my *cara sposa* was called aside into a private room. She readily went, having no fear of “Spirits” before her eyes. Here she was mysteriously reminded by the petticoated Rapper, that we had not yet “tipped-up.” This was the *only* “rap” which we perfectly comprehended—an American dodge which has now become thoroughly English! I of course “bled” to the required amount. I do not regret this visit at all. I love philosophy, as you well know, in *all* its bearings; but, like yourself, I detest humbug. If philosophy leads us beyond the confines of TRUTH, what is it worth? I owe a duty to the public; and through you, I discharge it. I told Mrs. Hayden I would do so; she defied me with an air of excessive vulgarity that “must be seen to be appreciated”—I told her, as I now tell you, that my name is JOHN AMOR, 135, *New Bond Street*.  
June 16.

[We have made it our business to confer personally with *all* the party who are referred to above; and they are unanimous on this point—that a more abject piece of humbug was never before introduced to an English public. What sane person doubts it?]

*Trees, or Old Ruins, Covered with Ivy.*—To give a picturesque appearance to a tree, or ancient ruin, covered with ivy, or any evergreen climber, *clematis montana* and a Virginian creeper (*ampelopsis hederacea*) should be planted, to run up over the ivy. Do not, however, allow them to cover it all over. The clematis, after reaching the top, will hang down in long wreaths of snow-white blossom to the ground in the month of May; and in the autumn, the purpleish scarlet tinge from the fading leaves of the “creeper” would be no less beautiful, nor less in contrast to the deep green below it.—EMMA G.



*The Goodness of God, shown in the Structure and Adaptation of the Eyes of Insects.*—How wonderfully constructed is the beautiful organ of insect vision! How admirably adapted to the necessities of insects! The gaudy dragon-fly, presenting, as he does, such a conspicuous tempting show of colors to the active swallow, eludes the feathered enemy by superior agility of flight. Mere agility, however, would avail nothing without the aid of powerful eyes. Accordingly, nature has given him somewhat more than twelve thousand, bright and piercing; some looking upwards, some downwards, some backwards, and some on either side. In the ants, there are fifty of these faces or eyes; in the horse-fly, four thousand; in butterflies, upwards of seventeen thousand three hundred and fifty-five have been counted—nay, in some coleopterous or scaly winged insects, there have been numbered no fewer than twenty-eight thousand and eighty-eight.—Rose.

[Your remarks and observations of nature, Rose, do you honor. Nature's goodness knows no bounds. Foreseeing the danger to which mankind are constantly exposed, she has bountifully given us, her children, two eyes, two legs, two feet, two ears, and two hands,—so that, if either should sustain injury, there would still be another left to perform the extra duty. Some weeks since we had a heavy fall in the street, and sustained severe damage in our arm, elbow, hand, and fingers; so sadly were our sinews strained, that we were for a length of time compelled to suspend the wounded limb in a support, attached to the neck. Fortunately, our *left* arm was the sufferer. The right hand has, ever since, been doomed to ceaseless toil. In perfect agony, it has travelled over reams of paper, and answered letters innumerable. But it *has* done its duty; and we are thankful. During the extremity of our suffering, we could not help pondering much on that beautiful saying,—“If one member suffers, all the other members suffer with it.” There assuredly is a remarkable sympathy in the different members of the body; and it is wisely ordained that it should be so.]

*The Sea-Anemone.*—I was very much pleased with that pretty article about the Dormouse, so kindly copied for you by your interesting correspondent “Heartsease” (*ante*, p. 315). From the same source, I have busied myself in making a few extracts about the “Sea-Anemone,” which will come in as a sequel to the particulars of that little creature, furnished at Page 186 of our JOURNAL. It is a “labor of love” to work for Our Editor, and therefore I offer no apology—feeling *sure* of a welcome:—“Everybody has not seen a sea-anemone, although they are multitudinous on many parts of our coast. If you take a stroll at ebb-tide, below high-water mark, along a rocky shore, you will find the boulders plentifully sprinkled with seeming specks of clotted blood. Touch them, and they shrink into a thin leathery patch. In the little pools which have been left by the retiring waves, you will observe apparent flowers of various sizes, from a sixpence to a five-shilling piece; and mostly of a dull deep crimson tint. You might fancy them a knot of self-sown, submarine German asters. Try to gather one, and it withers into nothing; perhaps squirting a few drops of

water in your face. It is a living creature and not a flower, and has transformed itself into a cold clot of gore as the best means of escaping from your grasp. You will have a better chance of capturing those which the tide has left entirely dry. Here is one, plump and of a good color. It has nothing to attach it to the limestone boulder, save the pressure of the atmosphere acting on its sucker-like base; but we may rend it to pieces before we can get it off. And there are none to be found (or very rarely) on pebbles of a portable size; as if the creatures knew which was the safest anchorage. We will have it, however, to add to our menagerie. It is on the side of the block, which is more convenient to us than the top. With this lump of stone, I rap, tap, just above it, taking care not to touch its very crushable person. See; it dislikes the jar, and is beginning to give way. It drops, and I catch it in this oyster-shell, which contains a tempting little pool of salt-water. It settles; we may now put our prisoner in our game-bag, and march off with it home. Tame sea-anemones display great wilfulness, and, if not properly managed, a sulky temper. The grand object is to have them show to advantage, and make the best possible display with their petals, or arms. To effect this, you must keep them very hungry; short commons are sure to call forth their attractive endowments. Like poets, and painters, and dancers, and singers—omitting all mention of periodical prose-writers—they exercise their talents for what they can get, as well as because it is their born vocation to please. Every petal is a movable member, whose office is to provide for the central mouth. Drop a pin's-head morsel of fish-meat just over the anemone, so as to fall, while sinking, between the arms; and it is clutched by the one that is nearest to it, and packed at once into the digestive repository. But *feast* your flower, and he doubles himself up close—to open no more until he is again half famished. Our sea-anemone travelled about the glass, by sliding along, sometimes at quite a perceptible rate, on his sucker. Now and then his spirits drooped while changing his skin, which came off occasionally in a filmy cuticle. On one occasion only did he try to escape; and that was when the water had become turbid, by shrimp-flesh put in to feed his abominations, the erabs. He climbed up the glass until he was almost high and dry. It was as much as to ask us to renew his bath. But the weather was stormy, and we could not go to the beach for his usual supply. Next morning he lay at the bottom of the tumbler, all flabby and unattached. We thought he was dead, but it was only a piece of pouting. In an hour or two he was as cheerful as ever. To reward his good conduct, we descended the cliff, and tapped the raging ocean at the risk of a good ducking. The sea-anemone was perfectly amiable in comparison with the tenants of an opposite tank. Spring water was the element which filled a soup-tureen that had ever been innocent of English mock-turtle. Instead of the nutritious and delicious and pernicious stuff, which, when cold, you may chop with a hatchet, this vase of abstinence had never got beyond sorrel and cabbage, with a Sunday *bouillon* in which were swimming mighty islands of well-soaked crust.



Its contents were also *maigre* during its second phase. On the surface floated a green bunch of watercress; in the middle sported a leash of stickle-backs, whose only pleasure was to fight and dissect each other alive with their dorsal thorn. At the bottom pined a pair of cray-fish, hating the light, disgusted at being stared at, refusing to eat, and denouncing in their heart of hearts the villainous temptation of the dead dog in a faggot, which had brought them into this pale captivity from their dear dark holes on the river's bank. Be pleasant they would not, unless at night, when we were all upstairs and fast asleep. Their hearts were more obdurate than mine. They stood out so well, and refused to be comforted so completely, that we turned them into a brook, to take their chance. And yet they might have been amusing, if they had not proved so nocturnal and shy. They are the very miniature of the esculent lobster, only of stronger build, and greater tenacity of life; with the further claim to close relationship by turning red when they are boiled.—The last few paragraphs remind me of the collection of zoophytes, molluscs, and other curious marine "fry" now exhibiting at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. Have you seen this remarkable sight, my dear Sir? If not, do; pray do. There is enough to laugh at for a month at least!—HELEN W.

[Thank you, kind Helen, for your valuable aid. We are indeed grateful for such services—so freely rendered! We have seen the "Vivarium" in the Zoological Gardens; and we have "laughed"—aye roared, at the doings of that "odd assemblage" of living marine characters. You will find an account of it in a former page (351).]

*Insects, Ligustri, &c.*—I may, perhaps, have been rather hasty in forming an opinion about *Ligustri*, mentioned in your last number. Let me, therefore, pay respect to the superior knowledge of "Bombyx Atlas." I imagined that the larva had not been pierced by an ichneumon, because, on dissecting it, I did not observe any of those minute maggots which I have seen in insects thus attacked. A subject of some interest was recently propounded to me, and perhaps some of your correspondents can throw some light on it. The question debated was this—whether Moths and Butterflies continue a fixed time in the pupa state. If they do so usually, how can we account for the great variations we sometimes meet with? Are they occasioned by differences in feeding, temperature, &c.? Thus, for instance, three caterpillars of *Cucullia Asteris*, which entered the earth on the dates September 20th, 21st, and 23rd, made their appearance from the chrysalis on the three following days—July 6th, 7th, and 9th. But again, three caterpillars of *Vinula* formed their cocoons on August 15th, 18th, and 19th, respectively. Of these, the last appeared on the 1st of June, the second on the 7th, and the one that changed first came out on the 9th. Insects would appear therefore to be uncertain in the time of their appearance; so that we cannot rely on the statements in books regarding the time of obtaining them. The larva of *Ocellata*, for instance, is usually said to arrive in September to its full size. Of these, two were reared last year. One was full-grown in July, and the other at the end of August. Also in

May I have taken several moths, usually said to occur in June.—CERUSA.

*London Milk.*—Do you believe, Sir, that one half or one quarter of the article sold in London as "milk," ever formed a part and parcel of the animal known as a cow? I have heard strong disputes about this, and I refer to you as "authority" to settle the point.—ARTHUR J., *Regent's Park*.

[The article which is facetiously sold in London as "milk," has been repeatedly analysed, and in very many cases has been found quite innocent of any acquaintance with a cow. It is a most horrible compound, for the most part, whose use *habit* alone has reconciled to the palate. We hold it in supreme abhorrence. There are thousands of poor animals (we grant) confined in sheds, cellars, stables, and hovels, which really are "cows;" and by deluging their stomach with watery grains, some considerable quantity of sky-blue fluid is forced from them thrice, or oftener, daily—yet is this quite inadequate to supply a millionth part of London. Then again, large supplies of milk now arrive from all parts of the country daily. *This* may be milk when it arrives; but it is no secret that one gallon of it is, by the aid of water, converted into at least four gallons; and happy ought we to be even then, if it reaches us in *that* state. But, alas! no. The further process of reduction and addition, however, we will not inquire too closely into. We have heard it given in confidence, but it is too disgusting to repeat. And as for the manufacture of "London Cream," this would be far too shocking to meet the eye of our readers in detail. It is plain, then, that there is *not* a sufficient supply of "milk" to admit of only one person in a thousand getting an homeopathic taste of it daily (we speak of London and the suburbs). The statistical account of the number of cows kept, proves this; and the ascertained quantity of milk sent up to assist in the supply, still further confirms it. "Ignorance" in *this* matter is "bliss." In our recent ramble through Hampshire, we *did* indeed get a taste of "milk." A taste? a feast! In a certain home-stead, to which we have alluded in another part of our paper, we saw some very noble-looking cows, whose symmetrical proportions quite delighted us. Our kind hostess, observing the interest we took in the farm-yard and its associations, asked us—"if we were fond of milk?" Our reply was—a look in the affirmative. We added that, as we lived near London, it was very long since we had tasted any real milk. We observed a slight telegraphic communication pass between the mistress and a most good-tempered domestic, attached to the yard; and in a few moments there stood before us, in a pretty chamber, a bowl of the richest milk that was ever brought to table. The snow-white froth on it heaved like the waving of a syllabub; and the aroma exhaled from it was quite a nosegay. Never shall we forget the kind look of that farm-servant, as he recognised the delight with which we quaffed from his mistress's royal bowl, and praised *his* handwork in its quick presentation on the table. (By the way, what a treat it is, to see how these domestics, in the heart of the country, love and esteem their em



ployers! It quite rejoiced our heart. The man of whom we speak, had lived here some eleven years. His countenance was truly intelligent, and his bearing quite amiable. It would be unfair not to tell of all our treat. Some thin slices of home-made bread (of a slightly brown shade), so sweet that the taste yet lingers in our mouth,—wedded to some home-made butter, imparted to *that* "new milk" a relish which we shall never forget. What is still better, there is a pleasing prospect of its being—"repeated occasionally." We have some half-dozen kind "invites," too, to taste these rarities ("real" milk, butter, and cream) in different parts of Devonshire. On our return, we shall no doubt manfully resolve to dispense with milk altogether; taking our tea and coffee "neat." Shall we not pant for the summer of 1854!]

*Metropolitan Fancy Rabbit Show.*—As I reported proceedings for you last year—I do so again, with your permission. The Club held their summer exhibition (this being their 22nd session) on the 15th of June. Their place of *rendezvous* was, as usual, Anderton's Hotel; and as usual, the old respected Chairman, Dr. Handey, was found at his post. There was an excellent show of rabbits; all remarkably healthy, and all finely coated. The club, however, had not been quite so successful as usual in producing the length of ear. Mr. Parks carried off the first and second prizes. The third and subsequent prizes, were awarded respectively to Messrs. Stinton, Bird, Arnold, Handey, and Wynne. I enclose you all particulars, for the satisfaction of the curious. [We shall be happy to show the list to any amateur who may feel interested.] After the exhibition had concluded, the Chairman dwelt at large upon the general views of the Club, detailing its progress, &c.; and wound up by proposing in a bumper—"Its continued success." His health was then proposed with acclamations. The same honor was also paid to their Hon. Secretary, Mr. William Jones, and many high and deserved compliments were paid him for his great and unceasing exertions to promote the welfare of the Club. Then followed a neat speech from Mr. Jones, which was enthusiastically applauded; and immediately afterwards, came the "flow of soul." The company were in full festivity until 11. They then evaporated.—OBSERVER.

*Curious Situations for Birds' Nests.*—In one of the flower-baskets on my lawn (the bark having cracked and become partially separated from the wood), a blue titmouse has profited by the opening; and, passing through a passage of some length behind the bark, has found sufficient room for its nest, and is rearing its young successfully. In the neighboring church of Buttermere, a wren has filled one of the divisions of a window with its cosy domicile, and is sitting on its eggs at a distance of not more than 2½ feet from the elbow of the preacher when in his pulpit. But the most curious situation for a nest, is the following:—In the garden of a neighbor, a lady had placed a flower-pot over a patch of sweet-peas; and on removing it to ascertain the progress of the flowers, was surprised by the sudden escape of a bird from

within. It appeared that a tit-mouse (the *Parus major*, *Joe Bent*, or *Ox-eye*) had entered through the hole at the top of the inverted flower-pot; had formed a nest on the ground; and was then sitting on ten eggs! The bird subsequently became accustomed to visitors; and would allow the flower-pot to be tilted, so that she might be seen on her eggs within. The nest is now filled with eight or nine little tits; and it will be a matter of curiosity to watch how, in the first instance, they will escape from their confinement,—as some skill and accuracy of movement must be necessary in order to pass through the only outlet,—the small hole, which is some nine or ten inches above, and which is only just large enough for the passage of the parent.—H. H. W., *Combe Vicarage, Hants*, June 21.

*Mesmerism as a Curative Power.*—I have observed several hints in OUR JOURNAL, from time to time, connected with the subject of mesmerism; and I have noticed your bias in its favor. Having a card given me, I attended the recent Annual Meeting of the Committee of the Mesmeric Institution, held at Willis's Rooms, determined to see if I could understand the mystery. What I heard there was so marvellous, and yet apparently so true, that I confess I am puzzled. If the cures "said" to be performed were really performed, we do indeed live in an age of wonders! Would you mind giving me your opinion upon the subject? I feel, my dear sir, that I can trust you safely.—MATILDA D., *Tooting*.

[All you heard stated, Mademoiselle, at the meeting of June 17 (we were there from first to last), you may give ready credence to. Earl Stanhope, Dr. Elliottson, Professor De Morgan, and indeed all who deposed to certain facts, are entitled to the fullest confidence. You might well be astonished at what you heard. But this is really nothing to what is in the near distance. What Dr. Esdaile is effecting in India (to the details of which no doubt you listened in amazement) will ere long be effected here. Our medical men, who once affected to despise mesmerism, are now (secretly) its warmest admirers. They do not speak well of it, nor practise it,—simply because it would deprive them of their fees and credulous patients. This alas! is "human nature." But the curative power of mesmerism cannot be hid. It is spreading far and near. What did you think of the man who addressed the meeting on the north side of the room,—and showed how scalds, burns, wounds, bruises, diarrhoea, &c., might be readily cured? Did not his words carry conviction with them, and reach your heart? The same with Captain Hudson's remarkable chain of facts. The evidence of this wonderful man (what a presence he has!), given as it was with all the emphasis and earnestness of conscious truth—bore down all before it. Remember, what you heard were not loose statements; names were given, and references offered; so that deception was impossible. There is no secret in mesmerism,—none whatever. We have practised it; you can practise it. We have easily removed pain from sufferers; you can do the same. If you will oblige us with your full address, in confidence, we will explain further, and send you some singularly interesting facts. There is something about your



epistle (we mean the observations that we have not printed), that invests you with a peculiar interest in our eyes. Do not scruple to question us closely on any subject. You see by the extent of our reply to you, that we "read your character," and admire it; else should we have been very brief. Your concluding remark about Dr. Elliotson, is quite true. Brutally as he has been used by the world at large, and by the medical profession in particular, for persevering in his researches after truth,—he is now placed on a pinnacle from which his brethren cannot hurl him down. They once hated him; they now tremble before his influence.]

*Chickens Nursed and "Brooded" by a Spanish Cock.*—OUR JOURNAL being the recognised medium of communication for all matters of public interest, I have pleasure in sending you the following:—Some two years since, I purchased of Mr. Peck, Wigan, (the celebrated breeder of choice fowls,) a black Spanish cock. This is a most remarkable bird; for he actually plays the part of *mother* to a number of Cochin-China chickens, whose parent had unnaturally left them to shift for themselves. During rain, too, I have often noticed chickens taking shelter under his wings. A few evenings since, I found him in a pen—in company with two hens, each of which had a brood of chickens. On taking him up, *he* also was covering a number of little ones! I removed him immediately, and placed him in a pen by himself; when he became very excited,—spreading out his wings like a broody hen, and "clucking" in the hens' vernacular. Amazed at this, I turned thirty chickens into the same pen; when he at once settled down, and induced many of the chickens to nestle down under his wings. Others perched on his back, and the remainder settled close around him. What puzzles me still more is, the fact of the chickens being all strangers to him. For the last three months he has been out on "a walk," and only returned a fortnight since. Last year he was the father of some very fine chickens. Had he been a Capon (I hear *these* birds are occasionally used as "nurses"), I should not have marvelled so much. Can any of your readers account for this curious incident; or tell of any similar circumstance? For your private satisfaction I send (as you desire) my name and address.—J. S. H.

*Nest of the Cole-Tit.*—I am a dear lover of birds, Mr. Editor, and so are you. I therefore have pleasure in sending you the particulars of a Cole-Tit's nest. A pair of these pretty creatures have built their nest in an inverted flower-pot, size "No 16." It is on the ground; and through the top hole do they go in and out. The nest is made the exact size of the pot. It is composed of moss and wool, and is about four inches deep. In it were deposited, some weeks since, ten eggs. Whilst I write, there are ten fine *birds* nearly ready to take wing! I need not tell you how I love these little rogues—nor with what delight I shall watch their movements, and strive to protect them from the cats.—W. FOGUETT, Major, *Stride House, Newport, I. W.*

[We have (just now) several delightful scenes of this kind in our own garden. The birds love us for protecting them. Such droll manœuvres

are there every day visible to deceive the cats! These vermin cannot get at the nests,—but they too often take vengeance on the young, when they first come abroad. However, we know a "little secret" that infallibly keeps them quiet! Several of the monsters have been carefully watching a nest, containing a goodly number of young wrens. We have been as carefully watching *them*. The wrens may come out *now*—all danger is over!]

*Ornithological Society, Rugby.*—We have just held our General Meeting (June 13), and made our new appointments. Since I last wrote you, we have added many birds both to the Foreign and English Aviaries. In both there are at this time of writing a variety of nests. It being a rule however, with our Society, never to disturb birds whilst sitting, I cannot at present furnish particulars. [Your rule for not disturbing birds whilst sitting, deserves comment. It is a most wholesome regulation. Were it more generally adopted, the increase of young birds, successfully reared, would be very considerable. Birds are as sensitive as we are; and dislike prying curiosity into their family arrangements. Leave them quiet, and they will rarely fail of their purpose.] In the Foreign Aviary, the cut-throats built and laid eggs; but being disturbed by the glaziers who were engaged above, putting in rough squares of glass—to diminish the heat of the sun, they forsook their nest. They have nested again, laid, and sat. No produce, however, rewarded their toil. This has disconcerted them. The bronzed Manikins, and the weaver-birds, have made several nests, but they have deposited no eggs. All the inmates are very healthy. In March last, our Bishop-bird was habited in a gay and brilliant dress. It had a splendid bright orange ruff round its neck—the lower part of its body being covered with feathers like the finest black silk velvet, and wings and tail fringed with bright orange. It is now changed in appearance to the female weaver-bird! The Avidavats have moulted four times during the year; and each moulting produces a different change in their appearance. The male weaver-bird became greatly altered in moulting. The feathers on the top of its head, and lower part of its body, became pink. The face now has the appearance of a black mask, and it has a dark crimson bill. The only change in the female is, that the bill from red has changed to yellow. The Cardinal in moulting, underwent no change in its appearance. Neither did the Spice-birds, Cut-throats, Java-sparrows, Bronzed Manikins, Shell-parrots or Harlequin Bishop-bird. The plumage of the Wax-bills has become lighter in color, with a beautiful pink underneath. The Indigo-birds have become more intensely blue, intermixed with slate-colored feathers. The feathers on the wings and back of the Widow-bird, changed from the appearance of black silk velvet to a brown color mixed with black.—C. J. BROMHEAD, (Chairman) *College of the Deaf and Dumb, Rugby, June 14.*









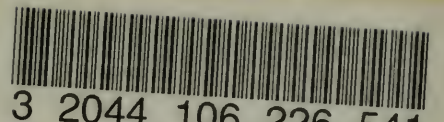












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